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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XLIII.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1871.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE
1871.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLIII.—JUNE, 1871.—Vol. XLIII.

GENERAL AVERAGE.
A SOUTH STREET ECLOGUE.
By THE AUTHOR OF "NOTHING TO WEAR."



"HIS SPECS ON HIS NOSE AND HIS PEN IN THE INK."

THE fair reader, or gentle, as her eye, or his,
Strikes these lines, will please pause, while this query I press—
Do you know what a GENERAL AVERAGE is?
If you do, skip the next twenty lines, more or less—
A brief legal "opening," in which I intend
All the light I can shed very freely to lend
On a subject all *Skippers* must needs comprehend.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. XLIII.—No. 253.—1

Some things we all dread, and not least among these
 The dangers and perils and risks of the seas;
 Since the hour Sindbad first scared slumber away,
 To the last Marine List, just published to-day,
 Insatiable Ocean has ceased not to vex
 Our lives with his storms and disasters and wrecks,
 As truly this moment as when Horace penned
 His ode to his outward-bound, sea-going friend,
 All voyages are ventures, each good ship that sails
 The toy of the tempest, the sport of the gales;
 Still Africus, Eurus, and Notus will blow
 Through the cleft thunder-cloud or whirlwind of snow;
 Round ancient Charybdis the breakers still roar,
 And wave chases wave to some wreck-sprinkled shore.
 Thus, circled with perils, ship, cargo, and freight,
 Involved in one common adventure and fate,
 When disaster befalls, 'tis equal and fair
 That all the full burden of rescue should bear,
 Each paying its just and proportionate share,
 Which joint contribution, on this equal scale,
 Is called "General Average," whence hangs our tale.

In South Street, or near it, as all men must know,
 Dealt and dwelt—it is not a great while ago—
 The great house of MERCATOR, PRINCEPS, & Co.,
 Herculean pillars of credit and trade,
 Whose ships and commissions their fortune had made,
 Whose names Commerce wrote on her earliest page,
 In her pre-*Alabama*, palmier age,
 And still led the list of the wealthiest firms,
 Gazetted full oft in those flattering terms,
 "Our highly respected," "well known," "influential,"
 Whereby, as a species of world-wide credential,
 The freest of Presses so fondly evinces
 The trust which it puts in all Merchant Princes.
 Mercator, the senior, in name and in fact,
 If gray hairs must count, but in shrewdness and tact,
 The trader's twin levers, less thoroughly versed
 Than Princeps, our hero, long-headed, long-pursed,
 Born merchant, self-made, and rough-natured, but then
 Worn smooth by long contact and friction with men;
 As sharp as the winds of his native down East,
 In large matters liberal, but close in the least;
 His heart, like his house-door, close barred, double locked,
 Yet thrown open wide to the first friend who knocked;
 A rough diamond, you say; yes, could we but plan it,
 That diamonds, instead of pure carbon, were granite;
 Thus lavish, yet close, in his life's complex plan,
 His own coast-wise steamers resembled the man—
 Capacious, well-timbered, and sound to the core,
 Fit to sail the broad seas, yet hugging the shore!

Enter Princeps one day, brisk, eager for work—
 To whom, pen in hand, rushes Balance, chief clerk,
 His sheet full of figures, his face full of doubt,
 A man in a maze, with no clew to get out.
 "There is trouble, Sir, here, in this Average case;
 For once, we are caught in a rather tight place.
 It is now, as you know, some six weeks or more
 Our steamer *Spread Eagle* that night went ashore
 On Far Rockaway beach, and up to this day
 No adjustment is reached, the cause of delay
 A couple of cases—just two and no other—
 Consigned, it appears, to one Moses & Brother.
 According to usage, each owner should state
 What his shipment is worth, at fair market rate,
 Sign the Average bond, which binds him to bear
 Of the loss, when adjusted, his ascertained share,
 Pay freight, take his goods, and so end the affair.
 This all, with the single exception I named
 Of Moses & Brother, whose goods are unclaimed,
 Have done; we have written for value and prices,
 Demanding their invoice, but get no advices;
 What courtesy called for we did and beyond,
 Sent twice to their store with the Average bond,
 But all to no purpose; and so, I suppose,
 While waiting their pleasure we never shall close."
 Princeps played with his watch seal, musing the while,
 Then seated himself, and remarked, with a smile,
 His specs on his nose and his pen in the ink,
 "There is a short method of leading, I think,
 This horse to the water, and making him drink;
 The papers may lie on my desk, if you please,
 While I drop a line to these sly consignees."
 Without further preface, he rapidly wrote,
 In his firm, steady hand, a brief business note,
 As follows, see letter-press copy below:

" *Counting-House of* MERCATOR, PRINCEPS, & Co.

(Here fill in, at pleasure, street, number, and date.)

" *Messrs.* MOSES & BROTHER,

" *Gents,*

" *We would state*

*That two cases ex 'Spread Eagle,' 'M 1 & 2,'
 Per manifest shipped and belonging to you,
 Weight and contents unknown, appear to be lost;
 Not being aware of their value or cost,
 The adjusters remain unable to close
 Their Average statement. If, as we suppose,
 The loss of these goods upon us has to fall,
 Would feel much obliged should you give us a call,
 With proof of the cost, which we trust will be low.*

" *Yours mo. truly,*

" *MERCATOR, PRINCEPS, & Co.*"

That same afternoon, in the half-opened door,
 Sat Moses & Brother in front of his store,
 His eye and his ear, through the soft summer air,
 Caught the sights and the sounds of Second-Hand Square,
 That chosen retreat where few Gentiles repair.
 As patriarchs mused in the folds of their tents,
 He quietly reckoned his dollars and cents;
He sat, for although overhead the sign ran
 Thus, "MOSES & BROTHER," it meant but one man.
 The Lease, it is true, was renewed, term by term,
 And rent duly paid, in the name of the firm,
 But save as thus viewed in the eye of the Law,
 The mythical "brother" no eye ever saw.
 The truth was that Moses so relished a lie,
 'Twas fraud in a purchase induced him to buy;
 He scarce made a sale unless this he could do—
 At once sell his goods and his customer too;
 So he made his firm name one continuous cheat,
 And hung out the fraud in face of the street.
 If queries respecting his partner were pressed,
 "*Mein bruder*" was always reported "out West;"
 While further inquiry, no matter how strict,
 Elicited nothing beyond a "*weiss nicht!*"
 Well, there, in the light of the fast-setting sun,
 Sat this brace of copartners rolled into one;
 No pose for a painter, it must be confessed,
 For Moses' appearance was none of the best.
 Alas! for the ease with which races decay,
 What was Absalom once is Fagin to-day.
 Yet Fagin himself, that arch filcher of "wipes,"
 Was one of a constant succession of types,
 Since Gentile and Jew, Roman, Saxon, and Celt,
 From glories ancestral the same lapse have felt.
 That Moses' descent might be rapid and easy,
 Nature made him, it seemed, remarkably greasy;
 Low-browed, heavy-featured, gross, pimples, and fat,
 He looked as though life had its source in a vat;
 A being he seemed whose least contact would soil,
 Who whatever he touched he was certain to spoil,
 Whose hand whosoever should grasp would "strike oil!"

Thus seated contemplative, Moses was found
 By the prompt penny-postman, footing his round,
 Who halted, with gesture official, and drew
 From his plump letter pouch Princeps' *billet-doux*;
 And saying in passing, "A letter for you,"
 Delivered it deftly in Moses' moist hand.
 With his quick, native craft the missive he scanned,
 And cautiously grasped it, as though something showed
 It was loaded and primed, and about to explode;
 Then furtively gazing around him, withdrew,
 Still eying the letter, from all outward view,

As a dog who in public lights on a bone,
Sneaks off like a thief to enjoy it alone.

Could the Public, as Moses slipped from its eye,
Have planted itself in his place on the sly,
And keyholed him there for a minute or more,
As he read Princeps' letter inside of his door,
It would have discovered, by this rapid glance—
Interviewing him thus, as if in advance,
As he slowly perused, reperused it, and then,
More slowly than ever, perused it again
(As though, like a Bill in due course of proceeding
In Senate or House, it must have its third reading)—
How quickly his first transient look of alarm
Was melted away and dissolved by the charm
Of an audible smile, which seemed to begin
In the soles of his shoes, welled up past his chin,
And flooded his face with a broad, unctuous grin.



"AND FLOODED HIS FACE WITH A BROAD, UNCTUOUS GRIN."

As he dwelt on the note, each line, every word,
The depths of his fraudulent being it stirred,
Evoked from the dark, murky slime of his thought,
The germ of a promising swindle he caught.
"The two cases are lost;" yes, thus the note read.
"Lost goods, like dead men, tell no tales," Moses said.

"If lost, their true value will never be told,
Then how easy, at once, to increase it tenfold!
They admit they must pay; then is it not plain
Their loss may be turned into Moses' great gain?"
And broader, more unctuous, the grin of delight
Suffused all his face as he vanished from sight.

Next morn, lubricated anew, and alert,
With unwonted lustrations from yesterday's dirt,
Metamorphosed, besides, in clean, ruffled shirt,
Princeps' letter in hand by way of credential,
With meek, humble air and salute deferential,
His voice and his bow both pitched equally low,
Moses greeted Mercator, Princeps, & Co.
Our merchant received him as genial and bland
As the bright summer morning, grasping his hand,
With a glance at the note, a nod of the head,
"It's about those lost cases you're calling?" he said.
Moses opened at once, as always his wont,
In very bad English, a true German grunt,
"*Yah, zwei cases*," and then broke down, with an air
Of utter and helpless and hopeless despair.
To Queen's English true, Princeps knew but this much,
Or fancied he knew, that all German was "Dutch;"
Long usage had certified this to his ear—
"*Zwei lager*" was Dutch for "two glasses of beer."
So he met Moses boldly, thrusting a brace
Of fingers directly in front of his face,
His voice, at the real "you poor foreigner" screech,
Cried, "Moses! we'll give you *zwei* hundred for each!"
"*Zwei hundert? zwei tausend!*" screamed Moses, aghast;
And then the pent volume broke forth, full and fast,
As in the oil region bursts suddenly out
Some sputtering, dense, oleaginous spout.
A long lamentation, the burden of which
Was still the "*zwei cases*"—those found, he was rich—
Those lost, *he* was lost—"zum teufel gegangen,"
Without a resource save "*hinselbst to erhangen*."
"The goods were a style which could nowhere be got,
Each case a choice order, an extra fine lot;"
And he swore and re-swore, in all the Dutch tenses,
That four *tausend* in gold would not pay expenses.
"Come, come," Princeps cried, when at last the oil-spout,
Like so many others, began to give out,
"Take three thousand cash—quite enough, my good friend,
For both cases—and bring the affair to an end."
But this, like new strokes of the drill on the rock,
A fresh fountain of feeling served to unlock.
With new zeal our polyglot Moses began
To play the unfortunate, badly used man;
Rehearsed the same story, protested and swore,
Gave figures and dates, and wound up as before

With this brave assertion to clinch the last nail,
And put beyond question the truth of his tale:
"Dose dings vot I dell you is all recht and fair;
If you doubt mein own wort, *mein bruder will schwear!*"

"Very well," Princeps said; "it hardly seems just;
But being our loss, if we must, why, we must.
Four thousand it is. Mr. Balance, please note
The bargain concluded;" and so Balance wrote
Some mystical figures, and pausing again,
Politely extended to Moses a pen.
"For form's sake, the Average bond you must sign—
Value \$4000—here on this line."
"And now," Princeps said, "I must hurry away;
Bank meeting at twelve; I shall lose, if I stay,
Five dollars in gold. Call to-morrow, at ten,
When your check will be signed. Good-by until then."

Moses left in great glee; descending the stair,
His foot felt no pressure, he trode upon air;
He had spoiled the Philistines, captured their gold;
Had come, seen, and conquered, like Cæsar of old.
The tortuous annals of Second-Hand Square
Had nothing with this happy stroke to compare;
His own private ventures, at home and abroad,
Had never achieved so successful a fraud;
Its brilliant horizon showed only one speck—
The fact that he had not yet handled the check.
But this passing cloud brought no doubt to his mind;
The bargain was closed, and the contract was signed.
So homeward, rejoicing, he went on his way,
Revolving the wondrous success of the day.
As his ancestral creed deemed every day lost
Which did not enrich him at somebody's cost,
So gainful a morning might well stir his sense
With virtue's warm glow, its own rich recompense.
The prize he had drawn was so wholly his own,
It heightened its charm to enjoy it alone;
Not the wife of his youth, the Rachel and Leah
Of Moses & Brother, should gain an idea
Of the great golden secret close hid in his breas
Like some rare, precious oil condensed and compressed,
Till the moment should come its wealth to unfold,
And flash in full view the four *tausend* in gold!

On time to a second, the last stroke of ten
Found Moses, next day, at our merchants' again.
The greeting of Princeps was even more bland
Than yesterday's welcome; he grasped Moses' hand,
Wringing out the moist fat in his firm, down East grip,
As a chandler might squeeze a prime tallow dip.
"Prompt as ever; no grass grows under your shoes,
Friend Moses; I'll give you the best of good news:

We were wrong, it appears, and all wish you joy,
 Those two cases are found—"gefunden!" old boy!"
 (This phrase I should say that last evening our wary
 Friend Princeps had culled from a "Dutch" dictionary,
 And boldly delivered it *ore rotundo*),
 But to Moses it came as a voice *de profundo*.
 "Gefunden!" he stammered, and sank in a chair,
 Then turned to the window, pale, gasping for air.



"GEFUNDEN!"

Princeps followed him up. "What wonderful luck!
 There, Moses, they come, on that large yellow truck."
 He silently pointed, like Death with his dart;
 Moses stared with a dying man's glare at the cart,
 Which bore the two cases, a sorry exhibit,
 Like a pair of old rogues *en route* to the gibbet.
 Drowning men catch at straws; he seized one last lie,
 Which rose to his lips as the cartman drove by;
 A sharp, cunning glance from the window he sent,
 Then cried, "Dose are not the *zwei cases* I meant!"

It must be they come by the next steamer trip;
 Now I dinks of it, so! it was not this ship."
 Warming up to his work, the old 'scamp commences
 One by one, to unlie his first false pretenses;
 For one falsehood before he now utters six,
 Declares the *zwei cases* are really worth "*nix*"—
 "Old rags," "refuse stuff," all bought for a song,
 And finally vows that they do not belong
 To Moses & Brother, but just came consigned
 For a friend, whose address he can't call to mind;
 With other choice fictions, a similar strain,
 Winding up with the old, familiar refrain,
 'Vot I dells you dis dime is all on der square;
 If you doubt mein own wort, *mein bruder will schwear!*"

"Too late!" Princeps cried; "the adjustment is made;
 By the value you fixed your share must be paid.
 Just forty per cent. on four thousand is due;
 The measure you meted is measured to you.
 'Tis a charge on the goods—you say they are trash;
 So cart them away, and pay over the cash,
 Your average share, sixteen hundred, in gold,
 Or suit will be brought, and the lies you have told
 Will more than suffice, unless justice fail,
 To lock up your whole firm in Ludlow Street jail.
 Henceforward"—here Princeps gazed solemnly round
 On his clerks, who all stared in silence profound,
 Impressively raising his voice and his hand,
 With pulpit-like air, as if taking his stand
 On high moral ground, as a teacher of youth—
 "Henceforth, Messrs. Moses, pray stick to the truth.
 You see, from the painful reverse of to-day,
 That lying, though pleasant, is not sure to pay;
 You learn that the way of transgressors is hard;
 Beware lest, in future—to speak by the card—
 Betrayed by your greed for this world's filthy lucre,
 You are euchred by those whom you seek to euchre."

You often have read of, oft witnessed, perhaps,
 The exit of Shylock, in total collapse,
 Under Portia's consecutive, vigorous raps;
 But Princeps declares no Shakspearean page,
 Nor Old Bowery boards, nor Booth's classic stage,
 Nor height of high Tragedy ever discloses
 Such an outburst of rage as the exit of Moses.
 To say "he boiled over" is certainly not
 A tithe of the truth; you must fancy the pot,
 Suspended so long in this figure of speech,
 By which our weak language endeavors to reach
 A rage past portrayal by pen or by pencil—
 Must fancy, I say, this time-honored utensil,
 Brimful, in this instance, with all Moses' oil,
 Breaking up in one vast ferruginous boil,



"A GREAT, GREASY, HISSING, RED GLOBULE OF WRATH!"

Flaming forth, comet-like, on its fierce, fiery path,
 A great, greasy, hissing, red globule of wrath!
 An explosion was heard, a volcanic splutter,
 A volley of oaths which no Christian could utter;
 And the counting-room door came to with a flap,
 Like the ancient, traditional thunder-clap,
 In which evil spirits have always retired,
 When suddenly warned that their time has expired;
 And just at the moment he seemed to depart,
 The two cases were heard to go off—on the cart!

"For shame!" cried Mercator, as Princeps that night,
 At his bountiful board, in the warm crimson light,
 Told about the discomfited Israelite.

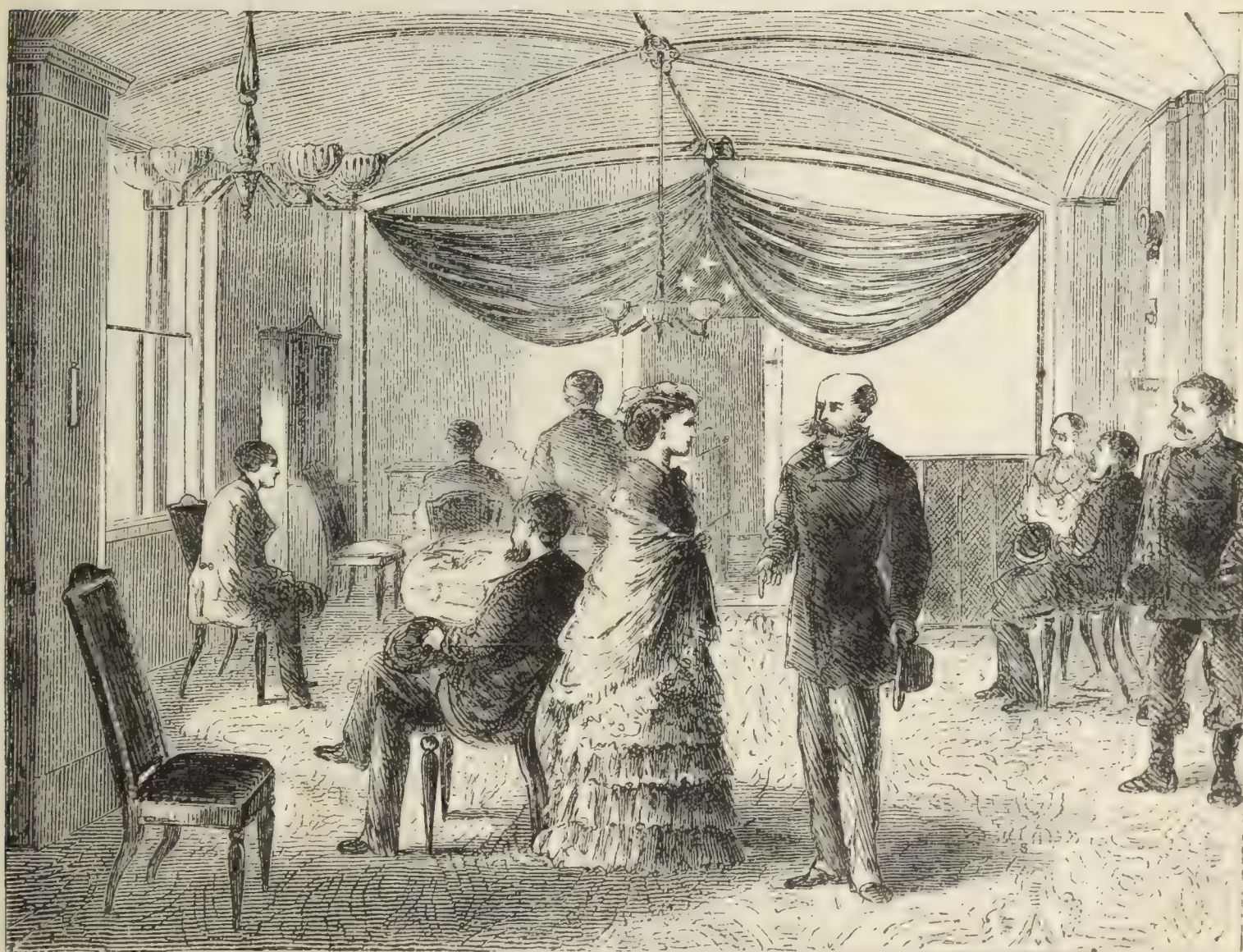
"Charge me with my share of the ill-gotten profit,
 And give to the poor whatever comes of it.
 I wonder, old friend, how it was, when you wrote
 That ingenious but most disingenuous note,
 Your own monster fib did not stick in your throat."

"It did, and it does!" exclaimed Princeps; "in vain
 My efforts to wash it down now with Champagne;

For ill-advised words one should surely sit dumb,
 So I quaff, penitential, this bumper of Mumm!
 Oh, friends! I confess to the damaging fact,
 Of my virtuous life the one doubtful act,
 For which, I admit, it perhaps is but meet
 That I should do penance in some public sheet.
 Yet let the strict censor, while justly he blames,
 The sinner absolve, though the sin he proclaims;
 Considering this, ere he casts the first stone,
 Were he from down East what himself might have done,
 When Truth stepped aside, and Conscience withdrew,
 To leave a clear field for a Yankee and Jew!"

WM. ALLEN BUTLER.

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.



THE COLLECTOR'S RECEPTION-ROOM.

THE Custom-house of the city of New York collects nearly five-sixths of the imposts, or duties on the imports, of the whole country.

The machinery which successfully carries on such an important branch of the government was the result of Congressional legislation, inspired by the genius of Alexander Hamilton, and officially approved March 2, 1799. The act was entitled, "An act to regulate the collection of duties on imports and tonnage." The work was done so well that no succeeding Congress, through threescore-and-ten years, has ever presumed to make the slightest material alteration; and it is probable, if the innovating

spirit of the day ever invades these practically arranged details, that a less excellent system, and interminable confusion, will be the result.

The administrative officers of the customs are a Collector, Naval Officer, and Surveyor. The departments under these several superior officers are independent of each other; yet, for the avoidance of too frequent appeal to the Secretary of the Treasury, who is the chief financial officer of the government, the Collector of the Port has certain discretionary powers. The law for the establishment of our custom-houses thus generally defines the duties of the officers named:

The Collector shall receive all reports, manifests, and documents to be made or exhibited on the entry of any ship or vessel; shall record, on books to be kept for that purpose, all manifests; shall receive the entries of all ships or vessels, and of the goods, wares, and merchandise imported in them; shall estimate the amount of the duties payable thereupon, indorsing said amount on the respective entries; shall receive all moneys paid for duties, and take all bonds for securing the payment thereof; shall, with the approbation of the Secretary of the Treasury, employ proper personages—weighers, gaugers, measurers, and inspectors—at the port within his district.

The Naval Officer shall receive *copies* of all manifests and entries; shall estimate the duties on all goods, wares, and merchandise subject to duty (and no duties shall be received without such estimate), and shall keep a separate record thereof; and shall *countersign* all permits, clearances, certificates, debentures, and other documents granted by the Collector. He shall also examine the Collector's abstract of duties, his accounts, receipts, bonds, and expenditures, and, if found correct, shall certify the same.

The Surveyor shall superintend and direct all inspectors, weighers, measurers, and gaugers; shall visit and inspect the ships and vessels; shall return in writing every morning to the Collector the name and nationality of all vessels which shall have arrived from foreign ports; shall examine all goods, wares, and merchandise imported, to see that they agree with the inspector's return; and shall see that all goods intended for exportation correspond with the entries, and permits granted therefor; and the said Surveyor shall, in all cases, be subject to the Collector.

The appraisers' department is simply for the purpose of deciding the market values and dutiable character of all goods imported, so that the imposts can be laid with correctness. Other than this it has no connection with the Custom-house.

If it were not for imposts there would be no custom-houses. We should therefore say, as a preliminary necessity for the full understanding of the workings of the Custom-house, that the manner or method by which the tariff is imposed is designated as either *ad valorem* or *specific*.

Ad valorem duties are predicated upon the market price, so much per cent. on each dollar's declared value; thus, for instance, silks, satins, and velvets are charged 60 per cent. *ad valorem*.

Specific duties are based upon the quantity of merchandise imported; thus, for instance, every pound of tea is taxed fifteen cents, the duty being charged without regard to value.

Ad valorem is considered theoretically best for the government and importer, while *specific* is simplest and safest.

The temptation under the *ad valorem* system is constantly to undervalue the goods subject

to impost; hence the necessity of that cumbersome adjunct, the appraisers' department. With specific duties the appraiser is almost dispensed with—only measurers, weighers, and gaugers are needed. Each system has its advantages and disadvantages. The English are controlled by the *ad valorem* method; the "nation of traders" has decided it to be the best. Our tariff, by adopting specific and *ad valorem* duties, combines and exaggerates all the evils of both.

The first Collector of the port of New York, under Federal organization, was General John Lamb, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, who commanded at West Point at the



GENERAL JOHN LAMB.

time of Arnold's defection; a gentleman who added to a prominent military reputation the further merit of being as a private citizen an accepted correspondent of Washington, Clinton, Patrick Henry, and other distinguished men of his time.

As the political struggles involved in the appointment of a Collector of New York in this "later day" attract much public attention, and call forth a great deal of bitterness of feeling, personal scandal, and newspaper comment, it may possibly be a subject of some curious interest to recall the fact that the appointment of General Lamb by President Washington was the end of a struggle for office as fierce and bitter as ever preceded such an event under any succeeding administration.

The first session of Congress after the election of President and Vice-President was held in New York, and as a result General Washington, even more than his successors, was immediately surrounded by all the aspirants for the office, their friends, and the local excitement.

It was urged that General Lamb was a *political opponent of the President*, which was true; and, moreover, that General Lamb, though it

was known he desired the appointment, would not personally ask for it. The political objection Washington did not consider, but he was much embarrassed because General Lamb would not apply in person for the office. The old soldier, however, resolutely refused to move from this determination. To all friends he said, "No man knows better than the President whether I have acquired claims upon the government by services to the country." For several days the President withheld the nomination, and such men as Alexander Hamilton, Colonel Troup, the Clintons, the Rutgers, Colonel Willett, and Colonel Burr were active in effecting the final decision. On the 6th day of August, 1789, General Lamb's name was sent to the Senate, and he was unanimously confirmed.

Upon the announcement there was intense indignation among the political friends of the administration. They said that a man who came near having his house burned down because of his unrelenting opposition to the triumphant party was, nevertheless, the recipient of the best paying office in the gift of the government; and thus was set the precedent for the political squabbles and heart-burnings which have been more or less prevalent ever since over the nomination of a Collector of the port of New York.

General Lamb occupied as a private residence what was in its day considered a first-class house—a two-story and attic—situated in Wall Street, corner of Gardner's Lane, now known as Hanover Street. In the back-room, ground-floor, the newly appointed official, with one clerk to assist him, in the fall of the year 1789, opened in New York the first Custom-house under Federal authority. Previously to this time the importations from abroad and at home, into New York city, were made under provincial laws. Very little is preserved regarding these early times. One authentic item is probably characteristic of the coast-wise trade, viz., we have mention that the *Snow*, loaded with water-melons, arrived from Patchogue, Long Island.

From the private residence of the first Collector, the Custom-house was removed into the old "Government House," then opposite Bowling Green, and facing the Battery. It remained there a number of years, and was then established in a four-story brick building corner of Nassau and Pine streets, where it remained until it was established in the really splendid edifice corner of Wall and Nassau, fronting on Broad Street. This building was erected under the administration of General Jackson, and at the time was cited by political opponents, and with great effect, as one of the evidences of the extravagance and corruption of the party in power. Although built for a permanent Custom-house, the commerce of the country increased so rapidly that the building never afforded accommodation for the demand made upon its resources.

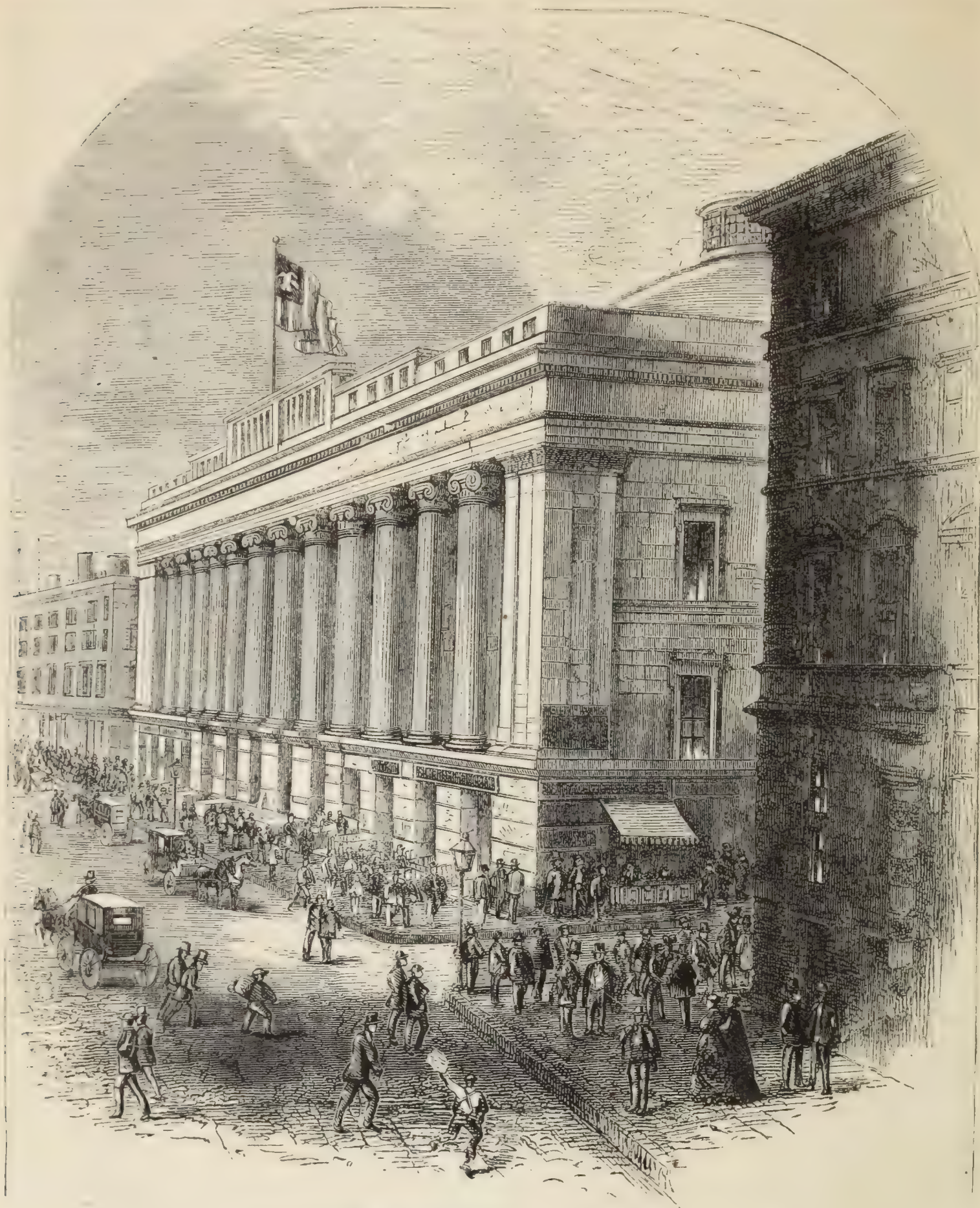
In the year 1863 the government leased, and

subsequently bought for \$1,000,000, the present Custom-house, originally built as the "Merchant's Exchange." The whole front on Wall Street is simply a *façade* of solid granite, composed of square blocks and heavy-looking columns of bluish-gray granite. On the whole front there is not a window the utility of which is not almost or entirely destroyed by the follies of the original design. The rotunda, which is the noticeable room of the building, is, from the floor to the spring of the dome, nearly a hundred feet in height, and is so situated as to absolutely absorb all the available space of one of the most valuable squares of ground in any city of the world. All the rest of the rooms, facing on four streets, are small, badly shaped, and, from their thick walls, are as dark as casemates, and suggest to the most casual observer the interior of a vast and dilapidated fortress, turned to the use of people engaged in civil pursuits.

The desks in the rotunda run parallel with the wall, and form one large and one interior circle, with space between to accommodate the hundreds of people who have business with the Custom-house officials. To the rotunda are assigned the deputy-collectors and clerks, whose services are demanded in all the preliminary and closing acts of business routine. Here are four "deputy-collectors," three "chief clerks," five "entry clerks," "bond clerk" and assistant; "chief clerk," and "foreign clearance clerk," and his two assistants; three "amendment clerks," three "order clerks," two "invoice clerks," and two "coast-wise clerks." These designated officials include those who come in constant contact with the merchants, brokers, coast-wise captains, and all others who, not knowing where to go, rush into the rotunda, and ask questions, and finally get the information they desire, and are happy, or become so confused that they retire in disgust. The hours of business are from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.; and in all that time, to the uninitiated, it is a babel of confusion and discordant tongues. The moment, however, the four-faced clock, which forms such a conspicuous object on its slender column, erected in the very centre of the rotunda, through its long and short hands indicates the hour of 3 P.M., no ghosts at cock-crowing more rapidly vanish into thin air, or more effectually disappear, than do the members of the noisy crowd which for five hours have kept alive the interior of this great room, dedicated to commerce.

It is not generally known, but visitors, especially ladies, are always welcome to the galleries which command this scene of industry, and, without intruding or interfering with the busy crowd below, can overlook one of the most interesting and instructive sights to be witnessed in this city.

Attached to all the departments of the Custom-house are some eleven hundred clerks, whose united pay amounts to about \$250,000 per month. The Collector's stated salary per annum is \$6000; deputy-collectors, \$3000.



UNITED STATES CUSTOM-HOUSE, WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

From this last-named sum the remuneration rapidly decreases down to \$500 per annum, paid the humble sweepers and messengers. The customs on imports are collected in the New York Custom-house at a cost of from one to one and a half per cent.—greatly less than in the internal revenue department, and just half of what it costs to collect the imposts in England. In fact, so economically conducted is the New York Custom-house regarding its expenses that the government literally pays nothing; for the fees collected on entries, protests, registers, and other documents amount, in the course of a year, to a sum quite equal to the salaries paid to all the officers legitimately attached to departments.

As it is the business of the Custom-house to collect duties on foreign importations, we will

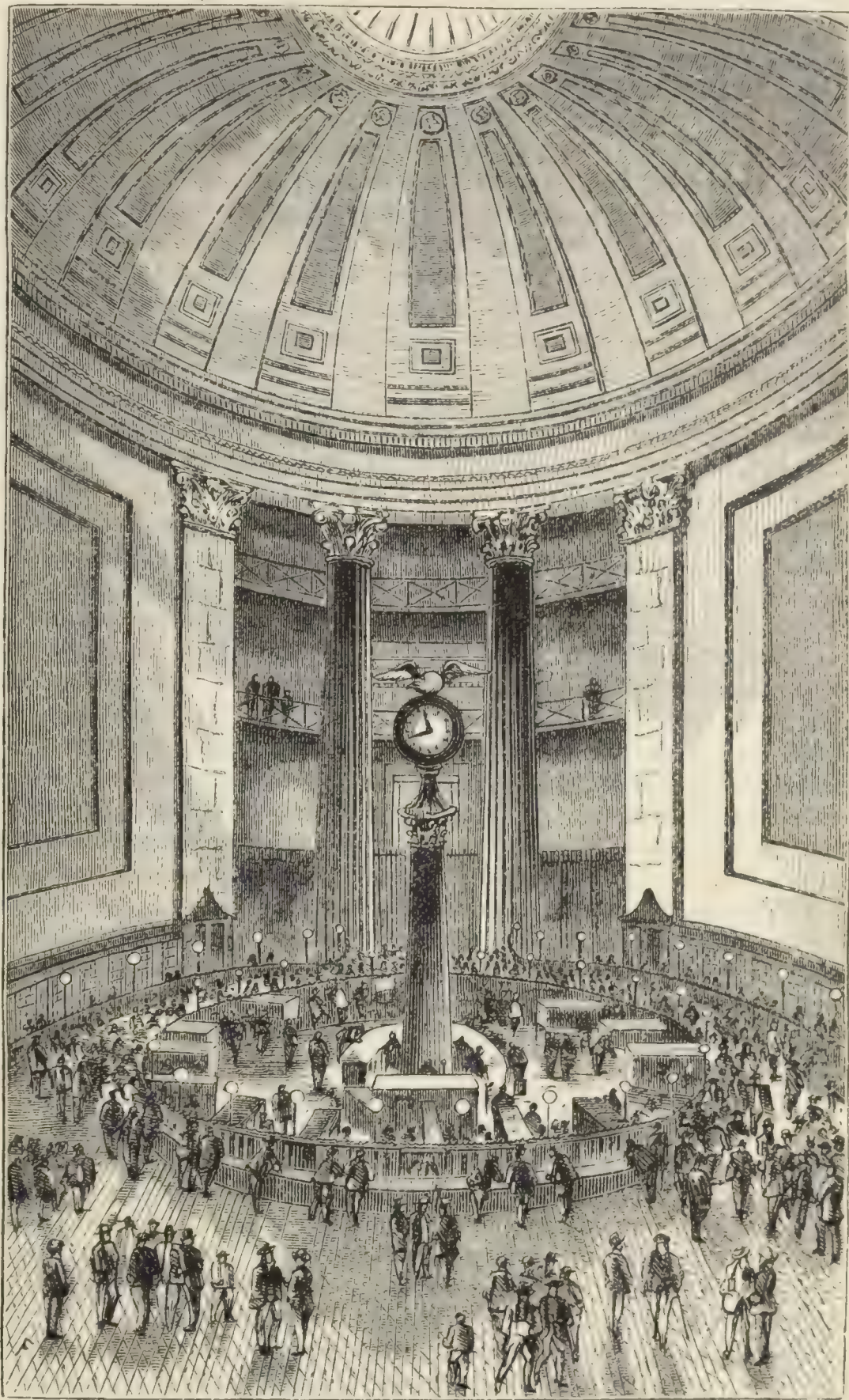
illustrate, as far as possible, from a literal example, the manner of the proceeding, by going through some of the details connected with the purchase and introduction into the country of what is called an invoice of merchandise.

Messrs. Morton, Briggs, and Co., merchants, residing in New York city, desire to import certain goods, which, on this occasion, were bought on the frontier of France, and shipped from Hamburg. The agent of these merchants at that city, according to instructions, buys the merchandise named, and then makes out invoices in triplicate, viz., three detailed descriptions, including their quantity, quality, and cost. The American consul residing at Hamburg certifies that the agent personally appeared before him, and made a declaration, under oath, of the

truth of this invoice. The consul is further required to file one copy of the invoice in his office, to deliver another to the agent of Morton, Briggs, and Co., and to transmit the third to the Collector of the port of New York. The goods are in the mean time placed on board of the steamship *George Washington*, in the port of Hamburg, with a bill of lading made out by the shipping agent, which is personally signed by the officer of the vessel who receives the goods.

The steamer starts on her voyage, bound for New York, and, by means of the ocean telegraph, that fact is instantly known on this side of the Atlantic. At Sandy Hook, the gateway to our magnificent harbor, is a United States telegraph station and "look-out." Vessels inward-bound, the moment they are discovered, are announced from Sandy Hook to the "old Barge-office," the head-quarters of the inspectors attached to the surveyors' department.

This Barge-office is the small white and picturesque and most familiar structure on the Battery, which has been for more than a quarter of a century an object of interest to people inward-bound from a long sea-voyage. Built, from the necessity of its location, on piles, every strongly beating wave that rolls from the prow of a steam-driven craft rocks it to and fro, after the manner of a scow at anchor. This writhing and twisting has had the effect to crack and tear down more or less of the plastering of the interior walls, and to let in the searching rain through the shingled roof. To these primitive defects must be added the wear and tear consequent upon nearly two hundred inspectors and other United States officials of the customs, with innumerable hangers-on, who, when "off duty," make it their head-quarters. The result is that the interior of the Barge-office is entitled to the distinction of being the most dilapidated and repulsive (so far as the materials of the structure are concerned) of any public edifice in any Christian country under the sun. But it suggests an apology for its want of



ROTUNDA OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

neatness and general beauty, and claims even our admiration, on account of the jolly little cupola on its top, which, though modest enough through the day, at sundown opens its bright, cheerful eye, throws its glancing welcome over the bay, and winks and blinks and coquets, as only a revolving light can, with all the wayward craft imprudent enough to be out in the harbor after dark.

The Surveyor's deputy, who has charge of the inspectors, on the announcement that the steamship *George Washington* is off soundings, selects two officers, at the moment unemployed, and they are at once, in a revenue cutter, dispatched to the steamer. From the moment the inspectors go on board the passengers' baggage and the cargo are in charge of the United States officials. On the arrival at the dock the passengers are first attended to; and, to facili-

tate matters, their property is examined on the ship, and in all cases where no evidence exists of any attempt at fraud, an appraisement is made, the duty collected, and the passengers go ashore. The inspectors' attention is next called to the delivery of the cargo, and every individual package, bale, or case is noted by them, and the final result, with the ship's manifest, is sent to the Surveyor's office. On this "return" of the inspectors will be found, among the others, the packages imported by Messrs. Morton, Briggs, and Co., their marks correctly copied, the bonded warehouse to which they are assigned, and the day of the week, the month, and year of their arrival, and the name of the ship in which they were imported.

The invoice of the goods, now in possession of the merchant, is placed in the hands of a broker, who proceeds to make out an "entry" according to the form prescribed by law, which entry is in duplicate—one copy for the Collector and one for the Naval Office. The entry in this form, stating in full all the particulars required, together with the invoice and bill of lading, are presented to an entry clerk in the rotunda, who examines the entry by the invoice and bills of lading; and, if found correct, will, on the entry, estimate the duties on the invoice value and quantity, certify the invoice, and grant a "permit" in due form for the final delivery of the goods, and also calculate and mark on the entry the American gold value of the foreign certification of value. The entry and accompanying papers are then taken to the Naval Office, where like examinations and calculations are made; and, if found correct, the Naval Office entry clerk checks the entry, invoice, and permit. The papers are then taken to the rotunda again, and a deputy-collector administers the oath, and designates the package or packages to be sent to the appraisers' stores for examination, marking the same on the entry, invoice, and permit. To the entry is also attached the proper inland revenue stamp, which on an entry of \$500 and upward is \$1. All this having been done, we now have the entry with what may be called its first statement; while, upon examination, it will be perceived that the francs are turned into American currency, and the duties are \$1927, and checked by the Collector's cashier—*Paid*, January 1, 1870.
J. T. C.

The boxes sent to the appraisers' stores are opened, and the experts proceed to examine their contents; and they note upon the invoice that they find that case 2606 contains embroidered and cotton lace curtains; that 2610 contains colored cottons, 250×39 inches—over 100 and under 200 threads to the square inch—demanding 5½ cents per square yard (specific) and 20 per cent. (ad valorem) duty. The appraisers also return one case (2605) colored gingham handkerchiefs—over 100 and under 200 threads to the square inch—demanding 6½ cents per square yard (specific) and 15 per cent. (ad valorem) duty; and classify the re-

maining cases as containing embroidered cotton lace curtains, demanding 35 per cent. (ad valorem) duty.

These nice calculations of the number of threads to the square inch are made with a powerful glass, which is so adjusted that it magnifies a lined off square inch sufficiently to easily count the threads.

The invoice, with these carefully made calculations marked thereon, is sent to an amendment clerk in the rotunda, who copies the return made by the appraisers with *red ink*—in which ink all subsequent alterations are made—and then proceeds to make up the duty according to the appraisers' report, without any regard to the original calculations of the entry clerk.

By this second examination it will be seen that the amendment clerk finds the duties, instead of \$1927, to be \$2069 73, making an increase due the government of \$142 73; and this statement will be found written on the entry, over the internal revenue stamp.

The broker, on behalf of Morton, Briggs, and Co., objects to the classification of the appraisers on case 2610, and calls for a reconsideration; which reconsideration is always granted. The invoice is returned by the Collector to the appraisers, with instructions to "reconsider." Now the appraisers, on re-examination of the goods, acknowledge their error, and reclassify case 2610, and return it as colored cottons under 100 threads to the square inch, and under five ounces to the square yard. They had previously stated that the colored cottons contained over 100 and under 200 threads to the square inch.

This apparently slight difference in the texture, which is only discovered by microscopic examination, changes the entire duty from 5½ cents a square yard, and 20 per cent., to 3½ cents a square yard, and 10 per cent. The specific duty is lessened nearly one-half, and the ad valorem duty just one-half; and this radical change is predicated on the number of threads contained in the square inch.

The invoice thus corrected is returned again to the amendment clerk, who crosses off, as will be perceived, his first statement, and then goes to work and makes up an entirely new calculation, the sum total of which is \$1959 99—making the increase due the government \$32 99, instead of \$142 73.

It will be perceived by this, at best, very imperfect statement of the routine of the Customhouse, that three distinct calculations have been made upon the entry before the final result is reached.

And this is not one-half the work done, because the same routine is pursued in the Naval Office, acting as if it were in no way connected with the Collector's department—the Naval Office, in accordance with the fundamental law, acting as a check on the Collector's office; and the final auditing check of the Naval office is indicated on this entry by the letters *R. M. C.*

Entry of Merchandise, imported by **Morton Briggs & Co.** in the **Str. Geo. Washington**

* *whereof* **John Macdonough** is Master, from **Hamburg** to **NEW YORK** **January 1.** 1870

Received by **Macdonough** *under 100 threads & under 500 to square yard*

and returned **Co. 650735** *under 100 threads & under 500 to square yard*

MARKS. * **Capt. Cottons** *under 100 threads & under 500 to square yard*

PACKAGES AND CONTENTS **Depo. 55%** **TOTAL**

2604 One Case Shaws **37922539.** **1050.** **3125** **chgs 2 1/2**

2605 One Case Cold Cottons **1203-157-1304** **1050.** **3125** **chgs 2 1/2**

2606 **13782 6 1/2** **8957** **5930.95** **5866.00** **6974.00** **4968.00** **1764.00** **1764.00**

2607 **37922539.** **1050.** **3125** **chgs 2 1/2**

2608 **37922539.** **1050.** **3125** **chgs 2 1/2**

2609 **37922539.** **1050.** **3125** **chgs 2 1/2**

2610 One case Robes, man of silk. **4781-359467335** **1764.00** **1764.00**

2611 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**

2612 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**

2613 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**

2614 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**

2615 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**

2616 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**

2617 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**

2618 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**

2619 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**

2620 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**

2621 **1050.** **25502.95** **26552.95**



Amended \$1939.99 **Original \$1927.66** **Increased \$37.99** **Paid March 170.00** **Morton Briggs & Co.**

CUSTOM-HOUSE MERCHANDISE ENTRY—FOR CONSUMPTION.

In the mean time the boxes at the appraisers' office are nailed up, corded, and sealed, and notice is sent to Messrs. Morton, Briggs, and Co. that they owe the government \$32 99 additional duty; upon which being paid the goods at the appraisers' office are delivered into the merchants' possession.

The three statements of duties, it will be noticed, stand as follows:

First one..... \$1927 00 "Deposit" amount paid.
 Second one.... \$2069 73 Objected to by merchant.
 Third one..... \$1959 99 Final duty.

The \$32 99 being paid in addition to the first-stated amount.

Such is a meagre outline of the routine attending the calculation and collection of duties upon an entry, which is one of the simplest and least complex examples that probably could be given as an illustration.

The popular idea of the business of a Collector of the port of New York is that he is created to distribute political rewards to needy office-seekers. This fallacy comes from many natural causes. His *official* duties, which are arduous and most responsible, are quietly performed. A thousand intricate questions are constantly discussed affecting the interests of merchants, shippers, and importers of which the law creates the Collector the arbiter, and holds him pecuniarily responsible if he makes a mistake. With this responsibility upon his shoulders, he has added to the legitimate cares and perplexities those more annoying which come from his political relations with the administration placing him in power.

He may make suggestions to the head of the Treasury Department which are of incalculable benefit to the commerce of the country; he may lessen the expenses of the Custom-house; he may win golden opinions for his good sense and patient industry from the merchants and importers—but these things call forth no public notice. They are not sensational, and the press is silent.

But the whirligigs of politics, however insignificant, are sources of unfailing attention. The partisans and office-seekers, who often, day after day, block up the ante-room of the Collector's office, make public opinion; and the press, though a questionable advocate, is a positive censor. The hopes, successes, and disappointments of a few active, energetic individuals excite more sympathy and create more notoriety than does the faithful management of the vast machinery which successfully and cheaply collects almost the entire imposts of the country, and affords facilities to a world's commerce.

Passing from one of the narrow corridors which thread the court of the Custom-house building, you step into an ante-room, which is in charge of a messenger and the Collector's private secretary. Then passing through a narrow hall-way, you reach the Collector's reception-room, the windows of which look out upon William and Wall streets. In the centre

of this room is the desk of the special deputy-collector, who performs the general duties of the department. The ante-room adjoining, the entrance to which is festooned by the national ensign, is the Collector's private office.

A curious history would be the incidents connected with these two rooms. A little observation enables one to discriminate in the often waiting crowd between the business man and the "seeker for an office." The sturdy, weather-beaten skipper, abashed though he may be by the number of well-dressed people around him, carries no marks of subserviency or dependence on his honest face. He has a plain, straightforward story to tell the Collector about his craft; and when he has finished he leaves the "presence" with the satisfaction of having done his duty; he wants no favors—nothing "but his rights."

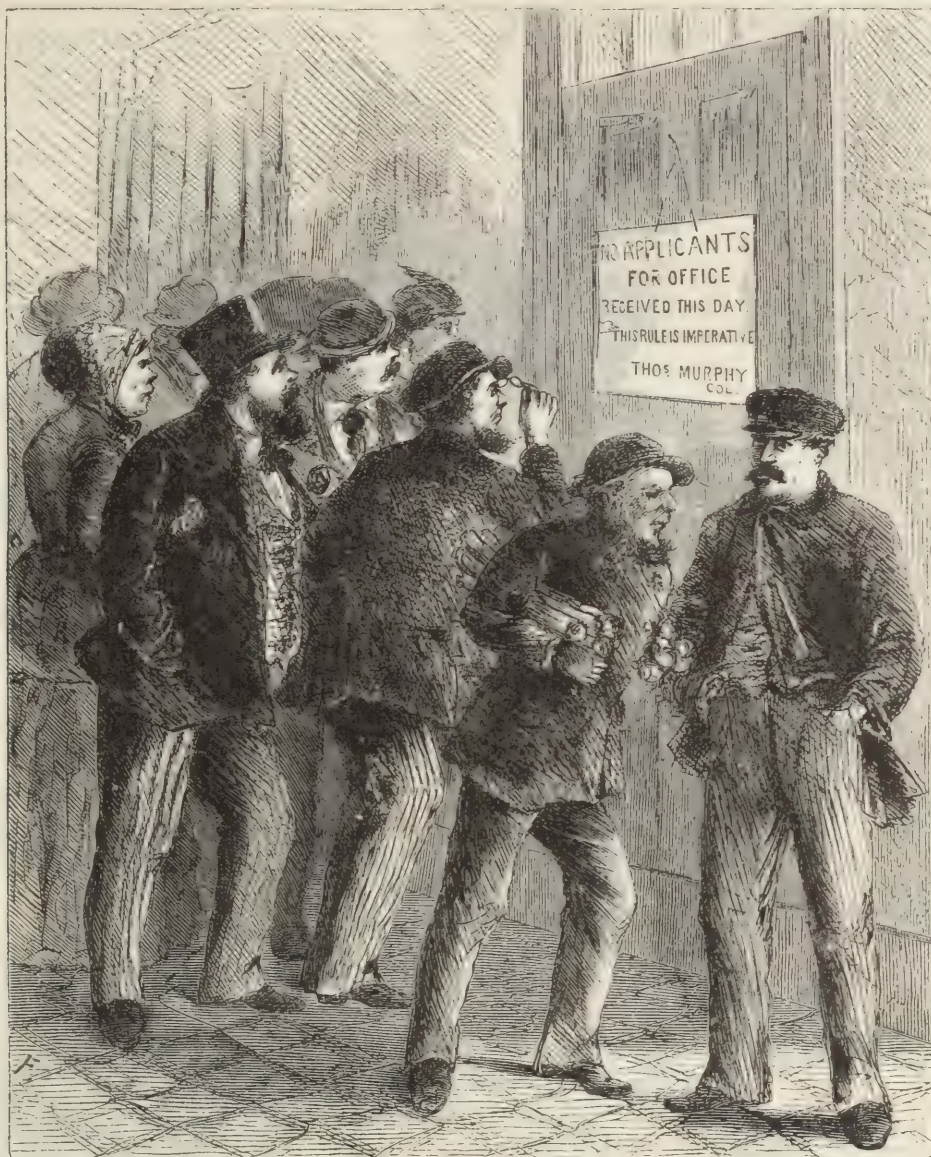
That tall and remarkably well-preserved man, so scrupulously dressed, and who but for his white hair and whiskers would pass for forty years of age, is one of our oldest and most honored merchants. He has "argosies" on every sea. The Collector leaves all to attend to him. The statement is clearly made, the answer given, the two shake hands and separate, every thing seems satisfactory and agreeable.

But the crowd still remains; you can see from the anxious faces, and the patient sitting for long hours, that there is other business than looking after commercial matters. It is painful sometimes to witness the nervous anxiety of these office-seekers, whose present life, and the happiness of those dependent upon them, are centred in the success of their pursuit. They fumble over their letters of recommendation and indorsement, they grow weary, and become charged with self-debasement, as, unnoticed, time wears on. A thousand applicants for fifty loaves of bread. The Collector himself, dependent upon political influence for his position, can not treat rudely these men, whose earnest efforts have contributed more or less to his elevation.

As an administration wears on, and the Collector gets firmer in his seat, he devotes more time to his legitimate duties, and less to polit-



UNSUCCESSFUL OFFICE-SEEKER.



OFFICE-SEEKERS AT THE DOOR OF THE COLLECTOR'S OFFICE.

ical necessities. From six days of the week, to receive "applications for appointments," we find eventually three days are designated, and at last comes the fearful announcement on the outside entrance of the Collector's sanctum that no more applications for office will be received. The crowd that surges against this barrier is angry and jolly by turns. The man with his arms full of "indorsements" is jostled by the "rough," whose effective claim for favor is "that he broke up a primary meeting of the opposition, and punched the head of the gentleman who protested against his method of proceeding, he did."

Office-seekers, as much as they are ridiculed and denounced by the "outs," are the legitimate fruit of our democratic institutions. Dreamers may talk of "civil service bills," where merit alone is to keep and command the patronage of the government; but such utopianism as this is only practicable where the political power is no longer with the "masses." Under our present organization of government the offices, from the President down to the humblest applicant for patronage, are the prop-

erty of the electors at the polls, and must be by them distributed, as a rule, for political services, capacity being of secondary consideration.

The constant change of clerks which characterizes the operation of the present system is, after all, a greater hardship on the individuals than on the public; for it does not necessarily follow that the government is deprived of the constant services of men who show great capacity for special departments of business.

Mr. C. P. Clinch, the Assistant Collector of the port of New York, has been in office more than thirty years. Probably, although miserably paid, he has brought to bear and given an administrative ability to the service of the government which, if directed to his personal interests, would have made him one of the most eminent and successful of our leading business men.

To him are referred all matters pertaining to the practical detail and judicial meaning of the tariff or revenue laws; and we presume that his clear head, vast experience, and entire recollection of all laws of precedence have saved the government millions of dollars; and he has

at the same time done justice fearlessly, when the merchants had just claims upon the public treasury.

Mr. S. G. Ogden, the head of the first division, the auditor's department, has held his position more than twenty-five years. On him rests the responsible duty of accounting to the treasury for all disbursements, returns of duties, and excess of deposits, drawbacks, adjustments of damages, statistics of imports, exports, tonnage; he has also the archives and records, and correspondence relating to his division, in his keeping. Mr. Ogden has been frequently solicited to take charge of important monetary institutions offering liberal salaries and facilities for business; but he has maintained, at a sacrifice of wealth, his position in the Custom-house, and has administered his responsible duties with unvarying satisfaction to the government, and the vast constituency which, as claimants on the public treasury, do business at his office. Illustrative of the perfect system which prevails in this important division of the Custom-house, it is only necessary to state that there is forwarded to the Treasury Department at Washington, *each day*, the current amount that has been collected as fees and duties; and we presume that this daily bulletin is a sort of monetary index to the Secretary of the Treasury, indicating the confidence of the importing merchants in the present and prospective prosperity of the country.

The subjoined table shows the amount of duties collected during the last three years. It not only gives the amount collected, but also the gradual increase in three years:

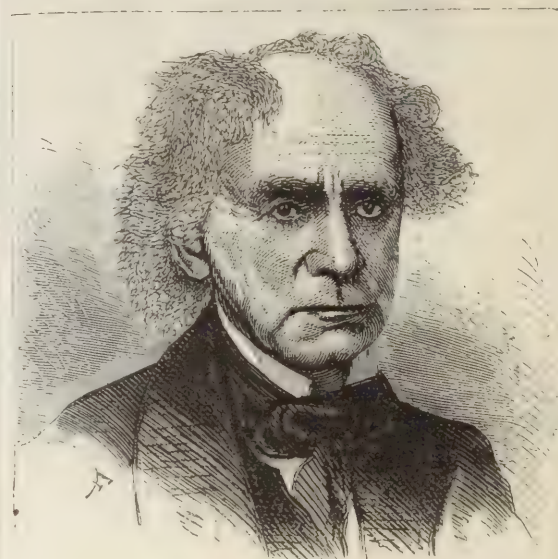
1868.....	\$113,296,712 62
1869.....	125,019,718 09
1870.....	135,370,995 85

The oldest office-holder in the Custom-house is Mr. Von Buskirk, "Assistant to the Surveyor"—a gentleman over eighty years of age; and, as may be supposed, he has many remarkable intellectual qualifications for the performance of the duties of his office, as well as extraordinary physical health. He was appointed January 7, 1831, under the administration of General Andrew Jackson; and for forty years, from his having had his head-quarters at the Barge-office, his face has been familiar to the importers and sea-faring men of our city. Under his orders are the inspectors (nearly two hundred in number, who are placed in charge of the arriving ships), and consequently Mr. Von Buskirk may be said to have the foreign commerce of our harbor under his immediate supervision.

All the details of the duties of unlading ships, and seeing that they are properly dispatched on their voyages, are under his control; and when ambitious superior officers have presumed to depart from his established usage, the change, when put in practice, has been found unadvisable. His memory is so perfect that he can recall instantly the name of any inspector on duty, and state on what ship he is stationed,

or if he is waiting orders. And the vast routine and particulars of six months' work are equally at his command. Until within a few years—"that is, up to seventy"—he made it his *daily business to visit every ship* under his charge in the harbor of New York, and to personally see that his subordinates were doing their duty. His official station and personal merits always commanded marked attention from the masters of these vessels, but he would not accept even the slightest refreshment; yet he always exacts for his representatives, while on duty, cabin fare and a sailor's proverbial hospitality. His life has been absolutely absorbed by the duties of his position. In illustrating them by word or performance he is intelligent, quick, and full of interesting reminiscences; but he never seems to take the slightest interest in matters outside of his world.

As ships arrive on Sunday as well as weekdays, he has never had a moment's release from



JOHN L. VON BUSKIRK.

labor. From sunrise to sunset, all the year round, seven days in the week, he has ever been at his post; and, what is most remarkable, his strong constitution and temperate habits have narrowed down his loss of time by sickness in a quarter of a century to less than an average of six hours in a year. He may be said to never go above Twentieth Street; and the last time he was in the Central Park was as a soldier in the "war of 1812," when he was stationed at M'Gowan's Pass—a picturesque ravine near the still existing remains of the "old powder-house."

The active generation about and in the Custom-house has no recollection of that institution except as associated with the familiar face of "Louise." For a quarter of a century, at least, she has, by prescriptive right only, had her little stand of cake and fruit in the vestibule of the Naval Office. Reticent and remarkably quiet, she has attended to her business, and through good and ill times has pursued her way with a regularity only equaled by the old clock of Trinity. She was a buxom lass some few



"LOUISE."

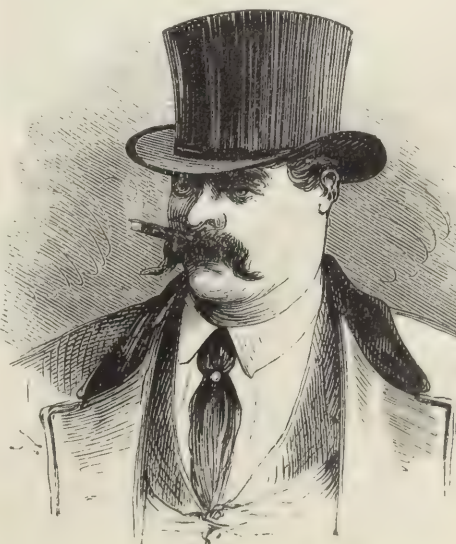
years ago, and now gives a picturesque interest to the grim business-like associations with which she is surrounded. Administrations rise and disappear, collectors and others, men of the hour, flourish and pass away, but "Louise" seems to be destined yet to outlive many dynasties, illustrating, in her humble way, that contentment, constant employment, and out-of-door pursuits, are the most valuable adjuncts of life.

The practical man of the Custom-house, not officially connected with it, is the broker. He has the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of his profession as distinctly marked as are those of the lawyer and doctor. His dealings are with Custom-house clerks; and as these clerks are made up of the most multifarious materials, including men who, "in their better days," were merchants, bankers, ambassadors, governors of States, and so running down to the rough, who represents the scum of a ward primary meeting, the broker has to play many parts to accomplish "easy-going success." If eminent in his business, he is posted up in all the charges and complications of the different tariffs, and in all the laws and Supreme Court decisions affecting them.

He knows, at sight, the exact way through which every kind of goods imported must pass to reach the retailer's counter. The broker is a necessity to the merchant; and it is infinitely cheaper to call in his assistance than for the merchant to attempt to manage his Custom-house business himself. The largest importing houses pay specific salaries, and have their

brokers, the same as they do their other clerks. The labor of running one entry through all its stages of examinations, liquidations, and checks is almost as much work as fifty. Five dollars is the current fee for "passing an entry;" and as brokers, under a press of business, will sometimes get through fifty a day, it is not surprising that they acquire handsome fortunes. The annual income of some of these men is more than the salary of the President of the United States, and often two or three times larger than the stated pay of the Collector of the Port.

But "entries" are most frequently in their course like true love, and do not necessarily run smoothly. Weeks and months may be consumed in the preliminaries of a final settlement. An invoice, where there are two or more to one entry, in its circulation through the fifty different hands of the Custom-house clerks, may become mislaid. A delay occurs in having an invoice reconsidered. The "gauger" may make a mistake; the "weigher" may have neglected some article enumerated. An amendment clerk in the Collector's office can't agree with the amendment clerk of the Naval Office as regards the amount of duty. Some article may be imported not clearly indicated in the details of the tariff, and a decision must be obtained from the Treasury Department at Washington. A simple parasol, by being composed of wood, silk, steel, whalebone, and an ivory handle, has every element of possible discussion involved as to its legitimate place for duty consideration. The importer, if his interests suffer, as they often do, by this, to him, unnecessary "routine," relieves his pent-up and impotent indignation in loud denunciations of the Custom-house officials, and holds them responsible for personally interfering with his legitimate business, when really these "officials" have every desire, from natural inclination and official pride, to get through with the work, but are helpless to move except within the requirements of that imperative law of the Custom-house, "Alexander Hamilton's Act of 1799."



FAVORITE OF THE PRIMARY.

The broker, as a general rule, if he has any sentiment at all, has a great unexpressed and undemonstrated contempt for the Custom-house clerk. That dignitary, however ignorant or disagreeable he may be, has infinite opportunity to oblige the broker, and he also commands the *red tape*, by which he can, if so disposed, tie up the broker's power to expedite business.

The broker also knows that he can make nothing by deceiving "a new appointee," for in the course of his, the broker's, routine he must come in contact with some old mousing clerk, somewhere in the labyrinths of the Custom-house, who, understanding his duties, will do nothing until "the mistake" is corrected. The consequence is that no warm friendships or expressed dislikes characterize the intercourse of brokers and Custom-house officials.

The Custom-house also has its brokers, whose miserable incomes are eked out by charging not only their legitimate fees, but by adding good round additions, for moneys, they say, given to Custom-house clerks to obtain unusual facilities—every cent represented to be thus paid going into the pockets of the unprincipled agent. These "unworthy" representatives also get a few dimes, wrongfully taken, from "smack captains" and "down East skippers." In these degenerate times every profession, from divinity to custom-house brokerage, has its black sheep.

The Custom-house broker's boy is a wonderful creation of artificial humanity—one of the most curious parasites, indeed, which, like a barnacle, fasten on the great carcass of commerce. His chief business is to take an entry



THE BROKER'S BOY.

and travel through the intricate passages of the building, and get the proper officials to put on the entry the proper checks; and they do this difficult work after the manner a Skye terrier hunts a rat. They know all the different "divisions" in the building, whether of the Collector, Naval Officer, or Surveyor. They know the particular value of these departments, and the clerks at the head of them, whom they designate among themselves not by their names, but by some supposed personal peculiarity. Hence their language is very technical, and only understood among themselves. They have all the "cheek" of a full-blossomed broker, added to a want of reverence for any thing on the earth, or under it, which is frightful to contemplate.

They can be seen, in business hours, running about from "division to division," flaunting a paper in front of their faces, yelling, whistling, and calling to each other. Reaching the desired desk, they rudely squirm in front of some old gentleman, and others of more juvenile appearance, "waiting their turn," thrust their "documents" in the clerk's face, and are waited on instantly, to get them out of the way. At the precise hour of 3 P.M. they mysteriously disappear. We have spent much time and observation to see a Custom-house broker's boy after that hour, but all in vain; and we have sometimes nearly admitted the conclusion that they are packed away, when not officially engaged, in some of the old vaults which in Wall Street are said to yawn under the temples dedicated to Mammon.

Brokers, in addition to their daily business, act as claim agents, and, taking advantage of "oversights," frequently make large sums. A few years ago one of these claim agents discovered that a very important concession to the merchant, established in 1799, namely, "the draft," or an allowance of one pound to every hundred pounds of weighable goods, had fallen into disuse, and was no longer observed by Custom-house officials. The claim agent went quietly to merchants of his acquaintance, and informed them that in certain transactions they had paid too much duties. The natural arrangement in such cases followed, the merchant agreeing to pay a large percentage of all moneys recovered from the government.

When the agent had obtained the business of a sufficient number of importers he commenced protesting and appealing against the liquidation of weighable goods without allowance for "draft"—viz., "the turning of the bar in weighing in favor of the merchant." The broker had but six months to carry on his business of claiming "drawbacks" when the Secretary of the Treasury saw the "point," and very properly obtained the passage of a law by Congress abolishing the "draft;" and yet, in that short time, there was recovered from the United States, as duties unjustly paid, over eighty thousand dollars in gold.

High tariffs and high duties are encouragers

of illicit traffic and smuggling. Just as we approach "free trade" the inducement to defraud the government ceases to exist. The ingenuity displayed by smugglers, under the present existing order of things, affords, in its illustration, the most amusing, and often the most melancholy, incidents connected with the collection of the customs.

"Smuggling on the person" assumes the most varied forms, and volumes of illustrative anecdotes could be collected. The two important questions asked the passenger upon landing on our shores by the Custom-house detective are: "Have you any thing dutiable about you? Have you more than one watch?"

If these questions are answered in the negative, and the slightest suspicion exists of prevarication, a strict search ensues. The ingenuity of the smuggler, especially in concealing jewels, furnishes most remarkable instances. Even the ears and the nostrils have been made temporary depositories of valuable diamonds. The success generally of these desperate expedients depends entirely upon the nerve of the party interested. Many a smuggler has escaped detection after the severest personal examination, but at last excited suspicion, and subsequent exposure, by a want of power over his or her nervous system.

An illustration of this kind of betrayal occurred where a man of the most favorable appearance, upon saying he had but one watch, broke into a profuse perspiration. But for this he would have departed in peace. A strict search resulted in finding nothing, and upon hearing this decision he sank back in a chair, utterly prostrated. This tell-tale weakness provoked a third examination, when two lady's watches, very small in size, but of great value, were found, covered with pitch and then buried one under each of his armpits.

Very young infants and small children are used as instruments for smuggling. On one occasion an immigrant family, man and wife and two nearly grown-up daughters, presented themselves. They were very affable and easy in their manners, and, without much trouble to them, were pronounced "all right;" and while the proper proceedings were in progress for their dismissal one of the officers saw a handsome little boy standing alone, and, struck by his attractive appearance, and not knowing to whom he belonged, he spoke to the child, and attempted to "sky-lark" with him. The officer was surprised to find the child could not bend his body; on examination it was found that his clothing was quilted with valuable articles of silk manufacture and silver spoons. The little fellow belonged to the family the members of which had just been pronounced "all right."

A gentlemanly looking but poorly clad passenger, from his intelligent expression of face and agreeable manners, was treated with marked consideration. The officers were so easily satisfied that he was honest that they took no special notice of a small "lap-cloth,"

much worn, which was hanging on his arm. A detective, at the time "off duty," noticed a carriage waiting for some person, and asked the driver for whom it was intended, and Jehu pointed to the passenger who was approaching with the lap-cloth, as usual, on his arm. There was something apparently inconsistent in having a carriage for such a man. A suspicion being excited, the officer seized the lap-cloth. On a critical search it was found to be lined or padded with Brussels lace, that sold, at public auction, for eleven thousand dollars.

The fool smuggler is illustrated by a man, said to be from the western part of the State of New York, who got a diamond worth sixteen thousand dollars safely through without paying the duties. This gem he sold for its full value, and subsequently "bragged of his smartness." The fact came to the knowledge of the government, and the proceeds of the sale were confiscated.

Ladies are always particularly restive under the examinations of Custom-house detectives; and, however well or delicately treated, feel themselves aggrieved, especially at the different estimate from their own the official puts upon what is a wardrobe. We may be pardoned possibly if we add here, as the result of the vast experience of the oldest and most skilled government officers, that they never saw a woman, whatever may have been her social condition, who did not, under any and all circumstances, complain of tariff laws as an imposition and legalized robbery. And we add, as a consequence, that when the sex achieve suffrage, free-traders will ever be in ascendancy in the halls of Congress.

As smugglers, women are more successful than men. The complications of their dress favor the business. The modern "chignon" was for a time a most excellent depository for smuggled goods. A woman is remembered who was so successful that she was constantly crossing the ocean for the purpose, and in a few years acquired a handsome competency. It is a strange metamorphosis that these adventurers sometimes undergo when caught in their work. Some years since a very pretty woman, remarkable for a full bust, broad hips, and plethoric person generally, presented herself for examination. She was very polite and affable, and came very near escaping detection. But the female detective then employed at Castle Garden no sooner put her eyes on the rotund figure of the "object" under inspection than she invited the "party" to a private interview. It was incredible what a change was soon effected. Suffice it to say that the apparently well-fed and portly dame of a few moments before, stripped of innumerable dry-goods, stepped into public gaze reduced to a wonderfully thin and rather skeletonized individual. As there is no penalty for smuggling on the person except forfeiture, she went sorrowfully away. Our laws are even more merciful than this; for all goods thus seized can be redeemed, though con-



FEMALE SMUGGLER BEFORE EXAMINATION.

fiscated, by the payment of an honestly made appraisement.

These personal seizures have the merit of novelty, but do little to affect the aggregate revenue. The smuggling that is of national importance is carried on by importers of merchandise. It is the duty of an importer to add to the first cost of his goods the usual commissions; next, all inland charges, by railroad or otherwise, from the place where the purchase was made to the point of shipment; and he is to take from the invoice no discount that is not allowed by the seller. This means, that when the goods reach New York their entire cost should be on the invoice, and on this cost the duty is assessed; and if this is not done, the government is defrauded, and the goods are liable to forfeiture.

The most destructive smuggling to the interests of the government is therefore carried on by importers who, in spite of all precautions, manage to successfully undervalue the cost of their goods. This is most successfully done by a collusion between the manufacturer in Europe and the importer here, through means of false invoices, and by false swearing, which perjury is generally *done by an attorney*. This machinery also includes sending private letters of what is the real cost of the goods misrepresented on the invoice.

The manufacturer in Europe who has his agent here for the sale of his merchandise can manipulate his business so as to export his merchandise under the smallest rate of tariff duty that is possible within the law. The foreign ex-



FEMALE SMUGGLER AFTER EXAMINATION.

porter is therefore able to undersell in the market the American merchant who has no partnership with European houses. For this reason, or some other, the importing business is almost entirely in the hands of foreign merchants. Our native business men, even when they buy in the same market with their more successful rivals, of the same manufacturers, importing in the same ships, and paying the same rate of duties, are, by some infallible cause they can not understand, driven from the field.

The quarterly sale of unclaimed goods in times past was a spirited affair, because the purchasers had the excitement which attends placing one's interest on chance. In the vast amount of business done at the New York Custom-house it is not remarkable that large quantities of merchandise, for which no owner appears, accumulate in the public stores. Some of this property is abandoned from the death of the shippers; lost to the owners because of misdirection, or left unclaimed from inability to pay the duties. At all events, the collection is a curious one, and includes almost every thing known and unknown in commerce, in size varying from huge boxes of factory machinery down to a photograph in a paper case. Until recently this débris was sold as it was received, without being examined by the Custom-house officers. An immense box, for instance, marked with some mysterious combination of letters, covered over with marks obtained in foreign ports, would be put up by the government auctioneer. The speculative customers had a fine field for the imagination: this box

might be filled with costly silks or fine laces; a fortune would possibly be made by its possession. The bidding is spirited. The lucky purchaser carts his prize home; with trembling hands and eager eyes he tears asunder the obtruding boards, and—finds that he is the happy owner of a botanist's herbarium, the dead and dried leaves crumbling under his touch, as if symbolical of the vanity of his disappointed hopes.

A cask of liquor brought from the sunniest side of France: experienced eyes perceive that it is intact; it may be brandy of the purest quality; possibly an importation of some epicurean millionaire, who died of the gout before the brandy reached our harbor. There is a chance to tickle the palate and fill the purse. Down goes the prize to the speculator. He starts the bung—a sour, gaseous exhalation stings his nose; and what might have been the cheapest of manufactured claret is now vinegar of unhealthy smell and taste.

But prizes were sometimes obtained. By accident the costly scientific revolving machinery of a light-house was sold for a few dollars to a lucky purchaser, which the government redeemed at its intrinsic value. An old, time-worn box, two feet square, filled with second-hand clothing, designated by unintelligible marks, left, it was supposed, in Custom-house hands by some poor immigrant, was “knocked down” at a nominal sum of a few shillings to a professed snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. The purchaser found his prize to consist of a well-worn dressing-gown of decidedly coarse materials. The impulse was to throw it in the fire, or sell it for paper rags. A second thought, and a close examination, resulted in finding this old robe, instead of being lined with raw cotton, made thick and comfortable by innumerable layers of the finest Brussels lace, the commercial value of which proved to be several thousand dollars.

The custom now is to open all unclaimed goods, and sell them by their appraised value. In spite of this, the speculative spirit often pushes its victims on to absurd purchases. Quite recently a piece of bar steel, two inches square by five inches long, evidently imported as a “fine specimen” by some one interested in the manufacture of the article, was placed before the crowd, and its character and value fairly stated. Yet the idea obtained that this was something precious—that a smuggler had put in this form silver and gold—and a large price was obtained. A box containing “old family plate” of quaint pattern, broken and much worn, of Sheffield manufacture, was insisted upon “by the suspicious” as being silver in disguise. Prices were again liberal; and the assayer of the junk-shop, and not the buyer, was eventually benefited. This curious disposition on the part of certain people to venture large sums at auction upon things sold “unsight and unseen” displays itself not only in the Custom-house, but where hotels and express

companies on the same plan dispose of unclaimed goods to the disciples of Fortuna, the most capricious of all the gods.

Mistakes of newly fledged officials are sometimes amusing. A newly appointed inspector was sent to the wharf to *discharge* a cargo from a recently arrived vessel. Some time having elapsed, and no report coming to the Surveyor's office, the delinquent official, on being questioned, stated that he *had* discharged the goods to the owners, without permits or other “red tape” embarrassments, and appeared to be thoroughly satisfied with this easy and simple method of discharging his duties, without regard to the “duties” due the government.

Another new inspector received a “free permit,” worded as follows: “Personal effects—old—officer examine.” In the course of time the document reached its head-quarters, indorsed, “Examination waived, as *no old* officer could be found.”

Appraisers, by misunderstanding badly written invoices, and without personal examination, guessing at what was before them, have returned colored cottons as Cologne-bottles, plums as hams, and delaines as demijohns. It requires very little imagination to comprehend how easily miserably constructed chirography would, to superficial examiners, suggest the mistakes alluded to.

Odd or unusual things, coming before the appraisers for the first time, are often the occasion of ludicrous if not serious mistakes. Some years ago a compound, from its texture and smell, was pronounced licorice-paste. A specimen “lying around loose” was nibbled at, and one of the officials who was suffering from a cold appropriated a lump as a specific remedy for his ailing, and others followed his example. The official and his friends the next day were not at their desks. On inquiry, all the parties were strangely sick. A chemist (after the physician) was finally invoked; and, after considerable experimenting, he found the supposed licorice-paste to be an extract of logwood.

Some wine on one occasion attracted unusual notice, from the fact that it was not only of excellent quality, but put up in a new style of bottle. One “specimen” after another was consumed by “tasting,” when suddenly the conscientious appraisers and their volunteer assistants grew pale about their eyes. There then ensued a rebellion in their stomachs, and a catastrophe with all its disgusting phenomena followed which “off soundings” in a storm would have been termed a terrible “sea-sickness.”

A critical examination developed that the patients had been dosing themselves with newly prepared tincture of colchicum, recommended by its compounder as a specific for rheumatism and gout. The mention of “colchicum cocktails” by the irreverent Custom-house hangers-on, when the joke was a new one, was invariably accompanied by expressions of mock sympathy and derisive laughter.

Some years ago a distinguished American

agriculturist visiting Europe imported a Norman stallion. When the gentleman left the United States animals of the kind mentioned were admitted into the country free of duty. When the "steed" arrived at our docks, in charge of a French groom who commanded but an imperfect knowledge of the English language, a tariff had been instituted which compelled the "storage of the stallion" until the duty was paid.

The bonded warehouse for the "equine goods" was a halter, with one end tied to the foreign importation, and the other to the dock spile. Contrary to the groom's expectations, a *free permit* was not granted; but the regular order was issued to have "the article" appraised. For this purpose the official proceeded where it was supposed "the importation" was; but the enraged groom, in his indignation at what he thought was an unnecessary delay and annoyance, had cut the halter; and the remarkable exhibition followed of a dutiable article trying to smuggle itself. The stallion was finally arrested, and, after herculean efforts, was brought before the United States appraiser. That official, in attempting to perform his duty, was kicked heels over head, and picked up under such unhappy circumstances that several small office-seekers were made for several hours comfortable with the idea that there would be a vacancy in the appraisers' department.

The duty, after a while, was laid and collected; but the principle was established for all time, as a common law of the Custom-house, that Norman stallions are troublesome to keep in bond, and that it is dangerous to attempt their personal examination when making an appraisal.

In this connection we should not omit to

mention that a celebrated financier and merchant got a large number of mules through a suburban custom-house without the tariff exaction, on the ground that the animals were exclusively imported for breeding purposes.

It is the fashion of the day to speak derisively of Custom-house officials. They are supposed to be idlers, and, if opportunity offers, dishonest. To the charge of having nothing to do we would reply that a clerical force carries on the great business of the commerce centring in New York city, with correctness and promptitude, that is less in number than would be employed by any private corporation to do the same work. In the fiscal year of 1865-66, the busiest ever known in the Custom-house, the Custom-house officials attended to all the details of the importation of goods, the duties on which amounted to one hundred and thirty-four millions of dollars. The integrity of customs officials compares most favorably when brought in contrast with the almost daily published record of defalcations of presidents, tellers, and less prominent officers of banks and other monetary institutions; and it should be remembered that no dishonest customs official can exist unless he is seduced into his fraudulent course by some unprincipled merchant trader. And yet the press and public opinion launch their condemnation on the poor clerk, but never breathe a word of censure upon the plotter of the mischief, and receiver of the lion's share of the dishonestly obtained plunder. Examination will show that the officials of the Custom-house are poorly paid, hold their places by uncertain tenure, do efficient work, and are entitled to honor and esteem for their efficient public service and undoubted integrity.

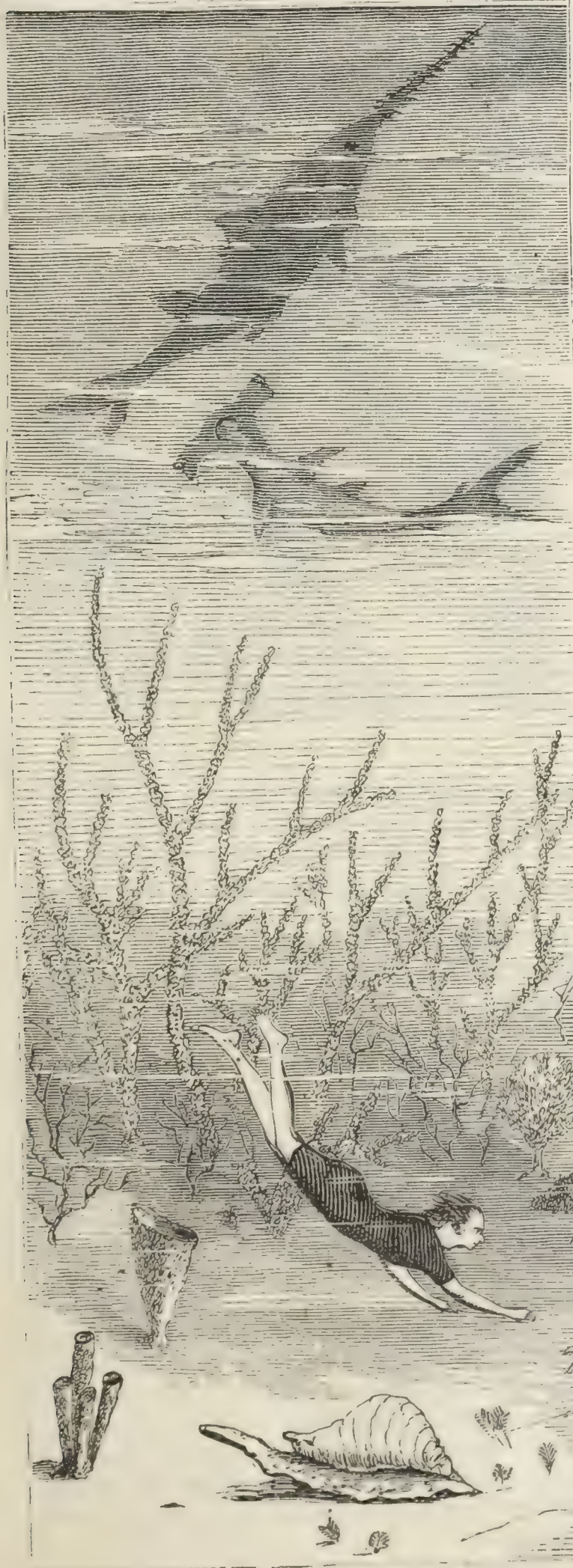
ALONG THE FLORIDA REEF.

[Fifth Paper.]

LOGGERHEAD KEY is the westernmost land visible on the Florida Reef, though a broad extent of shoals indicates an onward and further westward design, to be wrought by the ever-increasing myriads of limestone workers. The island is about half a mile in length, and is the largest of the group. Its flora, to the botanist, is of great interest, though the casual observer would doubtless tarry here briefly. To the latter the seemingly boundless sea of cactus, which spreads over the whole interior, would prove a sufficient barrier to further exploration. To the former the rare forms of trailing ipomœas, and other of the convolvulaceæ, would surely repay the visit.

Accustomed as we are to see the convolvulus or morning-glory family represented by slender climbing vines, blooming in the morning, here the first object we encounter is a stout trailing plant, quite as large as a pumpkin vine, and running like it, too, flat upon the ground, bearing great red trumpet-flowers—giant glories—

in mid-day, closing at evening and morning. The broad reach of white sand has a gay appearance where it bears upon its face this curious plant—*Ipomœa pes-capræ* it is named—the large glossy leaves being cleft, and otherwise shaped like a goat's foot, hence its specific name. Another fine large variety is called *bona nox*, bearing large white cups that bloom just after dark, and close at daylight. Here, then, is an evening-glory, deriving its last name from its habit of blooming late. Some of the ipomœas have the two forms in one; that is, they are mainly climbing plants, but throw down at different heights long wire-like trails, very scantily provided with leaves. These offshoots are perfectly uniform in size, and are sometimes six feet in length before putting out a leaf. The leaves of this trail are wholly different in shape and color from those of the upright or main plant; they are a neat halberd-shape, or spear-shape, while the others are a perfect heart. When the trail touches the



ground it takes root; and if a favorable support is at hand the trail gives off an upright branch, which at once puts out leaves of the heart-shape and lighter color of the parent. The spear-leaved runner now keeps on, a dark, smooth stem, for several feet, or yards even, takes root again, and puts forth another, upright or not, according to circumstances. If there are no objects within reach for the trails to climb upon, or their shoots rather, the runners keep on a long distance, taking root at short intervals. In the course of the season many of these runners will appear on one plant, thus making a growth of immense expanse, and one which, we will see before closing, has an important part in the maintenance as well as in the building of these reef islands.

On this key is Loggerhead Light, well known to the coast-wise shipping, and serving by day as well as by night as a guide to those in or outward bound. Eighteen miles away to the "s'uth'ard and east'ard" this light is "made" as you approach the gulf; and then it behooves the master to "raise" it slowly and cautiously as he rounds the point.

The Scylla and Charybdis of the dreaded reef are then left astern, while deep water and hours of rest are his ahead. The immense height of the tower, which is of elegant proportions, is rendered necessary on account of the extremely low elevation of the island, and the vast tract of dangerous shoals that lies to the westward. Within that forbidden circle the advanced works of the submarine laborers are ever changing and progressing. Notwith-

standing the charts of this region are very perfect, vessels are constantly getting ashore at various points. On the eastward border of the group is a narrow channel, with depth of water sufficient for the largest vessels. This is a cut-off of thirty miles for vessels bound up the gulf; but mistakes are constantly occurring. A chart belonging to the office of engineers at Fort Jefferson has marked upon it circumstantially the records of a host of vessels whose last abiding-place is here.

We have spoken of the flora, but not much can be said of the fauna of these islands. The spirit-crabs reigned supreme on Loggerhead until the Bos'n took over some of our pet rabbits, the lop-ear kind. Much to our surprise, they increased rapidly, and seemed to thrive; and now there are as many as can conveniently be accommodated with forage. Some of our pet goats were left there also, and it is to be hoped that whoever is the present incumbent of the island sovereignty may treat them with something like the care bestowed on them of old by the Bos'n and his companions; for they will surely give back in payment rich and wholesome milk, and old *Bon*, upon occasion, an affectionate butt.

Along the southern shore of this key is a deep channel which leads out from the inner harbor, connecting with the deeper water of the Gulf. On the confines of this channel may be seen in clear water a perfect forest of coral—*tree coral*, we call it, on account of its great size. The view from the gunwale of the boat as we drift along is of exceeding interest. Among the various *traps*, as the Bos'n calls them, that constitute the outfit of the *Curlew*, is a square box, open at the top, and fitted with a glass bottom. Now it matters not if the sea is rough, if so be it is not tumultuous, with this box placed on the surface, a marvelous exposure of the hidden forms of the deep is at once before us. Looking through the clear glass, which annihilates every ripple, the swaying tops of this coral forest are in full view. The delicate, flower-like polyps in full expansion, like so many catkins of minute form, upon the branches. The least touch or jar would send every one of these little flower-like animal mouths instantly out of sight, within the porous structure which constitutes their shell or skeleton. The coral tree then looks like the bare trunk and branches of a vegetable tree denuded of its leaves and fruit. Yet a brown film, or membrane, is observed covering the whole, which is the connecting tunic that holds and unites the community as one. *E pluribus unum* is their motto; and *how many* in one we may imagine when we contemplate the individual blocks that lie upon the reef, or even one of the single trees of this forest beneath our eye. A fine specimen of this animal tree was taken from here and sent to the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge. It measured six feet in height, and nine feet in circumference, the branches being about two inches in diame-

ter. As we look through our glass box the polyps are seen expanded, millions of star-like, blossom-like mouths. Some of the tips of branches are white, and denuded of the soft brown membrane which constitutes the mantle; and here we see the cause. Lying across the top branches is a great caterpillar-like worm, longer than your hand. As we introduce our hook under and slowly lift him, we see that he has had fully an inch of the extremity of a branch in his mouth. He has sucked it bare of flesh, this coral worm, or aphroditacean. In moving about over the coral he has disturbed the polyps, and many have withdrawn their heads. Some of the polyp heads are seen, however; little star-shaped bodies, with a mouth in the centre of the row of tentacles. The large polyp head at the extremity of one branch, shown in the sketch, is characteristic of the



THE CORAL WORM.

madrepores, and is not understood to be different from the other smaller ones in its functions.

The class of animals designated by naturalists the aphroditaceæ is, for several reasons, little known; and I presume many would say *Cui bono?* but the wonderful forms of some—though a few are certainly repulsive-looking—and the extraordinary appendages of others, render them worthy of notice.

Some curious forms of this class are found in the northern waters. One that the fishermen frequently bring up on their hooks on the fishing-banks is so covered with short brown bristles or hairs, and is so formed, that it has the appearance of a mole or mouse, and is designated as “sea-mouse.” These creatures seem to have been honored with classic titles to an unusual extent. Like thousands of marine forms, the individual species have no common names; Amphitrite, Euphrosyne, Cœnone, Eunice, Nereis, Hesione, Clymene, Polynoe, are some of the generic titles.

The great hairy worm before us, like some of our caterpillars of the trees, has barbed bristles, which readily penetrate the flesh, and cause acute pain.

Looking a little deeper, we see a huge block

of *astreæ*, or star-coral—a perfect hemisphere, with its polyp flowers all in bloom. The surface in several places shows curious conical plumes, of a pattern like the pompons of a soldier's cap, and colored like them, red and white, in distinct bands. These are the tentacles and heads of a worm which builds its lime tube on the rock when small; then as the coral grows around it the tube is completely enveloped. As fast as the coral encroaches on the worm, he throws out new courses of masonry, keeping pace with the *astrea*, and vying with him in the exhibition of a beautiful tuft of plumes upon his front. This is the *sabella*. Another variety has a golden-yellow cup-like series of plumes, and contrasts gayly with the brown of the surrounding mantles of *astreæ*. Besides the great beauty of form and color, the *sabellæ* have a complicated structure along their bodies, which accounts for their rapid motion when disturbed. They unfold or bloom out slowly, like flowers; but a set of hooks, by which they grasp the sides of the tube, gives them power for rapid retreat.

An elegant object for the aquarium is one of these *sabellæ* in a small block of *astreæ*. The little star mouths of the coral, and the larger plumes, furnish a perpetual bouquet of animal flowers, quite as prettily colored as those of the garden. Other species of this family form tubes of sand, and of pieces of shell and sea-weed. In the tube of one large kind, that builds on the open, shallow mud-flats, one is constantly surprised to notice the various designs resorted to for concealment. We have often watched them while they were finishing the mouth of the tube. Without an exception, they searched for a larger fragment of shell to fit over the mouth as a door, placing it obliquely in such manner that it would remain closed excepting when pushed open from within. As the worm never leaves the tube entirely, the entrance to the castle is well protected when he retires within. Over the door he contrives to hang a blade of marine grass, a species of *zostera*. This grass is introduced in the masonry as it progresses near completion; the tube being made up of regular layers of shell-fragments, roughly laid on the outside, but evenly on the inner. We are apt to be a little more curious in the contemplation of this workmanship, as it seems to indicate the presence of some attribute differing from mere instinct. The showy conch spreads his soft mantle over the inner surface of his shell covering, and there deposits the material, from time to time, that is eliminated therein; always preserving a set form, and a coloring strictly according to the pattern allotted it by nature. The larva of the butterfly reaches a period when his appetite fails him; a stock of coiled threads lies ready within to spin into a snug abiding-place. But the *sabella* is left literally to shift for himself, dependent on the accidental presence of fragments of other forms, vegetable and animal. So far as the work is concerned—the masonry,

to speak exactly—the human hand would find it difficult to construct a nicer fabric out of the same materials.

In Mr. Wood's admirable book, "*Homes without Hands*," are recorded numerous interesting examples; but I think this exhibits a feature so resembling the action of mind we can not but wonder. There are innumerable little plates of lime—the joints of a species of coralline—forming a large portion of the material which makes up the sand of the beaches. The *sabella* selects these, and lays them flat-wise, one on another, securing always a perfectly smooth face within, as the stone-mason builds his wall. Here and there a piece of grass is introduced, which, with the larger piece at the entrance, serves to deceive intruders into the belief that the structure is only a part of the inanimate earth and *débris*. The work of the moth-miller larva is almost alike in one respect—the extraordinary faculty of selecting and arranging in exact pattern the material within its reach. This creature, so universally dreaded by the housekeeper, forms a cocoon-like tube, open at both ends, out of the material on which it feeds—cotton or woolen. It is a very pleasing object under the microscope, or even the common magnifying-glass—a much more pleasing object there than on your coat.

When the worm eats on a fabric of several colors the case, or cocoon, is sure to be made of the fibres of that fabric, and the colors are so arranged that one is loth to believe that some other agency has not been in force. On my study table a green cloth with yellow fibres furnishes to the moth a set pattern—concentric rings of green and yellow, each as distinct as the pattern on the cloth. A common figure on the moth-cases is formed of two ends transversely figured with red, while the centre is white. In all cases the fibres are selected and woven in as artistically as if it were done by the hand of man. In this cocoon the worm eats its fill, and then lies dormant until a new life comes to it in the shape of a moth-miller; the case bursts, and the winged creature frees himself, to flit his brief hour, and perpetuate the mysterious cycle of his existence.

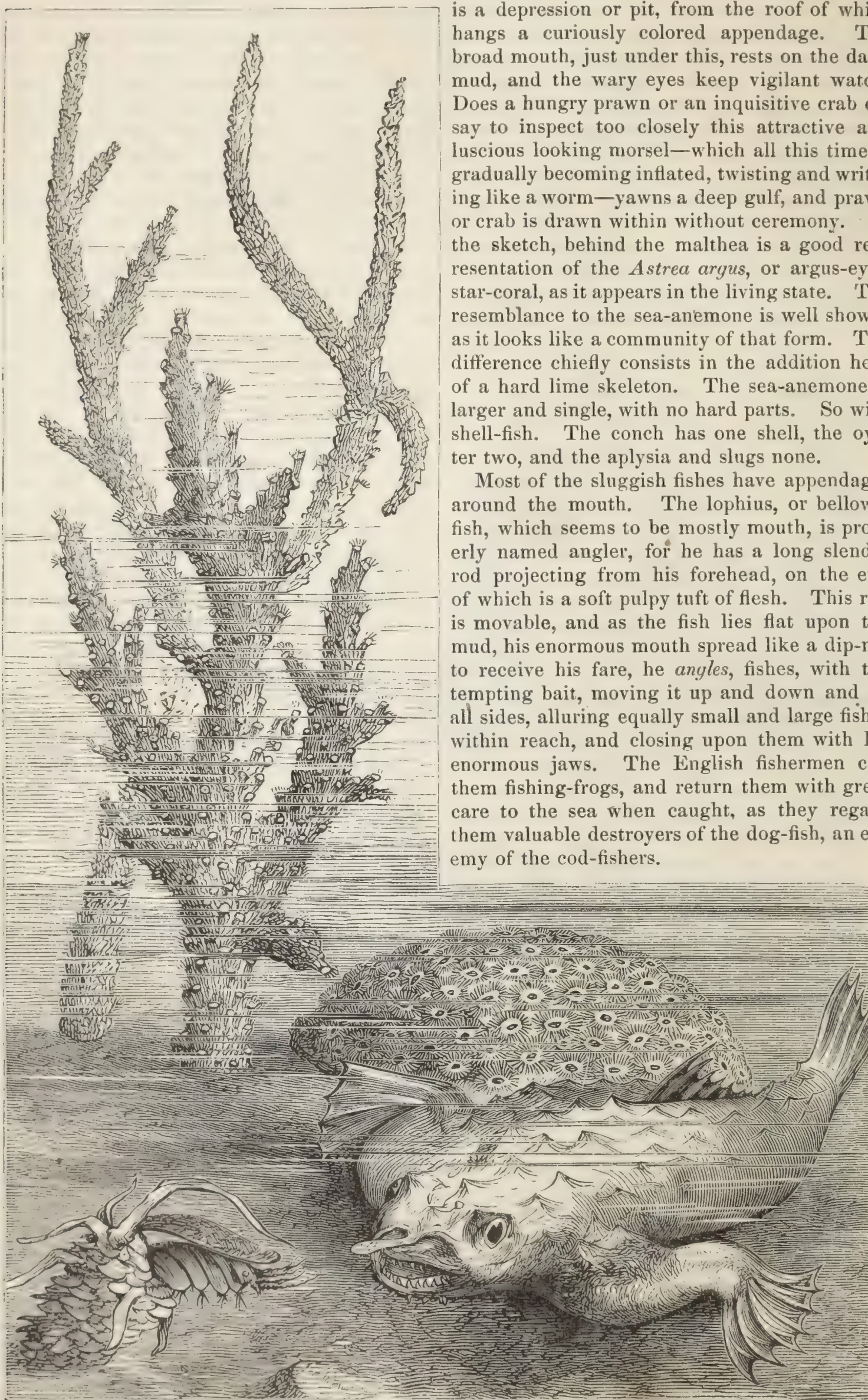
Some fishes present extraordinary structure, worthy of a place in this our exhibition of the wonderful. The *anableps*, a fish of the Amazon River, has a membrane drawn horizontally across its eyes on the upper half, dividing the pupil into two distinct parts. This fish has the habit of swimming or leaping on the surface of the water like the frog, and has its head partly above the surface; here, then, is a most unusual adaptation of means to end. The fish is thus enabled to see equally well in or out of water. It is instructive as well as amusing to watch closely the strange marine forms in their native element. Here just by us, as we look steadily through the glass, is an odd creature that would be overlooked, and thought to be a part of the weedy bottom, were we not keen in our vision. It is a fish called the mal-

thea—one that has no fins for swimming, but is provided with short feet, like paddles, that suffice to move it on the muddy bottom. Slug-gish in the extreme, but formed and colored so

as to appear like an inanimate object, a part of the sea bottom. As a compensation this creature is furnished with the means of angling for itself.

Directly under the nose and over the mouth is a depression or pit, from the roof of which hangs a curiously colored appendage. The broad mouth, just under this, rests on the dank mud, and the wary eyes keep vigilant watch. Does a hungry prawn or an inquisitive crab essay to inspect too closely this attractive and luscious looking morsel—which all this time is gradually becoming inflated, twisting and writhing like a worm—yawns a deep gulf, and prawn or crab is drawn within without ceremony. In the sketch, behind the malthea is a good representation of the *Astrea argus*, or argus-eyed star-coral, as it appears in the living state. The resemblance to the sea-anemone is well shown, as it looks like a community of that form. The difference chiefly consists in the addition here of a hard lime skeleton. The sea-anemone is larger and single, with no hard parts. So with shell-fish. The conch has one shell, the oyster two, and the aplysia and slugs none.

Most of the sluggish fishes have appendages around the mouth. The lophius, or bellows-fish, which seems to be mostly mouth, is properly named angler, for he has a long slender rod projecting from his forehead, on the end of which is a soft pulpy tuft of flesh. This rod is movable, and as the fish lies flat upon the mud, his enormous mouth spread like a dip-net to receive his fare, he *angles*, fishes, with the tempting bait, moving it up and down and on all sides, alluring equally small and large fishes within reach, and closing upon them with his enormous jaws. The English fishermen call them fishing-frogs, and return them with great care to the sea when caught, as they regard them valuable destroyers of the dog-fish, an enemy of the cod-fishers.



THE MALTHER.

Our sketch represents the anatomy of the "fishing-rod" of the lophius. It is one of the most remarkable structures, exactly resembling the links of a chain. Such organs are usually articulated like an ordinary joint, but this is a very unusual deviation. The little flag of flesh that serves as bait or decoy is, of course, a part of the inclosing membrane.

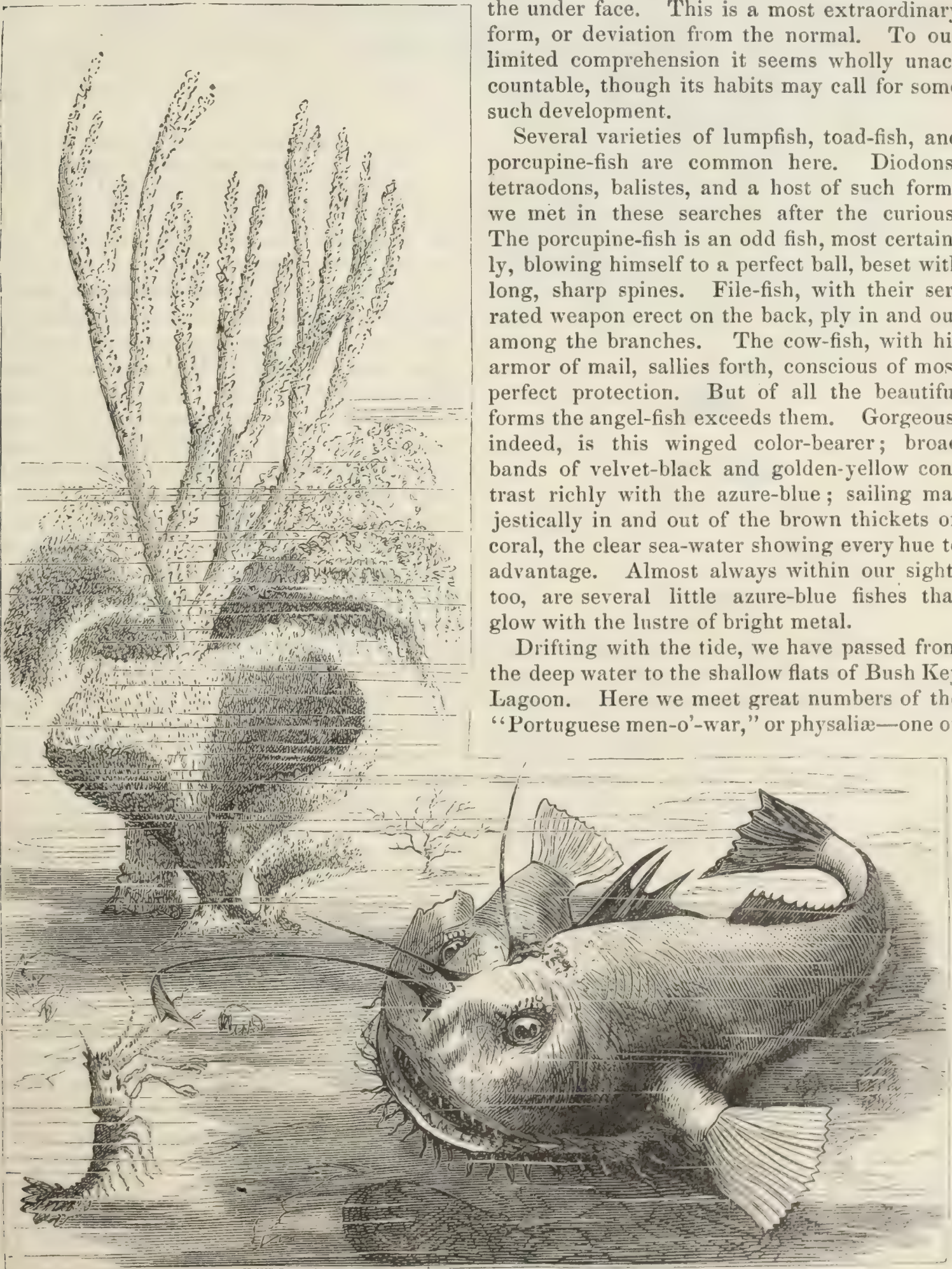
The surgeon-fish (*Acanthurus phlebotomus*) is another remarkable indigene of these waters. On each side, near the base of the tail, is a triangular blade, much like the fleam of a horse lancet. This is entirely concealed in a sheath, but is instantly thrown out and used with rapid

strokes when an enemy approaches. The fish seems conscious of his power, and shows fight as long as we continue to tease him. A cut from this lancet is quite as effective as one from steel, as it has a keen edge.

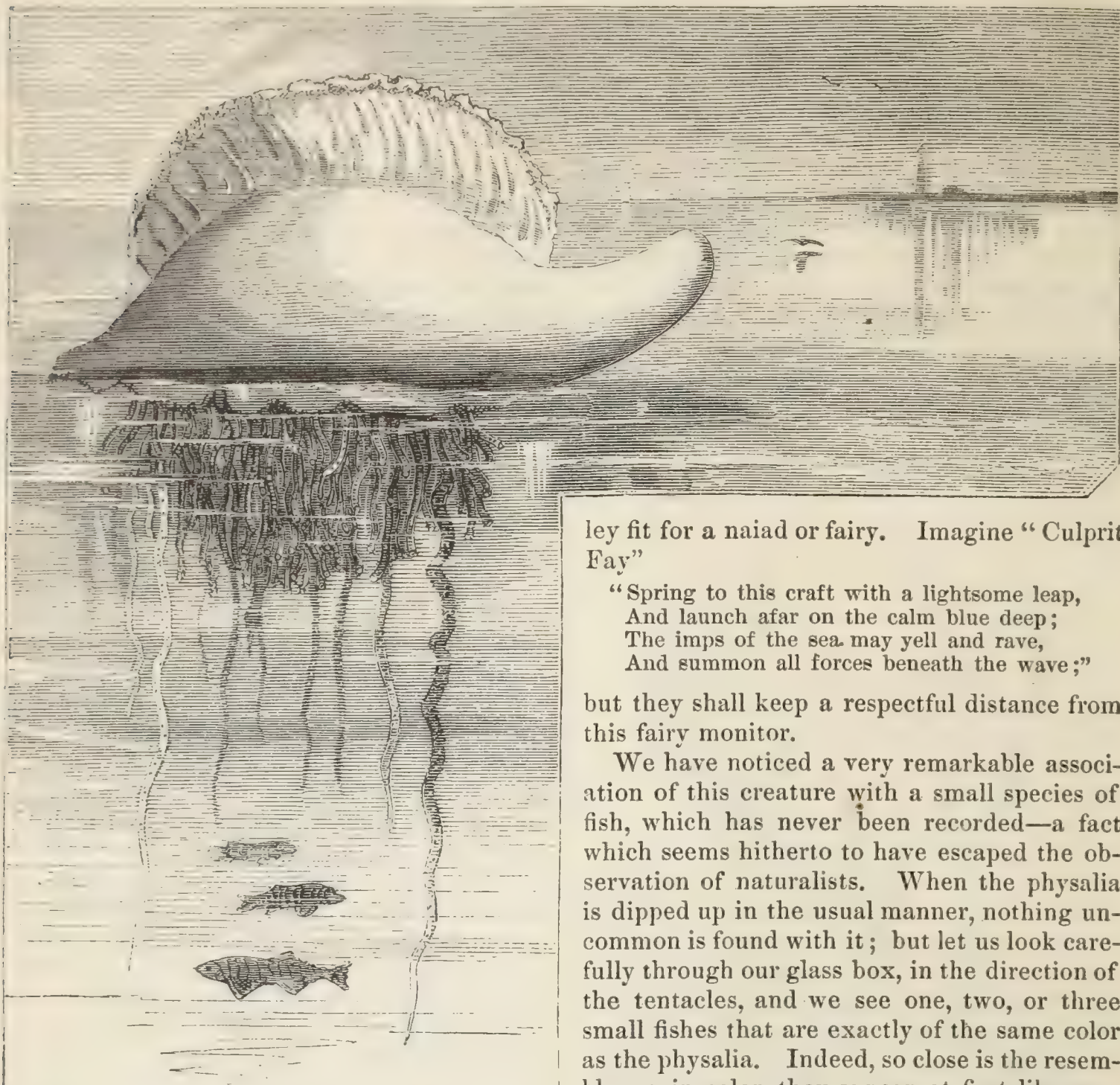
Another curious form we see passing along the roots of this coral grove, near the bottom. It is the hammer-head shark. They are not large—this one about two feet in length—but have the most unaccountable head upon their shoulders, albeit the body is comely as any other shark. The iron part, or head, of a sledge-hammer well represents this creature's anterior extremity. An eye on each front corner of the protuberances, and a mouth in the centre of the under face. This is a most extraordinary form, or deviation from the normal. To our limited comprehension it seems wholly unaccountable, though its habits may call for some such development.

Several varieties of lumpfish, toad-fish, and porcupine-fish are common here. Diodons, tetraodons, balistes, and a host of such forms we met in these searches after the curious. The porcupine-fish is an odd fish, most certainly, blowing himself to a perfect ball, beset with long, sharp spines. File-fish, with their serrated weapon erect on the back, ply in and out among the branches. The cow-fish, with his armor of mail, sallies forth, conscious of most perfect protection. But of all the beautiful forms the angel-fish exceeds them. Gorgeous, indeed, is this winged color-bearer; broad bands of velvet-black and golden-yellow contrast richly with the azure-blue; sailing majestically in and out of the brown thickets of coral, the clear sea-water showing every hue to advantage. Almost always within our sight, too, are several little azure-blue fishes that glow with the lustre of bright metal.

Drifting with the tide, we have passed from the deep water to the shallow flats of Bush Key Lagoon. Here we meet great numbers of the "Portuguese men-o'-war," or physalia—one of



THE LOPHIUS, OR BELLOWS-FISH.



THE PHYSALIA.

the first and most attractive marine objects that engage the attention of the visitor. The physalia during the warmer months is an ever-present object on the waters of the Gulf; myriads of these gorgeously colored creatures float in and out with the tide. The jelly-fishes are usually inconspicuous, being nearly colorless, and confined beneath the surface. The physalia, one of the class, is an exception, being confined to the surface, and never descending beneath the wave; in shape like a Chinese shoe with upturned toe, or like an ancient galley, with silken sails and canopy, its low-banked oars trailing from its hull. Its color is indigo-blue, merging into a lighter azure on the upper ridge, where stands a silvery-white ruffle, lustrous as satin, and fringed with rose-tinted folds. Underneath, the bladder is a trifle thicker, of a darker hue, and is sufficiently fleshy to contain the little more of organic structure that is required for the support of this mere thread of jelly-fish existence. Here are mouths and suckers, and around these openings are long fleshy streamers, or tentacles, so called, charged with venomous weapons that lasso and paralyze their prey at the same instant. Surely here is a gal-

ley fit for a naiad or fairy. Imagine "Culprit Fay"

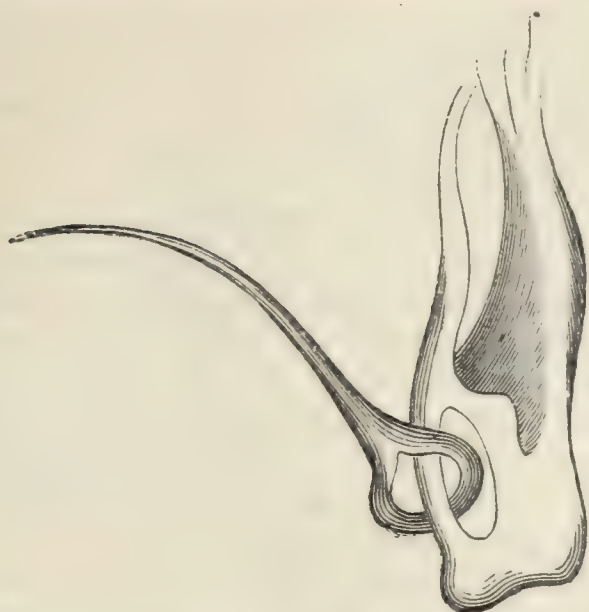
"Spring to this craft with a lightsome leap,
And launch afar on the calm blue deep;
The imps of the sea may yell and rave,
And summon all forces beneath the wave;"

but they shall keep a respectful distance from this fairy monitor.

We have noticed a very remarkable association of this creature with a small species of fish, which has never been recorded—a fact which seems hitherto to have escaped the observation of naturalists. When the physalia is dipped up in the usual manner, nothing uncommon is found with it; but let us look carefully through our glass box, in the direction of the tentacles, and we see one, two, or three small fishes that are exactly of the same color as the physalia. Indeed, so close is the resemblance in color, they appear at first like portions of one and the same animal. The larger fish is not longer than the little finger of your hand; and if you have seen "sticklebacks" you will say, How alike they are!—barring the color.

It is most unaccountable that so highly organized forms as fishes should live within the dread portals of this virulent form, which has not the faculty of distinguishing between friend and foe, so low is it in the animal scale.

The physalia floats like a huge monitor, its powerful works below the water-line. As it floats over a shoal of fishes, the least touch draws fire, and the victim is killed and drawn up in an instant, while the little *blue-jacks* manœuvre within, among the tentacles, as if manning the armament. The sailors, who are fond of calling this the Portuguese man-o'-war, hardly realize how much closer the comparison is than most others of their invention. The fraternity of the trepang and its attendant fish is remarkable; but much more so is this example; for here the fishes are constantly within reach of deadly weapons, but are never touched by them, or injured, rather. If we remove physalia from the water, which can be safely done by seizing the crest of the bladder, we shall see the fishes dart about in great trepidation, as if in search of protection. Drop phy-



TENTACLE OF THE PHYSALIA.

salia back again, and the fishes return at once, though they had disappeared from sight. A large glass jar, made for such purposes, we have dipped under them, and thus brought the objects in close view for observation.

Having casually viewed this potent little war vessel, its works and armament, and seen its capacity for mischief, let us examine more closely, and inspect its batteries.

We have seen that this is a jelly-fish, having the additional appendage of a showy float, which keeps it wholly on the surface.

This creature is properly a compound animal, the slimy mass that depends from the under surface being made up of organs that serve various purposes in its economy. It will serve our purpose better, however, to omit the more complex parts, or those not of interest to the general reader. It seems, too, that the free use of common names is likely to be of service in rendering natural objects more familiar and attractive. In speaking of the caryophyllia we call it the *cuplet*, after the excellent plan of Mr. Gosse, as it is known in some localities as the *cup coral*. The only species of *manicina* on the reef is so much like a kidney in shape and size, we have adopted the trivial term *kidney coral*.

The *Meandrina cerebriformis* is easily recognized as brain coral. The labyrinth and leaf corals would also seem well named. Probably no one branch of marine zoology is so difficult to comprehend by the casual or occasional observer as that which includes the corals. Even at this day some books persist in calling the polyps *insects*; and some scientific authors carelessly speak of the polyps "coming out" and "going in" to their "holes," as if they were not in the same relation to the white coral branch, so familiar to most, as the bony part of our bodies are to our flesh.

But to resume. We are desirous of seeing the wonderful armament of the physalia. Mr. Gosse, the English naturalist, intimates that the same organs, or similar, that in the sea-anemone furnish such virulent weapons, are seen in the physalia.

He was the first to show the uses and unfold the anatomy of them. The physalia, when

near a fish, or any living object, throws down one or more of its long tentacles, sometimes several yards in extent. It should be remembered here that this creature is far below even the shell-fish, and, of course, has no eyes. The least touch serves to paralyze the prey; then a loop is formed in the tentacle, which, with others, draws the victim up to the numerous mouths, or suckers, that depend from its base. When the tentacle comes in contact with the prey it contracts and throws out from numerous pores on its surface fine thread-like coils. These are white, and just perceptible to the naked eye. As they strike the prey numerous missiles, like so many loaded shells, are projected into the flesh; these missiles then explode, and discharge barbed wire-like arrows, which are charged with the poisonous fluid that proves so irritating, and even deadly to the smaller animals. This structure, for offensive warfare, is much more complicated than those of the defensive character. The missiles thrown out from the ejected threads are oblong bodies, not unlike cylindrical projectiles (to continue our comparison with modern ordnance), and contain not a modern style of charge, but an ancient one, in the form of barbed javelins. Instead of bursting, like the shell, its coiled weapon is projected out from the opening at one end, the missile being thereby unfolded, or "turned wrong side out."

How much like a battery, and the movements in firing it! The long threads are like so many guns run "in battery," thrust out from the port-holes, and, like the mitrailleuse, discharging from numerous bores the loaded shells. Within the case which holds the barbed weapon is the poisonous fluid, which is either thrown out through the barbs, as in the serpent's fang, or lies in contact with them, and is conveyed into the wounds on their surface. These organs are so very minute that they were not until lately observed, or, rather, their uses were not until lately rightly interpreted. It was supposed that they were reproductive organs. The poisonous effect was supposed to be due to the slimy secretion of the tentacles. In view of this power, it is a matter of great wonder that the little blue fishes escape the fatal touch; but nature seems to have intended them as companions. The blue fishes are to the physalia, as the naturalist would say, *parasitic*. They are never seen elsewhere, but always under the tentacles of the physalia. It is an interesting fact, too, that the sea-anemone which makes its home on the back of the crab is never found alone.

The lip of a perch that had imprudently put his nose within reach of a tentacle was examined under the microscope, and seen to be completely studded with the darts, whose poisonous points had carried death with them.

The younger Charley of our boat-party once inadvertently swam over one. The ugly tentacles clung to his chest and abdomen, affecting him most gravely. It is impossible to convey in words the appearance of his face, its horror-stricken expression. He was rendered helpless

in a moment; but several soldiers were at hand, who conveyed him to the shore and disentangled the fearful mass of tentacles. Large welts remained upon the skin, of a dark color, and millions of the minute barbs were plunged under the flesh. The most serious symptom was the difficult breathing—dyspnœa. Great nervous irritation, and occasional sinking or prostration of the powers of life occurred, requiring free use of powerful stimulants.

The vast extent of the poisonous influence here was probably the cause of such serious symptoms. A little more would cause death. A thorough bathing with soap-suds proved the best remedy, though the suffering lasted several hours.

There are two other forms allied to this jelly-fish that are seldom seen in perfection except at sea, away from the shore. Voyagers in the Gulf region see them from the deck, and are told that they are the young, or a portion of the physalia, simply because they look like the larger in color, and because they have no common name. *Porpita* and *vellela* are pretty names enough, without more common ones—the latter meaning *little boat*. They have the same dark blue membranous covering, though strikingly different in form. If you ask the ship captain, he tells you it is a man-o'-war with its upper gear carried away. These two forms are so pretty and interesting, and so surely met with on a voyage through the Gulf Stream, that I venture to surmise our readers will be glad to know something more of them.

As the ship glides into the Gulf Stream the alert virtuoso has ample material for his amusement. At times when the physaliæ are abundant on the sea there will be seen equally numerous the two other members of this family or order—siphonophoræ, of the class of acalephs. An English writer asserts that the *vellela* is normally a parasite of physalia; but such is not the case. *Vellelæ* are seen often in great numbers when no physaliæ are in sight. The writer in question judges from the fact of the two being found stranded on the shores of England, where they are strangers. I sailed through an immense fleet of *vellelæ* between Key Largo and Cape Florida, and not one physalia was in sight.

The *vellela* is composed of an oval plate, of the appearance of isinglass, very thin. An equally thin plate of the same material, which is twisted in the graceful form of the "line of beauty," stands vertically along the upper surface. This structure is covered with the blue membrane, and has depending from its float, which rests lightly on the water, a row of short tentacles arranged along its edge. In the centre is the fleshy stomach and its mouths. The whole object looks like a little flat-boat with one fore-and-aft sail close hauled on the wind.

The *porpita* is a perfectly circular form, of the same isinglass-like character, about an inch and a half in diameter, thin, and having no upright sail. Its under parts are similar to the

vellela, and the color the same indigo-blue. This form is like a little monitor, with works all below, and no "top-hamper." The beaches are often strewn with the skeleton frames of these creatures after a storm.

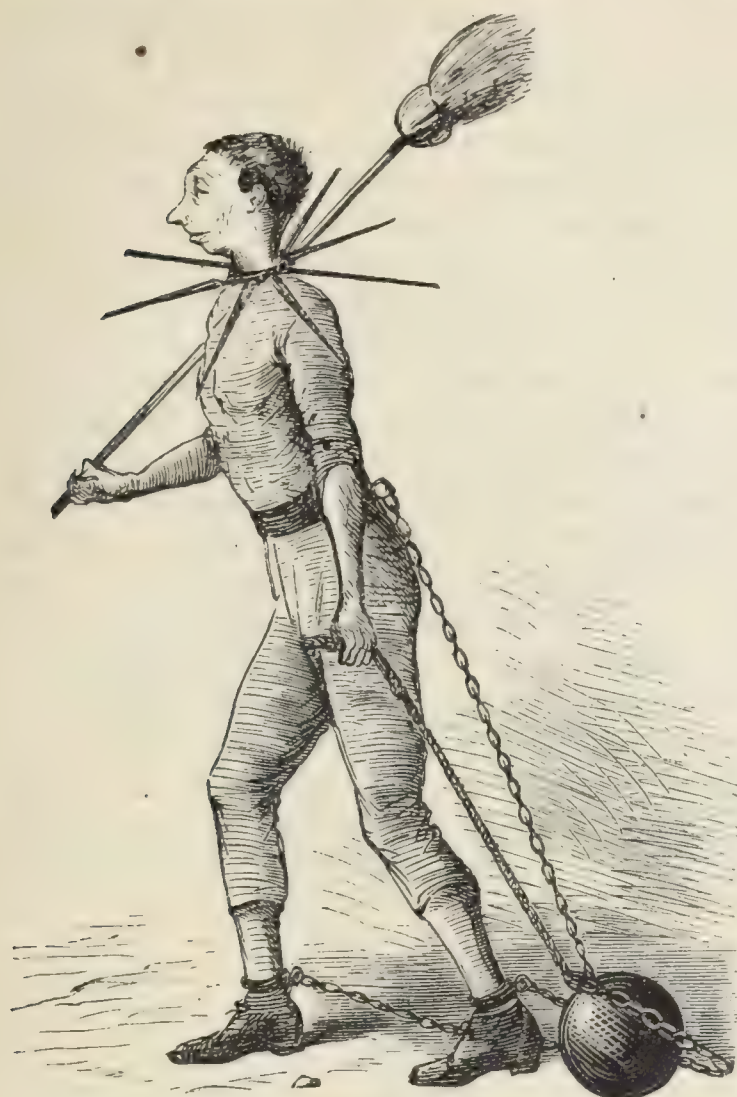
During one of the bright, clear days, when the sea is like glass, not a ripple upon its surface, the aspect of the Gulf Stream is charming beyond description. The three objects just noticed are seen on all sides, their glowing colors and bright, lustrous reflections a source of constant admiration. The dolphin, with his gorgeous, iridescent flanks, is quite constantly in sight, just under the surface, darting back and forth, vaulting, and frequently turning on his side, like some gaudily dressed pantomimist.

We have, in imagination, drifted around a lagoon of the reef, looking down among the deep-sea corals, and scanning the surface for the curious there. Meantime, lest we tire in looking upon this the *lowest* form of animal life, we will sail back to that locality on the reef where a *higher* animal finds shelter, though low he may be of his class—the military prison.

Many were the strange characters confined here during the war; and many were the devices for earning a little money for the purchase of tobacco, that indispensable morceau of the soldier and sailor. Among the *rather questionable* methods was one instituted by a young man of good education, and skilled in the use of water-colors. He furnished "to order or otherwise pressed mosses in wreaths or on cartes de visite." Great quantities of the real moss, or algæ, were pressed and sold there, but the prisoners could not always procure it. Our young man was impressed with the belief that a wreath could be painted in water-colors, adding, perhaps, here and there, sparingly, a twig of the real article, whereby much extraordinary care and vexation would be saved, and a steady business insured. He, therefore, lost no time in putting into practice this highly ingenious if not praiseworthy method; and much gold—or its equivalent—did the young man put into his pocket thereby.

If any reader has a "souvenir from the Dry Tortugas" in the shape of a wreath or bouquet of "ocean flowers," let him not hold it the less valuable, for a microscope can hardly detect the difference. If our young man did deceive, he "did his level best."

The strangest of all characters here was Harry Blank, sentenced to "hard labor for three years, or during the war:" charges, "larceny and desertion." Blank was about nineteen years of age. He was slight in figure, lithe, and supple to an extraordinary extent. His forehead was very low and narrow; face small; and altogether he was perfectly monkey-like in appearance. Of course he was very soon in the guard-house for some infraction of discipline. After a little it became necessary to handcuff him. His hands were so remarkably small that "bracelets" could not be kept on him; but he played several dodges before this was discovered.



HARRY BLANK.

His hand was a marvel of suppleness, as was also his whole frame. Harry was constantly evading the sentry, and in mischief. He seemed to care for nothing except as a means for making fun or mischief. On one occasion he seized a broom, and whistled himself by the sentinel, saying he had been sent to sweep the store-house, where he contrived to secrete and convey articles of clothing, and sell them before being detected. Once he crept into the engineer's store-house, and set the molasses running from a hogshead, as a monkey would, from pure mischief, telling it next day as a joke. His was a most perfect example of what the phrenologist would call a *full* development in the region of "secretiveness" and "destructiveness," with very small "frontal organs." So completely troublesome was the scape-grace, the commanding officer ordered him chained to the dungeon floor; but here he soon became sick, and was allowed the freedom of the room. Eventually he was given the range of the corridor for air during the day. In this apartment an embrasure opened out over the ditch, or moat. The sentinel being concealed from this window in his beat, Harry deemed it favorable for a new enterprise. He let himself down just as the work people went to dinner, at an hour when the garrison was in the enjoyment of the noonday siesta. It was an easy matter to swim across the moat, run along the moat wall to the bakery, swim again, and climb in an embrasure by aid of the water-pipes. The coast clear, he helped himself in the bakery, and stepped into the dining-room of an old woman, wife of a boss workman. Here he pocketed a lot of daguerreotypes and mantel ornaments, peeped into the next room,

where the old woman was quietly at work, and then decamped, getting back without any one observing him. This theft was a mystery for several weeks, the daguerreotypes proving a serious loss, when the scamp told it circumstantially to the surgeon as a good joke. He had broken the articles, and thrown them into the ditch. After this an iron collar was made and fastened on his neck, beset with long spikes. This was, of course, too much for comfort; and, with the ball and chain on his ankles, he soon began to fail. Any thing like a thorough surveillance of him involved measures that were manifestly cruel. He was not vicious, was perfectly good-natured, but seemed constantly impelled to mischief. On one occasion only he showed a disposition to retaliate. An official of the work department, who had brutally treated him, passed in and out frequently, and Harry managed to secrete a musket from the adjoining guard-room, and cover his enemy, but was arrested before any harm was done. The same official was frightfully cut in the throat a few days after by another prisoner who had been maltreated by him.

Harry, as a character, is introduced here—though a curious creature for observation—to show how potent is kind treatment as compared with the opposite. We are not disposed to insist that this is the most feasible method of treating thieves, or one likely to be profitable to the state, unless we allow our institutions the luxury of benevolent, painstaking "men of the cloth." Suffice it to say the kind lady who assisted the surgeon in his endeavors to shield this godless creature from the heavy penalties laid upon him agrees with him that the result of our experiment, though not perfect, was a source of great gratification. It had come to this pass. Harry Blank had so often been the subject of complaint, and every device been used for restraining him, he was again made fast to the floor of the dungeon, the commandant being wholly out of patience with him. He was here kept until the scurvy rendered him almost helpless. The surgeon then assumed the responsibility, and determined to hold him for a trial. He was put in hospital, and restored to his usual health after a few weeks of treatment.

During his stay in the hospital he was under promise of good behavior. He gave his word to the surgeon that he would not leave without liberty. He was trusted on that promise; was allowed the freedom of the garrison, as well as the hospital, precisely in the same manner as other patients—that is, liberty to go and come, always reporting the fact to the ward-master. He was, for good behavior, installed as a nurse, and no one of the nurses was more attentive and useful. Books of interest, with illustrations, were freely given him, as well as to other prisoners. Not *tracts*, if you please; religious tracts are not always the most useful in such cases; the dose is too strong. They are sometimes administered "*ad nauseam*." A

more quiet and faithful servant than he was not to be found; and several months passed, during which time Harry was steadily at his post, enjoying all the liberty of the island, serving occasionally as boatman for the health officer, and not once was there cause for complaint. Unhappily a temporary absence of the surgeon gave Harry a chance to escape, and he made trial. Secreting himself at night, he set out on a flight of steps that was just buoyant enough to support him. He paddled this to Loggerhead, where he secreted himself in the cactus bushes, but was captured in the morning. He was thrown into the dungeon again, but soon effected his release—I fear for another world. He started in company with a man who had been arrested here for attempting the release of the “Lincoln state prisoners.” The night was fearfully stormy, and, as the boat was a mere shell, it is pretty certain that this was the last of Harry Blank.

Another prisoner, of the opposite character—a perverse, stubborn, dangerous character—

after undergoing every kind of punishment that could be devised by those in charge, came under a similar treatment, with equally good results. Without question a good work could be done by chaplains at such military posts, were they assigned to them.

A pleasant little experiment was instituted here by our protégé, Harry, which shows him possessed of something like the Mark Tapleyan philosophy—to be jolly under the most adverse circumstances. Harry desired the luxury of a bath at the sea-side during the great heat of the summer, and obtained permission to indulge therein under the eye of the sentinel, though the commandant pointed significantly at the “jewels” on his legs. On reaching the wharf Blank seized a stick of cord-wood, threw the chain over it with a turn or two to make secure, and shoved off into deep water for a swim, much to the surprise and amusement of the crowd, and much to the horror of the sentry, who feared that his charge had “exceeded instructions.”



HARRY'S EXPERIMENT.

THE HINT OF DAWN.

FROM the green hollows of the sea

Where, half the circle of the hours,
The sheltering waves flowed over me,
I rose, and sought my skyey bowers.

The happy west winds blew about
Their sweetest airs—the trumpets they
When all the serried spears of day

Went bristling down their lofty rout,
Beneath vast oriflammes tossed out

In rippling interchange to greet me;
While pale glad stars thronged forth to meet me
With silvery-fine aerial shout;

And swift the news from sky to sky was blown,
And all the arch of heaven I made my own!

O though thus regent of the dusky deep,

Witch of its mysteries, while every blush
That on my cheek's swart outline fain would sleep
Dies 'neath my listless eyes' exceeding hush,
Yet toward the limit of my power I sweep.
At last, with all my creeping scouts withdrawn,

I hang and listen for some sound of doom,

Some far faint voice of morning and of bloom—

A rustle in the nest beside the sheaf,

A dropping of the dew from leaf to leaf—

When underneath the shadows stirs the dawn.

Ay me! our frosty argents tarnished are!

Reel fast, my realm, from your sublime adorning,

Divided sceptre yield with sullen scorning,

Challenge the east from farthest gorge and scaur!

Yet, alas! gulfed within the primal charm,

Twilight must simmer to a golden calm,

And ye, a silent spectral host, must fleet,

Hurled headlong in precipitous retreat

Down huge abysses black with sudden yawning,

The great shield of the sea upon your arm,

Tossing above tumultuous spume and barm

Till orient winds blow all the heavens sweet.

When, climbing opaline slopes, a star

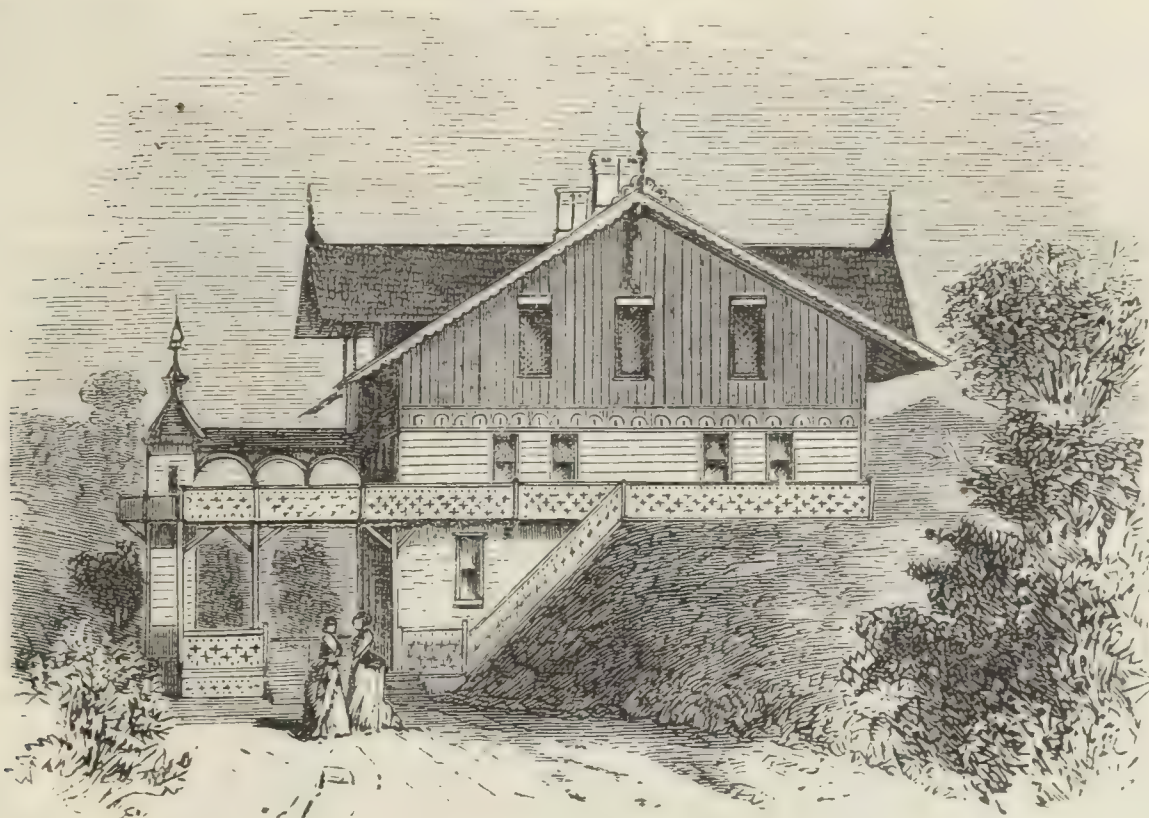
Leans on resplendent battlements of warning,

With glittering spear and casque, looks from afar

O'er the serene of morning!

AN EXCURSION TO WATKINS GLEN.

By PORTE CRAYON.



GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

THE wise Solomon snubs a class of people who are eternally babbling about the superiority of "the former days," and lamenting the decease of the good old times; but if any one has reason to complain, it is surely the modern traveler, who may be permitted to look back with envy and regret to those by-gone ages when the means of locomotion were so limited, and popular credulity so unlimited.

When the tourist, on taking up his staff and scrip, or settling himself in his dug-out for an excursion, was stimulated by the reasonable hope of seeing something new under the sun; in the days when Jason went in search of the golden fleece; when sage Ulysses spent so many adventurous years paddling about in that shallow puddle, the Mediterranean; when the pious Æneas made that famous subterranean journey to explore a country which the pious folks of the present day are not supposed to visit; when traveled Herodotus told his entertaining stories; and when, instead of one great overshadowing publishing concern, every prince and hero entertained a "Harper" of his own to publish his life and actions, not in cloth and gilt bound volumes, to be sneered at and discredited by unfriendly and hireling critics, but issued *viva voce* at high festivals and jolly suppers, to audiences filled with meat and drink and amiable credulity.

Those were, indeed, the days for travelers, bards, historians, and all other professors of the imaginative arts. But since the insatiable Anglo-Saxon has done our world so thoroughly, where shall we direct our restless steps with the rational hope of discovering a novelty, or what chance for indulgence in the poetic luxury of aberration, when any free-school brat may question your facts or criticise your geography?

Indeed, for the romance of travel, we may as well concede that the surface of our present establishment is about used up, and until the coming man discovers a practicable entrance to the interior, or perfects aerial navigation sufficiently to enable us to visit our neighboring Lunatics, the tourist may as well lay aside pen and pencil, take half a dozen magazines and newspapers, light his pipe, and imitate the clever M. Gonzalez with his "Voyages en Pantouffles."

In accordance with the foregoing reflections we had sat down in our slippers, lighted our pipe, and cut the leaves of our fresh magazine, when the mail brought us an invitation to visit the region of the minor lakes in Western New York.

At the reading the air was balmy with the buds and blossoms of early May; the bluebirds warbled lovingly as they worked at their cottage-building in the eaves; and boon Nature seemed to have put on all her blandishments to induce acceptance.

Then we were promised a select company in a special car. Among the excursionists there would be editors, artists, clergymen, scholars, poets, and philosophers, such as travel to gather ideas rather than dimes; men who live and labor to develop the true, the beautiful, the elevated, rather than to heap up the mere means of living; whose labors are so often futile and whose lives failures for lack of those very means, which old Gradgrind accumulates so easily, and don't know how to spend.

We were to meet in Baltimore, at the dépôt of the Northern Central Railroad, on Monday, the 9th of May. The hour of starting 12.40 by bell and whistle.

Accepted.



ENTRANCE TO WATKINS GLEN.

All aboard! Fizzle—squeak—ding-dong—rumble-rumble, and away we go, out of the hurry-skurry, smoke, and suffocation of the dépôt into the open air and sunlight. Puffing and rolling onward through the long, wearisome vistas of brick and mortar streets, until at length, the dusty corporation limits passed, our noses scent the incense-laden breath of the country. The free, buxom, artless country, all buds and blossoms and blushes, like a May queen—her bashful charms enhanced by a thin veil of violet haze, whose transparency but stimulates the ardent glances of her accepted lover, the sun.

Reclining on spring-cushioned, cut velvet seats, realizing the luxury, if not the poetry, of motion, our excursionists revel in the perfumed atmosphere and tender-tinted landscapes, diluted a little and the garishness toned down by dense clouds of tobacco smoke, and express their æsthetic emotions in stenographic phraseology.

"Fine day."

"Very."

"Nice weather."

"Hottish."

Puff; puff.

"Cigar?"

"Thank you, no—prefer a pipe."

Puff; puff.

"What baskets are those?"

"Grub."

"And the bottles?"

"Ale and Bourbon."

"Ah! how invigorating and appetizing!"

"What? pure country air and water? Try this ale—with a toast:

'A country duck,
But a city cook.'

Here's another to the same purpose:

'A country lass
In a city dress.'

But, like the light skirmishing which preludes the general engagement, this presently closed in more earnest conversation; for our company was composed of men of travel, elegant culture, and varied abilities—many-sided men, as the Germans call them, who are readily jostled into social congruity, whose characteristic angularities are easily adjusted, like hexagonal figures; whose differences and dogmatisms were domineered and harmonized by a mysterious sympathy, like that which unites the votaries of a common religion. Fellow-worshippers at the shrine of the beautiful, this sweet May day was dedicated to their divinity. The universal majesty, before whom all conceits, prejudices, and opinions bend the knee; in whose homage all ages, languages, and civilizations unite; at the gates of whose temple all the ascending paths of human progress must finally meet; in whose service all sincere and honorable workers, whether in politics, society, science, art, or religion, are brethren.

Most people go through the world with eyes

and hearts both blind to its greatest beauties and highest enjoyments; or if they look at all, it is, through a gimlet-hole, at such objects only as may be connected with their own narrow occupations and interests. Thus, while our untiring Yankee has pretty thoroughly reconnoitered the agricultural, mineral, manufacturing, commercial, and gullible capacities of our broad inheritance, called (why mince matters?) "the Western Continent," its nobler resources and attractions are so commonly ignored that the tourist, with artistic and poetic eyes, in passing through regions which have been pastured, plowed, catacombed with mines, gridironed with railroads, and smoked by factory chimneys for years, stumbles continually upon delightful surprises, natural picture-galleries of exquisite beauty and surpassing grandeur, of which the world has never heard, and which are scarcely known, much less appreciated, by the busy muck-rakes in their immediate vicinity.

Thus, in sweeping across Central Pennsylvania, we saw a region teeming with intelligent industry and material wealth, covered with well-cultivated farms, and dotted with thriving villages and stately cities. We had heard of these things, boastfully reiterated, and were not disappointed. But we had in addition—what we had never heard talked of—a succession of the most beautiful scenic pictures that ever regaled the eye of an artist or warmed the fancy of a poet. We do not remember to have seen any where a panorama superior to that exhibited by the broad Susquehanna, with its green islands, limpid waters, and blue mountain embankments. As we glided smoothly and rapidly along the well-conducted thoroughfare, it was enjoyable as an opium dream to watch how each vanishing picture was replaced by another equally charming ere one had time to regret its passage.

It was, indeed, quite equal to standing on a corner in Charles Street, on a pleasant afternoon, with a full stream of Baltimore beauties flowing along the sidewalks.

Having left York, Harrisburg, and Sunbury behind, evening overtook us as we approached Williamsport, one hundred and seventy-eight miles distant from our starting-point.

There is a limit to all emotions, even to our purest and most healthful enjoyments, and we experienced a certain sense of relief when Mother Night kindly drew her curtain over the pictures.

We had seen quite enough for one day, and having switched off in front of the Herdic House, we land and say good-by until to-morrow morning.

This elegant railroad hotel and summer resort is the nucleus of a handsomely improved suburb of Williamsport—a town of fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, living and thriving on saw-mills and the lumber trade.

In size and appointments the Herdic compares with our first-class city hotels, with the advantage, however, of being located in the



VIEW FROM GLEN ALPHA.

midst of an extensive and umbrageous park, where its guests may sit in the shade and indulge in rural conceits, uninterrupted by the harsh screaming of the locomotives; for here all movements of trains are arranged by silent signals—which may be noted, by-the-way, as an advance toward a higher civilization in railway management.

After a night's repose and a solid breakfast we took the road again, leaving the Susquehanna and running up the fertile and picturesque valley of the Lycoming.

As we ascend, the hills grow wilder and more abrupt, the valley more limited, and the scenery, although still charming, loses much of its breadth and grandeur. On this portion of the route there are numerous summer resorts, which offer mineral waters, pure air, and trout-fishing to the wearied cit who would escape for a season from the heat and business of the town.

At Hinnequa, the most ambitious of these hotels, the attractions consist of a sulphur spring and a bear—the water weakly mineralized, and the bear rather small and uninteresting.

Rising from the valley by the inclined planes we cross a summit level which shows us a more open and cultivated country, with a wider horizon, and divers fresh-looking villages, with an inordinate proportion of church steeples.

At length we find ourselves in the State of New York, and, during a brief stoppage, catch a glimpse of Elmira, a beautiful town with whole streets of handsome villas and ornate cottages embowered in trees and blooming shrubbery.

Anon we enter the Slashes, at the head of Seneca Lake, and after running for several miles through water up to the hubs of the car-wheels, emerge at Watkins.

This pretty village stands high and dry at the head of lake navigation, overlooking the submerged meadows through which we had traveled, and commanding a charming view

of the lake and the grand amphitheatre of hills which encircle its head waters.

The look-out in every direction was pleasant, and the air hazy with the perfume of flowers and blooming orchards. Seneca, like a blue mirror framed in gently sloping hills, is "beautiful exceedingly;" but we had by this time become familiarized with pretty things, and enjoyed it mildly. Dinner was served, and after that we sallied forth to see the village wonder—the Glen.

Our route led us directly up the main street of the town, with pretty cottages and ornamented grounds on either side. The surrounding country appeared so smooth-featured that we wondered, as we walked, where those savage scenes, vaguely described to us, could be located.

About half a mile from our hotel we reached a bridge spanning a limpid stream. Looking to the right, a quarter of a mile distant, we perceive this stream issues from a cavernous opening at the base of a perpendicular cliff some three hundred feet in height above the road.

As we approach nearer we see a steep rustic

stairway raised against the face of the rock, crossing the fissure by a narrow bridge, and connecting with other steps which are hidden beneath the shadows of overhanging trees.

Still nearer, the impressiveness of the scene is reinforced by a deep-toned, subterraneous roaring, and glimpses of a column of water leaping from a height of thirty feet into a black caldron beneath the bridge.

Now we see the sharp-cut, narrow rift extending from the summit to the base of the cliff—closed in above the bridge by masses of evergreen foliage; below, all bare and black, like the mouth of a cavern.

It was not necessary for our guide to name it. This is the entrance to the Glen, and with one accord we all stood still to take in the full measure of its impressiveness.

"This," said the poet, "is a suggestive gateway to a region of wonders."

"And this," said the artist, "is worthy of a sketch." And, having selected his point of view, he went to work with crayon and sketch-book, while the rest of the company entered the Glen and disappeared from our sight.

Attracted by the novelty, some boys who had been angling for minnows left their sport, and gathered around to stare. Presently the artist made an impatient gesture, and quoted the Ancient Mariner—

"Water, water every where,
And not a drop to drink."

"My boy," said he, addressing one of the juvenile gapers, "wouldn't you like to have a hand in getting up this picture?"

The boy seemed a little mystified, but expressed his willingness to be useful in any way that he could.

"Then run to that house and get me a cup of water." The errand was promptly accomplished, and rewarded by thanks and a small item of fractional currency.

"Thankee yourself," replied the boy, with effusion. "I say, mister, I'm jist going down here to fish a little; and if you want any thing more, jist call me, for I likes to run errands for people that gives me money."

Our sketcher was not thirsty, as we had supposed, but only in need of water to liquefy his India ink, to deepen the shadows of his picture.

It was speedily completed, and pronounced a success. The artist observed, with some complacency, that the rudest drawing conveyed ideas more graphically and geographically than the most elaborate word-painting; "and yet," he continued, looking up and around, "how feeble all our arts appear in the majestic presence of nature!"

Then we go forward together; mount the stairway, light with expectancy; crossing the bridge, not without a tremor as we glance downward into the black, tumultuous abyss. Ascending a few more steps we turn a corner, and are in the Glen. A dramatic surprise—startling, savage, hideous! But we are not yet hopelessly engulfed—swallowed by these horrible

jaws; for, looking outward, we may still catch a glimpse of the bright, luxurious world we are leaving. There we may see the stream, glad of its escape from the torturing tumult of its dark prison, dancing in the golden sunlight, hastening through blooming orchards and green meadows down to the lake, rejoicing like a wandering child that has found its mother; over all the blue mountains and bright sky—the most smiling and loving of nature's pictures, set in a narrow frame of black, slimy, frightful crags.

But it becomes us not to linger here, to gaze upon this melting beauty. Kiss your hand to her like a knightly lover, say farewell, and summon up your spirit for the rugged work before us. It is like the sudden plunge from peace into war. We anticipate with fear and trembling. We recoil with horror from the verge. We take the frantic leap; and, now now that our blood is up, we feel that the red glare ceases to offend, but even stimulates the eye more gratefully than the gentle blue. War has its horrible charms, its grand emotions, its glories, which at times render the memory of peace insipid. So, now we have fairly entered the Glen, and adjusted our faculties to the subject, we will find therein wonders, sublimities, grim beauties, and tumultuous excitements fully to compensate us for the tame, easy-going world we have left outside.

Encouraged by the success of his external picture, our artist made his *entrée* with an air of assurance; but ere he had reached Glen Alpha his countenance fell, and his look of complacency departed.

"This," he exclaimed, "is stunning! Rembrandtesque! Gustave Dorésque!—confounded chaos! There's no place to sit down, no point of view, no perspective—unless one lies on his back and looks upward, or leans over a hand-rail face downward. To get a picture here the horizontal line must be perpendicular, with the vanishing point in the clouds or the bowels of the earth."

Advancing, however, a short distance into Glen Alpha, the prospect began to improve, for there were four cascades in perspective, and a glimpse of blue sky through the narrow rift above.

Choosing a convenient seat just beneath a projecting ledge, secure from annoyance of the dripping water or a chance fragment of rock scaling from above, the artist again began his labors. As the work progressed, and by the skillful management of light and shade the flat surface of the paper began to exhibit the cavernous depths and distances of the actual scene before us, the workman resumed his strain of cheerful enthusiasm:

"What a glorious picture this would make if skillfully rendered in color, by such a hand, for example, as that of Church or Bierstadt! And yet," he continued, "there appears to be little or no color in it—all light and shadow, sharply defined with very little middle tint or gradation."



GLEN ALPHA.

"One might suppose, too, that these grim, silent, hard-featured rocks were steady sitters, and the laughing, dancing cascades, all froth and motion, were hard to catch; but it is just the reverse.

"The leaping waters perform their gymnastic evolutions, foaming, fretting, flashing, dimpling, by certain rules, so rapidly and continuously repeated that the eye soon catches the method, and the likeness is easily fixed; but what with the changing shadows from the clouds, or the sunlight creeping over their foreheads, the rocks are continually showing new profiles and changing their aspect, so as frequently to lose all resemblance to themselves from hour to hour."

But here comes something to enliven our solitude—a comely matron, followed by two little girls carrying baskets. They mount the dizzy ladders, and hasten along the slippery, shelving paths with an incurious assurance which indicates that they are not strangers here. Now they turn aside, and scrambling up the banks, begin to fill their baskets with choice specimens of mosses, ferns, and wild flowers. These are some tasteful dwellers in the village below, who gather material in this wild conservatory to replenish their vases, borders, and hanging baskets at home.

When they were gone there followed up from the gorge below a confusion of articulate sounds—loud talking mingled with shouts and merry laughter. Then came a troop of young people—gentlemen and ladies, doubtless, but it sounds pleasanter to call them boys and girls. From their eager gestures and wondering exclama-



THE CATHEDRAL.

tions it is easy to see they are strangers, doing the Glen for the first time. We will, moreover, risk our reputation on the assertion that the last couple are lovers—else why do they linger so far behind their fellows, instead of emulating their adventurous activity? Why, instead of screaming, screeching, and exclaiming in tones that drown the laughter of the water-falls, do they glide along the narrow paths so quietly, looking on the surrounding sublimities with cold glances of dutiful admiration, and lightening with enthusiasm only when their faces are turned inward toward each other? Why clings she so timorously to his arm, claiming protection where there is no danger? Why does he watch and guide each step of hers with knightly

tenderness, when she could take better care of her dragged skirts walking alone?

How those gay colors and animated figures warm up and humanize these heartless rocks and water-falls! I wish they would stop for ten minutes; my pencil yearns for just such a group to enliven the foreground of this damp and dismal sepulchre. They did not tarry, however, and the moment after voices were heard as if descending from the clouds: "Come up here, Josey! Hurry, hurry! What a lovely view!"

Aroused from their trance by these calls the rear-guard hastened forward, and the visitors disappeared amidst the intricacies of the ravine like a gleam of sunlight suddenly quenched, leaving the Glen enshrouded in deeper shadows than before.

"I wish they had tarried a while longer," said the artist, as he resumed his work; "I wish they had waited; for, with all nature's grandeurs and sublimities, the world would be dreary without them."

Under the influence of these reflections the sketch was hastily finished, and we, too, resumed our explorations.

Perched like an eagle's nest upon the brow

of the cliff which overhangs the abyss from which we emerged, we first beheld an edifice, the work of human hands, whose architectural features are singularly adapted to the wild and rugged nature around it.

Ascending a long flight of steps, steep but secure, we reached the broad veranda of the Mountain House, and, with agreeable surprise at the sudden transition, find ourselves high up out of the cavernous Glen, in the genial sunlight, and surrounded by a gay and excited company of visitors, all agog with what they have seen and what they still expect to see.

The change was as dramatic as an entre-act in "Der Freischütz" or "Robert le Diable," when the curtain falls on the terrors of the Wolf's Glen or the Haunted Cloister, and one steps out to stretch his legs in the saloon, in the society of ice-creams, lemonades, simpering smiles, and every-day affectations.

We had all these refreshments at the Mountain House, and, what was more, we enjoyed them with a zest.

Our companions were all there waiting, and we found them discussing the Glen over some empty glasses and a table slopped with ale.

"Hillo, Porte, what have you made of it? Show us your sketches."

"First, let our poet laureate recite his verses composed on the occasion."

"Verses!" exclaimed the poet. "I give it up. The place reminds me of the Mammoth Cave with the lid lifted off; but as for verses—although rhymes come pat and plentiful, I could make no reason out of it all. I sat upon a wet rock down there, and for half an hour puzzled myself by stringing together all the wondering, thundering, roaring, pouring, flashing, splashing, crashing, dashing, roaming, foaming, rumbling, tumbling, jagged, cragged, onerous, sonorous adjectives that I could think of, until I got such a buzzing in my ears that I was fain to come up here and calm my excited imagination with a glass of beer."



ABOVE THE CATHEDRAL.

"And, pray, can you tell us the name of this?" said the artist, exhibiting a wild flower of singular beauty. "I plucked it as I came along."

"That," replied the professor, "is—ah—that is—that is—" snapping his fingers three times, and tapping his forehead impatiently—"that is—my memory is vexatiously bad."

"I'm glad you've forgotten it," said the laureate, "for I am sure it is some jaw-breaking Latin or Greek derivative that might wither so sweet a blossom in the baptism."

The professor retorted, with some asperity, "Its name belongs to a technical vocabulary with which every scholar, and especially a rhymmer, should be acquainted, as it might help you out of many a metrical hobble, and, perhaps, save the sense of your verses on a pinch."

"Save me from such assistance!" exclaimed the poet. "They would be like a handful of gravel in my rhyming mill."

Here the discussion was terminated by the departure of the gay party we had seen below.

"And is there more of it?" asked one with eagerness.

"More of it! They say that we have seen nothing compared to what is to come."

"Why, it is frightful to think of, Joe," whispered the pretty girl whom we had remarked in Glen Alpha.

"Don't be scared, Kate, but just stick close to me, and I'll insure you safe through worse places than this Glen."

And Kate clasped his arm as if she had made up her mind to stick through thick and thin.

"There go our future electors," observed our conservative friend. "What is the world coming to? When women get into public life

all the romance of chivalry must perish and be forgotten."

"Nonsense!" cried the poet. "Did you see him make an umbrella of his hat when they passed under that dripping rock? Talk to me of the decadence of chivalry, when any cock-sparrow of a merchant's clerk is ready to sacrifice a new hat to protect his sweetheart's false curls! I tell you the sentiment is ineradicable, perennial—"

"Sempervirens is the botanical term," suggested the professor.

Our friend perceived that the poet had just emptied his third glass, so he ignored the inter-



THE CASCADE.

ruption, and addressed his discourse pointedly in another direction.

"When woman insists on giving up the sacred seclusion of domestic life, abandoning the dignified and elevated position in society which high civilization has accorded to her, and descends into the filthy arena of politics—"

"Then," interrupted the poet, "she will bring her broom with her, and sweep the dirt out of it, and make it a fit place for gentlemen and good citizens, as she has swept and purified every other arena to which she has been admitted."

As the subject was supposed to be one of general interest the company soon became involved in a general and simultaneous debate, the conclusion of which it was difficult to foresee, as all talked and none listened.

At this stage the champion of the dames withdrew from the lists, and occupied himself in scribbling over the blank page of a letter with a lead-pencil. In an incredibly short time he rose to his feet with the paper in his hand, and stopping the talk with an authoritative ahem, he said:

"Gentlemen, this is really not worth talking

about, and so please listen to my views, in verse:

"ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"Ce qui ne vaut pas le peine d'être dit—on le chante."

"Thunder and earthquakes! what a scare;
Sultan and Pope for war prepare,
A new rebellion's brewing.
In all the newspapers we note
Our women have resolved to vote:
'Twill be mankind's undoing.

"'Twill quite upset that ancient board
Of registration, which ignored
Her rights, by nature given—
From mundane politics debarred,
Dismissed her to be registered
With marriages—in heaven.

"'Oh, woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please'—
Thus sings the Scottish poet.
Will she be more uncertain when
In politics, more false and mean
Than we have found her fellow-men?
If so, we'd like to know it.

"She'll practice law; God help the judge;
The printed code may pass for 'fudge,'
Scarce worth his Honor's reading.
When law and logic fail she'll weep,
In fluent tears her kerchief steep;
Then who'll reverse her pleading?



THE WELL.

"The thought's enough to strike one dumb,
You're sick—the lady doctor's come
Your fevered pulse to finger.
At once your heart begins to drum—
'Tis in the pericardium;
This case is like to linger.'

"Our churches next will be perplexed;
In pulpit she'll expound her text—
She's half 'divine' already.
'Mulier'—we quote forgotten law—
'Taceat in ecclesia'
(Woman in church must hold her jaw)—
What language to a lady!

"A-soldiering with right good-will,
She'll gayly march to camp and drill,
With musket, fife, and drumming.
The lines she'll dress with nicest skill,
And e'en when sallying forth to kill,
Still dress to look becoming.

"When empty drums sound loud alarms
She'll march, arrayed in all her charms,
To meet the opposing gender.
Still lovelier 'mid impending storms,
She only need 'present' her arms—
'Don't shoot, girls—we'll surrender.'

"Victorious in election races,
Our halls of state at length she graces,
Regardless of expenses.
Then policy, in all high places,
Will be to cheapen foreign laces
And multiply the census.

"Well, let her have it as she will,
She'll be the sculptor's model still,
Queen of the poet's rhymes.
The painter still his pallet mix
To match the warm life in her cheeks,
As in the good old times.

"Yes, let it come, for evermore
'Twill be as it has been before,
Since apples grew in Eden:
Should she invite we all must bite;
Refusal would not be polite,
Nor sanctioned by good-breeding.

"Then courage, boys, fair play for all,
Though girls should vote the sky won't fall,
So love we one another.
The candidates we nominate
Be blue-eyed Mary, blushing Kate;
And if they'll but reciprocate
We'll rule the world together."

This effusion was received with loud applause and a rattling of glasses. The company rose and resumed their walk; and the debate was abandoned, not without some murmuring. The professor hinted that there was more wit in the French motto than in the verses; while the conservative was shocked at the levity manifested in the consideration of so awful a subject.

The path for some distance now winds along a hill-side sunlit and spangled with wild flowers. Far below, under the shadows of pines, cedars, and hemlocks, half hidden by the dark foliage, the persistent stream toils through the contorted windings of Glen Obscura. Down there it appears as if Nature had been trying experiments to ascertain what might be done with water and rocks without actually stultifying her own laws or overleaping the narrow limit between facts and impossibilities; and queer work she has made of it.

En route the professor lectured on the botany of the Glen, declaring that, except in an artificial conservatory, he had never seen so great a variety in one locality. Many of the plants



LOTT B. DAVIS, AGED 57.

found here are exotic in this region outside; and the growth embraces a climatic range from Labrador to the Carolinas.

But as we crossed a narrow foot-bridge all eyes were lifted upward, while the handfuls of innocent fresh-gathered flowers were cast carelessly into the rushing current of forgetfulness. We stood at the entrance of the Cathedral; and from the consideration of microcosmic infinity our minds were suddenly turned to a scene of infinite grandeur.

This is, by common consent, the most striking view in the Glen; and it is certainly very impressive and emotional, with its towering cliffs, its broad flag-stone flooring, its transparent, glassy pools, reflecting the blue heavens and the overhanging sunlit trees; its flashing water-fall, like a high altar, adorning its upper extremity; its shelving strata, supported by rows of gigantic caryatides, weird mimicry of the sculptor's art.

But why waste words? The artist has already pointed his crayons, selected his point of view, and assumed the task of description.

He says the view is grand, open, charming; but not near so astounding and impressive nor so picturesque as some others. But this is not the age for new dogmas, even in matters of taste; and we magnanimously invite each visitor to see for himself, and enjoy his own opinions.

This picture finished, we move on, crossing

more streams and climbing more stair-ways. From this bridge just at the head of the Cathedral Fall we may pause and look back without fearing the fate of unhappy Orpheus or Lot's wife. We have one of the most characteristic views of water-carved rocks and boiling waters in the Glen. Just in the centre, where the contorted outline of the upper shelf meets the dark shadow of the nether gulf, we see a huge head bobbing grotesquely up and down, with curling locks of ghastly whiteness, like those of Undine's frightful uncle, Khulebom. This is the head of the Cathedral Cascade.

Now forward, and up a few shelving steps in the rock, and we have before us the scene which, in our opinion, climaxes all the beauties and sublimities of the Glen.

The main stream descends in a perspective of sparkling cascades, uniting a succession of circular pools in deep stone basins or wells, grooved and polished like finely wrought marble. On either side the cliffs rise to an awful height, showing rocky entablatures, with architrave, frieze, and cornice as clean cut and well proportioned as those of a Grecian temple. Over these come pouring adventurous streamlets from the upper world—foolish young creatures that have wandered and fallen unwittingly

into this sudden abyss. Yet they come like a shower of light, aqueous meteors darting downward into the gloom.

At every turn here there is material for a wonderful picture, and when our time is limited it is difficult to make a selection. Still forward, we wind along a shelving path that gives a dry passage under the water-fall on the left. Beyond there is still a mile or more to be explored, full of curious and pretty things; but we have climbed so many ladders, steps, and stair-ways that we must be approaching the level of the upper world; indeed, the diminished height of the cliffs indicates this sufficiently, and may account for our diminishing interest. Then we know Nature is under bonds never to repeat herself; and we begin to suspect she must be getting straitened for new patterns of water-falls. She had better consult *Harper's Bazar* of last season, or close the exhibition.

A short distance above we met the faithful and ingenious road-maker of the Glen, who informed us that the practicable highway ended for the present in a certain dark pool of unknown depth. The news was not unwelcome, for we felt as if we had been spending the day with the Undines.

Retracing our steps, we observed many beautiful points which in the eagerness of our advance we had overlooked.

There is a deep circular well, whose obscurity is partially lighted by the shimmer of a slender cascade, which is one of the most remarkable objects in the collection.

Returned to the Mountain House, we began to suspect it was near dinner time, and concluded to go back to town by the short road across the hill. Here again was a scene in dramatic contrast with those we had just turned our backs on. The pretty village, the lake, and the horizon of hills all melting and swimming in the warm golden sunlight just as we had left them, but warmer.

Where are we now? Whose are these beautiful grounds, with flower-starred turf and groups of stately evergreens? Tombs! ah, yes! we are passing through the cemetery.



THE PATRIARCH.

Thus always, after our day of hope and achievement, this is our nearest way home. Yet the view of so glorious a resting-place might cheer our hearts even amidst the gloom of the dark valley.

Thus ended our first day at the Glen.

Some of the company remained a week or more, steaming up and down the lake, and visiting other objects of interest in this delightful region. There are other glens and waterfalls, of themselves well worthy the attention of the tourist, whose wonders and beauties are second only to the Glen at Watkins.

There are pleasant drives through a country dotted with neat villages, blooming with orchards and vineyards, abounding in all agreeable and picturesque objects; but we returned to the Glen day after day, and found that, instead of palling, its weird charms rather grew upon us. At each visit some new beauty was developed, some curious nook or angle, unremarked before, arrested our attention; and we took leave regretfully, impressed with the belief that we had not seen the half of its wonders.

In conclusion, we would commend the spot to some of our great landscape artists, as promising subjects worthy of their powers. To the invalid there is no more healthful or invigora-

ting resort. To complete its claims to their regard there is now in process of erection a large and convenient sanitarium, where the malingering public may be dosed with pure air, exercise, and cheerful recreation—nature's medicines—on scientific principles.

If any one doubts the superior healthfulness of this region let him visit our ancient friend, Thomas Terryberry, who lives at the head of the Glen. This patriarch, still brisk and merry as a cricket, alert on his feet as a boy, with all his faculties clear and sound, boasts that he is ninety-seven years of age. Now as we have the best local authority for asserting that he has been ninety-seven for the last sixteen years, we may safely predict that he can live sixteen years longer without getting much ahead of "his century."

No place is more easy of access than Watkins, located directly on the great lines of travel to and from Niagara, of which the Glen is a worthy pendant; and any modern Dr. Syntax, philosophically curious in sight-seeing, may have the opportunity to decide whether it is more enjoyable to take one's quantum of sublimity in one stunning, foaming gulp, or to sip it more coolly and luxuriously through a spindling tunnel three miles in length.

ANNE FURNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE,"
"VERONICA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MOTHER was crying when I went into the room. She hastily wiped her eyes, and turned her back to the light when she saw me. But I had perceived the tears.

"Did you see your grandfather?" she asked, in a quick, confused way. "What did he say?"

I briefly told her of my grandfather's absence from Horsingham, and of his being expected back at night. She gave a little sigh, partly of disappointment, partly of relief. She had dreaded the time when my grandfather should learn the truth. Then, before I spoke of the letter, which I had slipped into my pocket, I in my turn questioned her.

"What is the matter, mother? You're not—you're not fretting for me? Not repenting what we did this morning? Dear mother, I'm sure it was a right thing to do, and I am so thankful that we accomplished it."

"No, dear. I have not been fretting about that."

"Then is there any new grief come to you?"

She hesitated for some time to answer, saying it was nothing; she had been foolish in taking it so much to heart. At length, fearing that I should think the matter worse than it really was, she told me that she had had two troubles since I had been absent. The first had been Flower's very unexpected appearance. My father was in Horsingham. Mother was alone

in the house. Flower had walked in, with unabashed front, and requested to see her. He had come, he said, for his money. A quarter's wages were owing to him, which he peremptorily demanded. Mother told him that he had forfeited all right to his wages by running away from the house, in the manner he had done, without a word of warning; but that if money was really due to him—which she did not at all know—it might be that his master would pay him some portion of it, if he applied for it in a proper manner. She (mother) could do nothing for him. He must speak with Mr. Furness.

But this did not suit Flower. He tried to persuade her into giving him some money then and there. She might have been weak enough to do so, in order to get rid of him, had she had the means; but she had them not. On this the fellow grew very insolent; threatened all sorts of vague vengeance; declared that it had been a bad day for him when he came into such a beggarly house; and, in fine, was unreasonable and insolent, as was the nature of him. But through his vague threats of vengeance something definite had pierced. He knew all about Mr. Gervase Lacer. Miss Anne would not much like him to spread what he knew in Horsingham. All that he had said that time Mr. Furness blackguarded him for it had been true—and more! Why had he denied it, then, and begged pardon? Why, because Mr. Lacer

had tipped him to hold his tongue. A nice, respectable son-in-law Mr. Furness had got hold of! And Flower would take care that all Horsingham knew his story. But presently he had broken out in a still more insulting and ruffianly strain. Well, he wished Miss Anne joy, then, of the letters she had written to "Lacer," that was all! She might be sure they would be made public enough if it suited "Lacer's" book to do so, unless Mr. Furness would buy him off. And finally Flower took his departure, after treating my mother to this scene, with a volley of coarse sneers and low abuse, which he uttered aloud on his way through the kitchen and across the garden, for the benefit of the two women-servants and any others who might be at hand to hear.

"What did he mean, Anne, by letters you had written to Gervase Lacer?" asked my mother. "The man was not quite sober, but I do not believe he was so intoxicated as not to know what he was saying. You never wrote to Mr. Lacer, did you?"

"I wrote to him twice. Once at your bidding to ask him to dine or drink tea here—a mere commonplace note of three lines. The other time I wrote to him was after I had learned from him that my father was concerned in having a race-horse trained secretly. I was disturbed by the thought night and day. I kept turning it over this way and that way in my mind. At length I wrote a little letter to Mr. Lacer, asking him if there were *no* means to prevent—to prevent all the trouble that did happen, after all. It was not very wise, perhaps, so to write. But I was so restless and unhappy I could have caught at the merest straw. The letter was one which—*now*—all the world might read."

"Of course, darling! But I was doubtful of the fact of your having written at all. And how did Flower ascertain it?"

"Perhaps he posted the letter; I don't remember. Nor is it worth a second thought. Dearest mother, don't let such a wretch's low malignity disturb you. But you had a second trouble, you said. What was it?"

"The second trouble, Anne, is a more serious one. And—I'm afraid it will hurt you a good deal. Your father went to Horsingham. He was obliged to do so. There he heard that Matthew Kitchen had put an execution into the Arkwrights' house. That was a blow to him, for I think it opened his eyes to the hard, grasping character of the man. Father has always said that Matthew was more reasonable and forbearing than people gave him credit for. Then there came worse. He saw Mrs. Arkwright somewhere—in a shop or in the street—and she began to rail upon him, laying her misfortunes at *his* door. Poor father!"

"She is violent, mother. But consider—five little children! And then her husband, whom she so idolizes—"

"Oh, Anne, I can't forgive her! It was too unjust. Your father attacked publicly in that

way! Charged with the ruin of her family! It was too monstrous. And the worst is that father has so taken it to heart! He won't hear me blame the woman. 'No,' he says; 'she was right, perhaps. I bring trouble and misery on every one. My name is a by-word where it had been honored for generations!' And so he goes on. It was cruel. I can't forgive her. And are we not making sacrifices to do right? Shall not we, too, be forced to go away from our pleasant home, and give up all we have in the world?"

I felt that that was no time to plead or make excuses for Mrs. Arkwright. I thought that the letter I had brought with me would be the best means of soothing my mother, and turning her thoughts away from the thorny present to green pastures where we might hope, at least, for peace.

I took it from my pocket, and held it up before her eyes, telling her at the same time how I had come by it, and that grandfather had directed she should open it in his absence. Mother's face paled and flushed, and paled again, as she devoured the square, red-sealed envelope with her eyes.

"Oh, Anne!" she said, and clasped her hands tightly together. "Oh, Anne! if it should be—if it is—"

"Surely it is a bearer of good tidings, dear mother. The matter was nearly settled before. Ought not father to be present when we open it? Where is he? Let me call him."

"He is wandering about the shrubbery. But stay, Anne! Don't go, my child! If it should not be good news, after all! Let us spare him the chance of disappointment. Give it to me."

Her hands shook so much that she tore the cover across in trying to open the letter. And she breathed quickly, and kept her lips parted, like a person parching with thirst.

There were two letters—one from Colonel Fisher to my grandfather, the other from the new proprietor of the Scotch estate to Colonel Fisher himself.

Mother looked at the latter first. It was very brief—a few lines, as I could perceive without distinguishing the words, very neat and straight, and headed by a big gilt monogram. Mother kept her eyes fixed upon it for a much longer time than it could have taken to master its contents. She seemed to be reading it over and over again. At length, as she did not look up, I said, in a low voice,

"Well, mother?"

But the chill of her silence had struck to my heart. I knew—I knew! She glanced at me for a moment, and heaving a deep, long sigh, shook her head slightly. Then she looked down again at the letter lying open on her lap.

I took it up and read it. But to this hour I can not recollect a word of it, although I gathered the sense of it instantly. It seemed to me as if the paper were covered by one word—No! no! no!—in characters that quivered before my quivering eyes.

We remained a long time without speaking. Then we tried to cheer each other. This one chance had failed, but there would be others. We had had no right to make sure of success on the first attempt. So little trouble had been taken, after all. And so forth.

"You have not looked at the other letter, mother," said I. "What does Colonel Fisher say? He may have heard of something else."

"Colonel Fisher!"

The words were echoed in my father's voice, and my father stood in the room.

There was no help for it. He must read the ill news without any preparation.

He soon dispatched the straight, neat lines, with their ostentatious gilt monogram; read them almost at a glance, and tossed the note down on the table. Then he took up Colonel Fisher's letter to grandfather, and began to read it.

"My dear Doctor Hewson—" Why this is addressed to your father, Lucy."

"Yes; he is away, and left word that any letter from Scotland was to be sent here. I was to open it."

Father then read the Colonel's letter, but not aloud. We watched his face. It did not move, or change much, except that a dull red color spread itself over his forehead and cheeks. I have said that my father was a tall man, stalwart and upright. During these last few weeks he had become bowed, and his head hung forward on his breast with a moody air. It was as if failure and shame and disappointment and remorse had been ponderable things, whose burden was laid upon his shoulders.

He did not speak a word, but folded the letter again, laying it on the table before him, and smoothing it with the palm of his hand with a slow, monotonous motion.

Mother, uneasy at his silence, began to talk in as unconcerned a manner as she could assume. It was a disappointment, of course; but who could get a suitable situation at the very first attempt? Father might find something in England. Perhaps he would like that better than going off to the Highlands. It might turn out well after all, might it not? Mr. Cudberry had spoken only the other day of a large estate in one of the eastern counties that he had heard of; the property of a minor; and the guardians wanted a responsible person as steward and general manager. And thus poor mother went on, gathering together what crumbs of comfort she could find, for her husband's disappointment.

Disappointment! Was it disappointment? There was an inscrutable look in his face that attracted my attentive eyes to it incessantly, and as incessantly baffled their scrutiny—a look that made his face strangely *unfamiliar* to me, if I may use such a phrase. We speak of a face being *lighted up*, and we all know what is meant by it. We know what it is to see the eyes, those "windows of the soul," shine with an inward fire. In my father's countenance I

could fancy that the reverse had taken place. Light after light had been quenched. The sun of the spirit had grown dim. The face was not altered as by age or imbecility. No, the lines were firm, the brows and jaw strong as ever. But behind that mask there was not light, but darkness. But I feel how inadequate are my words to convey the impression it made upon me.

While mother was speaking he continued to smooth the folded letter with the palm of his hand, neither looking up nor making any other movement. When she paused he said in a queer, apathetic manner, and in a monotonous tone, very unlike his old, robust voice, which had a wide range of notes in it,

"I suppose that your father would take care of you and Anne, if I were gone, Lucy?"

"Gone, George darling! Gone where?"

Father shook his head.

"That I can't tell," said he, in the same manner as before.

"If you were obliged to be away for a time, of course we could be at Mortlands, Anne and I. But I had hoped we should all remain together."

"Your father is displeased with me; very justly. But I—don't—think—he would—visit it—on you—and the girl."

The words dropped out slowly, slowly, from his mouth, as rain still drips from the eaves when the force of a shower has long spent itself.

"Father would do any thing in the world for us, or for you, dear George! Indeed, indeed he would."

"For me? He can do nothing for me. But he is a good man. I have always known that."

"You must not say he can do nothing because this first trial has failed. You are cast down by it. But let us look the state of the case fairly in the face. All debts will be paid. That is the first and chief comfort, is it not? You will leave Water-Eardley owing no man a shilling. Nay, perhaps there may remain a little money in hand from the sale. If you have to wait a few weeks before finding employment, we have a home to go to, and a welcome. Mortlands would shelter us all, George dear. With your knowledge and experience and recommendations, it is difficult to suppose that you would be long without a situation. And you would not be foolishly proud. You would take any honest employment to start with. Why, when I see how clear and straight our way lies, I wonder that we can be despondent. It seems almost ungrateful, darling!"

As mother spoke she had put her hand on father's shoulder caressingly, and now stooped down and kissed his forehead. He did not respond to the caress, but looked up at her with haggard eyes, and said:

"It is easy to talk of things being clear and straight, and of all debts being honorably paid. Debts! Who knows whether there is enough to cover them? Who knows whether you and

Anne have not beggared yourselves for nothing? Shall you not curse me in your hearts if it turns out to be so?"

"George!" cried my mother, and turned away from him, weeping. Nothing so cut her to the heart as any word from him which seemed to show that he fancied he had lost her love.

It was a weary, dreary day, all that remained of it. But in the evening there was a full moon, and we coaxed my father to go with us into the garden. It was not warm, but a serene, still night, and we wrapped shawls round us and paced about the garden paths, among the flowers and shrubs, looking so spirit-pale in the moonlight. Then we sat down on a garden bench, and lingered there until quite late. It was long since we three had been together undisturbed. Mother sat encircled in my father's arm. Her head leaned upon his shoulder. One of her hands clasped his hand; the other held one of mine. Her face was upturned to the serene sky, and it looked, I thought, like one of the white, sweet flowers at her feet.

Father grew less moody and despondent under the sweet, calm influences of the time and place. He spoke more unreservedly than he had previously done about Colonel Fisher's letter. We (mother and I) had not read it. But he told us that it threw blame on him for not having written promptly to the gentleman whom he wished to employ him. That this latter was a touchy, self-important personage, who had considered himself affronted by his offer being treated with apparent indifference. That, consequently, he (the owner of the estate) had caused inquiries to be made, in the *hope*, Colonel Fisher said, of receiving answers unfavorable to my father's character and fitness for the place. And questions so asked are generally answered in the sense of the questioner. The result had been the neat, straightly written, gilt-monogrammed note, briefly regretting to be obliged to decline Mr. Furness's services.

I remembered mother's urgent entreaties to my father to write to Scotland and make strenuous application for the place *before* the fatal September races; and I was penetrated by the angelic sweetness which led her to comfort and cheer my father without one word of blame, or even of *regret*, for his self-willed infatuation. He felt it too, and spoke to her very softly and tenderly, and listened to her prophecies of future happy days in store for us, until the dull apathy and gloom which had enveloped him all day seemed to *break* here and there, as a cloud breaks, and to give us glimpses of his real, frank self.

"Well, Lucy—my *good* Lucy! My perfect wife! I will try to hope against hope," he said, slowly. "But I have a clog that you—thank God!—have not. And it weighs me down sorely, heavily—a troubled conscience, Lucy. But it may be that all is not quite lost and ruined. If only—"

My father never finished that sentence. But

he repeated the words several times broodingly, and, as it were, to himself.

"If only—"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE next morning, early, not much after seven o'clock, the Brookfield carrier, on his way from Horsingham, brought mother a note from my grandfather. It must have been written overnight, immediately after his arrival at Mortlands. The original of it lies before me, creased and faded by the years it has passed in mother's little Tunbridge-ware box, into which she put it that morning after she and I had read it. This is the note:

"MY DEAREST LUCY,—I am much put out by finding on my return home, not Donald Ayrle, but a longish letter from him, to say that he has left Horsingham altogether. I left him in charge of some poor patients. He fulfilled his trust loyally until the last moment. Then, being assured that I was coming back, he fairly ran away. He tells me that he found living on at Mortlands, where every room in the house, every shrub in the garden, is indissolubly associated with Anne, was more than he could bear. The constant expectation—half hope, half fear—of being brought face to face with her, 'kept him on the rack.' That I take to be the truth, but not all the truth. Disappointed love is hard to bear; but I think he might have borne it. But there was jealousy! Donald is capable of being unspeakably jealous, and he was met at every turn in Horsingham by reports of Anne's engagement to that man Lacer. Keturah tells me it is spoken of by every one. But think of the foolish lad going off in that way! Well, old folks should not hope to win affection from their juniors. I had fancied he was fond of me. And I—to tell you the truth, Lucy—there is not much I would not do to get him back again. But I don't know how to set about it. About Lacer—is it true? Lucy, Lucy, be careful! As to Anne—Let a man think of the unlikeliest choice for a woman to make that his imagination can compass, nine times out of ten she'll beat him by making one unlikelier. And yet I thought I knew Anne better. Oh, children, children, for God's sake don't be rash! I feel very lonely, and more heavy-hearted than I remember since your mother died. I loved that boy like a son. I *love* him like a son. He is a fine fellow, though he has deserted me in this way. How I wish—Child, I am selfish, like the rest of the world, and harp upon my own special theme too much. Anne took a Scotch letter away, Keturah tells me. May it contain good news! Urge George not on any account to delay writing himself. There has been too much delay already. Moreover, Keturah says that Anne is not looking well—pale, thin, languid. I must see her.

But to-morrow, and the next day, and the day after that my hands will be full, and no Donald to help me. By the end of the week I will come to Water-Eardley. I suppose George won't refuse to shake hands with me. I write this partly to let you know that I am not unmindful of you all, and partly—because I am selfish, like the rest of the world—to ease my own heart a little. Always your loving father,

“ABEL HEWSON.

“Send to me, or say to me, or write to me the truth about Anne and that—Lacer. If she is not engaged to him the news will be the best cordial you could give me. It is bad for a woman not to marry the right man; but to marry the wrong one— If, on the other hand, it must be, and there is no help for it, put this in the fire, and say nothing about it to the child. A woman never forgives sinister auguries about her future husband—especially if they come true. And Anne may want me some day. I would have no barrier between us that might make it difficult to her proud spirit to come to me for such counsel and help as I can give her. A. H.”

That was the letter; one very characteristic of my grandfather in every way. We who knew him understood the weight and value of each word in it very accurately. And we were sure that Donald's departure had been a heavy blow to him. Whither Donald had gone was not stated. Perhaps my grandfather did not know it himself. But in all likelihood he would have gone to London, we said. There had been a talk of his doing so, in order to complete the studies necessary for his profession, months ago. But that would have been very different from his present abrupt departure. That would have been a temporary absence, duly prepared for and foreseen, and with the prospect of ultimately returning to Horsingham at no distant date.

“I think it was very wrong of Donald to leave grandfather in that way,” said I. But as I said the words with cold severity I had hard work to keep down my tears, and there was that painful “lump” in my throat, which I suppose most people have experienced.

“We can, at all events, give dear grandfather the *cordial* he speaks of,” answered my mother, not looking at me, but at her coffee-cup—we were at breakfast. “It will comfort him to know that—that report is untrue.”

“I wish from the bottom of my heart that we were away from the place and the people in it!” I exclaimed, bitterly. I had chosen to blame Donald for going away, but I myself felt a longing to fly from all the surroundings and associations which had become odious to me.

Mother's little half-suppressed sigh involuntarily reproached me for the selfishness of my speech, “I wish that we were away!” Were we not going away from the place that had been her happy home for many bright years—from the place that held little Harold's grave? Poor, patient, uncomplaining mother!

“I *will* try to be a comfort to you, darling mother!” I said, kissing her penitently. She looked a little surprised at this exclamation, following almost immediately the expression of my wish that we were away from Horsingham. She had not followed the sequence of my ideas.

Father had not yet left his bed. I have mentioned how he had gradually come to be a confirmed sluggard, and what a trouble this had been to my mother, until heavier griefs had made that seem insignificant by contrast. But now we said to each other that it would be necessary for father to return to his old active habits, if any good were to be done either in the way of seeking employment or in keeping it when obtained.

“I did not like to rouse him this morning,” said mother, “for it was broad daylight before he fell asleep. He was so restless and miserable.”

“I thought,” said I, “that my father had gone to bed in a calmer frame of mind than I had seen him in for some time.”

“Yes; at first it seemed so. But I think it was only seeming. He put on a more hopeful manner to please me. But that letter from Scotland hurt him more than you can fancy. What was the use of trying to get trusted? he said. No one would trust a man who had been false to his own family, and had ruined himself and them. And to be watched and suspected, and to have his fault thrown in his teeth by strangers, was more than he could bear.”

“I don't think father is well. All that is morbid and unlike himself. I think we ought to get grandfather to see him.”

“No; he is not well. But when I told him I thought so he shook his head, and said that Dr. Hewson could do him no good. There was only one medicine that could cure him.”

“What did he mean by that?”

“He meant that he should not be better until his mind was more at peace. And who can wonder at that? I had fallen asleep, and woke up in the middle of the night, to find your father wandering about the room. The moon was setting, and I could just dimly see him near the oaken press that stands in the recess in our bedroom. I called to him, and he bade me go to sleep again. He had been too restless to lie in bed, so had been walking about to try and tire himself out. This morning, when it was quite daylight, he began to sleep, as I told you, and I had not the heart to disturb him when I got up.”

Mother and I sat quietly in her little sitting-room. I was sewing, and she was making out a list—a very short list—of things that she should wish to keep when Water-Eardley and its contents were sold. We had as yet learned no particulars as to the disposal of the settlement money that had been given up. We had heard enough, however, to be sure that Mr. Whiffles's claim would not swallow it all. There were, doubtless, other debts—so called, *of honor*—which mother could not reckon up. Debts in

the town there were. But these, we thought, could not possibly amount to more than the sale of the lease and stock and furniture would amply cover.

"Father owes Matthew Kitchen money," said I, hesitatingly.

"Yes; but that can not be much. We have not been buying carriages, at least!" said mother, with a faint smile.

"Matthew's grandfather—old Mr. Green—was, I have heard, a money-lender. You remember that Mr. Cudberry told you so once, mother. Perhaps father was in Mr. Green's debt when the old man died. And if so—as Matthew was the sole heir—"

Mother looked up at me uneasily.

"Do you *know* any thing, Anne?" she asked.

I told her, for the first time, of the conversation I had been a witness to between my father and Matthew Kitchen. She mused a little, and then said: "Matthew is a hard, grasping man. I don't expect much mercy from him. But he can not claim more than his due, and his due can not—*can not*, surely!—be so large but that we shall manage to clear all scores with him. There's the portrait of George's mother; *that* he would like to keep, I know. And I wonder if I might have the work-box he gave me before we were married! Though it is fitted with silver, it is old-fashioned now, and I should not think it could fetch much." And mother went on with her list.

"Oh, ma'am, will you step into the kitchen? Now directly, please! There's two men wants master, and I told 'em he was abed, and they said they couldn't help that!"

Sarah, the house-maid, uttered all this with breathless rapidity, and her pale face added to the impression her agitated speech made upon us.

Mother rose up from her chair like a figure moved by a spring.

"Who are the men? What do they want?" she said, in a trembling voice.

"Oh, ma'am, I don't know; but—I think—leastways, I'm a'most certain, as one on 'em is a sheriff's officer. I know him by sight. Joe Scott his name is. And—and—please, ma'am," added Sarah, beginning to cry, partly from sympathy, partly from excitement, "they say they're *in possession*."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I MUST state as briefly and clearly as I can the facts which we only learned piecemeal, and with dismay and confusion of mind indescribable. Indeed, it was long before we became acquainted with much that I shall here set down.

My father had given a bill of sale over all his property at Water-Eardley to Matthew Kitchen.

The latter had worked and schemed to this end for a long time past. Most likely had had some such plan in his mind from the time when

he first discovered that my father was, to a certain extent, in old Green's power. The sums that father had borrowed—first of the old man, and afterward of his grandson, Matthew—did not, when all usurious advantage was taken, amount to more than half the real value of the property at Water-Eardley. Nevertheless, when Matthew Kitchen had not only declined to make further advances, but had pressed for the payment of the existing debts on the ground that he held no sufficient security for his money, and could not afford to run the risk of losing it, father had desperately given the bill of sale; and, still more desperately, had trusted to Matthew's promise that he would not put it into execution unless no other hope remained of indemnifying himself.

The news of father's disastrous racing speculation had spread through Horsingham. It was known that my mother's marriage-settlement had been given up for the payment of her husband's gambling debts. Moreover, the rumor had spread throughout the town that Furness of Water-Eardley was about to sell his furniture and property for the benefit of his creditors. The trades-people to whom my father owed money were well satisfied enough with this prospect. Not so Mr. Matthew Kitchen. There would doubtless be enough to pay all claims if the property were sold—as must be reckoned on—even much under its value. But his bare due did not satisfy Matthew. He held the bill of sale, and resolved to enforce his power while there was yet time.

The men who had come on the dismal errand of informing my father that no stick or straw in Water-Eardley manor-house, or on Water-Eardley farm, belonged to him any longer, were civil enough. I fancy such men mostly are so. For gratuitous incivility some sort of emotion is necessary—malice, anger, resentment, sullenness, some feeling or other. These men in the present case had none. The whole matter was to them one of absolute indifference. The man whom Sarah had called Joe Scott spoke to my mother with uncovered head and bated breath. It was a show of respect due to misfortune. His business lay with misfortune, as a funeral undertaker's business lies with death and mourning. How could he be specially sorry for us? But he understood that a grave and regretful demeanor was decent under the circumstances, and he did his best to assume one.

Mother looked about her confusedly, like a person who has been suddenly and roughly roused from sleep.

"I do not understand it," she said. "Could I not speak with Mr. Kitchen? It is impossible that my husband can owe him the worth of all the property here! *Every thing?* Oh, it must be a mistake! It is impossible!"

"No mistake, ma'am. Mr. Kitchen holds a bill of sale, you know. You can say whatever you have a mind to, to him, ma'am. We've nothing to do with that. Only we must carry out our instructions, you know. Ladies mostly

don't understand these things. You'd better let Mr. Furness know as soon as possible, ma'am."

"Yes, dear mother," whispered I in her ear, "father ought to be roused without delay."

"Quite so, miss. In fact, he—he *must* be told, sooner or later, you know," said Joe Scott.

I looked round the kitchen. The two women servants stood helplessly whimpering and biting their fingers. At the open door appeared two or three heads, eagerly looking in. They darted out of sight on my directing my gaze toward them. I had recognized them as belonging to some of the farm laborers.

"Is there any one here," said I, "who will go to Dr. Hewson's house, Mortlands, and carry a note for me as quickly as possible?"

Two voices answered, "Me, miss!" and the peeping heads reappeared. The messenger I chose was a cow-boy, a lad of fourteen, swift of foot, as I knew, and acquainted with my grandfather's house. I scrawled a couple of lines, imploring grandfather to come to us at once, and watched the lad set off with my note at the full speed of his long, uncouth legs. Mother had followed me into the sitting-room, whither I had run to write, and stood there now, with her hands pressed to her forehead. Writing the note and sending it off had taken little more than a couple of minutes.

"Darling mother," said I, "father *must* be awakened! Shall I do it? Shall I go to him for you?"

She took her hands from her head quickly, and then passed them once or twice over her brows, pressing down her closed eyelids.

"No, Anne," she said, speaking hurriedly, like one who can not brook an instant's delay, and yet not moving from the spot where she stood. "No, no, my child! I must do it. I must tell him. He will bear it better from me."

I waited an instant or two, expecting to see her go. Finding she still did not move, I again offered to go in her stead.

She made two or three quick steps toward the door, and then suddenly stopped, and burst out into silent, bitter weeping.

"Dearest, darling mother! let me go! I am stronger than you. I will tell father."

"No, no!" she said, trying to restrain her tears, that streamed down her cheeks. "It is not that. I will tell him. But—oh, Anne, this will break his heart!"

Then she went quickly out of the room, and I heard her step ascending the staircase.

I stood at the window and looked out on the garden beds that my eyes had rested on so many thousand times. It was a beautiful autumn day. The distant woods had a thin veil of silver vapor softening their variegated tints. But overhead the sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly. All was peace and silence. Only the low of cattle came up from the riverside meadows now and then, with a tone by distance made not unmusical.

But to me all was loathsome—the silence as

the sound, the sunshine as the shade, the very perfume of the flowers.

To a sick palate no savor is delicious; and my soul was sick. All my senses seemed turned into instruments of pain, instead of pleasure. I could not cry; I could do nothing but stand as if I had lost all power to move, miserably waiting for mother to return, and feeling *sore* in every nerve.

Presently she did return, after an absence which really had been brief, although in passing the minutes had seemed to me almost unbearably lengthened out.

"What does he say? How did he—how did he bear it, dear?"

"He said only a word or two; kissed me, and bade me go down to the men and tell them he would be ready directly."

"Then he was calmer than you had feared?"

"He was calm; but oh! there was an awful look in his face. A look almost like—like one insane," added mother, after a long pause, and in a horrified whisper. And a strong shudder shook her from head to foot. I clasped her tightly in my arms. I could not speak. She had suddenly touched on a secret fear which I had tried to hide even from myself. Without another word she left me, and went to the kitchen to give the men my father's message; and I remained still standing at the window as before.

"What's that?"

I found myself uttering the words aloud, in a half whisper, while my heart throbbed with a rapidity that was agonizing. I had been startled by a sound that seemed to make every fibre in my body quiver—the report of a pistol.

Something rushed along the passage, and passed the open door. I saw a fluttering garment, and the vision of a white, set face, with wide, staring eyes. It was my mother's face. She flew up the stairs with a swiftness that was awful—superhuman. Others followed her quickly; but she outstripped them as a winged creature might. There was a second's pause, and then—oh, my God! the agony of that sound! Shriek upon shriek pierced the ear, like stab upon stab of a sharp, cruel sword. I mounted the stairs in a sort of frenzy, unconscious of my footsteps, as if a great wind had taken me and whirled me upward.

There was a crowd of people in the room already—the servants, some of the farm laborers, and the two who had come on Matthew Kitchen's errand. I could not see my mother, but those dreadful shrieks continued. Two or three women had gathered about her; the others surrounded the bed. When they became aware that I was among them some of the men cried out to me to go away, that was no place for me. The man named Scott even took me by the arm to lead me from the room, but I struggled and resisted.

"Mother! mother! Let me go to mother!" I remember crying out those words over and over again. I was trembling so convulsively

that my teeth chattered in my head; but I still struggled to reach my mother. In the movement thus caused among them the herd of people round the bed parted, and I saw—

No; even now I can not write it; I can not think of it. My hand is cold; my fingers quiver. All the anguish comes back again; all the old scars throb and ache. I see my mother's form flung, with wild hair, across the bed—the women struggling to raise her, to drag her back—her clinched hands clutching at the coverlet. I see an awful stain slowly spreading, creeping, winding horribly along the floor. I see a ghastly heap upon the bed; then all is red before my eyes; my ears are full of a roaring sound like the surging of the sea; the ground rocks and heaves and sinks from under me, and I plunge down, down into a black gulf of unconsciousness!

A BOHEMIAN HOUSEHOLD.

THE hour of two P.M., and all was still as the grave at 219!

Suddenly a tall, athletic figure stole on tip-toe from the kitchen staircase, crossed the corridor, and halted at the closed oaken door opposite. Then a heavy bullet-head, surrounded with a mop of frowzy hair, bent to the key-hole.

"Ma'am!" said Bridget, in a stentorian whisper.

Not a sound within.

"Ma'am!" said Bridget, a little louder.

No answer.

A flaming color slowly ascended from the nape of Bridget's neck to her forehead, and a few emphatic monosyllables escaped from her lips.

By an immense effort the descendant of the O'Haras governed her temper. Stooping she picked up from the hall a jagged hair-pin. Inserting this in the key-hole she drew it to and fro with a low, rasping sound. Once in a while she varied the monotony of this ear-torture by scraping on the panels of the door with her nails.

In about five minutes there was heard a groan.

"Be gorra," said Bridget, "I thought I'd fetch her;" and kept on with her music.

A louder, more agonizing groan, a rustle of drapery, and a decided step across the floor.

"Imbecile wretch!" said the voice of a woman, "what is it you desire?"

"Can't ye open the door?" said Bridget.

"Not the seventieth part of an inch," replied the voice. "How dare you come jabbering to me at this hour of the day? Get away as quickly as you can."

"If you'd only open the door on a crack, ma'am, it'd be all I'd ask. It's mighty inconvenient talkin' through a dale boord; it takes the heart out o' me, ma'am, it does indade; and I'm just bate out intirely. Come, honey, open the door—there's a jewel!"

The key creaked in the key-hole; the door opened an inch.

"Speak, then; speak quickly," said the voice, "and begone!"

"I wouldn't bother ye for the world, honey, if it wasn't that I've the greatest bargain on hand, and if I wait till the night I'm sore afraid I'll lose it. Sure, Miss Polly, I'm druv to death! There's nothin' left o' me but skin an' bone, and here roun' the corner there's a jewel to be had for the askin'. Oh, Miss Polly, if ye could only know how the j'int's o' me knees and the very toes o' me ache wid the scrubbin' and delvin' from mornin' till night; an' for three and sixpence a day—just think of it—there's help to be had! Splendid help! A full-grown craythur, able to fetch and to carry, from mornin' till night. Thank God I ain't partikler about his hide so long as he'll work chape!"

"A negro?" said the voice.

"Be gorra it's worse," said Bridget. "It's a yellow haythen nagur, wid eyes like slits in his head, an' ye could hang a gridiron on aich of his cheek-bones; an' divil a name has the blackguard but just Chang—only that, as I'm a Christian!"

"A Chinese!"

"I wouldn't care the toss of a pin if it was the divil himself, so long as he'd come for three and sixpence a day!"

The door opened an inch further, the voice softened a little.

"I'm afraid he'll be a nuisance, Bridget. We can't have any Peeping Toms about, babbling the affairs of the household. Suppose he should talk to the neighbors!"

"Talk, is it! He hasn't got a word in his cheek, I tell ye. He's a haythen, a savage! That's the beauty of him! Do ye think, now, if he could talk he'd come for three and sixpence a day?"

"But how can he be of service then, Biddy?"

"Niver ye mind about that, honey. Only say I can have him, an' be gorra if he ain't of service it won't be your fault, nor mine naythur. He can scrub and wash as like a human craythur as ye'd care to see. An' if we don't get him we'll lose a jewel, Miss Polly."

The door closed an inch.

"Do as you like, Bridget; only let me alone. But, remember, watch him well."

"Divil a fear, ma'am; he's as innocent as a baby. Then I may take him at three and sixpence a day?"

The door closed, the key turned again in the key-hole.

"At three and sixpence a day?" whispered Bridget, hoarsely.

No answer.

Bridget muttered another emphatic monosyllable under her breath, and went down the kitchen stairs.

The next day Chang became one of the household at 219.

On that very morning Solomon Savage started in the early stage for the city. His nephew and heir had caused him a deal of anxiety lately. He had purchased his place in the country to suit Fred's romantic taste. He had given up his comfortable quarters up-town, his early

newspaper, his social chat at the club, his peep at the new pictures, his opening nights at the comedies; had been content to settle down for the rest of his days among these lakes and mountains, just to please Fred. Because, besides being his nephew and heir, Fred was the only child of his dead sister, and his uncle's idol.

And now Fred wouldn't be content in the country for a week at a time; he was always coining excuses to go to the city, and the house was like a tomb without him. He was dreamy and abstracted. Something was the matter with the lad, and this something was connected with these altogether uncalled-for raids upon the city.

Mr. Savage wrote to his lawyer to find out the mystery, and got this reply:

"Solomon Savage, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR,—Your nephew spends the most of his time at No. 219 Blank Street. Can't tell much about the house or its inmates. Should suppose they were a queer set.

"Yours respectfully, JOSEPH FERRET."

"Queer!" What could the man mean by "queer?" Mr. Savage, becoming thoroughly alarmed, determined upon solving the mystery himself. All the way down in the stage and jolting along in the cars Mr. Savage repeated to himself the word "queer."

At about the hour of two P.M. an old gentleman might have been seen walking down Blank Street. He wore a shining suit of broadcloth, a broad-brimmed white hat, linen of the finest material elaborately ruffled, unexceptionable boots and gloves, tortoise-shell eyeglasses, and carried a gold-headed cane. His face wore an expression of mild benignity. Good-nature beamed from his blue eyes, good health from his smooth, florid skin; good family from the arch in his nose and his foot, and good spirits from the merry crow's-feet about every comfortable wrinkle. Altogether he was about as winning-looking an old gentleman as one would care to see. He walked slowly, scrutinizing as he went the street and the passers-by.

At last he came to 219—one of those old mansions on the east side of town that wear so ponderous, so substantial, so spacious a look, and yet from which all glory has departed. 219 had the appearance of possessing at one time a romantic history, but that time had long gone by. Now it might be an infirmary, a boarding-house, or a private asylum.

Still the street was broad, houses and shops seemed commonplace enough, nothing "queer" that he could see.

The old gentleman walked slowly up the steps; his color rose a little, but his face wore a look of determination, such as a soldier wears entering action. He took from his pocket a heavy silver card-case, and pulled gently the bell-handle. No answer.

Five minutes passed, and he pulled again; this time a little less gently. Then he waited. Five minutes more passed, and the shaggy

white eyebrows of the old gentleman drew close together; his florid face reddened impatiently; he pulled the bell roughly; a loud peal resounded sepulchrally through the lower regions of the house. Presently a shuffling step approached the door, a heavy bolt shot back, there was heard the clanking of a chain. The door opened an inch and a half; a broad, flat nose, the tip of a frowzy head, appeared; a capacious mouth opened.

"What is it ye want?" it said.

The old gentleman looked disapprovingly at this apparition, and extended a card from the silver card-case.

The card was sniffed at curiously.

"What is it ye want?" was repeated.

"Give that card to your master, and tell—"

"I wouldn't for a hundred pound go near the masther; it 'd be as much as my life was worth!"

"Give that card to your mistress, and tell—"

"Bother the card! Tell me your business, and I'll see to it."

"My dear woman," said the old gentleman, benignly, "my business is not with the servants of the household." At the same time Mr. Savage extended a gold piece, as a sop to this obdurate Cerberus.

"Then git along to the divil wid your cards and your money, an' don't be takin' up people's time wid yer chat!"

The door closed heavily within an inch of the old gentleman's nose. He remained, thunder-struck, upon the sill. He looked about him appealingly; then he slowly descended the steps. His face lost its look of mild benignity, a gleam of anger darted from his blue eyes, the crow's-feet took a fierce expression. Loudly resounded his gold-headed cane upon the pavement. Plainly the old gentleman felt himself insulted.

It was hard. His appearance was certainly calculated to win respect; but the noble blood of the O'Haras was at that time hot with rage. She had been cheated six ounces in the meat. If St. Patrick himself had appeared at the door he would have met with a grim reception.

"Be careful of the door," she said, five minutes after, to her Chinese confrere, "an' don't for your life let a soul near the house! I'm goin' to that baste of a butcher's, an' I'll be back in a jiffy."

Chang looked up mildly from his work. He was mopping the kitchen—mopping it in a way that delighted the breast of Bridget O'Hara.

"Go on wid yer work, man," she said, "and don't stir from the kitchen whilst I'm gone!"

Chang smiled vacantly.

"The divil take the haythen! he don't hear a word I say," said Bridget; "but he's safe to lave here for a minit or two. There niver was such savin' in soap and slop before in the house. What a jewel he is, to be sure, at three and sixpence a day! Be gorra, if he was a Christian I couldn't be fonder of him! Other folks

can have their pets—I'm sure if there's a devil born it's Toffy—and why shouldn't I have mine? Go on, me boy," she said, absolutely patting his pigtail; "you're doin' finely, me man!" And off went Bridget to the butcher's.

Now as she crossed the corner an old gentleman saw her from the opposite side of the way. He started. That bullet-head, that broad, flat nose and capacious mouth, were familiar to him. Was it possible the abusive Cerberus had left her post? Swiftly he retraced his steps; quickly he reached 219. Again he ascended the steps, rang the bell, and waited. Rang again, and waited—and again. Fiercely, loudly, desperately he tugged at the bell. No answer.

Heavens and earth! what kind of people lived here? Was it a deaf and dumb asylum?

With one last, despairing pull he descended the steps. Defeat was in his downcast look, despair was in his slow footfall. This house was absolutely, then, denied him. There was no getting in for love nor money. But as he passed the basement window, dejectedly, he saw a face that attracted his attention. It was yellow and melancholy and mild-eyed. The cheek-bones were high, the eyes were long and narrow. The fingers that rested upon the window-sill had nails of a prodigious length, but scrupulously clean. There was neatness about the creature, and humility. His pigtail was nicely braided, and put up out of the dust in a round ball on the top of his head.

Mr. Savage went down the area steps, and looked in the window, smiling benignantly. Chang also smiled. Mr. Savage smiled still more benignantly, and pointed to the area door.

Chang smiled, but seemed not to understand this pantomime. Mr. Savage walked to the door, and knocked gently, looking at the window appealingly. He waited there a while, and knocked again. The door remaining closed, he returned to the window. Chang was there, still smiling blandly, but vacantly. Mr. Savage said one word in a low tone. He was seldom, if ever, profane—he considered it a vulgarity—but the word certainly sounded like profanity.

"Can't get in," he said, "for love nor money!"

Suddenly it occurred to him that he had not shown his bit of gold to Chang. It was the color of his skin—even of the balls of his eyes; it might please him somehow. He took it from his pocket, and held it out to Chang invitingly. Chang looked at it curiously, as if he never before had seen any thing like it. Then he extended his long-nailed fingers toward it. Finding the pane of glass between them, he drew back reluctantly. Mr. Savage pointed to the door, coaxingly, as he would to a child. Chang looked in the direction of the door, and smiled innocently. Mr. Savage went to the door, and knocked very gently. Chang followed softly, mechanically unloosed the chain, and, as Mr. Savage passed into the hall,

he looked after him abstractedly, holding the bit of gold in his long, slim hand. "Poor fellow!" said Mr. Savage, "it's almost a shame to take advantage of such simplicity."

As Mr. Savage went softly up the kitchen stairs, Chang put his plaything under his pigtail, relocked the door, and commenced polishing the tins.

When Bridget returned they shone marvelously, so that she could see herself in every inch of the dish-pan.

"Och, ye jewel!" she said, again patting his pigtail. "How chape ye are at three and sixpence a day!"

Chang turned a yellow-white when she touched his pigtail. The Chinese have a reverence for this portion of their toilet that perhaps Christians do not understand.

In the mean time Mr. Savage had reached the wide corridor that extended the whole length of the house. A circular staircase was before him, at the top of which beamed a strong light. Upon one of the uppermost balusters, in the full radiance of this light, there was a black object. It was not a cat nor a dog. What was it? A chicken? a jet black chicken? No; for two fierce black eyes shone furiously down upon him with more intelligence and malignity than ever gleamed in the eyes of a chicken. The house was frightfully still. On either side of the corridor heavy oaken doors remained hopelessly closed. Mr. Savage paused and looked up again, fascinated by those fierce black eyes.

Suddenly he heard a groan. It came from the room on the left. Then a low, sobbing sound, and a heavy fall. The old gentleman stepped hastily forward, the blood freezing in his veins.

"Murdered! Dead!" cried a woman's voice. "And I alive!"

Mr. Savage paused at the heavy oaken door—paused, and collected his wits.

"Oh, misery!" repeated the agonized voice of a woman. "Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"

Mr. Savage remembered that he was alone and unarmed, and prudently stepped into a neighboring closet. Almost closing the door, he remained perfectly still. Evidently there was foul play in this house, and he could do nothing, situated as he was, but listen and wait. Besides, the crime was committed. There could be no help rendered now.

The sobbing continued, and at intervals he heard the heart-rending complaint of the woman: "Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"

It might have been a quarter of an hour that this continued; and whenever Mr. Savage looked up he found the eyes peering curiously and savagely down. Then the door on the right opened, and he heard the silken rustle of a woman's drapery. There passed close by him—so close that he inhaled a delicate, sweet perfume—a woman of thirty or thereabout: a blonde, with pale yellow hair drawn back from

her forehead, eyes of a deep lustrous violet, a small sensitive mouth, and beautiful chin. Her hands were white and slim, the nails rosy and marvelously shaped. Mr. Savage noticed the hands particularly, for she clasped and unclasped them with a movement of sorrow or agony.

She stopped at the door on the left and tapped softly.

"Estelle!" she said; "let me in for a moment."

A light footstep approached the door—it opened, and the woman entered, leaving it ajar.

"Estelle," she said, in a tone of grief and excitement, "I have killed him! Estelle, the deed is done; but oh! oh! how sorry I am. It seems to me that I shall never get over the sacrilege of it. Oh, it was fearful! It was too, too pitiful!"

"Dear aunt," replied a girlish voice—"dear Polly, don't think of it in such a light! It had to be, you know—we needed the money so much!"

"But you don't know, Estelle—you can't tell how wretchedly I feel about it. I was so fond of him—I had just begun to be so interested in him."

"And I too, Polly. I did admire him so much!"

"And I could have managed it, Estelle. If I had only had time I could have let him live! But I was compelled to do it immediately, and now he is dead! Let me go back, Estelle; I must be alone—I am heart-broken!"

"Dear aunt—dear Polly, I am so sorry for you!"

The drapery rustled by the closet again, the sweet perfume fell under his nostrils, the door on the right closed, and Mr. Savage remained terror-stricken, bewildered. Before he could even collect his faculties the voice of the girl in the room on the left was heard again:

"Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"

Mr. Savage felt cold to the marrow of his bones. What crime had been committed by these two delicate women?—these creatures, whose nearness was to him a charm in spite of himself. Whom had this pale, passionate blonde killed, and whom did this girlish Estelle lament so pitifully? A question shaped itself in his mind, but faltered on his lips. The one word, "Fred," escaped them. Then he sank back, livid and trembling, in his closet. Fred was young and lovable and interesting. Fred had money, a watch, diamond pin and studs. Great Heaven! could such a thing be possible? Ferret, the lawyer, had said this was the only house Fred frequented, and the inmates were a queer set. Ah, the word queer was too mild!

As Mr. Savage leaned back in his closet, plunged in this painful reverie, a door opened on the upper floor; he raised his eyes, and there, by the side of the malignant creature with the black eyes, stood a man! A loose dressing-gown hung about him in awkward folds, a scarlet cap rested on the back of his

head, from under which a mop of reddish hair fell almost to his shoulders. His face was flaming red, even to the tip of his nose, and across his cheek was a deeper stain—a smear that was crimson, yes, blood-red!

"Polly," shouted this new apparition, "Polly, Polly, pretty Poll!"

"Caw!" cried the discordant voice of the bird by his side.

"Shut up, Mephistopheles!" said the man, "Polly, Polly!"

"Caw, caw!" cried the bird.

"If you don't shut up, Toffy, I'll wring your neck.—Polly! Come, Polly, come! why drive me to necessity? Come, I tell you! Poll-e-e-e! Now, Polly," he continued to shout, "if you don't come out, I'll commence to count! Polly, will you?—one. Polly, will you?—two. Polly, will you?—three!"

Crash, bang, came an immense billet of wood bumping down the stairs!

The door on the right opened, the blonde appeared on the threshold. No longer pale—two angry spots burned on either cheek.

"Idiot!" she said, in a voice of suppressed rage. "Wretch of infamy, what do you want?"

"Loveliest and best," he cried, leaning over the balusters, "I want a leg! You'll find one in your room there. Polly, beloved, don't bring me the leg of a boy this time—one of a man, sweetest, muscular and well formed!"

"It's just like your carelessness, leaving them lying about in that way! They're all rotting away, and the rats have been nibbling them!"

"Never mind, charmer; there's plenty more where they came from!"

"Shiftless imbecile! Heaven knows what will be the result of your criminal carelessness. If I coined my very heart's blood into money it would all go the same way!"

Polly disappeared for a moment, and soon went up the stairs with a burden that struck a chill to the bones of Mr. Savage. What, then, was this sanguinary monster? A devourer of human legs! Gracious Heavens! perhaps this new dainty was the leg of his beloved Fred. And these two women pitied and deplored, hated and abhorred, this horrible infirmity, but fed it unscrupulously. A cold sweat burst from the pores of the horrified Mr. Savage. He felt like Fatima in the fatal closet of Blue Beard. Dearly had he paid for his curiosity. Almost a groan burst from his lips. This, then, was the burden that had rested on Fred's mind. Lured to this fearful den, fascinated and enthralled by these women, he had fallen a prey to their infamous wiles, and now perhaps he was foully murdered, his poor bones nibbled by noxious reptiles. Mr. Savage clinched his teeth to keep silence. He resolved upon an immediate retreat, but determined to return with a corps of police. These crimes should be known and avenged. But upon stepping forward he found, almost under his feet, Mephistopheles, the crow!

"Caw!" cried the creature, and Mr. Savage started with dismay. "Caw, caw, caw!"

Mr. Savage endeavored to thrust the bird aside, but it ruffled its feathers, hopped up and down, and screeched defiantly.

"The divil seize the black baste," said Bridget from the kitchen. "What's the matther with him now?"

"Caw, caw, caw!" screamed the bird, louder than ever.

"Toffy, silence there!" shouted the monster from the upper floor.

"Caw, caw!" shrieked Mephistopheles, dashing himself against the closet door.

Polly appeared from her room, pale again and composed.

"What is it, Mephistopheles?" she said, majestically.

"Poor Toffy!" said the musical voice of Estelle; "what's the matter with poor Toffy?"

"Caw, caw!" screamed the crow, becoming more and more furious and excited.

"I'll tell you what," said the monster from above, "there's somebody in that closet."

Such a sudden scuttling of petticoats then took place as was wonderful to see. Polly retreated to her door-way, Estelle fairly barred herself in, and Bridget remained on the kitchen stair-way.

"If it ain't a ghost I'll tackle it," said Bridget; "but I've known for this many a day that Toffy was a divil; and, be gorra, it might be the ould gintleman himself come afther him!"

"If you're not cowardly as well as lazy," said Polly to the monster, "you'll come down and see."

Then a heavy, lounging step was heard on the stairs, and down came the sanguinary villain.

Mr. Savage knew then that his time was come. In a moment a sad retrospection occupied his mind, as it will that of a drowning man. He even thought of his legs, and for the first time in his life regretted that they were more than ordinarily well-shaped and muscular for one of his years. Having breathed one short prayer, Mr. Savage opened the door, and confronted his adversaries.

"Murderers," he said, "do your worst! Add my poor body to the rest of your victims. My nephew has already fallen a prey to your infamy. I am but an old man, and do not dread to follow him!"

Mr. Savage folded his arms, and looked about him with grim defiance. Surprise and consternation fell upon the group of listeners. The sanguinary monster cast a look upon Polly significant and suggestive. He whispered something behind his hand.

"Poor old man!" said Polly; "he's so handsome and so becomingly dressed. I'm so sorry for him, Tom."

"Ah, madam," said Mr. Savage, "since you have commenced to pity me, I know what I may expect. Even thus you deplored the fate of your last victim. He was young and lovable, but you killed him, nevertheless!"

"What 'll we do with him?" said Tom.

"How did the craythur get in?" said Bridget. "He was at the door this morning, but I put him away wid a flea in his ear."

"Shall I let him go, Poll?" said Tom.

"Ah no; let's keep him for a while, and see what we can do with him," said Polly; and accordingly Tom sprang suddenly forward, and opening the door of a little room, thrust Mr. Savage in, and locked the door upon the outside. Five minutes after the house was as still as ever. Mr. Savage gave himself up for lost. This, then, was one of those dens of crime and horror at which the world grew pale. He did not dare look at the walls of his prison, fearing they would narrow about him. He feared to take a step forward, feeling certain that the carpet concealed a trap-door. How would they kill him? he wondered. One thing was certain—they'd manage it skillfully to save his legs.

Gracious Heavens! was he, then, to die?

The old gentleman raised the hat from his head and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. His knees trembled beneath him. And yet he was not a coward. If it had been the will of Heaven that he should die an open, commonplace death, he could have met it like a man—as one who has no crime upon his conscience. But to be caught in this horrible trap and butchered! The thought was terrible! Every moment the love of life grew stronger within him. He looked about him despairingly. Then he listened attentively. He thought he heard a peculiar step. It was low and shuffling; not only these, but soft and dragging; it was the step of Chang. The features of Mr. Savage immediately lost their terrified expression, a gleam of hope shone in his face. He took from his pocket a piece of gold and thrust it beneath the door, just far enough to be perceptible without being available.

But the step of Chang went on. The heart of Mr. Savage sank within him. His gold was exhausted, and he feared a greenback wouldn't seem like a toy in the eyes of the Chinese. Nevertheless, he placed a five-dollar greenback by the side of the gold piece.

Chang opened the front-door and commenced polishing the knobs. Once in a while he looked at the pretty gold piece and the funny paper with pictures on it under the door by his side. Then he gazed abstractedly about him with his mild, melancholy eyes. The spacious corridor was dark and still. Chang walked slowly to the room that contained Mr. Savage. Innocently he turned the key in the lock. Out darted poor Mr. Savage—out the door and down the street. Chang picked up the playthings from under his feet and shut the door of the room. He seemed to like the paper with funny pictures on it almost as well as he did the gold piece. He put them both under his pigtail, and went on polishing the knobs. How they did shine when Bridget came up the stairs!

"Och, ye darlint! More power to your

elbow!" she said, and again patted his pigtail approvingly. And again did the poor savage shrink from this familiarity.

Out darted poor Mr. Savage, breathlessly, wildly. His gray hairs streamed behind him. His eyes wore a strained, eager expression. People gazed upon him wonderingly. At last he reached Fred's lodgings. Stumbling up the stairs, when he reached the landing he saw a light in the front-room. His heart commenced to beat wildly. Who lighted the gas? Surely not his boy, his beloved lad! If he was yet alive—if they had both escaped! He staggered forward, opened the door, and saw Fred sitting in his arm-chair, his feet on the window-sill, smoking his meerschaum! The poor old gentleman fell upon his nephew's neck and sobbed outright.

"My boy! my dear lad!" he cried. "Alive and well!"

Fred's meerschaum fell to the ground, and broke in pieces on the floor. He got upon his feet, still with his uncle's arms about him.

"Why, uncle!" he said; "Uncle Sol! what can be the matter?"

"Oh, Fred, my boy!" gasped the old gentleman. "Such an escape! Thank God, we are both alive and well! Such an escape!"

"A railroad accident?" said Fred, forcing his uncle into the arm-chair, and taking his hat and gloves.

"Worse than that, Fred; far worse."

"A garroter?" Fred asked, taking off his uncle's boots, and loosening his neck-tie.

"Worse, oh, much worse!" gasped the old gentleman.

"But what brought you to town?" said Fred, mixing for his uncle a glass of brandy-and-water.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Savage; "it's a long story, Fred. But you shall hear it all, my boy. If you had only been as candid with me as I shall be with you, I should not have seen this terrible day. But I won't complain; since you are saved, I won't complain."

Mr. Savage paused, and looked at his nephew. Certainly Fred was exceedingly handsome. As he stood there, flushed and expectant, he looked like a young Apollo. Mr. Savage looked upon him, and took a long breath of relief. How did he ever escape with such legs? he thought. There was altogether an appetizing look about his nephew that would have tempted a cannibal.

"What do you think of a monster that devours human legs?" said Mr. Savage.

Fred started, and looked at his uncle in amazement.

"And a pale, yellow-haired woman that murders people, and gets broken-hearted with remorse?"

Fred grew pale, and still stared at his uncle.

"And a girl with a voice like an angel, that shrieks about somebody being murdered, and leaving her alive—and a devil inside of a bird for a watch-dog—and a room with a trap-door?"

"My God!" said Fred, in a whisper, "he's gone mad."

"No," said Mr. Savage, "I ain't mad, although I've had enough to make me so. Do you doubt the existence of all these things? Go to 219 Blank Street, and you'll find them."

When his uncle mentioned this number and this street, Fred's face shone with a sudden light; a color flamed into his cheek. "219," he repeated, softly.

"Yes, 219," replied his uncle. "I've been there to-day."

"You!" cried Fred. "And why did you go there? and how did you get in?"

Now these were embarrassing questions. Mr. Savage was compelled then to own that he had played the spy. It had a nasty sound about it that jarred upon the old gentleman grievously. But did not the end in this case justify the means?

At all events, the story must be told. And told it was, thoroughly and graphically. Mr. Savage, having drunk his brandy-and-water, resting in comfortable security in his arm-chair, with Fred for an auditor, entered into the spirit of the narrative. He described the frowzy Cerberus, the innocent and child-like Chang, the pale, lustrous-eyed Polly, the musical-voiced Estelle, the diabolical Mephistopheles, and the sanguinary Tom.

The old gentleman was so taken up with his story that he failed to notice its effect upon Fred. At first his nephew was inclined to laugh, then to be grave, and at last an expression of vexed perplexity rested upon his face.

His uncle waxed impatient with his continued silence.

"Do you mean to say, Sir," he cried, "that you are indifferent to the horrors I have described? Can you listen unmoved to scenes like these going on in the heart of a Christian community? What do you mean, Fred, by staring in that stupid way? Haven't you been listening to me?"

"Ye-es, Sir," stammered Fred, collecting his faculties. "I—I am so horrified that I don't know what to say or do. I—I'd like to think it over, Sir. Would you mind, Uncle Sol, if I went out for a little walk?"

"Now, Fred, my boy," said his uncle, quite satisfied with his nephew's emotion, "don't let the matter excite you too much. By the providence of God and the guileless simplicity of that Chinese, I have escaped, probably, a fearful death. Heaven knows what crimes have been committed in that house, or how deep the cellars may be with human gore and the bones of their victims! But to-morrow the whole matter shall be thoroughly investigated. To-night I must strive to restore repose to my shattered nerves. Of course, my boy, go out for a walk; the air will do you good. But return early and get to bed, so that we shall be prepared for the morning. As for me, I shall get to bed immediately."

Mr. Savage went to bed, and, what with

citement, fatigue, and brandy-and-water, soon snored lustily. Fred made an elaborate toilet, and then went out. He walked rapidly across town, and reaching — Street, stopped at 219. One would scarcely have known the house for the gloomy and repelling mansion of the morning. Lights gleamed from the windows; sounds of revelry and mirth were heard from the first story; the great hall door was opened wide, leaving the pretty little vestibule, with its lace and curtains, the inviting portal.

Fred ran lightly up the steps, and through the vestibule, pausing for a moment at the door of the room on the right. A girlish laugh fell upon his ear, and in a moment a flush of emotion sprang into his face. Then he entered. The scene before him was alluring.

A lofty room, brilliantly lighted, warmly carpeted, tastefully furnished. In its centre a dining-table, upon which, the heavier articles being removed, there rested a dainty repast of fruits and pastries. At one corner gleamed a decanter of wine and some half-filled glasses. At this table sat two charming women and a man. One of the women—a blonde, with lustrous eyes of a deep violet, pale, high brow, and hair of a faint golden color—went over to Fred, and put out to him a charming hand. The man, of perhaps thirty-five, in a negligent toilet of drab pants and vest, brown velvet coat, and flowing neckerchief, raised high his glass of wine.

"À la bonne heure!" he cried. "Dinner is over, but Bridget shall fetch you in a plate."

The other woman, a girl of perhaps twenty, with eyes like stars, a warm olive skin, and hair falling in thick curls upon a beautiful neck, scarcely arose from her chair; but her eyes were full of a tender and questioning interest.

"Come, Fred," said Tom, "have a glass of wine."

"No," said Fred, averting his eyes from the beautiful brunette, while a hot flush leaped into his cheek. "Before I ever touch my lips to a morsel in this house again I must have an explanation! Nobody is fonder of a joke than I am. The untrammelled freedom of our lives here has been very pleasant to me; but there is a limit to every thing. The dearest person in the world to me, except one, has been exposed to the most agonizing terror and wanton insult in this house to-day. To amuse an idle moment, you have condescended to torture the kindest, the best creature in the world."

"Hold there!" said Tom. "Those are hard words. What the deuce do you mean? Be kind enough to explain as you go along."

"I have only to say that the old gentleman for whose benefit the comedy was enacted here to-day at two o'clock was my uncle."

Tom looked at Polly, Polly looked at Estelle.

"I can't make him out," said Tom. "What does he mean?"

"Do you deny, then," said Fred, "that at two o'clock to day you put on an old dressing-gown and scarlet cap, smeared a streak of red paint over your face, and, throwing a billet of

wood down the stairs, called for the leg of a man, well-formed and muscular?"

Tom reddened a little.

"Of course I don't," he said. "I was in a confounded hurry finishing a picture, and I wanted a model. The legs were in Polly's room, and when she's writing you might as well try to arouse the dead. As for my toilet, you'll allow me to choose that for myself, I suppose. A man's house is his castle."

"But how about Polly and Estelle?" said Fred, his voice softening. "Why in the world did Polly declare to Estelle that she had murdered a man, and was heart-broken about it?"

"Oh, Fred, you goose!" said Polly. "I was in the very height of my novel, when they declared I must kill my hero to make an effect. Just fancy how wretchedly I felt about it! I only went in where Estelle was studying her part to get a little consolation from her."

Estelle started; a look of half amusement and half vexation stole over her face.

"You don't mean to say, Fred, you heard me practicing for the rehearsal to-morrow?"

"I didn't," said Fred; "but my uncle did! He was in the closet yonder!"

"The insane gentleman!" burst from the lips of the three. "We thought he was a lunatic, and shut him up in the room until we could make some inquiries about him. Half an hour after he was gone! How the deuce did he get out?"

"Then it was not a joke upon the old gentleman? I thought you couldn't be capable of such cruelty. I beg your pardon, Tom; you know I never intrude upon you in the middle of the day, and I thought you had got the whole thing up as a joke!"

"A joke!" repeated Tom. "By Jove! he frightened us as much as we did him. We thought he was a maniac. How the deuce did he get out?"

"How did he get in?" said Polly. "Surely Bridget did not—"

"No, indeed," said Fred; "she even refused a five-dollar gold piece; you must have hired something new in the way of a servant. My uncle described a mild-eyed melancholy creature, with a yellow skin, and long, narrow eyes—"

"Ah!" said Polly.

"With an innocent, abstracted gaze, and a smile that was—"

"Child-like and bland," said Tom.

"Exactly," said Fred. "He didn't seem to know the nature of gold except as a plaything; but when he opened the door to see what it was my uncle slipped in—"

"Oh, Polly, Polly!" sighed Tom, sinking back in his chair.

"Biddy wanted him so much, Tom," said Polly; "only three and sixpence a day, dear!"

"Ruined by Chinese cheap labor!" murmured Tom.

"And although," pursued Fred, "my uncle's gold was exhausted when you had secured

him in the room, the creature seemed to like the pictures on a greenback just as well. While he was admiring one of them my uncle slipped out."

"That heathen Chineer!" sighed Tom.

"He came to my lodgings more dead than alive."

"Poor old boy! How the deuce did you manage it?"

"I didn't manage it at all; I thought first I'd come down here and see you."

"I don't suppose he'll take to us now," said Tom. "I'm afraid it's all up with you and Estelle."

"If I thought that," said Fred, "I'd go out and shoot myself!" Estelle moved a little nearer to him, and put her hand softly upon his, as it lay on the table. Fred grasped it fervently. "You'll be faithful to me," he said; "faithful and fond, even if my uncle does prove a little obdurate?"

"Of course she will," said Polly. "Come, Fred, cheer up. Tom, don't get stupid! Where's the use in having genius if we can't tide over a little scrape of this kind? Come; let's consult together."

"I tell you what," said Tom, casting a look of genuine admiration upon his wife, "if Polly takes the matter in hand it's all right." Then they drew their chairs closer together, and the result of the consultation was that Fred left the house with a more hopeful countenance.

Mr. Savage slept soundly all night; but when he got up and dressed himself he looked about him in vexation, and called to his nephew that he had lost his gold-headed cane. "I left it in that den of infamy," he said; "I remember it now. It is on the floor of that room with the trap-door. We must go to the chief of police, Fred, the first thing this morning."

"Certainly, uncle," said Fred; and while a comfortable breakfast was preparing he handed his uncle a new novel to look over. The old gentleman was soon deep in its pages, and kept it by his side when his chocolate was poured out.

"A charming thing," he said, tapping the cover; "fresh and pure and wholesome. I'll take it down in the country with me, Fred."

"I'm happy enough to be acquainted with the authoress," said Fred.

"You don't tell me so! Some sharp-visaged virago, with short hair and spectacles?"

"Quite the contrary. She's a charming woman, gentle and winning."

"I'd like to see her," said Mr. Savage. "But the first thing to be attended to is this terrible nest of criminals."

"Of course," said Fred. But on their way down town Fred proposed that they should step into one of the galleries. His uncle, who had been in his time an amateur, willingly assented.

He was immediately attracted by a little cabinet picture before which Fred had paused.

"There's delicacy and force in that little thing," said Mr. Savage. "I've a mind to buy it, Fred, if I can get it reasonable enough."

"I think you can," said his nephew, "for I know the artist is hard up just now. Tom Ingoldsby's a capital fellow, but he's something of a spendthrift. He's the husband of the authoress I was speaking to you about this morning."

"You must introduce me, Fred; I'd like it of all things."

"We'd have a capital chance this morning, if it wasn't for this other matter. Mrs. Ingoldsby's niece is studying for the stage, and they've given me tickets for a private rehearsal this morning. There'll be lots of nice people there. If we only had time we could go."

Now if there was one thing above another that Mr. Savage liked it was the drama; and this rehearsal, which would be attended by all sorts of nice people, seemed very tempting to him.

"I suppose," he said, turning to his nephew, "we might put the other matter off for a few hours?"

"To tell the truth," said Fred, "it's very difficult to see the chief of police at this hour in the day."

"We'll go to the rehearsal," said Mr. Savage.

They had scarcely entered the hall when a gentleman, elaborately and carefully dressed, approached them, and Fred presented him to his uncle as Mr. Ingoldsby, the artist.

Mr. Savage shook hands with him warmly, complimented him upon his picture in the gallery, but looked at him a little fixedly. It seemed to the old gentleman that his face was a little familiar to him.

"My wife's behind the scenes," said the artist; "suppose we sit together."

Then they sat down, and while waiting for the performance to commence, entered into conversation. Immediately the old gentleman plunged into the subject that most occupied his mind, and detailed his adventure of the previous day to his new acquaintance.

Mr. Ingoldsby appeared stricken with horror.

"It's my duty to see to this matter at once," concluded Mr. Savage; "my first visit after leaving this hall shall be to that house with a corps of police."

"I live down that way," said the artist; "I'll go with you."

Then the curtain went up.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which Mr. Savage greeted the young aspirant for Thespian honors. He declared he had never seen a sweeter, a purer face; that her voice was the voice of an angel. It reminded him somehow of a girl that had died long ago in the bloom of her youth, but whose memory would be green in the heart of Mr. Savage till it was cold in death. Tears came into his eyes, his voice trembled with emotion. He shouted, he pounded with his feet—how he regretted his gold-headed cane!

"I left a valuable memento in that den yesterday," he said, turning to the artist, "on the floor of the room with the trap-door."

"Perhaps the Chinese—" suggested Mr. Ingoldsby.

"Not at all, Sir," said Mr. Savage; "the poor creature wouldn't know the value of it."

The play reached its climax; the young actress, supposing her lover to be foully murdered, fell upon the stage in an agony of grief.

"Murdered! Dead!" cried the musical voice. "And I alive!"

Mr. Savage looked about him, bewildered. "I've certainly seen this play before," he said.

The rehearsal was over. Every body pronounced it a perfect success; but as they were about leaving the hall Mr. Savage started, and clutched the arm of his nephew.

"Hah!" he cried, looking upon a graceful, majestic figure approaching them. "Gracious Heaven! it's the murderess of 219!"

"Nonsense," said the artist; "it's my wife, Mrs. Ingoldsby."

"The — the authoress?" stammered Mr. Savage.

"Of course," said Fred. "Let me introduce you, uncle."

"I—I should be happy," said Mr. Savage, still staring upon her with distended eyes; "but surely the resemblance is startling."

Polly's charming face, her luminous eyes, were very pleasing to the old gentleman—her low voice sounded excellently in his ears; but when, Fred and Tom walking behind them, she took his arm, and they walked down the street together, he could not divest himself of an increasing nervousness.

"I thought your last novel a charming thing," he said, by way of opening the conversation.

"I'm very glad," said Polly; "but I like the one in press much better—only they would make me kill my hero. You can't tell how badly I felt about it, dear Mr. Savage; I felt as if I had committed a murder. I went into Estelle's room, where she was practicing her part, and complained to her bitterly about it. I suppose I'm a goose; but I always get so interested in my own creations."

"I—I think that's natural," said Mr. Savage, gazing with bewilderment upon the ungloved hand that lay upon his arm. It was a pretty hand, with taper fingers and rosy nails; but the old gentleman looked upon it with a species of petrification.

"My husband is just the same with his pictures," continued Polly. "One would think the whole world hung breathless upon his finishing a sketch; and he scarcely eats or drinks while he is at work. He wears an old dressing-gown, a scarlet cap, and just as likely as not there'll be a streak of paint over his face—"

"Hah!" said Mr. Savage, starting.

"Yes, indeed," pursued Polly, laughing heartily; "and then he shouts over the balusters for his models, and that does make me so enraged, for you know I'm busy too, and I hate to be bothered. Why, yesterday I scarcely heard him calling me till he threw a billet of wood down the stairs."

Mr. Savage put his hand nervously through his abundant white hair, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Dear, dear," said Polly, "I don't know what any one would think if they happened in upon us unawares. But, of course, we take good care that nothing of that kind happens. Biddy's the faithfulest creature in the world, and what with bolts and bars and chains, we're perfectly secure. In the evening we put aside all labor and enjoy ourselves. Won't you dine with us to-night, Mr. Savage? We'll be so glad, for I want to introduce you to my niece Estelle; there's a particular reason why I want you to be fond of her. You'll come, won't you?"

"I—I think not," stammered Mr. Savage.

"Now, Mr. Savage," said Polly, coaxingly, "you mustn't refuse. Just a little dinner, *sans cérémonie*, you know; there won't be any one present except us, unless it's Toffy, the crow. We live at 219 Blank Street."

Mr. Savage dropped the arm of his companion. He turned red and pale by turns.

"Madam," he said—"my dear madam, I've made an awful ass of myself! I—I—" Mr. Savage absolutely trembled.

"Dear Mr. Savage," said Polly, in the most dulcet of entreaties, and taking his arm again caressingly, "I'm so sorry, oh, so sorry! We wanted you to be so fond of us all; and now, just because you happened upon us in that unlucky moment, and we were idiots enough to think you were wandering in your mind, you'll never care for us again!"

"I—I think you are an angel, madam; I do indeed," faltered the poor old gentleman. "But I—I'm afraid I've committed an unpardonable outrage."

"Why, certainly not!" said Polly. "What more natural than that you should desire to know all about your nephew? Dear Mr. Savage, you'll come to-night, won't you?"

And Mr. Savage, with a sigh half of satisfaction and half of embarrassment, promised he'd come.

Who can describe the emotions of Mr. Savage when he again entered 219? Who can depict the rapture of Fred, the amusement of Tom, the delight of Polly, the joy of Estelle, the rage of Toffy, the amazement of Bridget, and the mild abstraction of Chang?

"By-the-way," said Tom, "we found your gold-headed cane."

"In the trunk of that wicked Chang," said Polly.

"Poor lad!" said Mr. Savage; "he liked the shining gold head."

"Yes," said Tom; "he said it was 'muchee goodee.'"

Estelle did not go upon the stage. She and Fred were married in the fall. Tom liked the lakes and mountains so well that he took the whole family down on a visit to Mr. Savage to get some sketches.

But of all the Bohemian household Mr. Savage's favorite was Polly.

THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.



"HAWBURY, AS I'M A LIVING SINNER!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE AMERICAN BARON.

AT any other time Mrs. Willoughby would perhaps have manœuvred Minnie out of the room; but on the present occasion the advent of the Italian was an inexpressible relief. Mrs. Willoughby was not prepared for a scene like this. The manners, the language, and the acts of Rufus K. Gunn had filled her with simple horror. She was actually bewildered, and her presence of mind was utterly gone. As for Minnie, she was quite helpless, and sat, looking frightened. The Baron Atramonte might have been one of the excellent of the earth—he might have been brave and loyal and just and true and tender, but his manner was one to which they were unaccustomed, and consequently Mrs. Willoughby was quite overcome.

The arrival of Girasole, therefore, was greeted by her with joy. She at once rose to meet him, and could not help infusing into her greeting a warmth which she had never shown him before. Girasole's handsome eyes sparkled with delight, and when Mrs. Willoughby pointedly made way for him to seat himself next to Minnie his cup of joy was full. Mrs. Willoughby's only idea at that moment was to throw some obstacle between Minnie and that "dreadful person" who claimed her as his own, and had taken such shocking liberties. She did not know that Girasole was in Rome, and now accepted his arrival at that opportune moment as something little less than providential.

And now, actuated still by the idea of throwing further obstacles between Minnie and the Baron, she herself went over to the latter, and began a series of polite remarks about the weather and about Rome; while Girasole, eager to avail himself of his unexpected privilege, conversed with Minnie in a low voice in his broken English.

This arrangement was certainly not very agreeable to the Baron. His flow of spirits seemed to be checked at once, and his volubility ceased. He made only monosyllabic answers to Mrs. Willoughby's remarks, and his eyes kept wandering over beyond her to Minnie, and scrutinizing the Italian who was thus monopolizing her at the very moment when he was beginning to have a "realizing sense" of her presence. He looked puzzled. He could not understand it at all. He felt that some wrong was done by somebody. He fell into an ungracious mood. He hated the Italian who had thus come between him and his happiness, and who chatted with Minnie, in his abominable broken English, just like an old acquaintance. He couldn't understand it. He felt an unpleasant restraint thrown over him, and began to meditate a departure, and a call at some more favorable time later in the evening. But he wanted to have a few more words with "Min," and so he tried to "sit out" the Italian.

But the Italian was as determined as the American. It was the first chance that he had had to get a word with Minnie since he was in Milan, and he was eager to avail himself of it. Mrs. Willoughby, on her part, having thus discomfited the Baron, was not unmindful of the other danger; so she moved her seat to a position near enough to overlook and check Girasole, and then resumed those formal, chilling, heartless, but perfectly polite remarks which she had been administering to the Baron since Girasole's arrival.

At length Mrs. Willoughby began to be dreadfully bored, and groaned in spirit over the situation in which Minnie had placed herself, and racked her brains to find some way of retreat from these two determined lovers, who thus set at naught the usages of society for their own convenience. She grew indignant. She wondered if they would *ever* go. She wondered if it were not possible to engage the Count and the Baron in a conversation by themselves, and, under cover of it, withdraw. Finally she began to think whether she would not be justified in being rude to them, since they were so inconsiderate. She thought over this, and was rapidly coming to the decision that some act of rudeness was her only hope, when, to her immense relief, the servant entered and announced Lord Hawbury.

The entrance of the welcome guest into the

room where the unwelcome ones were seated was to Mrs. Willoughby like light in a dark place. To Minnie also it brought immense relief in her difficult position. The ladies rose, and were about to greet the new-comer, when, to their amazement, the Baron sprang forward, caught Lord Hawbury's hand, and wrung it over and over again with the most astonishing vehemence.

"Hawbury, as I'm a living sinner! Thunderation! Where did you come from? Good again! Darn it all, Hawbury, this is real good! And how well you look! *How* are you? All right, and right side up? Who'd have thought it? It ain't you, really, now, is it? Darn me if I ever was so astonished in my life! You're the last man I'd have expected. Yes, Sir. You may bet high on that."

"Ah, really," said Hawbury, "my dear fellow! Flattered, I'm sure. And how goes it with you? Deuced odd place to find you, old boy. And I'm deuced glad to see you, you know, and all that sort of thing."

And he wrung the Baron's hand quite as heartily as the other wrung his; and the expression on his face was of as much cordiality and pleasure as that upon the face of the other. Then Hawbury greeted the ladies, and apologized by stating that the Baron was a very old and tried friend, whom he had not seen for years; which intelligence surprised Mrs. Willoughby greatly, and brought a faint ray of something like peace to poor Minnie.

The ladies were not imprisoned much longer. Girasole threw a black look at Lord Hawbury, and retreated. After a few moments' chat Hawbury also retired, and made the Baron go with him. And the Baron went without any urging. He insisted, however, on shaking hands heartily with both of the ladies, especially Minnie, whose poor little hand he nearly crushed into a pulp; and to the latter he whispered the consoling assurance that he would come to see her on the following day. After which he followed his friend out.

Then he took Hawbury over to his own quarters, and Hawbury made himself very much at home in a rocking-chair, which the Baron regarded as the pride and joy and glory of his room.

"By Jove!" cried Hawbury. "This is deuced odd, do you know, old chap; and I can't imagine how the mischief you got here!"

This led to long explanations, and a long conversation, which was protracted far into the night, to the immense enjoyment of both of the friends.

The Baron was, as Lord Hawbury had said, an old friend. He had become acquainted with him many years before upon the prairies of America, near the Rocky Mountains. The Baron had rescued him from Indians, by whom he had been entrapped, and the two friends had wandered far over those regions, enduring perils, fighting enemies, and roughing it in general. This rough life had made each one's better na-

ture visible to the other, and had led to the formation of a friendship full of mutual appreciation of the other's best qualities. Now it is just possible that if they had not known one another, Hawbury might have thought the Baron a boor, and the Baron might have called Hawbury a "thundering snob;" but as it was, the possible boor and the possible snob each thought the other one of the finest fellows in the world.

"But you're not a Roman Catholic," said Hawbury, as the Baron explained his position among the Zouaves.

"What's the odds? All's fish that comes to their net. To get an office in the Church may require a profession of faith, but we're not so particular in the army. I take the oath, and they let me go. Besides, I have Roman Catholic leanings."

"Roman Catholic leanings?"

"Yes; I like the Pope. He's a fine man, Sir—a fine man. I regard that man more like a father than any thing else. There isn't one of us but would lay down our lives for that old gentleman."

"But you never go to confession, and you're not a member of the Church."

"No, but then I'm a member of the army, and I have long chats with some of the English-speaking priests. There are some first-rate fellows among them, too. Yes, Sir."

"I don't see much of a leaning in all that."

"Leaning? Why, it's all leaning. Why, look here. I remember the time when I was a grim, true-blue Puritan. Well, I ain't that now. I used to think the Pope was the Beast of the 'Pocalypse. Well, now I think he's the finest old gentleman I ever saw. I didn't use to go to Catholic chapel. Well, now I'm there often, and I rather kind o' like it. Besides, I'm ready to argue with them all day and all night, and what more can they expect from a fighting man?"

"You see, after our war I got my hand in, and couldn't stop fighting. The Indians wouldn't do—too much throat-cutting and savagery. So I came over here, took a fancy to the Pope, enlisted, was at Mentana, fit there, got promoted, went home, couldn't stand it, and here I am, back again; though how long I'm going to be here is more'n I can tell. The fact is, I feel kind of onsettled."

"Why so?"

"Oh, it's an aggravating place, at the best."

"How?"

"There's such an everlasting waste of resources—such tarnation bad management. Fact is, I've noted that it's always the case wherever you trust ministers to do business. They're sure to make a mess of it. I've known lots of cases. Why, that's always the way with us. Look at our stock-companies of any kind, our religious societies, and our publishing houses—wherever they get a ministerial committee, the whole concern goes to blazes. I *know* that. Yes, Sir. Now that's the case here. Here's

a fine country. Why, round this here city there's a country, Sir, that, if properly managed, might beat any of our prairies—and look at it.

"Then, again, they complain of poverty. Why, I can tell you, from my own observation, that they've got enough capital locked up, lying useless, in this here city, to regenerate it all, and put it on its feet. This capital wants to be utilized. It's been lying too long without paying interest. It's time that it stopped. Why, I tell you what it is, if they were to sell out what they have here lying idle, and realize, they'd get enough money to form an endowment fund for the Pope and his court so big that his Holiness and every official in the place might get salaries all round out of the interest that would enable them to live like—well, I was going to say like princes, but there's a lot of princes in Rome that live so shabby that the comparison ain't worth nothing.

"Why, see here now," continued the Baron, warming with his theme, which seemed to be a congenial one; "just look here; see the position of this Roman court. They can actually levy taxes on the whole world. Voluntary contributions, Sir, are a wonderful power. Think of our missionary societies—our Sabbath-school organizations in the States. Think of the wealth, the activity, and the action of all our great charitable, philanthropic, and religious bodies. What supports them all? Voluntary contributions. Now what I mean to say is this—I mean to say that if a proper organization was arranged here, they could get annual receipts from the whole round globe that would make the Pope the richest man on it. Why, in that case Rothschild wouldn't be a circumstance. The Pope might go into banking himself, and control the markets of the world. But no. There's a lot of ministers here, and they haven't any head for it. I wish they'd give me a chance. I'd make things spin.

"Then, again, they've got other things here that's ruining them. There's too much repression, and that don't do for the immortal mind. My idea is that every man was created free and equal, and has a right to do just as he darn pleases; but you can't beat that into the heads of the governing class here. No, Sir. The fact is, what Rome wants is a republic. It'll come, too, some day. The great mistake of his Holiness's life is that he didn't put himself at the head of the movement in '48. He had the chance, but he got frightened, and backed down. Whereas if he had been a real, live Yankee, now—if he had been like some of our Western parsons—he'd have put himself on the tiptop of the highest wave, and gone in. Why, he could have had all Italy at his right hand by this time, instead of having it all against him. There's where he made his little mistake. If I were Pope I'd fight the enemy with their own weapons. I'd accept the situation. I'd go in head over heels for a republic. I'd have Rome the capital, myself president, Garibaldi com-

mander-in-chief, Mazzini secretary of state—a man, Sir, that can lick even Bill Seward himself in a regular, old-fashioned, tonguey, subtle, diplomatic note. And in that case, with a few live men at the head of affairs, where would Victor Emanuel be? Emphatically, nowhere!

"Why, Sir," continued the Baron, "I'd engage to take this city as it is, and the office of Pope, and run the whole Roman Catholic Church, till it knocked out all opposition by the simple and natural process of absorbing all opponents. We want a republic here in Rome. We want freedom, Sir. Where is the Church making its greatest triumphs to-day? In the States, Sir. If the Catholic Church made itself free and liberal and go-ahead; if it kept up with the times; if it was imbued with the spirit of progress, and pitched aside all old-fashioned traditions—why, I tell you, Sir, it would be a little the tallest organization on this green globe of ours. Yes, Sir!"

While Hawbury and the Baron were thus engaged in high discourse, Mrs. Willoughby and Minnie were engaged in discourses of a less elevated but more engrossing character.

After the ladies had escaped they went up stairs. Lady Dalrymple had retired some time before to her own room, and they had the apartment to themselves. Minnie flung herself into a chair and looked bewildered; Mrs. Willoughby took another chair opposite, and said nothing for a long time.

"Well," said Minnie at last, "you needn't be so cross, Kitty; I didn't bring him here."

"Cross!" said her sister; "I'm not cross."

"Well, you're showing temper, at any rate; and you know you are, and I think it very unkind in you, when I have so much to trouble me."

"Why, really, Minnie darling, I don't know what to say."

"Well, why don't you tell me what you think of him, and all that sort of thing? You *might*, you know."

"Think of him!" repeated Mrs. Willoughby, elevating her eyebrows.

"Yes, think of him; and you needn't go and make faces about him, at any rate."

"Did I make faces? Well, dear," said Mrs. Willoughby, patiently, "I'll tell you what I think of him. I'm afraid of him."

"Well, then," said Minnie, in a tone of triumph, "now you know how I feel. Suppose he saved your life, and then came in his awfully boisterous way to see you; and got you alone, and began that way, and really quite overwhelmed you, you know; and then, when you were really almost stunned, suppose he went and proposed to you? Now, then!"

And Minnie ended this question with the air of one who could not be answered, and knew it.

"He's awful—perfectly awful!" said Mrs. Willoughby. "And the way he treated you! It was so shocking."

"I know; and that's just the horrid way he



"LOOK AT THE MAN!"

always does," said Minnie, in a plaintive tone. "I'm sure *I* don't know what to do with him. And then he's Lord Hawbury's friend. So what *are* we to do?"

"I don't know, unless we leave Rome at once."

"But I don't *want* to leave Rome," said Minnie. "I hate being chased away from places by people—and they'd be sure to follow me, you know—and I don't know what to do. And oh, Kitty darling, I've just thought of something. It would be so nice. What do you think of it?"

"What is it?"

"Why, this. You know the Pope?"

"No, I don't."

"Oh, well, you've seen him, you know."

"Yes; but what has he got to do with it?"

"Why, I'll get you to take me, and I'll go to him, and tell him all about it, and about all these horrid men; and I'll ask him if he can't do something or other to help me. They have dispensations and things, you know, that the Pope gives; and I want him to let me dispense with these awful people."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Willoughby.

"I don't see any nonsense in it at all. I'm in earnest," said Minnie; "and I think it's a great shame."

"Nonsense!" said her sister again; "the only thing is for you to stay in your room."

"But I don't want to stay in my room, and I can't."

"Oh dear! what can I do with this child?" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, whose patience was giving way.

Upon this Minnie went over and kissed her, and begged to be forgiven; and offered to do any thing that darling Kitty wanted her to do.

After this they talked a good deal over their difficulty, but without being able to see their way out of it more clearly.

That evening they were walking up and down the balcony of the house. It was a quadrangular edifice, and they had a suit of rooms on the second and third stories.

They were on the balcony of the third story, which looked down into the court-yard below. A fountain was in the middle of this, and the moon was shining brightly.

The ladies were standing looking down, when Minnie gently touched her sister's arm, and whispered,

"Look at the man!"

"Where?"

"By the fountain."

Mrs. Willoughby looked, and saw the face of a man who was standing on the other side of the fountain. His head rose above it, and his face was turned toward them. He evidently did not know that he was seen, but was watching the ladies, thinking that he himself was unobserved. The moment that Mrs. Willoughby looked at the face she recognized it.

"Come in," said she to Minnie. And drawing her sister after her, she went into the house.

"I knew the face; didn't you, Kitty dear?" said Minnie. "It's so easy to tell it. It was Scone Dacres. But what in the world does he want? Oh dear! I hope *he* won't bother me."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE INTRUDER.

JUDGING from the Baron's own words, it will be perceived that his comprehension of the situation was a little different from the actual fact. His idea was that his last letter had been received by Minnie in England, whereupon she had been seized with such an ungovernable longing to see him that she at once set out for Rome. She had not sent him any message, for she wished to surprise him. She had done so effectually. He was not merely surprised; he was overwhelmed, overjoyed, intoxicated with joy. This was indeed kind, he thought—the true part of a fond girl, who thus cast aside all silly scruples, and followed the dictates of her own noble and loving heart.

Now the fact that he had made a partial failure of his first visit to his charmer did not in the slightest degree disconcert him. He was naturally joyous, hilarious, and sanguine. His courage never faltered, nor could the brightness of his soul be easily dimmed. A disappointment on one day gave him but little trouble. It was quickly thrown off, and then his buoyant spirit looked forward for better fortune on the next day. The little disappointment which he had did not, therefore, prevent him from letting his reason feast and his soul flow with Lord Hawbury; nor, when that festive season was over, did it prevent him from indulging in the brightest anticipations for the following day.

On the afternoon of that day, then, the Baron directed his steps toward the hotel where his charmer resided, his heart beating high, and the generous blood mantling his cheek, and all that sort of thing. But the Baron was not alone. He had a companion, and this companion was an acquaintance whom he had made that morning. This companion was very tall, very thin, very sallow, with long, straggling locks of rusty black hair, white neck-tie, and a suit of rather seedy black clothes. In fact, it was the very stranger who had been arrested almost under his eyes as a Garibaldian. His case had come under the notice of the Baron, who had visited him, and found him not to be a Garibaldian at all, but a fellow-countryman in distress—in short, no less a person than the Reverend Saul Tozer, an esteemed clergyman, who had been traveling through Europe for the benefit of his health and the enlargement of his knowledge. This fellow-countryman in distress had at once been released by the Baron's influence; and, not content with giving him his liberty, he determined to take him under his protection, and offered to introduce him to society; all of which generous offices were fully appreciated by the grateful clergyman.

The Baron's steps were first directed toward the place above mentioned, and the Reverend Saul accompanied him. On reaching it he knocked, and asked for Miss Fay.

"Not at home," was the reply.

"Oh, well," said he, "I'll go in and wait till

she comes home. Come along, parson, and make yourself quite at home. Oh, never mind, young man," he continued to the servant; "I know the way. Come along, parson." And with these words he led the way into the reception-room, in which he had been before.

An elderly lady was seated there whom the Baron recognized as having seen before. It was Lady Dalrymple, whose name was, of course, unknown to him, since he had only exchanged a few words on his former visit. But as he was naturally chivalrous, and as he was bent on making friends with all in the house, and as he was also in a glorious state of good-will to the entire human race, he at once advanced to the lady and made a low bow.

"How do you do, ma'am?"

Lady Dalrymple bowed good-naturedly, for she was good-natured to a fault.

"I suppose you remember me, ma'am," said the Baron, in rather a loud voice; for, as the lady was elderly, he had a vague idea that she was deaf—which impression, I may mention, was altogether unfounded—"I suppose you remember me, ma'am? But I haven't had the pleasure of a regular introduction to you; so we'll waive ceremony, if you choose, and I'll introduce myself. I'm the Baron Atramonte, and this is my very particular friend, the Reverend Saul Tozer."

"I'm happy to make your acquaintance," said Lady Dalrymple, with a smile, and not taking the Baron's offered hand—not, however, from pride, but simply from laziness—for she hated the bother, and didn't consider it good taste.

"I called here, ma'am," said the Baron, without noticing that Lady Dalrymple had not introduced *herself*—"I called here, ma'am, to see my young friend, Miss Minnie Fay. I'm very sorry that she ain't at home; but since I *am* here, I rather think I'll just set down and wait for her. I s'pose you couldn't tell me, ma'am, about how long it'll be before she comes in?"

Lady Dalrymple hadn't any idea.

"All right," said the Baron; "the longer she keeps me waiting, the more welcome she'll be when she does come. That's all I've got to say."

So the Baron handed a chair to the Reverend Saul, and then selecting another for himself in a convenient position, he ensconced himself in it as snugly as possible, and sat in silence for a few minutes. Lady Dalrymple took no notice of him whatever, but appeared to be engrossed with some trifle of needle-work.

After about five minutes the Baron resumed the task of making himself agreeable.

He cleared his throat.

"Long in these parts, ma'am?" he asked.

"Not very long," said Lady Dalrymple, with her usual bland good-nature.

"A nice place this," continued the Baron.

"Yes."

"And do you keep your health, ma'am?" inquired the Baron, with some anxiety.

"Thanks," said Lady Dalrymple; which observation set the Baron's mind wondering what she meant by that.

"Pray, ma'am," said he, after a pause, "might you be any relation to a young lady friend of mine that's staying here named Minnie Fay?"

"A little," said Lady Dalrymple; which remark set the Baron again wondering. And he was about to return to the charge with another and more direct question, when his attention was arrested by the sound of footsteps on the stairs; so he sat bolt upright, and stared hard at the door. There was the rustle of a dress. The Baron rose. So did the Reverend Saul Tozer. The lady appeared. It was not Minnie. It was Mrs. Willoughby.

Now during the Baron's visit there had been some excitement up stairs. The ladies had told the servants that they were not at home to any callers that day. They had found with consternation how carelessly the Baron had brushed aside their little cobweb regulation, and had heard his voice as he strove to keep up an easy conversation with their aunt. Whereupon an earnest debate arose. They felt that it was not fair to leave their aunt alone with the Baron, and that one of them should go to the rescue. To Mrs. Willoughby's amazement, Minnie was anxious to go. To this she utterly objected. Minnie insisted, and Mrs. Willoughby was in despair. In vain she reproached that most whimsical of young ladies. In vain she reminded her of the Baron's rudeness on a former occasion. Minnie simply reminded her that the Baron had saved her life. At last Mrs. Willoughby actually had to resort to entreaties, and thus she persuaded Minnie not to go down. So she went down herself, but in fear and trembling, for she did not know at what moment her voluble and utterly unreliable sister might take it into her head to follow her.

The Baron, who had risen, full of expectation, stood looking at her, full of disappointment, which was very strongly marked on his face. Then he recollected that Minnie was "not at home," and that he must wait till she did get home. This thought, and the hope that he would not now have long to wait, brought back his friendly glow, and his calm and his peace and his good-will toward the whole human race, including the ladies in the room. He therefore bowed very low, and, advancing, he made an effort to shake hands; but Mrs. Willoughby had already known the dread pressure which the Baron gave, and evaded him by a polite bow. Thereupon the Baron introduced the Reverend Saul Tozer.

The Baron took out his watch, looked at it, frowned, coughed, put it back, and then drummed with his fingers on the arm of the chair.

"Will it be long, ma'am," asked the Baron, "before Minnie gets back?"

"She is not out," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"Not out?"

"No."

"Why, the thundering fool of a servant went and told me that she was not at home!"

"She is at home," said Mrs. Willoughby, sweetly.

"What! at home!" cried the Baron. "And does she know *I'm* here?"

"She does."

"Then why in thunder don't she come down?" cried the Baron, wonderingly.

"Because she is indisposed."

"Indisposed?"

"Yes."

This was the information which Mrs. Willoughby had decided to give to the Baron. Minnie had stipulated that his feelings should not be hurt; and this seemed to her to be the easiest mode of dealing with him.

"Indisposed!" cried the Baron.

"Yes."

"Oh dear! Oh, I hope, ma'am—I do hope, ma'am, that she ain't very bad. Is it any thing serious—or what?"

"Not *very* serious; she has to keep her room, though."

"She ain't sick abed, I hope?"

"Oh no—not so bad as that!"

"Oh dear! it's all *me*, I know. *I'm* to blame. She made this journey—the poor little pet!—just to see me; and the fatigue and the excitement have all been too much. Oh, I might have known it! Oh, I remember now how pale she looked yesterday! Oh dear! what 'll I do if any thing happens to her? Oh, do tell me—is she better?—did she pass a good night?—does she suffer any pain?—can I do any thing for her?—will you take a little message from me to her?"

"She is quite easy now, thanks," said Mrs. Willoughby; "but we have to keep her perfectly quiet; the slightest excitement may be dangerous."

Meanwhile the Reverend Saul had become wearied with sitting dumb, and began to look around for some suitable means of taking part in the conversation. As the Baron had introduced him to society, he felt that it was his duty to take some part so as to assert himself both as a man, a scholar, and a clergyman. So, as he found the Baron was monopolizing Mrs. Willoughby, he gradually edged over till he came within ear-shot of Lady Dalrymple, and then began to work his way toward a conversation.

"This, ma'am," he began, "is truly an interesting spot."

Lady Dalrymple bowed.

"Yes, ma'am. I've been for the past few days surveying the ruins of antiquity. It is truly a soul-stirring spectacle."

"So I have heard," remarked Lady Dalrymple, cheerfully.

"Every thing around us, ma'am," continued the Reverend Saul, in a dismal voice, "is subject to dissolution, or is actually dissolving. How forcible air the words of the Psalmist: 'Our days air as the grass; or, like the morn-

ing flower, when blasting winds sweep o'er the vale, they wither in an hour. Yes, ma'am, I have this week stood in the Roman Forum. The Coliseum, also, ma'am, is a wonderful place. It was built by the Flavian emperors, and when completed could hold eighty thousand spectators seated, with about twenty thousand standing. In hot weather these spectators were protected from the rays of the sun by means of awnings. It is a mighty fabric, ma'am!"

"I should think so," said Lady Dalrymple.

"The arch of Titus, ma'am, is a fine ruin. It was originally built by the emperor of that name to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem. The arch of Septimius Severus was built by the Emperor of that name, and the arch of Constantine was built by the emperor of *that* name. They are all very remarkable structures."

"I'm charmed to hear you say so."

"It's true, ma'am; but, let me add, ma'am, that the ruins of this ancient city do not offer to my eyes a spectacle half so melancholy as the great moral ruin which is presented by the modern city. For, ma'am, when I look around, what do I see? I behold the Babylon of the Apocalypse! Pray, ma'am, have you ever reflected much on that?"

"Not to any great extent," said Lady Dalrymple, who now began to feel bored, and so arose to her feet. The Reverend Saul Tozer was just getting on a full head of conversational steam, and was just fairly under way, when this sad and chilling occurrence took place. She rose and bowed to the gentlemen, and began to retreat.

All this time the Baron had been pouring forth to Mrs. Willoughby his excited interrogatories about Minnie's health, and had asked her to take a message. This Mrs. Willoughby refused at first.

"Oh no!" said she; "it will really disturb her too much. What she wants most is perfect quiet. Her health is really *very* delicate, and I am *excessively* anxious about her."

"But does she—does she—is she—can she walk about her own room?" stammered the Baron.

"A little," said Mrs. Willoughby. "Oh, I hope in a few weeks she may be able to come down. But the very *greatest* care and quiet are needed, for she is in such a *very* delicate state that we watch her night and day."

"A few weeks!" echoed the Baron, in dismay. "Watch her night and day!"

"Oh, you know, it is the only chance for her recovery. She is *so* delicate."

The Baron looked at Mrs. Willoughby with a pale face, upon which there was real suffering and real misery.

"Can't I do something?" he gasped. "Won't you take a message to her? It ought to do her good. Perhaps she thinks I'm neglecting her. Perhaps she thinks I ain't here enough. Tell her I'm ready to give up my office, and even

my title of nobility, and come and live here, if it'll be any comfort to her."

"Oh, really, Sir, you *quite* mistake her," said Mrs. Willoughby. "It has no reference to you whatever. It's a nervous affection, accompanied with general debility and neuralgia."

"Oh no, you don't know her," said the Baron, incredulously. "I *know* her. I know what it is. But she walks, don't she?"

"Yes, a little—just across the room; still even that is too much. She is *very, very* weak, and must be *quite* kept free from excitement. Even the excitement of your visits is bad for her. Her pulse is—is—always—accelerated—and—she—I— Oh, dear me!"

While Mrs. Willoughby had been making up this last sentence she was startled by a rustling on the stairs. It was the rustle of a female's dress. An awful thought occurred to her, which distracted her, and confused her in the middle of her sentence, and made her scarce able to articulate her words. And as she spoke them the rustle drew nearer, and she heard the sound of feet descending the stairs, until at last the footsteps approached the door, and Mrs. Willoughby, to her utter horror, saw Minnie herself.

Now as to the Baron, in the course of his animated conversation with Mrs. Willoughby, and in his excited entreaties to her to carry a message up to the invalid, he had turned round with his back to the door. It was about the time that Lady Dalrymple had begun to beat a retreat. As she advanced the Baron saw her, and, with his usual politeness, moved ever so far to one side, bowing low as he did so. Lady Dalrymple passed, the Baron raised himself, and as Mrs. Willoughby was yet speaking, and had just reached the exclamation which concluded her last remark, he was astounded by the sudden appearance of Minnie herself at the door.

The effect of this sudden appearance was overwhelming. Mrs. Willoughby stood thunder-struck, and the Baron utterly bewildered. The latter recovered his faculties first. It was just as Lady Dalrymple was passing out. With a bound he sprang toward Minnie, and caught her in his arms, uttering a series of inarticulate cries.

"Oh, Min! and you did come down, did you? And you couldn't stay up there, could you? I wanted to send a message to you. Poor little Min! you're so weak. Is it any thing serious? Oh, my darling little Min! But sit down on this here seat. Don't stand; you're too weak. Why didn't you send, and I'd have carried you down? But tell me now, honest, wasn't it *me* that brought this on? Never mind, I'll never leave you again."

This is the style which the gallant Baron adopted to express his sentiments concerning Minnie; and the result was that he succeeded in giving utterance to words that were quite as incoherent as any that Minnie herself, in her most rambling moods, had ever uttered.

The Baron now gave himself up to joy. He

took no notice of any body. He sat by Minnie's side on a sofa, and openly held her hand. The Reverend Saul Tozer looked on with an approving smile, and surveyed the scene like a father. Mrs. Willoughby's soul was on fire with indignation at Minnie's folly and the Baron's impudence. She was also indignant that her little conventional falsehoods had been suddenly disproved by the act of Minnie herself. Yet she did not know what to say, and so she went to a chair, and flung herself into it in fierce anger.

As for Minnie herself, she had come down to the Baron, and appeared rather to enjoy the situation. She talked about Rome and Naples, and asked him all about himself, and the Baron explained his whole situation down to the minutest detail. She was utterly indifferent to her sister. Once or twice the Baron made a move to go, but did not succeed. He finally settled himself down apparently for the rest of the day; but Mrs. Willoughby at last interposed. She walked forward. She took Minnie's hand, and spoke to her in a tone which she but seldom used.

"You shall *not* stay here any longer!" she cried. "Come."

And Minnie obeyed at once.

The Baron insisted on a tender adieu. Mrs. Willoughby stood by, with flashing eyes and heaving breast.

Minnie followed her up stairs in silence.

"You silly child!" she cried. "Are you mad? What made you come down? You broke your promise!"

"Well—well—I couldn't help it, and he is so deliciously rude; and do you know, Kitty dearest, I really begin to feel quite fond of him."

"Now listen, child. You shall never see him again."

"I don't see why not," whimpered Minnie.

"And I'm going to telegraph to papa. I wouldn't have the responsibility of you another week for the world."

"Now, Kitty, you're horrid."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BARON'S ASSAULTS.

ON the eventful afternoon when the Baron had effected an entrance into the heart of the enemy's country, another caller had come there—one equally intent and equally determined, but not quite so aggressive. This was the Count Girasole. The same answer was given to him which had been given to the Baron, but with far different effect. The Baron had carelessly brushed the slight obstacle aside. To the Count it was an impenetrable barrier. It was a bitter disappointment, too; for he had been filled with the brightest hopes and expectations by the reception with which he had met on his last visit. That reception had made him believe that they had changed their sentiments

and their attitude toward him, and that for the future he would be received in the same fashion. He had determined, therefore, to make the most of this favorable change, and so he at once repeated his call. This time, however, his hopes were crushed. What made it worse, he had seen the entrance of the Baron and the Reverend Saul, and knew by this that instead of being a favored mortal in the eyes of these ladies, he was really, in their estimation, placed below these comparative strangers. By the language of Lord Hawbury on his previous call, he knew that the acquaintance of the Baron with Mrs. Willoughby was but recent.

The disappointment of the Count filled him with rage, and revived all his old feelings and plans and projects. The Count was not one who could suffer in silence. He was a crafty, wily, subtle, scheming Italian, whose fertile brain was full of plans to achieve his desires, and who preferred to accomplish his aims by a tortuous path, rather than by a straight one. This repulse revived old projects, and he took his departure with several little schemes in his mind, some of which, at least, were destined to bear fruit afterward.

On the following day the Baron called once more. The ladies in the mean time had talked over the situation, but were unable to see what they were to do with a man who insisted on forcing his way into their house. Their treatment would have been easy enough if it had not been for Minnie. She insisted that they should not be unkind to him. He had saved her life, she said, and she could not treat him with rudeness. Lady Dalrymple was in despair, and Mrs. Willoughby at her wit's end, while Ethel, to whom the circumstance was made known, was roused by it from her sadness, and tried to remonstrate with Minnie. All her efforts, however, were as vain as those of her friends. Minnie could not be induced to take any decided stand. She insisted on seeing him whenever he called, on the ground that it would be unkind not to.

"And will you insist on seeing Girasole also?" asked Mrs. Willoughby.

"I don't know. I'm awfully sorry for him," said Minnie.

"Well, then, Captain Kirby will be here next. Of course you will see him?"

"I suppose so," said Minnie, resignedly.

"And how long do you think this sort of thing can go on? They'll meet, and blood will be shed."

"Oh dear! I'm afraid so."

"Then I'm not going to allow it. I've telegraphed to papa. He'll see whether you are going to have your own way or not."

"I'm sure I don't see what dear papa can do."

"He won't let you see those horrid men."

"He won't be cruel enough to lock me up in the house. I do wish he would come and take me away. I don't want them. They're all horrid."

"This last one—this Gunn—is the most terrible man I ever saw."

"Oh, Kitty dearest! How *can* you say so? Why, his rudeness and violence are perfectly irresistible. He's charming. He bullies one so deliciously."

Mrs. Willoughby at this turned away in despair.

Minnie's very peculiar situation was certainly one which required a speedy change. The forced entrance of the Baron had thrown consternation into the family. Ethel herself had been roused, and took a part in the debate. She began to see Minnie in a new light, and Hawbury's attention to her began to assume the appearance of a very mournful joke. To her mind Minnie was now the subject of desperate attention from five men.

Thus :

1. Lord Hawbury.
2. Count Girasole.
3. Scone Dacres.
4. Baron Atramonte.
5. Captain Kirby, of whom Mrs. Willoughby had just told her.

And of these, four had saved her life, and consequently had the strongest possible claims on her.

And the only satisfaction which Ethel could gain out of this was the thought that Hawbury, at least, had not saved Minnie's life.

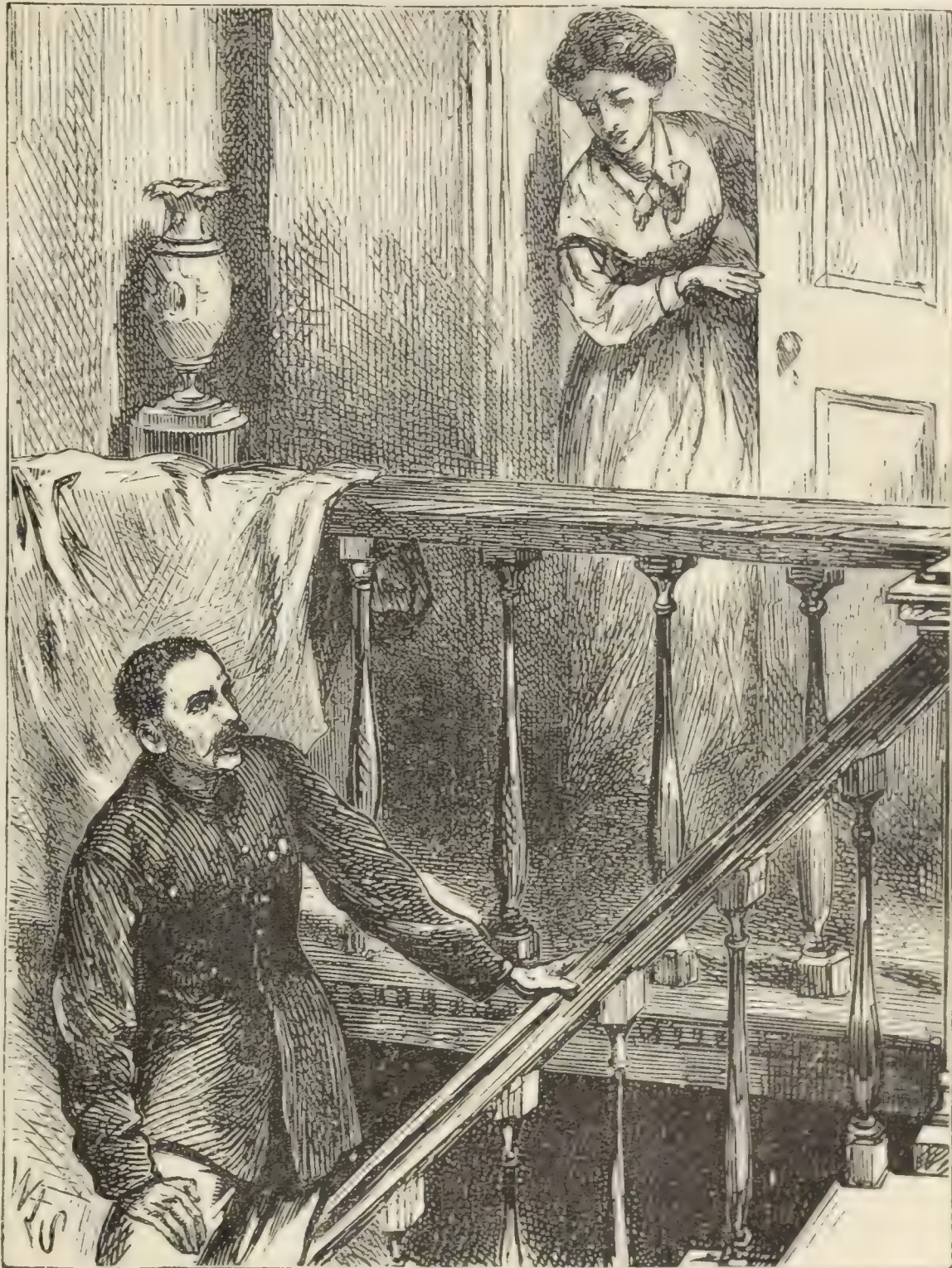
And now to proceed.

The Baron called, as has been said, on the following day. This time he did not bring the Reverend Saul with him. He wished to see Minnie alone, and felt the presence of third persons to be rather unpleasant.

On reaching the place he was told, as before, that the ladies were not at home.

Now the Baron remembered that on the preceding day the servant had said the same, while all the time the ladies were home. He was charitably inclined to suppose that it was a mistake, and not a deliberate lie; and, as he was in a frame of good-will to mankind, he adopted this first theory.

"All right, young man," said he; "but as



"MIN, IT'S ME!"

you lied yesterday—under a mistake—I prefer seeing for myself to-day."

So the Baron brushed by the servant, and went in. He entered the room. No one was there. He waited a little while, and thought. He was too impatient to wait long. He could not trust these lying servants. So he determined to try for himself. Her room was up stairs, somewhere in the story above.

So he went out of the room, and up the stairs, until his head was on a level with the floor of the story above. Then he called :

"Min!"

No answer.

"MIN!" in a louder voice.

No answer.

"MIN! it's ME!" still louder.

No answer.

"MIN!" a perfect yell.

At this last shout there was a response. One of the doors opened, and a lady made her appearance, while at two other doors appeared two maids. The lady was young and beautiful, and her face was stern, and her dark eyes looked indignantly toward the Baron.

"Who are you?" she asked, abruptly; "and what do you want?"

"Me? I'm the Baron Atramonte; and I want Min. Don't you know where she is?"

"Who?"

"Min."

"Min?" asked the other, in amazement.

"Yes. My Min—Minnie, you know. Minnie Fay."

At this the lady looked at the Baron with utter horror.

"I want her."

"She's not at home," said the lady.

"Well, really, it's too bad. I must see her. Is she out?"

"Yes."

"Really? Honor bright now?"

The lady retired and shut the door.

"Well, darn it all, you needn't be so peppy," muttered the Baron. "I didn't say any thing. I only asked a civil question. Out, hey? Well, she must be this time. If she'd been in, she'd have made her appearance. Well, I'd best go out and hunt her up. They don't seem to me altogether so cordial as I'd like to have them. They're just a leetle too 'ristocratic."

With these observations to himself, the Baron descended the stairs, and made his way to the door. Here he threw an engaging smile upon the servant, and made a remark which set the other on the broad grin for the remainder of the day. After this the Baron took his departure.

The Baron this time went to some stables, and reappeared in a short time mounted upon a gallant steed, and careering down the Corso. In due time he reached the Piazza del Popolo, and then he ascended the Pincian Hill. Here he rode about for some time, and finally his perseverance was rewarded. He was looking down from the summit of the hill upon the Piazza below, when he caught sight of a barouche, in which were three ladies. One of these sat on the front seat, and her white face and short golden hair seemed to indicate to him the one he sought.

In an instant he put spurs to his horse, and rode down the hill as quick as possible, to the great alarm of the crowds who were going up and down. In a short time he had caught up with the carriage. He was right. It was the right one, and Minnie was there, together with Lady Dalrymple and Mrs. Willoughby. The ladies, on learning of his approach, exhibited no emotion. They were prepared for this, and resigned. They had determined that Minnie should have no more interviews with him indoors; and since they could not imprison her altogether, they would have to submit for the present to his advances. But they were rapidly becoming desperate.

Lord Hawbury was riding by the carriage as the Baron came up.

"Hallo!" said he to the former. "How do? and *how* are you all? Why, I've been hunting

all over creation. Well, Minnie, how goes it? Feel lively? That's right. Keep out in the open air. Take all the exercise you can, and eat as hard as you can. You live too quiet as a general thing, and want to knock around more. But we'll fix all that, won't we, Min, before a month of Sundays?"

The advent of the Baron in this manner, and his familiar address to Minnie, filled Hawbury with amazement. He had been surprised at finding him with the ladies on the previous day, but there was nothing in his demeanor which was at all remarkable. Now, however, he noticed the very great familiarity of his tone and manner toward Minnie, and was naturally amazed. The Baron had not confided to him his secret, and he could not understand the cause of such intimacy between the representatives of such different classes. He therefore listened with inexpressible astonishment to the Baron's language, and to Minnie's artless replies.

Minnie was sitting on the front seat of the barouche, and was alone in that seat. As the gentlemen rode on each side of the carriage her face was turned toward them. Hawbury rode back, so that he was beside Lady Dalrymple; but the Baron rode forward, on the other side, so as to bring himself as near to Minnie as possible. The Baron was exceedingly happy. His happiness showed itself in the flush of his face, in the glow of his eyes, and in the general exuberance and all-embracing swell of his manner. His voice was loud, his gestures demonstrative, and his remarks were addressed by turns to each one in the company. The others soon gave up the attempt to talk, and left it all to the Baron. Lady Dalrymple and Mrs. Willoughby exchanged glances of despair. Hawbury still looked on in surprise, while Minnie remained perfectly calm, perfectly self-possessed, and conversed with her usual simplicity.

As the party thus rode on they met a horseman, who threw a rapid glance over all of them. It was Girasole. The ladies bowed, and Mrs. Willoughby wished that he had come a little before, so that he could have taken the place beside the carriage where the Baron now was. But the place was now appropriated, and there was no chance for the Count. Girasole threw a dark look over them, which rested more particularly on Hawbury. Hawbury nodded lightly at the Count, and didn't appear to take any further notice of him. All this took up but a few moments, and the Count passed on.

Shortly after they met another horseman. He sat erect, pale, sad, with a solemn, earnest glow in his melancholy eyes. Minnie's back was turned toward him, so that she could not see his face, but his eyes were fixed upon Mrs. Willoughby. She looked back at him and bowed, as did also Lady Dalrymple. He took off his hat, and the carriage rolled past. Then he turned and looked after it, bareheaded, and Minnie caught sight of him, and smiled and bowed. And then in a few moments more the crowd swallowed up Scone Dacres.

The Baron thus enjoyed himself in a large, exuberant fashion, and monopolized the conversation in a large, exuberant way. He outdid himself. He confided to the ladies his plans for the regeneration of the Roman Church and the Roman State. He told stories of his adventures in the Rocky Mountains. He mentioned the state of his finances, and his prospects for the future. He was as open, as free, and as communicative as if he had been at home, with fond sisters and admiring brothers around him. The ladies were disgusted at it all; and by the ladies I mean only Mrs. Willoughby and Lady Dalrymple. For Minnie was not—she actually listened in delight. It was not conventional. Very well. Neither was the Baron. And for that matter, neither was she. He was a child of nature. So was she. His rudeness, his aggressiveness, his noise, his talkativeness, his egotism, his confidences about himself—all these did not make him so very disagreeable to her as to her sister and aunt.

So Minnie treated the Baron with the utmost complaisance, and Hawbury was surprised, and Mrs. Willoughby and Lady Dalrymple were disgusted; but the Baron was delighted, and his soul was filled with perfect joy. Too soon for him was this drive over. But the end came, and they reached the hotel. Hawbury left them, but the Baron lingered. The spot was too sweet, the charm too dear—he could not tear himself away.

In fact, he actually followed the ladies into the house.

"I think I'll just make myself comfortable in here, Min, till you come down," said the Baron. And with these words he walked into the reception-room, where he selected a place on a sofa, and composed himself to wait patiently for Minnie to come down.

So he waited, and waited, and waited—but Minnie did not come. At last he grew impatient. He walked out, and up the stairs, and listened.

He heard ladies' voices.

He spoke.

"Min!"

No answer.

"MIN!" louder.

No answer.

"MIN! HALLO-O-O-O!"

No answer.

"MIN!" a perfect shout.

At this a door was opened violently, and Mrs. Willoughby walked out. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes glanced fire.

"Sir," she said, "this is intolerable! You must be intoxicated. Go away at once, or I shall certainly have you turned out of the house."

And saying this she went back, shut the door, and locked it.

The Baron was thunder-struck. He had never been treated so in his life. He was cut to the heart. His feelings were deeply wounded.

"Darn it!" he muttered. "What's all this for? I ain't been doing any thing."

He walked out very thoughtfully. He couldn't understand it at all. He was troubled for some time. But at last his buoyant spirit rose superior to this temporary depression. To-morrow would explain all, he thought. Yes, to-morrow would make it all right. To-morrow he would see Min, and get her to tell him what in thunder the row was. She'd have to tell, for he could never find out. So he made up his mind to keep his soul in patience.

That evening Hawbury was over at the Baron's quarters, by special invitation, and the Baron decided to ask his advice. So in the course of the evening, while in the full, easy, and confidential mood that arises out of social intercourse, he told Hawbury his whole story—beginning with the account of his first meeting with Minnie, and his rescue of her, and her acceptance of him, down to this very day, when he had been so terribly snubbed by Mrs. Willoughby. To all this Hawbury listened in amazement. It was completely new to him. He wondered particularly to find another man who had saved the life of this quiet, timid little girl.

The Baron asked his advice, but Hawbury declined giving any. He said he couldn't advise any man in a love-affair. Every man must trust to himself. No one's advice could be of any avail. Hawbury, in fact, was puzzled, but he said the best he could. The Baron himself was fully of Hawbury's opinion. He swore that it was truth, and declared the man that followed another's advice in a love-affair was a "darned fool that didn't deserve to win his gal."

There followed a general conversation on things of a different kind. The Baron again discoursed on church and state. He then exhibited some curiosities. Among other things a skull. He used it to hold his tobacco. He declared that it was the skull of an ancient Roman. On the inside was a paper pasted there, on which he had written the following:

"Oh, I'm the skull of a Roman bold
That fit in the ancient war;
From East to West I bore the flag
Of S. P. Q. and R.

"In East and West, and North and South,
We made the nations fear us—
Both Nebuchadnezzar and Hannibal,
And Pharaoh too, and Pyrrhus.

"We took their statutes from the Greeks,
And lots of manuscripts too;
We set adrift on his world-wide tramp
The original wandering Jew.

"But at last the beggarly Dutchman came,
With his lager and sauerkraut;
And wherever that beggarly Dutchman went
He made a terrible rout.

"Wo ist der Deutscher's Vaterland?
Is it near the ocean wild?
Is it where the feathery palm-trees grow?
Not there, not there, my child.

"But it's somewhere down around the Rhine;
And now that Bismarck's come,
Down goes Napoleon to the ground,
And away goes the Pope from Rome!"

THE "HORRORS OF SAN DOMINGO."



Journalist

CUBA is called the Queen of the Antilles. Close by her throne, and nearer the morning sun, sits the right royal princess, San Domingo, not less rich, beautiful, and seductive, and sharing with her Majesty the wooings of suitors.

That famous island, fertile in every thing that grows in the tropics, abounding in metals and minerals, with broad valleys and sunny savannas of exquisite beauty, and mountains rising sometimes more than seven thousand feet above the bosom of the ocean, and covered with magnificent forests of the richest cabinet woods, is blessed with a salubrity of climate which makes existence there a perfect joy.

From the moment when Columbus discovered that island, and the inhabitants believed he had descended from the skies, until the

President of our republic sent a commission there to spy out its attractions, it has been a coveted spot.

For almost seventy years the civilized world has held the negro population of that island to be only restrained human fiends, whose race was wholly responsible for those terrible events there vaguely comprehended under the title of the "horrors of San Domingo." It has been the ungenerous task of a class of writers and speakers in this country, from the time of the Ninth Congress, to alarm the timid and uninformed people with the cry of "horrors of San Domingo" whenever a proposition was made to educate the slaves, or to elevate them to the dignity of freemen and citizens. They have declaimed vehemently about the "natural ferocity of the negro" when left to uncontrolled

freedom of action, and pointed to the "horrors of San Domingo" as an illustration. They have falsified history by representing the patriot and martyr Toussaint L'Ouverture, the black general-in-chief of San Domingo seventy years ago, as the high-priest at the altar of sacrifice, whereon perished thousands of innocent white people of the island. They have painted the conduct of the blacks there in the most hideous colors, without a pleasant tint to relieve the eye of the horrified beholder, while they have indicated in faintest outline the provocations which excited the negroes to savage deeds. They have carefully concealed the fact that the "horrors of San Domingo" are quite as fairly chargeable to the "natural ferocity" of the white race as to that of the negro race. I propose to illustrate that fact in this paper by an inside view of affairs in that island at the beginning of this century—partly given me by oral communications from the late Admiral Charles Stewart, of our navy, in the summer of 1863, and partly by a series of letters from Cape Français (now Cape Haytien), written in the year 1802 by a Philadelphia lady to Aaron Burr, then Vice-President of the United States. Stewart was then a midshipman in our navy, about twenty-three years of age, on duty in the West Indies, and on intimate terms with many of the French and creole officers at the Cape.

A glance at the antecedent history of San Domingo seems necessary for an intelligent comprehension of the events at the period in question. Let us see.

Almost as guileless as the cultivators of Eden in their purity, and as kind as good angels, were the inhabitants of San Domingo when Spanish eyes first looked upon it, and Spanish lips first changed its aboriginal name of Hayti, or mountainous. "These people," Columbus wrote for the ears of his sovereigns, "love their neighbors as themselves; their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied by a smile. I swear to your Majesties there is not in the world a better nation or a better land."

The strange tidings spread through the Spanish court. The Satan of Spanish avarice was aroused and coveted that goodly land, for there were rumors of gold among its lofty hills. In less than three years Spanish adventurers, by no means heavenly in their natures, were seated upon the northern verge of the island; and in their eager haste for riches and vigorous search for gold they soon destroyed the loving natives, whom they made their slaves, by hard work and cruel treatment in the mines. This was the first of the "horrors of San Domingo." Among the murderers was that Cortéz who afterward, in search of other mines and their products, carried unutterable woe into Mexico. Castilians took the place of the gentler people, and became numerous. They also grew rich upon the labor of other slaves—negroes from Africa.

Two hundred years rolled away, and the Satan of French covetousness looked wishfully upon

the island from afar. Gallic buccaneers, who hovered upon Tortugas, near, and upon the northern coasts of San Domingo, where their vices made them a disgrace to human nature, asked Louis the Fourteenth for government protection in exchange for a part of their winnings in the profession of robbery. A governor was quickly sent, with a French flag, some French soldiers, and a few French cannon, and Louis took the bribe. The freebooters and the soldiers took possession of the western portion of the island, and called it Hayti, the original name of the whole country. The Spaniards frowned, but to no purpose. The French had Might, the supple champion of royalty, on their side, and laughed at the impotent anger of the Castilians. Immigrants came from France. Population and wealth rapidly increased; and toward the close of another century one-half of the sugar used in Europe was made in San Domingo.

When almost another century had passed away since the buccaneer conquest the French portion of the island contained half a million souls. Of these a little more than thirty-eight thousand were white people, nearly twenty-eight thousand were free people of color, mostly mulattoes, and the remainder were negro slaves. Many of the mulattoes owned large estates. Not a few had been liberally educated in France, and many households were models of elegance and refinement, wherein happily dwelt young Frenchmen with beautiful quadroon wives. But the free people of color were excluded from all the political privileges accorded to the white inhabitants.

When the revolutionary cry of liberty, equality, and fraternity came over the sea from volcanic France, the white islanders eagerly echoed it, and sent deputies to the National Assembly. The proscribed free people of color, stirred with a hope of emancipation, and equally loyal to the new government, asked to be admitted to the vaunted fraternity. Their demand was not only rejected with scorn, but the dusky Lacombe, who had been thought worthy of a place at the table of Counts Maurepas and Vergennes, in the mother country, was hanged for his impertinence in presenting to the colonial Legislature of San Domingo a petition asking the rights of citizenship for his class; and pale Boudière was torn in pieces by a French mob for offering a similar petition in behalf of the proscribed race.

Insult and outrage aroused the slumbering hatred of the mulattoes into fearful action. Vincent Ogé, who in France had associated on terms of equality with Lafayette and his revolutionary compeers, soon stood at the head of a small armed force of mulattoes, and respectfully but boldly demanded a recognition of the political equality of his mixed race, but did not go so far as to ask the like boon for the tens of thousands of the darker toilers there who were his brethren and bond-slaves. That was in the autumn of 1790. Ogé's aspirations, so manifested, were terribly punished. He and his

brother were tortured to death by being broken upon a wheel in the most cruel manner, and a large number of his armed followers were murdered by order of the French authorities of the island.

These "horrors of San Domingo" shocked the sensibilities of the European French, and the famous society of *Les Amis des Noirs*—the Friends of the Blacks—procured a decree by the National Convention in May, 1791, which declared that the people of color in San Domingo born of free parents were entitled to all the privileges of French citizens. The mulattoes rejoiced, but the intelligent slaves, who, inspired by the wild cry of freedom that came from the French democracy, had dared to hope for emancipation, were disappointed and made sullen because of the partiality shown to their mongrel brethren. The slave-holders were alarmed, for they saw in the decree a prelude to either general emancipation or fearful insurrections; and they unwisely induced the colonial governor to suspend the operations of that decree until they could appeal to the home government.

This interference greatly exasperated the free colored population, and they were about to take up arms and kindle a fierce civil war, when a new element of trouble appeared. The slaves arose in insurrection, but were loth to affiliate with the mulattoes. The white people were alarmed beyond measure by the double menace, for it was an armed protest of more than 400,000 persons against the injustice of less than 40,000. The terrified French quickly consented to the demands of the mulattoes in order to keep them quiet and friendly, and the malcontents were peaceable for a while. That was in September, 1791.

Meanwhile the voice of the planters against the decree of May had been potential in the National Assembly. The decree was repealed. When that unwelcome news reached San Domingo it created the most fearful agitation. The mulattoes flew to arms, and some of them speedily coalesced with the insurgent negroes. The French faced the terrible calamity with the greatest fortitude and courage, and so was begun a civil war which was carried on for several years with the greatest ferocity by both parties.

At this juncture an extraordinary person emerged from obscurity. It was Francis Dominique Toussaint, a negro of pure blood, and grandson of an African prince. He was a small, slender man, who was so thin in his boyhood that he was called "the little lath." He was now between forty and fifty years of age, and had been all his life a slave on the estate of the Count de Noé, whose manager, M. Bayou de Libertas, had educated him, and placed him in positions of trust. He was studious, thoughtful, and religious. He warmly sympathized with his enslaved race in their attitude of armed combatants for their own freedom. He had read with profound interest the Abbé Raynal's

essays on the multifarious evil effects of slavery, and had long pondered peaceful schemes for the emancipation of his race in San Domingo. He was yet powerfully impressed by Raynal's pictures of the great wrong; and in the servile insurrection which now invited his co-operation he thought he saw a way opened through a Red Sea by which his people might pass to a land of liberty.

Toussaint's soul glowed with an intense desire to assist in the liberation of his people, and so soon as he could secure the safety of M. Bayou, his benefactor, and that of his family and some personal property, he joined the insurgent blacks. His delay had excited their suspicions and displeasure. They now received him with open arms. His knowledge of the medicinal properties of the flora of the island caused his immediate employment in the medical department. His military genius, hitherto unsuspected, was quickly developed, and he was promoted first to the staff of his chief, and then to the rank of a brigadier-general. It was not long before he was acknowledged to be superior in martial ability to the other black commanders, who were either incompetent or ferocious and cruel. Very soon San Domingo presented a most pitiful spectacle. The beautiful princess of the Antilles was made to bleed from a thousand wounds. Her radiant beauty was marred by the iron heel of War, and her rich garments were trailed in the dust and cinders of fiery Discord.

French commissioners were sent from time to time to quench the flames of civil war, if possible, by mediation; but they were unsuccessful. Even the white inhabitants, divided into royalist and republican factions as fierce as those in France, were irreconcilable enemies. The black leaders, regarding the National Convention as their foe, took the royalist side after the beheading of Louis the Sixteenth, in 1793, and, accepting the proffered aid of the King of Spain, refused to listen to propositions from the republican government of France.

Very soon new troubles appeared, which finally produced beneficent results. The Spaniards and the English invaded the western part of the island. The latter captured the whole western coast, seized Port-au-Prince, the capital, and besieged the French governor, General Laveaux, and his troops in Port-de-Paix. This was the last stronghold held by the French, and it was in imminent danger, for the garrison was weakened by disease and famine. Woeful was now the plight of San Domingo! Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, mulattoes, and blacks were contending for the mastery. The latter were overwhelming in numbers; and when the English invasion was threatened, the French commissioners resolved to conciliate them by a proclamation of universal freedom. That was done in August, 1793. In February following the National Convention confirmed the acts of the commissioners, formally guaranteed the freedom of all the inhabitants of the French

colony, and made Hayti an integral part of France.

Toussaint, whose sole object in joining his insurgent people was to secure their freedom, saw in this guarantee of a great nation the only chance for the accomplishment of his holy purpose. He relied upon the faith of France. If her government in San Domingo should be firmly established, he believed that the emancipation of his race would be fully secured. He was then virtual commander-in-chief of the black forces. He openly declared his fealty to France, and formed a junction with the little army under the governor. So energetically and successfully did he work to bring all parties to the same conclusion that General Laveaux exclaimed, "*Mais cet homme fait ouverture partout*"—But this man opens the way every where. From that time he was called by the name of L'Ouverture—The Opening—and he is known in history as Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Toussaint now entered upon a campaign against the enemies of the French with great vigor. The English and Spanish united to oppose him, and some of the mulattoes refused to join the blacks. But Toussaint's troops (numbering far less than the allies) looked upon him as almost an inspired leader, and followed him with enthusiasm. He won victories every where. The Spaniards were subdued, after a long contest, and expelled; and in 1796 Toussaint was appointed by Sonthanax, the French commissioner, commander-in-chief of the whole island of San Domingo, which was then, by treaty, a French possession. In 1797 he drove the English into the sea, and being then virtually governor of the whole insular domain, he restored peace and order, and took measures to establish the industries of the island upon a prosperous footing. Commerce and agriculture were revived; and, while he sought by just means to benefit his own race, the rights of the white people were scrupulously maintained. Their estates were restored, and their persons and property were protected.

But while Toussaint was so laboring benevolently and patriotically, he was opposed and misrepresented by Hédouville, a new commissioner, who became intensely jealous of the negro chief because of his growing popularity. He sowed seeds of bitter discord between Toussaint and Rigaud, the jealous and ambitious leader of the mulattoes, whom he officially freed from the control of the general-in-chief, and so prepared the elements of another civil war. Having thoroughly rooted this mischief, Hédouville hastened to France, and laid complaints against Toussaint before the Directory. The general had already sent a true statement of the condition of public affairs on the island, which the government accepted. Toussaint was justified, and Hédouville was censured. But the civil war broke out, and raged fearfully between the blacks and mulattoes nearly the whole of the year 1799, when the latter were subdued, and their chief fled to France.

In this work Toussaint was ably helped by Desalines, a native of Guinea, who, though uneducated, had been raised to the rank of lieutenant-general. He was brave, active, and cruel, and thousands of the mulattoes were slaughtered by his orders, in spite of the remonstrances of Toussaint.

The new French commissioner in place of Hédouville was treacherous to France, San Domingo, and humanity. He was in secret league with the planters in devising means for the re-establishment of slavery, and he attempted to give official countenance to the slave-trade. Toussaint, satisfied that his presence was dangerous to the peace of his country, sent him to France, and late in 1800 took possession of the eastern part of the island, whose inhabitants were yet in allegiance to Spain. He assumed the government of all San Domingo, and was working wisely and successfully in the establishment of a happy and prosperous republic, when a blow from an unexpected quarter destroyed all his bright hopes of liberty, equality, and fraternity for his race in the Antilles.

Toussaint had proceeded to organize a civil government by choosing an administrative council composed of nine men, eight of whom were white proprietors of estates, and one was a mulatto. He also determined to establish a constitutional government. An admirable instrument for that purpose was drawn up by his council, in which he was named president for life; the authority of France was acknowledged; no distinction was made between the citizens on account of race or color; and free trade was established. This constitution Toussaint sent, with an autograph letter, to Bonaparte, then First Consul of France—in other words, an almost irresponsible dictator by the grace of bayonets. The usurper's court was then beset by swarms of refugee planters clamoring loudly for the restoration of slavery in San Domingo. His wife, Josephine, a native of the Antilles, was an eloquent pleader for their cause. The treaty of peace at Amiens had just closed the Continental war, and there were thousands of unemployed soldiers ready to oppose the ambitious designs of the selfish adventurer. He had won no renown in Hayti, for the black race there had achieved their freedom without his countenance. The praises bestowed upon Toussaint as a military leader aroused that mean jealousy of rivals in applause for which Bonaparte was conspicuous; and the comparisons which had been freely drawn between him and the black hero excited his cruel animosity. His haughty pride was offended because Toussaint had established a government and was made ruler for life, without previous suggestions from the Corsican.

On considering these things Bonaparte resolved to please the Haytian planters, employ dangerous soldiers, and crush the great black leader, who was innocently sharing with him the world's applause. So when Vincent, the bearer of Toussaint's constitution to the pres-

ence of the First Consul, laid it before him, Bonaparte's instant and angry reply was, "He is a revolted slave whom we must punish. The honor of France is outraged." His obsequious council, or legislature, of Paris, passed an act, and he issued a decree, for the restoration of the French colonies to their condition before the year 1789. This would re-establish slavery in San Domingo, and blot out the name of Toussaint L'Ouverture from the list of ruling magistrates.

Bonaparte's chosen instrument for the commission of his meditated crime in San Domingo was his brother-in-law, General Le Clerc. He was a man of brilliant genius, small in stature, and winning in deportment, and had lately married Bonaparte's favorite sister, the beautiful and fascinating Pauline, to whom the First Consul had given San Domingo as a marriage-portion. With almost thirty thousand veteran troops and full sixty war vessels he sailed for San Domingo late in 1801, taking with him his wife and infant boy. Among his commanders were Rigaud, the fugitive mulatto just mentioned, and Boyer and Petion, also mulattoes, and all sons of French planters in San Domingo, who had them educated in France. They were enemies of Toussaint, and eager to deprive him of his well-earned power.

The expedition arrived on the coast of San Domingo in January, 1802. Without making a formal declaration of war, Le Clerc, confident in his strength, attempted to enter Cape Français (now Cape Haytien), on the northern coast of the island, while his ships blocked the mouth of the harbor. The Cape, as it was usually called, was then a fine city of about twenty thousand inhabitants, chiefly French and creoles. Christophe, a pure negro, and formerly a slave, was then one of the most trusted of Toussaint's commanders. He was governor of that northern province, and was in the city when the invaders appeared and demanded an instant surrender of the place. Christophe asked for two days' delay, that he might consult Toussaint, when Le Clerc contemptuously granted him but half an hour. Anticipating this, Christophe had, the day before, sent all the white men out to the plain in the rear of the city, where they might be watched by his black troops. Now he mounted his horse, and rode through the town, ordering the women and children to flee to the mountains near by, for he was going to burn the city.

The scene that followed this order was a most pitiable one, according to the account of Admiral Stewart, who was there. The women, seizing such light articles of value as they could carry away, were seen hurrying with children in their arms, and sometimes little frightened flocks following, while others were supporting the tottering steps of mothers and grandmothers, as all climbed in crowds the mountain that rises immediately behind the city. Toilsome and perilous was that flight among sharp rocks and sharper brambles, where no path had ever been beaten. Many a tender foot left its print upon leaves

or stones in blood. Many who had never known hunger or thirst were soon tortured by their insatiate demands; and all were oppressed with the most dreadful anxieties for the fate of their fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons, who were in the hands of the blacks on the plain. These horrors were heightened by the smoke and flame of the conflagration of the city, which Christophe had kindled with his own hands. Still more horrible was the effect of the explosion of a magazine near the summit of the heights, by which large masses of rocks were detached, and went thundering down the side of the mountain, making fearful lanes through the thick ranks of the fugitives, maiming and killing scores of them. Two days afterward the blacks evacuated the place, and the French fleet entered the harbor. French troops marched into the town, and the white people on the plain and the mountain flocked in, and filled the air with voices of lamentation over their smoking homes. It was soon after this calamity had fallen upon Cape Français that the fair correspondent of Burr alluded to, with her sister, the wife of a creole officer, arrived and took up her abode in one of the many dwellings which the fire had spared.

Le Clerc's confidence in what he supposed to be his overwhelming military strength was soon dissipated. He found unexpected resistance at all points, instead of meek submission. Toussaint had able assistants in the field; and his people, now compelled to battle for their own freedom again, presented most formidable antagonists. The French general was made to doubt the ability of his force to execute the crime ordered by his master, and so, under instructions from that master, who had provided for such a contingency, Le Clerc resorted to the arts of low diplomacy, in which intrigue, cunning, falsehood, and dissimulation are prime elements. He had brought with him, as hostages, two sons of Toussaint, who had been educated in France. These were sent to their father with a letter from Bonaparte and another from Le Clerc, in both of which were mingled flattery and menace. It was hoped that these letters and the influence of the sons might induce the black chieftain to submit. On the contrary, he was made more determined by the shallow covering of foul dishonesty. He loved his sons tenderly, but he loved his country more than they or his own life, and he would not sacrifice it for any earthly consideration. He refused to listen to any proposition that involved the re-enslavement of his race, and he sent back his sons with a refusal to negotiate except on terms of absolute freedom for his people.

The baffled and irritated Le Clerc now declared Toussaint and his generals to be outlaws. Fearful and destructive conflicts ensued, in which full one-third of the French forces engaged were killed or wounded. The French seized the sea-ports; but the blacks held the mountains, from whose fastnesses dusky guerrilla bands under Dessalines swooped down and destroyed the invaders in detail. It was soon evident that the

black islanders could not be subdued by arms, and finesse was again resorted to. A truce was concluded, and a new decree went forth that San Domingo should be excepted from the operations of the act which restored the French colonies to their condition before 1789. This was intended to serve a temporary purpose. But the trick was successful in the hands of Le Clerc, who, at the same time, sought to win over to the French interest the black generals. He began with the powerful Christophe. With the most solemn assurances of sincerity he told that leader, in the name of Bonaparte, that the freedom of the blacks should be perpetual, and that personal honors and emoluments awaited him on his submission. He convinced him that with the guarantee of freedom for the blacks there was no longer a cause for war. The chief was deceived and yielded. Dessalines, who was more susceptible to flattery and promises of personal honors and indulgences, was easily persuaded to lay down his arms. To secure his fidelity he was made a French general, and governor of the southern portion of the island, where he lived in great state and sensual indulgence. He intrigued against Toussaint, and served Le Clerc with the most obsequious cheerfulness.

Toussaint was finally approached by the tempter. He was assured that if he would consent to peace and submission the liberty of the people of San Domingo would be secured; and with the most solemn oaths Le Clerc promised to leave the government of the island in that chieftain's hands, and he himself be only a representative of France by his side. He assured him that his black officers should be employed according to their rank, and his black troops should be placed upon a footing of equality with those of France.

Toussaint, deceived by Le Clerc's apparent candor and liberality, accepted his offers for the army and people, but refused to retain office for himself. And when, at the personal interview that followed, the black chieftain severely upbraided the French commander for causing such misery in his country by making war without first seeking a conference, Le Clerc, with well-feigned humility, acknowledged his fault, asked forgiveness, praised the generalship of his antagonist, and lauded his ability as a statesman. And so peace was restored. Toussaint retired to his estate, not far from Gonaives, and there, by precept and example, he began to teach his people to forget their calamities and engage in the arts of peace.

Bonaparte was not satisfied. His animosity against Toussaint could only be appeased by the destruction of the black patriot and the re-enslavement of his race. He ordered Le Clerc to abduct him and send him to France. This was a difficult and perilous task. He found no excuse in the conduct of Toussaint to warrant his arrest; so he ordered General Brunet to write him a friendly letter, and invite him to come to Gonaives for an hour's conference in relation to the welfare of the black troops, and

to bring his wife with him. Toussaint, unsuspecting of any thing wrong, went. It was early in June, 1802. His wife and daughter accompanied him. He was cordially received. After a short conversation Brunet left the room, when armed men entered, seized Toussaint, and, under cover of midnight darkness, put him on board of a French frigate, under a strong guard. His family were also seized and forced on board the same vessel, and his house was plundered of all its valuable property. This outrage occurred on the night of the arrival of Burr's correspondent at the Cape. "This event," she said, "caused great rejoicing." The consequences were terrible.

After the abduction of Toussaint a general disarming of the negroes began. The excitement among them because of the perfidy of the French was intense. There were some slight insurrections, which were only precursors of a terrific hurricane that followed. The negroes were weak in resources; but the increasing heat aided them, for the French soldiers could not endure it. Every day the number of insurgents increased, while the yellow fever, seizing the French troops, almost decimated the regiments. The blacks contemplated its progress with joy, as a manifestation that God was fighting for them. Had Christophe and Dessalines led them, they would have made short work of their oppressors. But the latter was then one of Le Clerc's most efficient instruments of cruelty. When, in August, Charles Bellair, a nephew of Toussaint, rose in insurrection on the heights of Artibonite, Dessalines, at the instance of Le Clerc, treacherously enticed him to his camp, and then had him murdered, with his wife and three hundred followers.

Le Clerc was equally cruel, and as his power became less, and his case more desperate, he appeared at times almost fiendish in his treatment of the unresisting negroes. Many, only suspected of intentions to rebel, were put into vessels, the captains of which were instructed to throw them overboard when out at sea. Other ships were prepared on purpose for their destruction. The prisoners were placed in the hold, the hatches were closed, and sulphur was burned below so as to suffocate the poor wretches. This atrocity the French openly avowed, and with their accustomed levity and gayety they called the act *départir en mer*—transporting into the sea. They also burned them over slow fires, and in every way tortured them most mercilessly. These cruelties made the loyalty to the French of Dessalines, Christophe, and other black chiefs of short duration. It was ended when, as Dessalines afterward solemnly declared, the French officers actually proposed to the negro chiefs to massacre the whole population of San Domingo, that the island might be colonized anew with natives of France! This extermination of half a million of people—men, women, and children—seemed to these men to be only a common act of policy. It was *policy* from beginning to end that impelled Bonaparte

—the real author of these new “horrors of San Domingo”—in his career of ruffianism in Europe, to lead a million and a quarter of men to slaughter. Is it surprising that the black chiefs, compelled to listen to such an infernal suggestion, should have harbored the most inveterate hatred of men pretending to be governed by a superior civilization, who were not ashamed to propose acts that the most unrestrained savages would shrink from with horror? And when dreadful retaliation and retribution followed awful cruelty and oppression, the hypocritical cant of French writers was abominable. They called the very men whom they tried to use as instruments of death and desolation “ferocious Africans” and “horrible barbarians.” It is from the pens of such men that we are indebted for the popular impression concerning the “horrors of San Domingo.”

While the cruelties of the French were exasperating the blacks, Le Clerc and his companions were disgusting the creoles—the native-born inhabitants descended from the French—by their extravagance, avarice, and haughtiness. They placed every position of trust in the hands of Europeans, appeared to regard the island as a place to be conquered and divided among the victors, and openly avowed that their chief desire was to make a fortune, and return to France as speedily as possible to enjoy it. The French officers lived in magnificent style, and displayed, in the midst of the terrible desolation and impending perils, the thoughtlessness, vices, and gayety of the French metropolis. Le Clerc actually caused gold and silver coin that had been provided for the pay of the army to be melted and formed into a superb service of plate for the gratification of himself and his coquettish, frivolous, and vain wife, who was constantly sighing for the delights of Paris, from which she had been drawn against her will. Meanwhile the poor soldiers, badly clothed, and still more badly fed, were asking alms in the streets, and some were actually starving from want. A beggar had never been seen in that country before, and their wretched appearance, as they swarmed in the streets, shocked the inhabitants, and drew forth bitter comments on the heartlessness of their commander-in-chief. But he did not seem to imagine that there could be any distress while he was enjoying the delights of French cookery with silver dishes.

The imperious Pauline was equally unpopular. She had been accustomed to hourly adulation and the most obsequious attentions, as a beautiful woman and the favorite sister of the ruler of France. She was offended because the ladies of the Cape (restrained on account of having lost their fine clothing in the late conflagration) did not immediately pay homage to her; and she passed much of her time in indolent dalliance with her lap-dog or some favorite among her husband's officers. Having heard of the arrival of American ladies at the Cape, and excited by curiosity, she expressed a desire to have them call upon her, expecting to see

beautiful demi-savages that would realize her romantic dreams. They went, escorted to the door by Midshipman Stewart and a lieutenant of the American navy. One of the ladies, in her letter to Burr, gave him the following vivid picture of Madame Le Clerc:

“She was in a room darkened by Venetian blinds, lying on her sofa covered with blue satin with silver fringe, from which she half rose to receive us. When we were seated she reclined again on the sofa, and amused General Boyer, who sat at her feet, by letting her slipper fall continually, which he respectfully put on as often as it fell. She is small, fair, with blue eyes and flaxen hair. Her face is expressive of sweetness, but without spirit. She has a voluptuous mouth, and is rendered interesting by an air of languor which spreads itself over her whole frame. She was dressed in a muslin morning-gown, with a Madras handkerchief on her head. I gave her one of the beautiful medals of Washington, engraved by Reich (who is employed by the Mint), with which she seemed much pleased. The conversation languished, and we soon withdrew.

“Madame Le Clerc, as I learned from a gentleman who has long known her, betrayed from her earliest youth a disposition to gallantry, and had, when very young, some adventures of *éclat* at Marseilles..... She has one child—a lovely boy, two years old—of which she appears very fond. But for a young and beautiful woman, accustomed to the sweets of adulation and the intoxicating delights of Paris, certainly the transition to this country, in its present state, has been too violent. She has no society, no amusement; and never having imagined that she would be forced to seek an equivalent for either in the resources of her own mind, she has made no provision for such an unseen emergency. She hates reading, and though passionately fond of music, plays on no instrument, never having stolen time from her pleasurable pursuits to devote to the acquisition of that divine art. She can do nothing but dance; and to dance alone is a *triste* resource; therefore it can not be surprising if her early propensities predominate, and she listens to the tale of love breathed by General Boyer, for never did a more fascinating votary offer his vows at the Idalian shrine. His form and face are models of masculine perfection, his eyes sparkle with enthusiasm, and his voice is modulated by a sweetness of expression which can not be heard without emotion. I suppose you will laugh at this gossip, but 'tis the news of the day. Nothing is talked of but Madame Le Clerc, and envy and ill-nature pursue her because she is charming and surrounded by splendor.”

We have observed that the loyalty of the black chiefs to the French was of short duration. The cruelty of the French officers soon excited a general insurrection, and Christophe, Dessalines, and Clerveaux speedily appeared at the head of the insurgents. They invested the

Cape, Le Clerc's head-quarters, and held all the plain and the mountains, while the French troops were rapidly wasting away in the fires of yellow fever. The insurgents at length attacked the Cape, and would have overcome the enfeebled garrison had not the creole National Guard and American officers and seamen in the town assisted. The negroes were driven back, but lost no ground. They only occupied their recent positions.

Le Clerc was now thoroughly alarmed, and his innate cowardice—the companion of cruelty—was conspicuous. He saw that all his plans of diplomacy and ferocity for a rehabilitation of the island had utterly failed, and that the vengeance of the negroes hung like a black thunder-cloud over his head. A few months before he had written a pompous letter to Bonaparte, declaring that he had subdued the island. Now he thought only of his own safety. He sent his plate and other valuable property on board the admiral's ship on the night after the attack on the town, and was preparing to abandon his fever-smitten soldiers and the inhabitants, and embark secretly with his suit, his wife, and child. The gallant Admiral La Fouché sent him word that he would fire with more pleasure on those who abandoned the town than on those who attacked it.

The streets were then resonant with the groans of the wounded and dying, and the wailings of their families; but the cowardly general-in-chief, unmindful of the miseries around him, caused by his wickedness, shut himself up in his house and refused to see any body. The fever seized him, and at the end of three days he was dead. That event occurred early in November, 1802. Pauline, who had never loved her husband while he was living, mourned his death most theatrically. Like the Ephesian matron, she cut off her very beautiful hair and cast it in the coffin with the embalmed body. She refused sustenance and consolation; and after starving herself nearly twenty-four hours, she put her jewels and other valuable articles, with her flaxen tresses, in the triple coffin for safety, dried her tears with her elegant Madras handkerchief, went on board of a French frigate, and sailed away joyfully for France. It was not long before she appeared in the gayest circles of the voluptuous capital; and two years later she married the Prince Borghese, one of the wealthiest and most accomplished men of Italy, from whom her follies soon separated her.

From his solitude in his house Le Clerc had sent sealed instructions to General Rochambeau, then at Port-au-Prince, to take command of all the troops on the island. At the same time the citizens of the Cape, alarmed by the conduct of Le Clerc, sent for the same officer. He arrived very soon after the general's death, and was greeted by the booming of cannon and the shouts of the people. He was a son of the Count de Rochambeau, the ally of Washington on the Virginia penin-

sula, in 1781. He was past fifty years of age, handsome, gay, and attractive. The people expected much benefit from the change, but were disappointed. Rochambeau was rapacious, licentious, and cruel. He regarded the creole population as the rightful ministers to his passions, and the negroes as proper subjects to become victims to his brutal instincts. He was overbearing and exacting toward the creoles, and devilish in his treatment of the blacks. He often levied contributions of money upon the former to support his extravagant and profligate living, in which he outdid Le Clerc. These burdens usually fell upon persons who had incurred the tyrant's displeasure. One of his victims, mentioned by Burr's correspondent, was an accomplished young creole, whose beautiful wife the general coveted, and whose sharp resentment he had felt. At ten o'clock one morning Rochambeau ordered the outraged husband to pay into the public treasury, on pain of death, \$20,000 before three o'clock in the afternoon. The money could not be raised by the victim himself, nor his friends, and before sunset he was in his grave—shot by a file of soldiers. The horror-stricken people dared not utter a word of remonstrance, and for some time there was a reign of terror. The creoles found that the army that had been sent for their protection was a fearful oppressor. The French used their houses and servants without leave and without recompense. The oppressed people wished for a return of the reign of Toussaint, for they were far less vexed by the blacks than by the French soldiers.

Rochambeau's treatment of the negroes was far more ferocious than that of Le Clerc. He burned, hanged, drowned, and tortured them by scores, sparing none on account of age or sex. He tortured to death Maurepas, the negro general, and his whole family; and he suffocated with smoke women and children, negro refugees from his wrath, concealed in a cave in the mountains. These atrocities set the negro population in a blaze of fury. They attacked the French posts every where on the coast, sometimes with success and sometimes without, and Dessalines began a war of extermination. He erected five hundred gibbets, and hung upon them half a French regiment that fell into his hands. He refused to give quarter every where, and the most terrible butcheries marked his course.

Meanwhile Rochambeau was growing weaker and weaker. Sickness and battle were thinning the ranks of his soldiers most fearfully. They were no longer able to go out from their fortifications to fight their assailants. Upon these fortifications they relied for protection, and upon the open harbors as avenues for supplies. Rochambeau also looked with hope for promised reinforcements, but they came slowly, and his avenues for supplies were suddenly closed. Bonaparte had perfidiously broken the peace of Amiens, and England was again at war

with France. Her war ships blockaded the ports of San Domingo, and so aided the blacks, who had full possession of the whole interior. That aid the English now gave cheerfully, as a war policy, notwithstanding the British government had repeatedly declared, only the year before, that no force that France could keep on San Domingo would be half so dangerous to the interests of the British West India colonies and of Great Britain as the existence of a black independent empire or republic. England abhorred slavery in the abstract, but that institution among her subjects must not be endangered.

The French were soon reduced to great distress, and Rochambeau was compelled to confine his defense to the Cape. The British cruisers intercepted his supplies, and the pestilence continued its fearful work. The victorious blacks, led by Dessalines, as chief, and Christophe and Clerveaux as his lieutenants, were pressing on in large numbers toward that last stronghold of their merciless foe. They soon captured all its outposts, with strong Fort Picolet. Despairing of success in a sortie, and unable to hold out much longer against famine and the fever, Rochambeau resolved to capitulate, on the terms of being allowed to carry off the garrison. This was about to be effected, when the British squadron, doubtless by Rochambeau's invitation, came into the harbor, when it was agreed that the French war ships and merchant vessels should be surrendered to the English admiral, and that the garrison should pass into the same hands as prisoners of war. So it was that the French escaped the fury of the insurgents.

Dessalines was disappointed; but after much hesitation he agreed not to disturb the French in their evacuation of the town. But when the troops were all embarked, and the French vessels that bore them tarried for favorable winds, it required all the persuasions of the British officers to prevent his opening the guns of the fortifications he had taken possession of upon them, and sending them and their hated passengers to the bottom of the waters of the harbor. At length he declared that if they did not quit the roads within twelve hours he would no longer keep his cannon silent. They departed, and then Dessalines, Christophe, and Clerveaux united in a proclamation, declaring the island free and independent of France. They promised protection to the white landowners who chose to remain upon their estates and "renounce their prejudices," but threatened inexorable cruelty to those who should again talk of restoring the system of slavery.

The expulsion of the French occurred in December, 1803. On the first of the following month the Haytian republic was proclaimed, and the army elected Dessalines Governor-General of the new nation. For a while he ruled with moderation. At length his animosity toward the white people was aroused, and he resumed the horrid work of exterminating them. Terrible events followed. The land was drench-

ed in the blood of the innocent; and when Dessalines fell under the assassin's stroke he left San Domingo a desolated and ruined though an independent state. Bonaparte's crime against human nature in attempting to re-establish slavery in San Domingo had resulted in the perishing there of 20,000 French soldiers and nearly 50,000 white inhabitants.

Such is an outline picture of the causes and character of the "horrors of San Domingo." One more "horror" remains to be added to the catalogue of the crimes of Bonaparte.

We have seen that Toussaint L'Ouverture was forcibly carried away to France by order of the First Consul. The vessel that bore him arrived at Brest in August, where he was placed in the hands of the police, separated from his wife and daughter forever, hurried off to Paris under a strong guard, and thrown into prison. He was denied an interview with Bonaparte or his ministers. He asked in vain what was the cause of his arrest. Without a trial he was speedily taken to the castle of St. Joux, in the department of Doubs, and locked in its dungeons, damp with the mould of many scores of years. There, in solitary confinement, without fire, with only glimmerings of light, with insufficient clothing, and daily food less than physicians pronounced sufficient to sustain life, the brave martyr, sixty years of age, was murdered by the slow torture of hunger and cold, by order of the liberticide about to assume the imperial purple. In vain he petitioned in touching words for a trial. The only notice he ever received from his persecutor was when he sent his Corsican secretary, Caffarelli, to demand of Toussaint where he had buried his treasure in San Domingo. "I have lost something more precious than money," was the meek and only reply of the famished prisoner. Then, seeing no hope for relief but in death, Toussaint began to prepare a written defense as well as his failing strength would allow. It was the weary work of dark winter days in the dim twilight of a dungeon cell. He sent it to the First Consul at the ides of March, 1803, but it received no notice. The venerable patriot was becoming troublesome by his impertinent appeals for justice, and orders were given to his jailer to reduce his pittance of food, that sharper starvation might quickly paralyze his hand and heart and brain. That jailer—the governor of the castle—went away for four days, late in April, leaving his almost exhausted prisoner without food or drink. When he came back the rats were gnawing the cold feet of the dead hero. Bonaparte's jealousy and animosity were appeased, and he crowned the awful deed of murder by starvation with the black falsehood which he caused to be proclaimed, that Toussaint L'Ouverture had died of apoplexy.

The "horrors of San Domingo" were fearful, but none were so diabolical as the treatment Toussaint L'Ouverture received at the hands of Napoleon Bonaparte.

ANTEROS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," "SWORD AND GOWN," "SANS MERCI,"
"BREAKING A BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

IT was not Ralph Atherstone's way to dally with a purpose once formed. Lena had just returned from her drive when he reached home; and he went straight to her boudoir, having ascertained that she was alone; yet, instead of broaching the object of his coming abruptly, he paved the way by inquiring about their engagements, and so forth; and, when enlightened on these points, he paused for a while, as if meditating.

"My dear," he said at last, "do you think you could afford me a six-weeks' leave? You expect your mother almost immediately, I know; and she's a much better *chaperon* than ever I can hope to be, though a matron of your standing hardly requires one. Wroughton has offered me the second rod on his Norway river; and I've a fancy to see the old fiords once more."

A startled look came into Lena's eyes.

"Norway?" she repeated, as if doubting whether she had heard aright.

A half-smile flitted across the Baron's face, which had not often been so lighted up of late.

"I suppose it sounds very far off; but, in reality, it is not so. It's straight steaming to Trondhjem; and a couple of days of cariole-work land you on the river. But, if I am wanted at home, do say so; nothing is settled yet. I wouldn't decide without consulting you."

Her fingers plucked nervously at the fringe of her mantle, and her voice faltered.

"I hardly know what to say. I should be too sorry to thwart any fancy of yours; and yet—"

Ralph was standing over against his wife, much as he had stood on that afternoon which decided their destinies; and now—even as he had done then—he drew nearer, and bent over her, less caressingly than protectingly.

"A fancy? Yes; but suppose I'd another fancy, my dear—a fancy that you have had somewhat too much of my company of late, and that you might tire of it less hereafter if you missed it for a while? Don't mistake me"—he went on hurriedly; for he saw her start and shiver—"I'm not grumbling or complaining. I've no more right to wonder at your finding my society sometimes dull, than at your finding Templestowe sometimes dreary. Thirty years' difference of age must needs tell; I always reckoned on it. And I see now no more hindrance to our being happy, in our own way, than I did eighteen months ago. But the best of friendships—and surely ours is of the best—are none the worse for short absences; and I think we might venture to try the experiment."

The grave, cold tone suited ill with the generous words. Yet, if Lena had chanced to look

up just then, she might have been saved from utter ruin, though not from guilt; for if she had marked the quiver of the stern lip, the wistful earnestness of the deep-set eyes, and the tenderness that softened the rugged features, there surely would have been stirred within her such an agony of remorse as she had never felt yet; and after that sharp pang might have come slow healing.

To have avowed all—had it been possible—would have profited little; for Ralph Atherstone's love did not cast out wrath, though it could cast out fear; and if there was no limit to his trust, there was a narrow limit to his capacity of forgiveness; nor, to save a hundred lives dear to him as Lena's, would he have stooped to condone a crime. But she might have cast herself on the broad breast that was still ready to receive her; and, resting her head there, might have vowed within herself a vow. And if she had kept the same thenceforth faithfully, it might have fared with her as well as it can ever fare with those who, if they escape from bondage, must carry fetter-galls to their grave. But that last chance was lost: her eyes were bent downward still; and if, during the next few seconds, the Tempter relaxed his hold, he never quite unloosed it.

"You are quite wrong," she murmured. "I never—" The falsehood died on her lips; they could only frame an evasion. "Could you not possibly take me?"

He shook his head.

"Quite impossible. Women must be prepared to rough it in the best of those lodges; and Wroughton's, I happen to know, are literally bachelor quarters. Besides, even in summer you can't depend on the humor of the North Sea. But it was a kindly thought, my dear—and I'm sure you meant it."

"Yes, I do mean it," she said, softly.

The words need not necessarily have been quite untrue. Obstacles, trivial as a lost horseshoe, an unsound axle, or a lagging time-piece, have, ere this, sufficed to arrest irreparable mischief; and, perchance, such a faint possibility was in the background here. It may be that in her mind there still lingered a vague idea—not amounting to a *désire*—of seeking safety through the only means that could secure it; though she had no strength left to fight, she might still have found strength to fly. But the good impulse was not stable enough to persist against denial; and, with a throb of guilty joy at her heart, Lena yielded to what in her blindness she deemed her fate. She never in so many words approved of the Norway scheme; but from that moment it was tacitly settled. And on this basis they went on to discuss, quite tranquilly, their future plans—Ralph promising to return home in good

time to accompany his wife to Kirkfell, where they were booked already.

Surprise does not at all express Mrs. Shafton's state of mind when, on her arrival forty-eight hours later, she was informed of the arrangement: indeed, discontent was so plainly written on her countenance that Lord Atherstone felt constrained to ask if the *chaperonage* of Lena would interfere with any engagements of her own.

"Not exactly that," Mrs. Shafton answered, reluctantly; "but—" She came to an awkward halt here.

"But what?" Ralph inquired, after waiting patiently for the conclusion of the sentence. His brows were knit, perhaps more in perplexity than in displeasure; but Mrs. Shafton interpreted the sign in the latter wise, and her heart began to quake. Now, as ever, she made small account of any difficulty or danger that could befall herself; but she was timid where Lena was concerned; and, though she liked him well, had always held her son-in-law in some dread.

"Nothing," she faltered at last; "only—won't people think it very odd?" And she came to another check.

The frown still lingered on Lord Atherstone's brow, though his lip was curling.

"People may think what they please," he retorted, "so long as Lena and I understand each other; and I believe we do that, thoroughly. When you've talked it over with her, I'm quite sure you'll be satisfied that it's a good arrangement."

The two did talk it over, in a sort of way; but Lena did not much allay her mother's scruples or misgivings. She merely observed that the scheme was none of her suggesting; and declined to discuss its expediency, on the ground that she had already done this with Lord Atherstone. And she only assented with a careless nod to Mrs. Shafton's entreaty, that "she would at least promise to be unusually careful."

The leave-taking of husband and wife, though kindly on both sides, was as calm and commonplace as you can conceive; for it was rare, indeed, that the feelings of the former ever rose to the surface, and the latter's hour of grace was past. Ralph Atherstone's lips lingered no longer on the broad white brow than the first time when they lighted there. Could he guess that, when he looked on it next, it would bear an open brand of shame?

Nevertheless, when these matters were discussed in after-time, it went hard with the Baron; and people were witty or severe, according to their temper, on the slackness of his guardianship; and some there were who, when his back was turned, scrupled not to cry, "wittol," "dullard," and harder names yet, if such there be—wearing, of course, to his face, looks of demurest sympathy. Perchance, many who read this story will be prone to range themselves in the same seat of the scornful; yet there is something to be said on the other side.

If manners are altered, men and women are much the same as when they in Camelot lived and sinned and suffered. After all, did Arthur's perfect trust impair his perfect honor? If any made mock thereof, they were not knights loyal as Gareth, or dames innocent as Enid; but rather traitors like to him who,

"Ever like a subtle beast,
Lay couchant, with his eyes upon the throne,
Ready to spring;"

or wantons like to her who triumphed in the woods of Broceliande. Remember, it was Vivien's gibe that stirred the wizard's cold blood to such loathing as almost saved him from the snare. Least of all, be sure, did Launcelot and Guinevere despise the "blameless king." And yet the crime, never noted by his clear pure eyes, was one

"Clamor'd by the child,
Not whisper'd in the corner."

I do not purpose to carry the parallel beyond a certain point. Besides courage, generosity, and uprightness, few elements of a hero of chivalry existed in Ralph Atherstone; neither could any specially lofty aspirations, or affairs of momentous import, excuse his thoughts for wandering from what concerned him more nearly. His folly, if you choose to call it so, was after the manner of his generation and the measure of his capacity; yet it was of such a sort as not even those who profited by it could deride. From first to last, Glynne never spoke slightly to Lena of her husband, or felt thoroughly at his ease in the other's presence.

As for her— Well, even in this life, and even by womankind, "varying and mutable," there is sometimes dealt justice, more even-handed than we suppose, to Gawain and Pelleas.

Are you weary of *Lyonnesse*? Perhaps not, if you think, with me, that it is scarce possible to read the *Idyls* so often as to find nothing to learn or to admire; even though the story—more's the pity—like that of *Cambuscan*, is thus far "left half told." Profit, surely, as well as pleasure, may be drawn from almost every page; nor will I admit that true and wise words have less power when wedded to sweet, solemn rhythm, than when conveyed in doggerel, grating like a handsaw. *Missa est apologia.*

CHAPTER XLII.

MARIAN ASHLEIGH was scarcely less astonished than Mrs. Shafton had been, when she was informed of her father-in-law's intentions, though she took the news much more tranquilly. The pursing of her lips, and the lifting of her brows, might signify disapproval; yet covert triumph sparkled in her eyes.

Unless I have wholly failed in sketching her character, these signs will not seem to you strange; but—lest any should be at a loss to interpret them—let us speak plainly at last.

From the moment that she heard of Lena Shafton as the future mistress of Templestowe, Marian had never ceased to regard her as an enemy, against whom all offensive measures were fair, and had never faltered in her purpose of lowering the usurper from her pride of place. She formed, at first, no set plan of action, but gradually developed it, moulding each chance and circumstance as it arose, and never holding her hand for pity, remorse, or shame. When she came to know Lena personally, her animosity neither increased nor diminished: it was the wife, not the woman, that she hated, and was prepared to sacrifice on grounds of purely political expediency. She would, doubtless, have attempted, sooner or later, in some fashion or another, to sow seeds of dissension at Templestowe, if her natural shrewdness, working out those hints of Kerneguy's, had not whispered that, in all probability, swifter and surer means would present themselves. After she heard of Caryl Glynne's appearance in Loamshire, she had never doubted as to the result; and the only fault in her calculations was the setting it at too long a date.

Had she been forced to give an account of her actions, she would have alleged that she had done nothing to hurry or change the course of events, but had simply let it flow on. And, it may be, in strict human justice, the plea would have held good. In these cases there is no "misprision of felony," and no formal penalty attaches to those who—themselves on firm ground—seeing one of their fellows sink, inch by inch, into the deadly quicksand, stir neither tongue nor finger. However, construed by another code, certain flaws might be found in such neutrality as Marian's.

Grant that she was not bound to take action on suspicion and probability. But remember, after that night when she played the spy at Erriswell, it would have been mere prevarication to question whether Ralph Atherstone's honor was imperiled; and, thenceforth, in holding her peace—to say nothing of furnishing opportunity—she willfully connived at crime. Rather liberal reading of neutrality, this.

Now, if any man had presumed to whisper into Marian Ashleigh's ear an unseemly word, she would have requited the offense with a cool contempt, more effective than loud indignation; and would have passed on, shaking, so to speak, the dust from her spotless stole. Nevertheless, such a part as she had been playing for some months past, it might not be safe to propose to certain of the *togatae*. Rank has its privileges—save the mark! "So *sessà*, and let the world slide."

This being premised, you will understand why Marian's eyes flashed so gleefully when she heard of the Baron's resolution, and why she forbore either to encourage or dissuade him. But, in spite of policy and philosophy, she did experience a slight pang of compunction when he came to bid her good-by—she knew so well what his welcome home again was like to be

—and it so far influenced her that she could not answer, audibly, Ralph's last injunction, "You'll be sure to take care of Lena." For this venial weakness she may perhaps be forgiven.

Lord Atherstone had not been gone a week when the effects of his absence became manifest. As Mrs. Shafton had presaged, people did think it "very odd," and scrupled not to say so; and vague rumors began to take form and substance, rapidly as the smoke curling out of the Afreet's prison. Perhaps some of Marian Ashleigh's parlor magic was at work; at any rate, it was wonderful how suddenly the world's memory became refreshed with regard to divers old stories, and how quickly divers hatchets were disinterred. Lady Atherstone and Glynne very rarely were seen together in public; and on these occasions there was nothing to blame, or even to comment upon, in their demeanor; nevertheless, their names were coupled constantly and significantly now; and those who professed to see below the surface of things waited for the scandal that was bound to ensue, just as those who listen to the rumbling Geyser look for the outburst of scalding spray.

Certain of these whispers reached the august ears of his Grace of Devorgoil, causing them to tingle not ungratefully. Feeling himself beyond ken of Ralph Atherstone's masterful eyes, he swelled with righteous indignation and valor.

One afternoon the two carriages came side by side in the lock at the head of the Mile; and, then and there, the Duke redeemed his slackness at Hazlemere. Lady Rachel Fontenaye ably seconded her sire; while Lady Ursula, blushing guiltily, was fain to "let pass the justice of the king." Before nightfall it was known to all whom it might concern, and to many whom it concerned not a whit, that Grandma-noir had inflicted on Templestowe the cut direct.

Among the spectators there were several not inclined to favor Lady Atherstone; but even these were fain to own that she bore herself superbly. She had no companion to keep her in countenance—her mother was too unwell to drive that day—but she neither shrank nor changed color under the insult: indeed, the slightest curl of her lip was the only token that she noticed it.

Hard by stood the Master of the Loamshire Hunt, almost hidden by the burly form of Swinton Swarbrick. Both saw what happened; and Jasper Knowsley's brow contracted, while the other's face crimsoned angrily.

"Did you see that?" he growled. "I wonder what old Clear-Starch's game is?"

Swinton guessed pretty well what was amiss; but he was loath to think or speak evil, especially of those for whom he had a liking; and Lena was popular enough among the male folk in Loamshire, if she had not been able to conciliate the womankind.

The Master answered never a word; but he glided forward through the throng, and the next

instant he stood at Lady Atherstone's carriage door. Swarbrick followed eagerly, shouldering aside the crowd with scant ceremony; and if the converse of the pair was not very intellectual or interesting, it certainly helped to relieve an awkward situation.

Down in their own country, their partisanship might have availed somewhat in stemming the tide of public opinion; here, they were but straws in the stream; nevertheless the good intention was the same. For many a long day afterward the Master and his coadjutor were in disfavor at Grandmanoir; indeed, but for official considerations, his Grace would certainly have withdrawn his support from the hounds. However, neither has withered perceptibly under the ducal frown—perhaps because neither has forgotten the sad smile with which Lena Atherstone requited their timely courtesy.

Not from this quarter, you may be sure, came the tale-bearing; yet the incident just recorded was discussed throughout Loamshire before it was many hours old.

On the third morning Lady Marian was sitting alone, when Hubert Ashleigh was announced.

The brow of the placid divine was unusually overcast. He put curtly aside Marian's questions as to local news, and did not even stop to inquire after Philip before breaking ground.

"It is a very unpleasant business that has brought me here; and, though you may throw some light on it, Marian, I can scarcely hope that you will alter its complexion. Is it possible that I have been misinformed as to the Duke's behavior to Lady Atherstone?"

She shook her head with a sympathetic sigh.

"It is too true, I'm afraid. I can't tell you how shocked and surprised I was, when I heard of it the same evening. We all know his pride and prejudice; but—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "and we all know, too, that, even in Ralph's absence, he never would have dared to be insolent, unless on safe grounds. Now, I have come to ask you what these grounds are. You can answer me, I feel certain, Marian. When you said 'surprised,' a minute ago, I think you could scarcely have meant it."

She did not like his tone, it was so perfectly different from any she had heard him use; and, to gain time, she tried evasion.

"Surely, you had better ask Philip."

"Philip!" he sneered. "I should prefer sounding the first chance acquaintance I met. I've no doubt he's fussing away, at this moment, on committee, just as if no cloud were hanging over his house. There is such a cloud; it is useless to deny it. You'd best be frank and open with me."

"I've no reason for being otherwise," she retorted, "except that it's painful to speak of such things even among relations. It is said that Lena has seen a great deal too much lately

of Caryl Glynne—Mrs. Malcolm's cousin, you'll remember. They were very intimate once—indeed, I fancy, almost engaged—and ill-natured people will draw their own conclusions."

Hubert Ashleigh, though time-serving and worldly-wise, was devoid neither of honor nor religion; under all his tinsel and varnish sound metal showed itself, when proved by fire. He could make small sacrifices to expediency, but would no more have countenanced or connived at actual wrong-doing than he would openly have violated his ordination vow. He had never approved of the second marriage; but coquetry was the worst he had imputed to Lena; and, in their interview at Templestowe, Marian had overshot the mark in supposing that Hubert's suspicions kept pace with her own. If the recent rumors affecting his family had floated down into Loamshire, they had not reached his quiet parsonage; and he felt something, now, of the horror of one who, suddenly turning his head, finds a spectre in his track. Moreover, his sluggish blood was stirred at hearing such shame hinted at coolly, if not flippantly. He had ever thought more highly of Marian Ashleigh's prudence than of her principles; yet, when a certain suspicion crossed his mind, he drove it back at first indignantly; and the very idea that he had nearly done her injustice helped to keep his wrath in check. Nevertheless, there was some harshness in his tone.

"Ill-natured people! And what have the others said or done? Was it in good-nature that they let poor Ralph go a thousand miles away, when his name was to be dragged through the mire? Marian, if you had the faintest surmise of all this, it was your bounden duty to keep him here, at any risk or cost. How far has it gone? *I will be answered.*"

The woman who had never been overawed by Ralph Atherstone, was not likely to be intimidated by Hubert Ashleigh. His manner, too, chafed not less than it puzzled her, and her temper began to rise.

"The privileges of relationship may be carried a little too far. If you *will be answered*, you had better apply to Lady Atherstone's mother, or to herself. I was never appointed her conscience-keeper. I'm neither brave enough to go tale-bearing to Monseigneur, nor strong enough to hold him in leading-strings, nor"—she paused, and went on with a malign laugh—"fool enough to crush my fingers betwixt bark and wood."

The other gazed at her, as if doubting whether he had heard aright; and as he so gazed, the dreadful suspicion that he had repulsed five minutes ago thrust itself forward again, and would not be exorcised. When he spoke, it was in the subdued tone that, with some people, betokens the presence of great fear.

"Has any word been sent to Norway of what has happened?"

"Not by me," she answered, in the same cool,

defiant way. "Once for all, I wish you to understand that I wash my hands of the whole affair."

The resolute look on the parson's face, as he rose to his feet silently, made Marian Ashleigh uneasy at last. There was anxiety in her eyes, and the slightest tremor in her voice, as she asked, hurriedly,

"Where are you going? What do you intend to do?"

"I am going to write to Ralph Atherstone," Hubert answered. "You do not choose to give me any information, it seems, and I do not choose to hunt up evidence; but I shall write to him something of what I fear—all that I know. It is not much; but it is more than enough to bring him home without an hour's delay; and I pray God it may bring him in time!"

"In time." The two syllables struck unpleasantly on Marian's ear. Was it possible that, though bitter misery must ensue, the complete ruin on which she had reckoned might yet be averted? Remember, beyond the unsupported testimony of her own eyes and ears, there was, so far as she knew, no substantial proof to convict the criminals; some overt act of theirs was needed to complete the case. In her eagerness she started up and laid her hand on Ashleigh's arm.

"Have you reflected? Will you give him such fearful pain, when, perhaps—"

He shook himself roughly loose.

"There is no 'perhaps,' and you know it. As for the pain, I no more shrink from inflicting it than I would from searing a mad dog's bite. Let me go—I am wasting time here."

He spoke with a vehemence that actually cowed her; but a moment afterward the parson's somewhat commonplace features settled into a stern earnestness, such as they had never worn when, from his appointed place, he launched forth anathema or warning.

"Marian," he said, "if I wrong you in my thoughts, I need to ask pardon from Heaven, as well as from you. If I have not wronged you, it is too late to preach. Listen, nevertheless. You spoke of washing your hands of this matter. If they have had art or part therein, I believe they will not be cleansed throughout eternity; and, as there is a Judge above us, I believe your sin is past forgiveness."

Then Hubert Ashleigh went out.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IF Lady Marian's nerves were somewhat shaken by the curious phenomenon she had just witnessed, they did not, you may be sure, remain long a-fluttering. Before her reverend cousin had been gone half an hour she could afford to smile at her late impressions, and was taking cool counsel with herself as to future measures; possibly the recollection of having been rather foiled in the passage of words may have added a little extra viciousness to her re-

solve. Turning matters over thus leisurely, she came to the conclusion that, if other strings were properly worked, Hubert Ashleigh's interference, instead of averting, might hasten a catastrophe. Her meditations carried her on to luncheon-time; and, after partaking of that meal with a remarkably good appetite, she ordered her carriage and drove straight to Gaunt Street, where the Atherstones resided. She knew enough of the habits of the house to be sure of finding its mistress at home at that hour, and probably alone. She was right in both calculations, for Mrs. Shafton was still too unwell to leave her room.

If Lady Atherstone's thoughts had not been so much engrossed of late she would assuredly have noticed, not only the comparative rarity of her step-daughter's visits, but also a decided coolness in the other's manner. The jests and quips that used to fall so readily from Marian were never heard now, and her remarks, when not formal and commonplace, were decidedly subacid. But one of the worst symptoms of these moral maladies is that utter indifference to the sayings and doings either of friend or foe. Lady Atherstone had winced, perhaps—though she never showed it—under the first sting of the Duke of Devorgoil's insult; but even this did not rankle as it would have done a year ago; and the little pain it caused her she was careful to smother, for Caryl's sake—any woman will tell you why.

Though she liked her downright ways, and had often been amused by her brisk sallies, she had never conceived any deep attachment for Marian; and, though she believed her to be passably honest, some instinct, backed by a suspicion, of which we will speak anon, kept Lena from trusting her step-daughter implicitly. So long as the other chose to be amiable and amicable, it was well; if it pleased her to take another line, it would be a pity, that was all, and they would only have to see less of each other. Since that incident in the Park, the two had not met; and, if Lady Atherstone bestowed a thought on the subject, she perhaps fancied that this might partly account for the hard look on her visitor's face. However, Marian opened the trenches in a closer parallel.

"Have you seen any thing of Hubert Ashleigh?"

Lena's eyes opened in languid surprise.

"Hubert Ashleigh? I hadn't a notion he was in town. What brought him up, I wonder?"

"Very unpleasant business—to use his own words. He came to ask me whether he had heard a true report of the Duke of Devorgoil's behavior the other day."

"And what did you answer?"

The long lashes had drooped again, and there was not a shade of eagerness in the question.

"What *could* I answer? There was nothing to contradict, and—well—not much to explain. I could only leave him to form his own conclusions."

"*Et puis ?*" Lena inquired, listlessly.

The apathy, real or assumed, began to exasperate Marian. She pressed her lips tightly together—a sure token that her temper was rising.

"Rather difficult to answer either in French or English," she replied, "unless one had the gift of prophecy. Testing the patience of society is an exciting amusement, I dare say; but it is apt to be expensive. I suppose you have counted the cost, Lady Atherstone."

As often happens where there is nearly equality of age, the two had always called each other by their Christian names; and besides the significant formality, there was a sardonic emphasis on the last words. There was no change in Lena's indolent attitude, but her thin nostrils dilated.

"Don't you think you had better speak a little more plainly? It saves so much trouble."

Marian's black eyes gleamed rancorously.

"That's what I came here for—for that, and one other purpose; and I'm not likely to trouble you much hereafter. You know perfectly well why the Duke acted as he did, and whether his example is likely to be followed. I, for one, can not blame him. I've no right to call you to account; but I have a right to be careful of my own good name—if only for Philip's sake; and I should risk it, if I came often—or ever again, after what has passed—to a house where Caryl Glynne is made so welcome."

Then, for the first time, Lena looked the other steadfastly in the face, and smiled.

"Thanks," she said; "that is plain-speaking, at all events. Yes, you're very right to be cautious, especially 'for Philip's sake.' Poor Philip! I'm afraid you did not think quite enough of him during that month at Templestowe. You had no scruples about my visitors then. Is it not rather late in the day to lift up your testimony?"

Lady Marian's color rose. Though she did not dream that the secret of her supineness had been fathomed, the very allusion to it angered her.

"Not a bit too late," she retorted, sharply. "I had no sort of reason for suspecting even imprudence, then; now, I have reason for suspecting worse—the very worst."

"No reason." Was it chance, then, that night at Erriswell, that brought Marian Ashleigh so close to a curtained door; and, while she lurked there, were her ears deadened that they should not hear, and her eyes blinded that they should not see? "Yet," said her friends, "she carried sincerity to a fault;" and—once more—they must have known best. Lady Atherstone shrugged her shoulders.

"Certainly the past matters little; and it is not worth while to discuss the present or future, when we are sure not to agree. You have told me what line you mean to take. Is there much more to say?"

During the last few seconds Marian's cheek

had paled again, and the gleaming of her eyes was changed for a cold, cruel glitter.

"Not much," she answered—"only this, indeed. My second purpose in coming here was to tell you that, by this post, Hubert Ashleigh has written to Norway—I use his own words again—'something of what he fears, all that he knows;' and that he counts on Lord Atherstone's returning without an hour's delay."

Eagerly and hungrily she watched how the stab would tell; but Lena neither blenched nor started. The hands that lay clasped on her lap were locked a little more tightly, perhaps—that was all.

"Are you quite sure of this?" she asked, after a pause.

"Absolutely sure," Marian answered, viciously—more and more irritated by the glinting of that last home-thrust.

"Then I ought to thank you for your warning," the other went on, with the same serenity.

Now, to any nature not quite senseless or servile, long dissimulation, even with a righteous end in view, must needs be galling. I fancy that, in all his austere life, Junius Brutus never savored such a delight as when he cast off the fool's mask beside dead Lucretia. Marian Ashleigh was neither humble nor submissive, and her resentments were not less keen than abiding: judge if she had found the dutious step-daughter easy to play. She was not even now ashamed of her treachery; nevertheless, the memory of the kindly words she had lavished on her enemy stung her like a shame. At any cost, she would for once enjoy the luxury of speaking her mind—specially as the need of temporizing seemed past.

"You wouldn't thank me," she said, in a bitter whisper, "if you knew all. But you do know—you must have known throughout, if you were not willfully blind—what sort of friendship ours was likely to be. Did you expect me to take you to my heart for sitting down in a place that, even while Lord Atherstone lived, ought to have been mine—only mine? It was scarcely worth while scheming for that place, to lose it again so soon—for you *will* lose it. If I had not been quite sure of this, perhaps I should not have warned you of Hubert's proceedings. It is your last chance, however; so make the best or the worst of it."

Frank, certainly—almost unfemininely so; yet only half frank, after all. The warning was just as much part of a plan as any other one of Marian's sayings and doings since she began to contrive.

There was, once upon a time, a prisoner kept in ward, whose life was a sore hindrance to the King; but with whom, for state reasons, it was not safe to deal by foul means, howsoever covert.

On a certain night there were flung through the cell window a file and a rope. The steel was sharp, and the cord seemed trustworthy, and, very soon, the captive swung in free air. Joyfully he descended, knot by knot, till he

reached the last; and then—well, the rope, unluckily, was some ten fathoms too short; and when the dawn broke, the sentinels saw on the jagged rocks beneath a crushed human wreck. The good governor was very wroth, but there was none on whom to charge the blame; so they could only take up the corpse, and bury it with due rite and dole.

A true story, I believe, and one that, mayhap, has been repeated often enough since, with variations, and without such fatal ending. The illustration, probably, did not suggest itself to Lena Atherstone; but, as she watched the malign mouth and cruel eyes, a certain suspicion ripened into assurance.

You may not have forgotten that, after discussing with Lord Atherstone the anonymous letter, she put it carefully away. Months later, happening to glance at the cover of one of Marian's notes, she felt sure that there was a similarity in the addresses, and, on comparing them, she was still more struck by this; but at the moment she decided that the resemblance, which did not extend to the body of the handwriting, must be fortuitous. However, she locked up the two envelopes together; and, thenceforth, whenever the idea recurred to her, she always strove to banish it. Now, however, the conviction flashed upon her that she had never done Marian an injustice: the latter had simply been consistent, it seemed, from first to last. Nevertheless—unlikely as it may appear—with her indignation mingled a kind of compassionate wonder.

Not long ago an acquaintance of mine discovered that he had been persistently robbed by a friend who had been all the time living, if not under his roof, at least chiefly on his bounty. When the first shock of annoyance was past, this good fellow was heard to remark, "Poor devil! I'd no notion he was so hard driven; it must have been awfully up-hill work, sometimes, for his father's son."

Perhaps some such notion crossed Lena's mind; for she answered, rather thoughtfully than angrily,

"And I never did you any willful harm! It all sounds very strange. Well"—here her face hardened a little—"as we're not likely to meet again often, I should like to give you back something that belongs to you."

Crossing the room, she opened a writing-case with a key hanging from her watch-chain. The next minute she had laid the anonymous letter and the other envelope, side by side, before Marian Ashleigh.

"One need not be an expert to trace the resemblance," Lena said, quietly. "You seem rather fond of 'warnings.' Perhaps the first was as 'kindly meant' as the last. If you have forgotten that sentence, you had better refresh your memory. At any rate, take back these papers: if they fall into other hands, they might still be dangerous—to you."

The strongest, not less than the weakest, minds are liable occasionally to be thrown off

their balance; and, though in one case the disabling may be but temporary, while it lasts, both are about on a par. Marian was so completely taken aback that she could not frame a denial, much less answer sarcasm in kind. The fierce eagerness with which she clutched at the letter and crushed it betwixt her fingers was in itself an avowal. She rose up hastily, meaning to end the interview; but before she could determine how best to do so, Lena had glided away; and the other, glancing round, found herself alone.

The triumph of virtue and the discomfiture of vice were surely very near. Yet the woman did not look much like a conqueror, who stood there, with brows knit and downcast, and sullen eyes riveted on the scrap of crumpled paper peering out of her clenched hand.

Nevertheless, I trust that the victress retains your sympathies to the last, and that you will neither withhold your laurel-wreath, nor refuse to cry, with me, *Ave, Imperatrix!*

CHAPTER XLIV.

You have not been required to assist at many such; but of another interview, that happened that same evening, you must needs take cognizance.

Lena Atherstone and Caryl Glynne sat alone together, and the latter had just been made aware of the situation. He did not affect to make light of it; and as he mused silently for a while, his trouble and doubt were plain to discern.

It is with this as with other less dangerous games: so long as a single card remains to be drawn, those who are playing for their last stake generally refuse to believe that some freak of fortune may not yet save them; only when the last, the very last, is turned, are they fain to acknowledge that there is nothing left but to pay the ruinous score.

Nevertheless, there was small leaven of selfishness in Glynne's anxieties. It must be owned that this was not the first time he had found himself in a like perilous position, and he had comparatively little to lose; but had the consequences been thrice as harmful to himself, I do believe that he would have thought solely of the consequences to Lena. He had not loved her well enough to abstain from tempting her to sin—knowing well whither the temptation would surely lead—perhaps because it was not in his nature so to love. But, though she was more precious to him than ever, since she had become part and parcel of his existence, he loved her well enough now to have severed the link, if that would have saved her. Ay!—more than this—if he could have borne her harmless at the cost of his own life, he would scarcely have begrudged the sacrifice. But it was too late: they were bound to stand or fall together; and he shrank from the prospect of her future.

Some day-dreams are almost as rapid in their changes as any visions of the night. During

that brief pause, in the midst of many other memories—vividly as if they had been uttered yesterday—his own words came back to Caryl Glynne.

"Whenever I do go down, I'll think of the chance I have had ; but—I'll sink alone."

Was it all a false form of speech? Hardly so; though since it had been bitterly belied. For his chances of keeping afloat—were they brighter now than then? As he answered the question to himself, he hardly smothered a curse.

I may have erred in portraying it at all; but I can honestly affirm that I have not purposed to cast a rosy halo of romance round a black, ugly crime. Therefore I do not shrink from setting forth things in a plain, practical light, at the risk of making baseness seem more base.

Some time ago there appeared a curious story—the title has utterly escaped me—not very polished or coherent in construction, but full of a quaint philosophy, and paradoxes less expressed than implied; with an under-current of cynicisms throughout, moral sentiments in profusion floated on the surface, and the rewards and punishments were distributed with the most rigid propriety. One of the main incidents in the tale is an elopement, and the sufferings of the criminals are photographed with a painful minuteness; only these appear to have been caused, not so much by remorse, as by the extreme scantiness of their resources; and the author concludes with the deduction that, "setting right and wrong aside, and having regard solely to temporal welfare, no man ought to covet his neighbor's wife who—has not a competence."

After all, when we consider how few joys may not be moderated, how few sorrows may not be imbittered by that wretched *cura peculii*, it may not seem wonderful if financial anxieties formed part of Glynne's trouble. As for himself, of late years, at all events, he had lived from hand to mouth, on the simple principle of taking no thought for the morrow, and trusting to the chapter of accidents to pull him through—stinting himself, meanwhile, in no fancy whatsoever. Now Lena, before her marriage, had known little of luxury, and the economies to which she had been accustomed, Caryl, perhaps, would have called privations; but, at the worst, there was always a solid roof, if a rude one, over her head; and her daily bread, if neither sweet nor soft, was sure.

The woodlands of Bohemia look tempting enough when the sun shimmers through wealth of green leaves, and when the breeze just wafts aside the smoke of the camp-fire; but when the black North-wind sends the snow-flakes flying through the bare branches, the Nut-Brown Maid herself may be apt to envy the sober housewives sitting cozily in "biggit land."

If Caryl was not absolutely free of the forest, he had seen enough of it not to fear trusting himself there; but he did shrink from bringing Lena among the shifts and perils of social out-

lawry. Wheresoever he went he would find comrades, such as they were; but as for her—thenceforth could she hope to clasp the hand of any woman whose touch was not dishonor? Nay—how sore soever her strait—was it certain that even the mother that bore her would not pass by on the other side?

And yet—what help for it?

When he first heard of the Duke of Devorgoil's insolence—it had chafed him far more than he betrayed to Lena—he knew it was the beginning of the end; only, till the end came, he had not fairly faced it. His reverie was broken at last by a low whisper:

"Are you so surprised then, Caryl?"

He had dealt very gently with her since she had passed wholly into his power; and, when they were alone together, a cynicism, or even an irony, seldom escaped him. He drew her closer to him now, as he answered,

"Not surprised, darling; but very, very sorry; for I fear there is but one way."

"Yes, only one," she murmured—"and we must make haste. Don't you think *he* will make haste, when he reads that letter?"

She shivered like an aspen where she sat.

Glynne bit his lip: lack of courage was not among his failings; and it was no dread of the consequences that made him loath—if loath he was—to meet the man he had so wronged. The sight of Lena's terror was very galling—it implied a doubt of his power or will to protect her; and there came a touch of the old sarcasm into his tone.

"Don't tremble so. We shall be far enough away before the avenger comes; but I'd rather have fancied that we did not fly for fear."

She drew backward a little, lifting her head almost haughtily.

"For fear? No: even *I* am not afraid; at least, not in that way. If the proofs against me were a thousand times stronger—if my own mother accused me—I need only look into his face and say, 'It is not true;' and he would believe, in spite of all. But I can not do it—I can not say it. Caryl, you will not ask it of me? I would rather be trampled under his feet than forgiven—so."

Amidst the turmoil of his thoughts, Glynne found time to draw a certain comparison. For many years he had held Lena's heart—of late he had held her whole soul—in his keeping; yet she would never have said of him what she had just said of the loyal gentleman whom she had never learned to love, and whose home she had not scrupled to desolate.

"I understand," he answered, with some bitterness; "and I ought to have understood at first. No, I ask you to do nothing, except to trust in me always; though trusting has brought you to this pass. My poor darling!"—his voice shook a little here—"you have a rough road before you, though I'll do my best to smooth it."

She nestled close to his shoulder; looking up at him with eyes full of a rapt devotion, such as may scarce be justified by any earthly love how-

soever lawful, and of a triumph withal, like that of one who, after long toil and pain, sees the victory sure; and, even to him who was familiar with its every cadence, her voice sounded strangely sweet.

"Caryl, was it very long ago when we parted at Grace Moreland's? It seems so: yet I remember, if you have forgotten, some words of mine—"If you say to me, "Come," I will come, and never repent it afterward.' I have not grown a coward since; and, though you would not then, you will—you must—dare to say it now."

He did say it—perhaps not very intelligibly. Through the long anxious talk which ensued we need not follow.

When Glynne reached home, several letters lay on his table, that had arrived by the second post. All, save one, he flung aside after a rapid glance at their contents: this superscription was in a firm, bold handwriting, though unmistakably feminine. Caryl held it in his hand for several seconds, unopened, as if irresolute: then he crossed the room, and held the letter over the flame of a spirit-lamp till it was reduced to ashes; and, as he dropped the last blackened fragment, he smiled rather scornfully.

It was not a great sacrifice: nevertheless it was a sign that he intended to keep the guilty compact, signed that afternoon, fully and faithfully; for the letter, as you may have divined, came from Hunsden, and brought a slighted woman's final appeal.

It had cost the writer much time and study, and tears not a few; for sweet Cissy Devereux had never before set her hand to an elegiac, though she had, doubtless, received a sufficiency. She had a right to reckon on her maiden effort being perused, if not appreciated. But the luck has not changed since the *Heroides* were penned; and the deserted loves of our day fare not much better than Phyllis or CEnone.

However, with this light-minded matron we can not condole. Let us only hope that the sharp lesson to her vanity, to say nothing of her heart, may be of profit, and that in after-time memory may whisper, seasonably, *Neu crede colori*.

CHAPTER XLV.

On a bench, under the broad eaves of his fishing-lodge, sat Sir Charles Wroughton, watching, with a lazy appreciation, the play of the purple light through the hanging pine-wood; and, though his arms ached with the day's work—it was all honest casting, not trailing, on that river—jubilant over the landing of nine fair fish out of eleven hooked, including one that might possibly rank "King" of the season. Moreover, certain savory steams issuing from within were any thing but an offense to his nostrils; and perhaps his chiefest anxiety at the moment was—lest he should be obliged to wait dinner for his comrade, or feed alone.

He was neither disquieted nor excited by the appearance of the post-carriage, for the Miller of the Dee himself was not freer of cares and ties than this jovial old bachelor. Club-gossip was about all his letters were likely to contain; and the papers could scarcely bring heavier tidings than that the tenner, invested on a friend's promising two-year-old, had gone the way of other "certainties." The news, good or bad, would keep perfectly till after dinner; so, after a careless glance at the contents of the packet, he was putting them aside *en masse*, when a thought seemed to strike him, and he sorted the letters over again carefully.

"It's devilish odd," he grumbled; "only one for him, and that not in my lady's hand. He won't half like that; and—I don't half like it."

Somehow the keen edge was suddenly taken off his appetite; and when, lifting his eyes, he saw Ralph Atherstone crossing the meadow betwixt the house and the river with the long, sweeping stride that he himself, though hale and active for his years, had often envied, Charles Wroughton frowned instead of smiling, as he would have done a few seconds ago. Cheerily, however, he hailed his friend with the regular question,

"Well, what luck?"

"Nothing to complain of, and not much to boast of, either," Ralph answered. "Seven fish, but not a twenty-pounder among them. I see the post has come in." And, with an eagerness contrasting strongly with the other's apathy, he turned over the letters one by one.

A misgiving that he did not care to define made Wroughton betake himself within-doors without casting a glance over his shoulder; and it might have been ten minutes or so before he emerged again.

On that same bench Lord Atherstone sat, his head bent and partially averted; so that, till the other came quite close, his visage remained unseen. The first glimpse of it made Wroughton start a pace backward.

Men have been wounded, even unto death, and have suffered torture worse than any that wounds can bring, without their faces changing as Ralph's had changed. The steady light had gone out of the deep eyes; the healthy brown cheeks looked gray and wan; and even the firm lips seemed rather tense than set.

"What has happened?"

Wroughton spoke eagerly, but in a hushed voice, as men do who stand in presence of some great calamity.

The other did not answer for a while. Though there breathed few prouder creatures than Ralph Atherstone, it was not selfish pride that made him loath to confide in that trusty comrade. However, he took his part at last, and held out the open letter, saying,

"You—may—read."

His lips were parched and stiff, as from long drought; and he was forced to moisten them before he could form the three syllables separately.

With a lowering brow, the other did as he was desired; but as he reached the end of the letter, his countenance somewhat cleared. After all, Hubert Ashleigh brought no direct charge: he only stated the Duke of Devorgoil's conduct, and how it must be accounted for, and prayed his cousin to hasten back to look after his own honor. So Wroughton—fighting hard against his own impressions—strove to persuade himself that Lena's imprudence might have stopped short of guilt, and said as much. The Baron plucked his comrade by the sleeve and drew him nearer, till the other's ear was almost on a level with his own lips: his voice, though hoarse and low, was quite distinct now.

"I think nothing of this," he answered, taking the letter back. "I promised her, long ago, that, if all the world accused her, I would never doubt till she herself told me it was time. She *has* told me; for, since we parted, she has not written one word."

Against the terrible conviction of his manner it was impossible to argue, and in Wroughton's simple pharmacy there was no salve for a grief like this.

A long, heavy silence ensued. At last—

"God help her!" quoth Ralph Atherstone.

Now this intercession came not from an anointed priest, or devout Levite, or pious elder, but from a hard, heathenish old Philistine, with knees unpliant to prayer. But would the meekest of them have found it easy, while reeling under the bitter blow, to plead for the woman who dealt it?

Moreover, in those simple words there was an utter hopelessness which stirred chords in Charles Wroughton's heart that had been still for many a day; he turned on his heel, and, for a second or two, meadow, wood, and river swam before him somewhat mistily.

When he looked round again, Ralph had risen to his feet; the wanness had gone out of his face, and the cloud out of his eyes, and his lip was firm as ever.

"I've no time to spare," he said; "for, of course, I start to-night. There's always the chance of a steamer at Trondhjem."

Within the last few minutes Wroughton had found time to reproach himself for having tempted his friend out of England when such a crisis was imminent, though afterward he came to believe that the catastrophe could only have been deferred.

"I'll go with you," he said, hastily; and he meant it, be sure.

The Baron laid his hand on his old comrade's shoulder, thanking him with a dreary smile.

"You may follow, if you will, for I fear you'll have little heart for the fishing after this. But—try and understand why I'd rather go alone."

The other did understand, or, at least, he made no farther remonstrance, and the two went into the house together.

An hour later, Lord Atherstone—having eaten and drunk sparingly—was ready for the road.

"Do you think you'll be in time?" Wroughton asked, as he wrung his friend's hand at parting.

It may sound a cruel question; but both these men were wont, in face of a certain disaster, to grapple with, rather than ignore it.

"I've small hope," Ralph answered; "yet, if I come ever so late, there will be work for me to do."

He spoke with marvelous calmness, but the deadly glitter of his eyes was not hard to interpret. The listener guessed at once what manner of work was like, ere long, to occupy the hand he still held, and what manner of stain was like to rest upon it before all was done. But he, too, was Philistine enough to maintain that the punishment of certain wrongs should not be left to Time or any other avenger. Despite of conventional difficulties, and the "divine voice of the people," there are still places where a desperate man may set himself foot to foot with his enemy, in the bad old fashion; and—beyond the narrow seas, at least—there is sometimes a grave as well as a comic side to that ordeal. Wroughton knew that, within the last hour, a doom had gone forth against a guilty life almost as sure as if it had been pronounced from a judgment-seat; and he would no more have averted it than have withstood the hangman in his office. At any rate, to the crime, if crime it were, by his hearty farewell grip, he was made accessory.

It is useless to describe Ralph Atherstone's journey. To those who have never been forced to undertake such a one, the picture would seem overwrought: such as have had the dreadful experience will need no limner, for few memories are darker and deeper in grain than these.

Years, happy and peaceful, may pass before we forget how, as we sped along, whether sun or moon was shining, whether the skies were clear or murky, the face of nature wore always the same veil—how every hindrance by the way seemed to mock at our misery; albeit we were ever haunted by the thought that the sands, dropping so slowly through our glass, might be running out with awful swiftness in a darkened chamber far away—how, at last, despite that feverish impatience, the sick fluttering of the heart waxed so intolerable that we would fain have had a hundred more of the weary miles to travel rather than be so near our journey's end—how, when we drew quite near, our hot, tired eyes were strained to catch the first sign of good or ill—how the heavy lids drooped, as if they would never lift again, when we recognized that there was nothing left to hope or fear.

Yet, when at our dreariest, we had cause to thank Heaven if the horror awaiting us was nothing worse than death.

Ralph at least was spared the torture of inactive delay. A Hull steamer started within a few hours of his reaching Trondhjem; and, though heavily laden for the coarse weather she encountered, the good ship plowed sturdily

through the angry North Sea. But those five days scored on his face deeper lines than the last five lustres had left. It was not that he seemed aged or broken, and his features were of the type that, under sore sickness, hardly change: nevertheless, they *were* changed; and a gaunt, savage look possessed them, such as they had never worn when his mood was at the angriest.

No wonder that, when Lord Atherstone reached home, he found none bold enough to set before him the bitter truth; and that only from the white, frightened faces around he guessed that he had, indeed, come—too late.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A CLEVER and influential backer of horses, when asked if he was going to Newmarket, answered, gravely, "It entirely depends on whether I can raise enough for my railway ticket." Having once surmounted this difficulty, he started full of confidence, and had a remarkably good week, on the proceeds whereof he wintered in much luxury.

Some such large trust in Providence—or whatever other power the "plungers" believe in—probably induced Miles Shafton to travel down to try a promising five-year-old near Hellingford. Prompt payment was, of course, out of the question; but he thought a three-shilling stamp, with the promise of a share in future winnings, might possibly tempt the sporting farmer. At any rate, "looking over the brute could do no harm."

However, the owner did not quite see things in this light: so Miles sat in the anteroom of the barracks, where he had found quarters, brooding, with a sense of injury, over his fruitless journey, and striving to stimulate a moderate appetite with much embittered sherry.

An accommodating train that reached Hellingford just in time for dinner not unfrequently brought a visitor; but Frank Dacre's appearance was a surprise to every one there present.

The new-comer seemed rather embarrassed than gratified by his noisy welcome, and, as soon as he could extricate himself, he walked straight up to Shafton and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, buster," he said, "come outside for a minute; I've something to say to you."

Miles tossed off the remainder of his bitters with a sound betwixt a growl and a groan.

"What is it?" he asked, as he went out. "Bad news, of course? The Czar's broken down, I suppose."

The other did not answer till the door was shut behind them.

"It's worse than that—pretty near the worst that can be, I'm afraid. Your sister went off last night with Caryl Glynne."

Miles staggered backward as if he had been struck, half lifting his clinched hand.

"It's a——lie!" he said, huskily, and then stood panting.

Dacre shook his head.

"Hard words won't mend it, old man," he said. "I shouldn't have brought a bit of idle scandal all this way. Black as it is, it's the truth, and you'd better face it; though, after all, it's no fault of yours, and I don't see what you can do."

Looking into Shafton's bloodshot eyes, and remembering of what race he came, you might have guessed why so many dark pages were to be found in the annals of Blytheswold.

"Don't you?" he asked, in a fierce whisper. "They've got a long start, but that don't matter. Never mind me, just now. I'll tell you what you can do, though. Go in there, and make what excuse you like for my bolting—so long as it isn't the right one—and meet me at the station, if you don't mean stopping here. I've something to do before the train starts; but I sha'n't miss it."

Under ordinary difficulties his brain was apt to get muddled; but the shock, and that first gust of passion, seemed to have cleared it; for, as he strode away, he looked far more cool and collected than Dacre, whose face, as he stood there, was quite a study of perplexity.

Perhaps you would never guess whither Miles Shafton's steps were bent. The leading idea in his mind was, of course, pursuit of the fugitives; for, knowing nothing of Hubert Ashleigh's letter, he could not tell how soon Lord Atherstone would be able to take his own part. But before the resolve had been five seconds formed, he bethought himself that his feet would be tied, unless he provided himself with the sinews of war. Looking at his own immediate resources, a fifty-pound note seemed to Miles utterly unattainable; though, with a week's notice, and through the usual "channels," he might possibly have secured ten times the sum. He doubted whether his mother could help him thus far; and, besides, though not often troubled by scruples, he loathed the notion of taxing her at such a time. Even if the will of his hosts had been good, he misdoubted their power to oblige him; and, besides, he had no mind that his family affairs should be discussed that night in the anteroom. He thought he saw a better way out of his difficulty than any of these; and, as he walked straight and swiftly toward Corbett's house, he was troubled by none of the qualms that usually beset a borrower. He remembered certain good-natured hints thrown out in old times; and, somehow, if it were necessary, he thought it would be easier to confide in Arthur than in his light-minded comrades.

Miles was shown into the library, for the master of the house was in his dressing-room; from which, however, he presently emerged—as usual, in gorgeous array. If this man had been going to the scaffold, I believe he would still have donned his purple and fine linen and jewels. There was a shade of surprise in his

welcome; for the visit was, to say the least, unseasonable, especially as the two had met before that day; but the other did not leave him long in suspense.

"I've no time for beating about the bush," he said. "I've come to ask you to lend me fifty pounds—or a little more, if you can manage it."

Corbett was considerably taken aback: he had no idea of refusing; but at the word "lend" his professional instincts awoke, and he answered with professional hesitation.

"Well, I hardly know. Do you want the money to-night?"

"I want it within the hour," the other retorted. "You'll guess why, when I tell you what I want it for. Here—I may as well make a clean breast of it—there's a real bad business about Lena."

Arthur's face crimsoned, and his lips worked convulsively.

"About Lena?"

The familiarity was quite unintentional: he was only repeating the words mechanically.

"Yes," the other went on through his teeth. "All the world will know to-morrow—if they don't know it already—that she bolted last night with Caryl Glynne. Now I mean to have his blood, and I want money to hunt him down."

Corbett dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands: all at once he broke out into shrill hysteric laughter.

There are few drearier sounds than that of a grown man's weeping; yet such merriment is worse to listen to.

"Gone—with Caryl Glynne?" Arthur panted after a while, catching his breath betwixt each syllable; "and—you come to *me* for help? It's too—absurd;" and he laughed again.

Shafton strode forward, and, gripping the other's shoulder, thrust him back in the chair.

"You had best stop that," he said, savagely. "What are you driveling about? Why shouldn't I—"

"Come to you?" he would have said. But just then there flashed across the speaker's mind a sudden shameful conviction, and it became plain to him why, in his present strait, he ought to have sought aid from almost any living creature rather than from him who sat cowering there. There was no place for pity in Miles's heart just then; it was because he dared not trust himself near Arthur Corbett that he drew a pace backward; and as he stood there, with arms tightly folded, his eyes gleamed more felly than they had done when he first heard the ill tidings.

"So that's it," he said, low and bitterly. "She fooled *you*, too, did she? There—you needn't babble—I know, somehow, it was no worse, or my hands would be nearer your throat now. But I wish I had guessed it sooner; I wouldn't have wasted this half hour."

The banker started up, striving hard to compose his voice and face.

"You won't leave me so? You'll let me—"

As he turned the door-handle, Shafton faced about.

"Let you help me?" he snarled. "Not while there's a purse to be stolen elsewhere." Then he went out.

Corbett had the sense to lock himself in; but for many minutes afterward he remembered nothing. He had a vague impression of Emma's knocking at the door, and pleading piteously for admittance, and of his having muttered some excuse; but what words passed he never knew.

The suddenness made the blow more stunning; yet, of itself, it was sufficiently heavy. In some characters self-esteem is almost a ruling passion; and with Corbett now, even the sting of baffled desire was less keen than the consciousness of having been made the stalking-horse of Caryl Glynne's designs, and of having been not only deceived but derided. No wonder that his wits—never of the stablest—went a-wandering. With so black a care peering over their shoulder, stouter horsemen than he have scarce sat saddle-fast.

Nevertheless, he had not locked out his better angel. Few of us can afford to be judged after our intentions, and Arthur, remember—whether of his own free-will or no—had been kept from actual crime; and for his sin, whatsoever it was, he did then make sharp, if short, atonement. Moreover, it may be—for these things are mysteries—that for the sake of those innocents whose welfare was knit up in his, he met with mercy ampler than he deserved. Certain it is that he came forth from the chamber of his penance both better and wiser—so much wiser that, before he slept, he found strength to confess himself to Emma, neither concealing nor extenuating aught of the miserable past; and she—when love and pity had mastered jealous shame—found strength to absolve him.

It was long before the old genial light came back to Arthur Corbett's face, and perchance a kind of cloud thenceforth always tempered its sunshine; but not again, I think, till death shall divide them, will he wring from his true wife's eyes tears bitter as those she shed that night when there was none to watch her weeping.

Manna distilling from a flint-stone, or a fountain of milk in the desert, would scarcely seem more curious phenomena than spare cash in certain purses. However, miracles will sometimes happen; and when Miles, on their journey townward, revealed his financial difficulty, to his intense astonishment he found his comrade able and willing to assist him. How those five crisp notes came into Frank Dacre's possession is entirely beside the question; it is sufficient to say that he "parted" without a pang.

So, with one worry the less on his mind, Shafton betook himself to Gaunt Street. But little information was to be gathered there. Lady Atherstone's own maid—tearfully incoherent—could only testify to her mistress's having taken

away absolutely nothing in the way of jewels or apparel; even the traveling-bag that always accompanied her stood locked in its place. The other servants could contribute no facts whatever, and Miles was in no mood to listen to their previous suspicions or presentiments. Mrs. Shafton, it appeared, though scarcely able to quit her room, had moved to a hotel hard by, and thither, despite the lateness of the hour, her son repaired.

But neither here did he obtain any furtherance of his quest. Mrs. Shafton seemed utterly prostrated, both in mind and body, and it was hard to believe that she was the same woman who, all her life long, had shown so brave a front to trouble.

That old one of "the last straw" is among the truest of proverbs. The weary journey may be very near its end, and the added load may seem absurdly trifling; but when the patient beast once sinks down with despair in its big bright eyes, despite of threats or caresses, it is like to lie there till the desert wind comes to bleach its bones.

At Miles's angry question—"Didn't you suspect anything?"—his mother's wan cheek flushed guiltily.

"Not since I left Templestowe," she murmured. "I had misgivings at first, but lately—I can't tell why—I had begun to feel safe; and yet I ought to have guessed that something was wrong that last evening. She was so loath to leave me; and there were tears in her eyes when she kissed me—poor darling!"

The other ground his strong white teeth audibly.

"Poor darling! Then, in spite of all, she's your favorite still?"

Isabel Shafton looked up with a flash of her old spirit; but the next instant her weary head drooped.

"That taunt would hurt, if I deserved it," she said; "but you know best, Miles, which of my children I spoiled, and how I have been punished. I think I never can forgive Lena; but I can't help pitying, or—God forgive me, if it's wrong—loving her still."

He felt he had been unjust, but wrath and shame made him cruel.

"Be as charitable as you like," he muttered—"only one saint in a family's enough, and I don't mean to forgive. I suppose you can't help me to track them, mother; and perhaps you wouldn't if you could. Never mind, I'll manage it my own way."

She put out her weak, trembling hand, and caught him by the arm as he rose. Alas! before her wedding-wreath was faded, she had learned to read the augury of a certain look in a Shafton's eyes. For generations past it had been known throughout the country-side that, howsoever slack in other matters, they of Blytheswold were seldom laggards in their vengeance. Despite the faintness that nearly mastered her, her great fear enabled Isabel Shafton to speak calmly.

"Miles, it's useless arguing with you; but, before you act rashly, will you remember Lord Atherstone may be expected home almost hourly? Hubert Ashleigh, it seems, wrote to warn him at least a week ago. I heard this from Marian only to-day."

Shafton started, and drew himself, as it were, together; like a bull who, while lowering his horns to charge, is dazzled by the glitter of the matadore's blade. Something quite distinct from the differences of age and station had imbued Miles with an awe of the man whose name he had just heard, and, even in the heat of his passion, he felt loath to take Ralph Atherstone's quarrel out of Ralph Atherstone's hand. As he stood gnawing his nether lip, it was plain he wavered.

"A creditable thing, too," he grumbled—"that the warning should have come from a country parson, with all of us to the fore. But it makes a difference. I'll hold on a day or so, anyhow, and only set the wires to work: that can do no harm, and may save *him* trouble." He paused here, and a shade of contrition came over his sullen face as he stooped to bestow a rough caress. "Poor mother! I've been a bit hard on you, I'm afraid; but, with one worry and another, I'm half wild. I won't keep you up any longer; you look half dead, as it is. Now try and sleep; you shall hear all that there is to hear to-morrow."

That scant amends, though it could not stop the aching of Isabel Shafton's heart, assuredly helped to smooth her pillow.

Early the next day, after obtaining renewal of leave, Miles began to track the fugitives, and it soon appeared that the trail was plain enough to be followed up even by a detective. If you remember certain scruples of Glynne's, you will perhaps understand why he took such slight precautions to mask his flight. He had used no disguise, and a double passage from Southampton to the Channel Islands was secured in his own name.

These travelers were scarcely of the common tourist type; so they were easily traced from Jersey to St. Malo, and thence across-country to Porhaix, a small coast town in Finisterre.

Thus spoke the telegraph; for the tracker chose to remain in ambush, whence he could watch the "harbored" game till the huntsman should appear; and of all this, within an hour of his reaching home, Lord Atherstone was made aware.

The Baron received the news—broken to him in Miles Shafton's rough, blundering way—with a singular composure; nor did he forget to thank the latter for his zeal, though he decisively declined his company to Brittany.

It was impossible to pursue his journey before evening. How that long, lonely day passed with Ralph Atherstone will never be known, for his doors were locked till he descended to make a hasty meal before starting. It may be—for have not men drowsed at the torture-post?

—that he slept. At any rate, when he came forth, though the gaunt, haggard look was always there, his face was comparatively calm; there was not a sign of weariness in his firm, elastic gait, and he carried his gray head as erectly as if he had never known sorrow or shame.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

THE reign of Louis XIV., upon whose un-substantial glories French historians of the last age so loved to dwell, was drawing to its close. The nation had seen its intellect and its material resources sink into decay beneath the selfish despotism of its superstitious king. Yet never was Louis more eager for universal rule than in the last period of his baleful career. His wonderful mental activity was unchecked by disasters and physical decay. He built and planned palaces, gardens, water-works; he wasted vast sums in useless wars; he persecuted Huguenots; he drove the working-men from his kingdom; he watched with keen attention every discontented intellect, and filled his prisons with his personal foes.

Of all the various characters in which the grand monarch appears before posterity, none was more admirably done than that of jailer. Not only did he fill the galleys and the common prisons with an infinite number of heretics and reformers, but he was singularly fond of shutting up for life his more important foes in some distant donjon or tower, and watching, from his gay palaces and trim groves, their days ebb slowly away in lamentation and decay. He was eager to hear from their keepers how they ate, slept, or looked. He must even be consulted when they were bled, or received a prescription from the physician. He was glad to know that their linen was washed in the prison, to prevent them from writing upon it in invisible ink. He read Fouquet's miserable scrawl, written with soot and water on a handkerchief; he rewarded his confessor when he consented to become a spy, and to betray him. The magnificent Louis told gross falsehoods to the sultan, to conceal his own cruelty to the Armenian Patriarch Avedick, whom he had shut up in one of his dungeons. He seemed to linger with strange delight over the tortures of his victims. He was scarcely ever weary of repressing their efforts to escape his toils. In fact, humanity shudders at the mingled cruelty and baseness of that renowned monarch whom historians have usually called an example of courtesy and humanity.

Louis possessed three towers or keeps, gloomy emblems of the Middle Ages, singularly well fitted to gratify his peculiar taste. At the entrance of the valley of Clusone, in Piedmont, stood the famous fortress of Pignerol. It had been strengthened by all the resources of ancient military art. Wide ditches separated the castle from the neighboring town. A double line of walls, defended by four massive towers, inclosed

an extensive area. In the centre rose a square donjon, tall, sombre, massive, with windows closed by bars of iron, frowning gloomily over the pleasant Italian scene. Above its gates might have been written Dante's ominous inscription: He who once entered its inclosure might well abandon every hope of escape. Another favorite prison was known as the Isles of St. Marguerite. It was a rocky islet on the coast of Provence. Surrounded by the waves and guarded by incessant vigilance, the prison of St. Marguerite had heard the vain sighs of fallen courtiers and suspected nobles, of Huguenot ministers and pious reformers; while through the bars of their windows the captives might catch distant glimpses of the lovely shores of Provence, and of a happy existence in which they were never more to have a share. They pined and died amidst the fairest landscapes of France. The most famous of the state prisons was the Bastille. Few but are familiar with the massive pile of circular towers and gloomy walls that once frowned over trembling Paris; with the still and sombre precinct where lived only the jailer and his victims; with the woes, the horrors, the injustice, that made the Bastille the perpetual emblem of regal wickedness or priestly pride; with the fall of the mighty tower and the fond hope of the people of every land that with it had disappeared forever the tyranny and barbarism of the feudal rule.

Over these three prisons ruled, at successive periods, the commander Sieur De Saint Mars; and under his care, within their solitude, lived and died the Man of the Iron Mask. Saint Mars, at thirty-five, devoted himself to the profession of a jailer. He attained the highest excellence in his art. His narrow and timid intellect, his ceaseless vigilance, his minute and constant care over the conduct of his captives, seem to have perfectly satisfied his exacting master; and he was slowly promoted from prison to prison, until he became, at length, the keeper of the Bastille. Nothing, indeed, could exceed Saint Mars's timid conscientiousness. He was always in terror lest his prisoners might escape, and not even the wide ditches, the massive walls, or the frowning donjon of Pignerol could give him any sense of security. For sixteen years, within its guarded precinct, he watched night and day over the miserable Fouquet; he peered through the grated windows, and discovered his prisoner writing with his soot and water upon his handkerchief; he detected his sympathetic ink; he climbed every day into a tree that overlooked Lauzun's cell, and carefully noted all his motions; and he sent constant reports to the king, filled with the most trifling details. Yet the condition of the timid jailer was scarcely less unhappy than that of his captives, and he was a prisoner in his own castle. Seldom could he gain a few days of leisure to recruit his health in the sunny scenes of Italy. He grew prematurely old with mental disquietude and ceaseless toil; his powerful frame was bent

and emaciated; his head was bowed down, his limbs thin and tremulous; he was the devoted victim of his unattractive profession.

From Pignerol Saint Mars had been successively transferred to Exiles, to the Isles of St. Marguerite, and was finally rewarded, when he was about seventy, with the high office of keeper of the Bastille. He left St. Marguerite in the autumn of 1698 to enter upon his new charge. He traveled slowly from the south of France toward Paris, attended by a mounted guard. By his side in a litter, closely covered up, was borne a singular companion. An old man of noble appearance and graceful manners, but whose face was completely covered with a mask of black velvet, fastened by iron clasps, and who never ventured to utter a word, was seen by the curious villagers to descend from the litter, and take his place in silence at the table, when Saint Mars stopped at his estate of Palteau. At meals the captive was always placed with his back to the window; Saint Mars kept pistols near at hand to shoot him should he venture to speak. At night the jailer slept by the side of his prisoner; by day he was shut up in the litter; and during all the long journey from the Mediterranean to Paris no one caught a glimpse of the face hidden beneath the velvet mask, or heard a word of complaint, of hope, or of despair from those mysterious lips. The Man in the Mask, trained by the scrupulous hand of Saint Mars, had long learned to obey his terrible fate.

The mysterious cavalcade passed slowly onward, watched apparently with eager attention by the curious villagers, among whom various traditions were long preserved of the appearance and conduct of the unhappy captive. On the 18th of September, about three o'clock, the guarded litter passed the draw-bridge of the Bastille, and the prisoner was placed in one of the rooms of the tower of La Bertaudière. Here, for five years, the Man in the Mask is lost to sight. Yet tradition has thrown a faint and doubtful light upon the singular story. It is said that the prisoner was always treated with unusual deference; that his jailer never sat down in his presence; that he was supplied with every luxury; that he was clothed in the finest linen and the costliest laces, for which he showed an extravagant fondness; that his table was abundant; that he amused his leisure by playing on the guitar. But from all intercourse with the world around him he was sternly cut off. His mask was never raised even when he took his food, and orders were given to kill him should he attempt to remove it.

An aged physician of the Bastille, who had often attended him, stated that he never saw his face, although he had examined his tongue. He was finely formed, said the doctor; his complexion was dark, his voice low and soft. Yet he never complained of his condition, nor gave the least indication of who he was. A perpetual terror had probably broken down within him every thought of resistance to his royal

persecutor. A doubtful story is told that at St. Marguerite the prisoner one day wrote with a knife on a silver plate which he had used at dinner, and threw it out of window toward a boat that lay on the shore near the foot of the tower. A fisherman, the owner of the boat, found the plate and brought it to the governor. He asked the fisherman, in astonishment and alarm, "Have you read what is written on this plate? Has any one seen it in your possession?" The man replied that he could not read, and that he had shown it to no one. The governor detained him until he had made sure that he spoke the truth, and then dismissed him, saying, "It is happy for you that you can not read." Another legend relates that the prime minister of France, Louvois, visited the masked prisoner in his cell at St. Marguerite, and during the interview refused to sit down in his presence. He evidently treated the miserable captive as if he were his superior.

For five years the Man of the Iron Mask survived his removal to the Bastille. Winter and summer his narrow cell in the lonely tower echoed to the note of his mournful guitar, almost the only sound that awoke its utter silence. His youth and manhood had passed away, and he had never heard the sweet voices of sympathy, of friendship, of compassion, or of love. The suspicious tones of the cautious Saint Mars, and the stealthy tread of his spies, were the only sounds with which he was familiar. Around him he might hear the murmur of busy Paris; at St. Marguerite he may have caught the roar of the tempest-tossed waves. But he must have forgotten, in his endless captivity, the cheerful sounds of his childhood, or perhaps fancied them revived in the gentle music of his guitar. His mind, no doubt, sank into imbecility in his solitary bondage. It happened to most of the captives of the magnificent Louis to fall into premature dotage, and to die surrounded by mental illusions. Nor could the Man in the Mask have escaped the common fate of Fouquet and Lauzun, of Avedick and the Huguenot ministers. Old age came upon him without reverence and without regard. No friendly eye had looked upon his veiled countenance; no children nor grandchildren cheered his weary hours as they dropped slowly away. The fatal purpose of Louis XIV. was perfectly fulfilled, and the mysterious captive was shut forever from all intercourse with his fellow-men.

At last the inevitable deliverance came. In November, 1703, while the great king was wrapped in his scheme of universal rule, or reveling in his gorgeous palaces and gay parterres, the draw-bridge of the Bastille was lowered, and a scanty funeral train passed slowly out to the cemetery of the Church of St. Paul. The night was falling, the shadows of evening hid the last funeral rites of the Man of the Mask. He had been taken ill a few days before, had sunk rapidly, and died in his solitary cell. Around him were only the cold and pitiless jailers, and no kind words nor gentle faces

cheered his last hours on earth. He was buried with little ceremony, and no show of regret. Two of the officers of the prison alone followed to the grave him whom credible historians have thought the rightful King of France, and who is shown by all the circumstances of his imprisonment to have been at least a person of importance. No relative, no friend, was told of his fate, the king would suffer no one to know of his death.

As if to blot from existence the very memory of the Man of the Mask, every trace of his residence in the Bastille was destroyed. His furniture and clothes were burned; his silver or metal plates were melted. The walls of his chamber were completely scraped and whitened, the ceiling was taken down and renewed, the floor removed and relaid, and an extraordinary care was shown to prevent any written statement of his name and his wrongs from being left in any part of the cell. On the burial register of the church he was called "Marchiali," and his age set down as only forty-five; in the records of the prison he was described as "the prisoner from Provence." He sank into oblivion, and Louis XIV., no doubt, believed that no one would ever pause to inquire who was that uncomplaining victim whom he had so successfully hidden from the world, and who had been buried in an obscure grave in the cemetery of St. Paul.

But he was strangely mistaken. The very precautions he had taken to hide in obscurity the mysterious prisoner served only to insure him a literary immortality. The iron-clasped mask, the enforced silence, the long and secret imprisonment, the obscure burial, drew the attention of the world to the mysterious story. The peasantry of the provinces long remembered and related the passage of the closed litter through their villages, and the anxious vigilance of the *Sieur Saint Mars*. In the court circles it was suggested that a member of the royal family had been unjustly imprisoned by the unscrupulous king. The Man in the Iron Mask became the *Junius* of French history; the problem over which grave investigators and pleasant chroniclers speculated in vain. More than fifty treatises have been written on the attractive theme. The most extravagant theories have been defended with ardor; the most minute investigations have been pursued. Yet it is still doubtful whether the mask has ever been successfully lifted from that sad countenance, and whether the pale and uncomplaining victim has ever been clearly identified.

One of the earliest suggestions to unfold the mystery was that the Man in the Mask was an elder brother of Louis XIV. This story was told by Voltaire, and found a ready belief in the last century. It has still its supporters. It was said that Anne of Austria had a son, the twin brother of Louis, whom it was necessary to conceal in order to prevent a disputed succession. The infant was taken away into Burgundy, and grew up under the care of his governor, Riche-

lieu, as the son of his nurse. He was a fair and graceful young man of nineteen, altogether unconscious of his royal origin, when an unhappy incident threw into his way a letter which his mother, Anne of Austria, had not prevailed upon herself to destroy. She had resolved, in case of the death of Louis, to call her first-born to the throne. The young prince, excited by his discovery, obtained the portrait of his brother. He saw at once the resemblance to himself; he rushed to his governor with the portrait and the letter, exclaiming: "This is my brother, and this tells me what I am." His conduct was reported at court, and orders were sent down to imprison the unhappy young man for life; and thus, in the romantic legend, it was his own brother against whom Louis had employed all his rare skill as a jailer—an unceasing vigilance of nearly fifty years.

In support of this theory it was urged that the unknown prisoner had always received from his captors a degree of deference paid only to regal birth; that his love for laces and fine linen had been inherited from his mother, Anne of Austria; that his appearance and his manners were noble and commanding. But no eminent person had disappeared from the world about this period, and there was no one against whom it seemed probable that Louis XIV. would exercise such a severe precaution, except some rival of his power and his throne. At last a letter was produced from the Duchess of Modena, a daughter of the regent, Duke of Orleans, that professed to give a complete explanation of the story of the Man in the Iron Mask. It was found among the papers of the Marshal Richelieu. It told with minuteness the story of the birth of twins to Anne of Austria; of the prophecy of shepherds who foretold that their dissensions would bring civil war upon the kingdom; of the banishment of one of the children; his education; his noble appearance; his discovery of his royal birth; his imprisonment by a royal order in the Isles of St. Marguerite. The romantic story was at once adopted by the public as a suitable explanation of the mystery, and the Man in the Mask was universally believed to have been a discrowned and persecuted king.

But skepticism soon woke again, and careful investigators refused to accept the explanation. The famous letter of the Duchess of Modena was pronounced a forgery or a fiction. The traditional details of the story were questioned. It was denied that the Man in the Mask was treated with unusual respect, or that the incidents preserved or added by Voltaire to the legend were any more trustworthy than many another embellishment of that unscrupulous historian. The mask was once more drawn over the face of Louis's victim. A throng of investigators have since labored to raise it.

One of the most probable claimants to the honors of the mask was the brilliant and impetuous Fouquet. As minister of finance, in the regency of Anne of Austria and the opening

of the reign of Louis XIV., Fouquet had been the wealthiest and the most powerful subject in France. He squandered with a lavish hand the resources of the nation, and grew enormously rich by the plunder of his countrymen. His landed estates surpassed those of the proudest peers. He owned Belleisle, almost a fortress; his possessions in America were almost an independent kingdom. He built at Vaux, near Fontainebleau, a magnificent château, whose gardens and groves, of more than Eastern luxury, were probably the models of those of Versailles, and whose endless galleries and stately chambers, adorned with gold, gems, and works of art, perhaps outshone any thing that Europe had witnessed since the lavish outlay of Nero or Caligula. In his palace of Vaux Fouquet gave entertainments of fabulous extravagance. All that was noble, great, or eminent in literature and art assembled in the halls of his hospitable home. His bounty, like his splendor, was more than regal. His guests were welcomed with lavish attentions. They fed on the rarest food, drank the costliest wines, were lodged in sumptuous chambers, and each in the morning found on his dressing-table a purse of gold, the parting gift of the liberal host.

Fouquet, in consequence, had troops of friends, many of whose names have shed lustre on the fêtes at Vaux. Among them were Corneille and Molière, Madame De Sévigné and La Fontaine; even Louis XIV. was sometimes entertained by his ambitious minister, and consented to borrow large sums from his seemingly boundless resources. When the national treasury was bankrupt, and the people clamorous in their want, Fouquet was always supplied with ready money; his power grew enormous, and dangerous to the monarchy itself; he held in his control many of the most important cities of France; his adherents filled the fleet and the army; his intense and restless vanity led him into a dangerous rivalry with the youthful king, and brought him swiftly to his fall.

Louis, at twenty-two, had resolved to govern alone, and Fouquet was ordered to present his accounts. He brought them in daily, but they were falsified to deceive the king, and the unscrupulous minister hoped that he might easily elude the vigilance of an inexperienced young man. But every night Louis sat down with the acute Colbert, Fouquet's chief enemy, and carefully unraveled the financial fictions. Colbert instigated and pressed on the ruin of the unfaithful minister. The king looked upon him with hatred, jealousy, and rage. A plot was formed for his destruction. With difficulty and danger the conspirators succeeded in arresting the powerful subject. He was thrown into prison, tried, condemned to banishment by the court, but by Louis to perpetual imprisonment; and he became the most important tenant of Pignerol, for sixteen years the source of endless disquietude to the conscientious Saint Mars.

Many circumstances conspire to make it probable that Fouquet was the Man of the Iron Mask.

He had, by some mysterious crime, deserved the undying hatred of Louis XIV. We know that he was treated for sixteen years with singular severity. The eyes of the king were seldom long turned away from his helpless victim. It is asserted that he was the rival of his master in the affections of La Vallière, or that he had endeavored, by the aid of his vast wealth and almost limitless influence, to drive Louis from the throne. He had aspired, perhaps, to become the Warwick or the Cromwell of France. Suddenly he was torn away from his magnificent palaces and his hosts of friends, and shut within the frightful gloom of the wide ditches, the guarded walls, the frowning donjon of Pignerol. His prison was a chamber in the keep into which only a faint light penetrated through osier screens that covered a window defended by enormous bars of iron. He was cut off from every hope of escape, and from all intercourse with the exterior world. He was denied at first the use of books and of writing materials. His only visitor was his jailer, who came each day to examine his furniture and clothes, and often to search the prisoner himself.

Years rolled away, and in his dreadful solitude his mind grew dim, his faculties declined, his high spirits wasted into dullness. He saw nothing but the bare walls of his cell and the suspicious countenance of Saint Mars. All his dim mental powers were directed to forming some connection with the world outside; to obtain news of his wife, his mother, and his children. With wonderful ingenuity he made ink from soot and a few drops of water, a pen from the bones of a fowl, and contrived to write a letter on his handkerchief; he made a sympathetic ink, and wrote a few lines in a book. Saint Mars detected the ingenious treachery, and sent the handkerchief, the book, and the curious pen to the king. Louis returned orders to him to endeavor to discover how Fouquet had manufactured his sympathetic ink. The prisoner next contrived to write on ribbons and a portion of his dress; he was afterward always clothed in black. When a chest of tea was sent to Fouquet his jailer was ordered to empty the tea in another receptacle, and to take away the chest with its paper lining. His linen was always thrown into a tub of water to remove any writing he might have traced upon it. Fouquet's friends made various efforts to aid him to escape, and one of his old servants suffered death for having tried to corrupt his guard. From this time he seems to have abandoned the world forever. He no longer sighed for the magnificent palace at Vaux, for the society of Corneille or La Fontaine, for the tender care of his wife and children, but gave all his thoughts to a preparation for a future life.

To one person Fouquet's fall and imprisonment had given singular joy; it was his humble and pious mother. "Now, at least," she cried, "I have hopes of my son's salvation!" She rejoiced to have him snatched from grandeur and dissipation, and condemned to a silent

meditation that might turn all his thoughts toward heaven. Her pious hope was gratified. The last years of his imprisonment were given to devotion. He fasted often on bread and water, and declared that nothing was of importance to him compared with the salvation of his soul. After many years of seclusion the severity of his captivity was softened; he was allowed the use of books, and was permitted to see his wife and children. About the year 1680 he disappears from sight. He either died at Pignerol or accompanied Saint Mars in his singular journey from St. Marguerite to the Bastille, hidden by the litter and the mask.

For the latter theory M. Lacroix has contended with animation and vigor. He thinks he has a conclusive argument to show that Fouquet was the Man of the Mask. That he had bitterly offended Louis is plain; M. Lacroix seeks for the cause of the offense in the boundless scandals of the corrupt court. He argues that the journey of the Man of the Mask followed soon after the disappearance of Fouquet; that the death of the minister is far from being ascertained; that private or political reasons may have led the king to seclude him from the world rather than to remove him by assassination. But what was the secret source of this later enmity? Why was it that the unfortunate minister was hurried away from Pignerol, and condemned to pass a weary and feeble old age in the tower of the Bastille? It is suggested that when Madame De Maintenon had married the king she became more than ever anxious to hide in perpetual obscurity her early history, which has never yet been related, but with which Fouquet was possibly too familiar. It was the enmity of an ambitious and powerful woman that deepened the misery of the last days of her early protector; or perhaps Fouquet had been implicated in the poisoning practices of Brinvilliers and her associates, among whose victims his rival Colbert had been destined to be numbered. Yet these suggestions are scarcely founded on any historical proof, and a romantic criminality is thrown around the varied career of the great minister of which there is no trace in the records of the period. The enmity of Louis is sufficiently accounted for in the fact that he was despotic and resolute to rule, and that the wealth and powerful connections of Fouquet rendered him a dangerous subject, and his ambition a rival who could not safely be permitted to remain at liberty. There seems, too, scarcely a doubt that Fouquet died in 1684, in the care of his daughter, his son-in-law, and his son. He was buried by his family. His death was known to his contemporaries; it was the subject of a touching notice from Madame De Sévigné, who had never ceased to remember him with gratitude.

Two brilliant but unsatisfactory champions have next been brought forward to claim the fatal mask. Their pretensions have found vigorous defenders; they may be dismissed with

a brief notice. The fair and graceful Count de Vermandois was the son of Louis XIV. and the amiable La Vallière. He had been covered from his infancy with honors and gifts. At the age of twenty-two months he was made High Admiral of France, and the progress of his youth was marked by a constant rise in popularity and favor. His generosity was unbounded; he had inherited none of his father's despotic selfishness, but he was carried away by the passion for glory, which in that barbarous age was chiefly displayed in offensive wars. Beautiful in person, generous in disposition, beloved by his companions in arms, the young prince seemed destined to an illustrious career, that might bear his name down to posterity with that of Condé or Turenne. But a legend of the last century has confidently consigned him to the Bastille for life. Louis XIV., it is related, had two sons, one legitimate, Louis, Dauphin of France, and one, the illegitimate Louis de Bourbon, Count de Vermandois. Nearly of the same age, the two princes were opposite in character. The dauphin was dull, rude, unfit to rule; the young count was endowed with all the graces of intellect and manners. A rivalry grew up between the two brothers, and Vermandois had been heard openly lamenting that the French were one day destined to obey a prince like the dauphin, unworthy of a crown. His imprudent words were reported to the king, his father; Louis, struck by their dangerous import, yet forgave the son of La Vallière. But the feud between the brothers still continued, and at length the count, in a sudden rage, struck the heir to the throne. It was almost an inexpiable crime. Louis was informed of the offense. Trembling for the culprit, he was yet forced by the united sentiment of his courtiers to summon his ministers, and with grief and hesitation to lay before them the criminal conduct of his favorite child. The laws of the state were imperative; it was decided that the young count must be condemned to death. The haughty father, weighed down with grief, yielded to the sad necessity; but happily a courtly minister suggested a less painful punishment than immediate execution. He recommended that the guilty young prince should be sent with a splendid train to the army in Flanders. Here a report was to be spread that he had suddenly died of plague. He was then to be made to pass for dead; his magnificent obsequies were to be celebrated in the presence of all the army; while the unhappy count was borne away secretly at night, and hidden for life, covered with a velvet mask, in the most secluded prisons of the realm.

Such was the legend that excited an animated debate at Paris in the last century, and which was accepted as a sufficient explanation of the historical mystery. It was shown to be altogether fabulous when it had been proved that the Count de Vermandois had died in 1683, of a violent fever, in his bed at Courtray.

Still less probable was the confident assertion that the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II., instead of perishing on the scaffold, had been conveyed secretly to Paris, and had passed the last years of his life under the care of Saint Mars. The death of Monmouth had been doubted by many of his humble admirers in the western counties of England, and old men in Dorsetshire were fond of whispering that he would still return to claim the crown. But unhappily for the supporters of the legend of his imprisonment in France, the story of Monmouth's painful death upon the scaffold has an immovable place in history; and we may exclude the two unfortunate princes, the son of Charles and the son of Louis, from all share in the mystery of the iron mask. Both died young, happier, perhaps, than he who lived in perpetual isolation.

The priestly victim of Louis XIV., Avedick, Armenian Archbishop of Constantinople, passes over the page of history another candidate for the mournful immortality of the mask. While the courteous Louis was filling his prisons with the pure and gentle Huguenots, and covering France with the terrors of religious persecution, in the capital of the sultan a humane toleration was extended to every Christian sect. The pious Avedick was permitted to rule with liberal sway over several millions of Armenians, scattered throughout the East, and Roman Catholic processions, with tapers and relics, moved unharmed through the streets of Constantinople. But the Catholics, not satisfied with their own privileges, resolved to convert or to destroy the unoffending Armenians. The Jesuits, the authors of the extravagant project, filled the city with their missionaries; the court of Rome urged on their mischievous labors. Ferriol, the French minister, corrupt and vindictive, aided them with his influence. The Armenians were to be forced to submit to the Romish rule, and the ministers of the sultan were bribed or deceived into lending their assistance to the singular plot. But the chief obstacle to the success of the Jesuits was believed to be the Patriarch Avedick, whose mild and temperate opposition to the conversion of the Armenians seemed to the missionaries an unpardonable crime. He was known to have spoken with disrespect of Louis XIV.; he resisted with firmness the French policy; he was beloved by his Armenian countrymen. It became necessary for the Jesuits, therefore, to remove him from his high office; and with their usual imprudent and unsparing vigor they planned his ruin.

Avedick was covered with gross calumnies; he was represented to the divan as a dangerous and infamous man, who was unfit to be trusted with power; he was more than once deposed by the arts of the Jesuits, and then restored by the efforts of his countrymen. At one moment he was shut up by his persecutors on a barren rock, far from his beloved people; at another he was confined in a dungeon half full of water,

where the daylight never penetrated. But the devoted Armenians still clung to their patriarch with unabated constancy. Vast sums of money were raised to purchase his liberation; the grand vizier and his officers were won by enormous bribes; and Avedick was again restored to his episcopal throne, and defied, with tolerant firmness, the French ambassador and the court of Rome.

A more effective plan was now proposed; it was resolved to abduct the ruler of the Oriental Christians, and carry him away secretly to the dungeons of the Inquisition or the prisons of France. Louis XIV., the Jesuits, and the pope seem all to have been engaged in this daring violation of the rights of nations. By their persistent intrigues Avedick was deposed and sent into exile for the last time. He was seized on his way to his place of imprisonment, carried on board a French vessel, and, under the charge of a Jesuit father, set sail for the unfriendly West. No regard was paid to the protestations or the entreaties of the aged patriarch, the equal and the rival of the pope at Rome. He was treated with cruel indignities, his efforts to inform his countrymen of his fate were carefully suppressed, and he was at last landed on French soil and confined in a dungeon at Marseilles.

Struck by the startling elements of this well-authenticated story, a careful writer, De Taulès, believed that he had at last discovered the true wearer of the iron mask. His conviction was strengthened by long and painful researches; he was filled with all the joy of a discoverer. "I do not more clearly feel my existence," he exclaims, "than I recognize the patriarch in all the features of the iron mask." A chain of circumstances in the common legend seemed to lend certainty to his theory. The high station of the prisoner, the vigilance with which he was observed, the necessity for his complete seclusion from the world, seemed now perfectly explained. He was one of the most eminent men of the age, and he had been snatched away, by an unprecedented outrage, from the dominions of his imperious sovereign. Louis might well seek to conceal his prisoner beneath a perpetual mask. The sultan had been roused to a violent rage by the action of the French king, and demanded the restoration of his Armenian subject. Louis and his ambassador denied all knowledge of the fate of Avedick, and the sultan avenged his violated authority by a general persecution of the Catholics. The Jesuits were forbidden to make proselytes at Constantinople, their printing-presses were broken up, the Armenians who had become reconciled to Rome were tortured or thrown into prison, Avedick was recalled, by a decree of the sultan, to the office of grand patriarch, and the selfish and ambitious policy of the Roman pontiff ended only in giving new vigor to Armenian independence.

But the grand patriarch was never again to sit on the throne of the East, or to rejoice in the

love and devotion of his countrymen. The pope and the Jesuits pursued him with vindictive malice. They urged Louis to hide him in some secure retreat, where he might pass his life in penance and painful obscurity. The king was eager to gratify them. Near the shore of ancient Brittany, surrounded by the waves, rises a tall and narrow rock, on which had stood for centuries the Benedictine monastery of St. Michel. The monks were rude, savage, and superstitious. The sea swept around their lonely home. Here Avedick was confined for five years. No one was allowed to speak to him, nor did any one probably understand his native tongue. The monks looked upon him with horror, as the chief of heretics, a persecutor of the Catholics, the rival of the pope. The aged prisoner must have felt that no hope of escape remained, as he gazed on the wild waves around him, and knew that none of his spiritual children in the East would ever discover his inaccessible retreat.

To crush the feeble intellect of the unhappy old man, to force him to abjure his faith, and thus to prevent him forever from being restored to his Eastern throne, was now the chief aim of his royal persecutor. Avedick was still an object of terror to the great king. The sultan was constantly demanding his release, and Louis had declared openly that he was dead. Yet in every Armenian church throughout the East prayers were daily offered up for the return of their holy patriarch, and the prisons of France were keenly watched by Armenian spies, eager to gain some news of the lost chief. No one trusted the word of the chivalric king. But Louis now pressed on his design of forcing Avedick to recant. The patriarch was removed secretly from the rock of St. Michel and shut up in the gloomiest cells of the Bastille. He was held in the strictest confinement. He was tortured by the incessant arguments of a Catholic priest. His firmness at length gave way, and in 1710 Avedick obtained his freedom by abjuring the Armenian faith.

He came out from the Bastille with bowed head, a furrowed brow, his eyesight nearly gone, and, as a Romish priest, celebrated each day a mass at St. Sulpice. Some trace of his Armenian dress he still retained; his foreign accent and manners still attracted attention; but no one saw in the humble priest, half a cripple, leaning upon his cane, him who had once held in his hands the control of millions of subjects, who was still an object of love and adoration to the churches of the East, and who had successfully resisted the spiritual despotism which the pope and the Jesuits had labored to extend over the Christians of Constantinople and Jerusalem.

M. Topin, the latest investigator into the historical mystery, has shown the fallacies of each theory of his predecessors. He has proved that Avedick could not have been the hero of the tale. He shows that the patriarch was at Constantinople in 1706, that the Man of the Mask

was buried in 1703. He traces Avedick from Marseilles to St. Michel, from the monastery to the Bastille; he shows him dying a devout Catholic. But the theory proposed by M. Topin, and which he supports by original research and extensive labors, is yet to be examined. It was not altogether new; it was maintained by Delort and Agar Ellis; but M. Topin has entered upon the inquiry with fresh materials and undiminished vigor. He crushes with a relentless force the fairest speculations of Voltaire, Lacroix, or Taulès; he fearlessly assumes that he alone has been able to identify the victim of Louis XIV.

His argument is founded upon a singular narrative of ambition and of crime. In the earlier period of his career of national robbery and of military glory, Louis had formed the design of enslaving Italy. He hoped to gain possession of the fertile territories of the young Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeus, and thus open a path to the conquest of the whole peninsula. Already he held the fortress of Pignerol, at the foot of the Alps; he was anxious to gain the control of the fortress of Casale, belonging to the Duke of Mantua. From the two strongholds his armies might encircle the dominions of the Duke of Savoy, and plant the banners of France in the centre of Piedmont. To gain Casale the great king entered into a secret negotiation with the Duke of Mantua, Charles IV., a degenerate descendant of the house of Gonzaga, who was a gambler and a spendthrift, and whose pressing necessities made him willing to sell the independence of Italy and the honor of his name. It was arranged that Casale was to be given up to Louis for one hundred thousand crowns; but it was necessary that the transaction should be conducted in perfect secrecy, since Spain, Austria, Venice, and Savoy would scarcely permit the strong fortress to fall into the power of France without a vigorous resistance.

The chief agent in the negotiation was Count Matthioly, secretary and confidant of the Duke of Mantua. Matthioly, won by French gifts and flatteries, had aided in persuading the duke to consent to the transfer; had visited the magnificent Louis, received his bribes and the present of a valuable diamond ring. His intelligence and activity, his high birth and powerful connections, his devotion to the interests of France, his influence with the duke, seemed to insure the success of the project; and Louis sent his best generals to the frontiers of Italy to enter, at a signal from Matthioly, within the walls of the Italian fortress.

But now the whole plan was suddenly disconcerted. Matthioly deceived and defied the great king. Whether, bred in the school of Macchiavelli, his whole conduct had been treachery and deceit, or whether a patriotic sentiment had been awakened in the breast of the Italian negotiator, he was now as active in baffling forever the projects of France as he had ever been in their support. He gave warning

to Spain, Austria, and Savoy of the dangerous ambition of Louis. On various pretenses the Duke of Mantua postponed the surrender of the fortress. The great powers were prepared to interfere. Casale could only be won by force of arms, and Louis, humiliated, mortified, and defeated, was made ridiculous in the eyes of all Europe.

His rage rose high against his Italian deceiver. He resolved to lure Matthioly into his power, and shut him up for life in his strongest prisons. The accomplished and patriotic count was to pine in silent woe at Pignerol, St. Marguerite, and the Bastille; like Avedick, Fouquet, and Lauzun, he was to be cut off from all communication with his friends, wife, or children, and to be hidden from every eye except that of the cautious Saint Mars and the distant inspection of the royal jailer. He wore, perhaps, the iron mask.

A plot was arranged for the abduction of Matthioly, and several of the most eminent of the French officials shared in the ignominious act. Catinat, the famous general, a French ambassador, the French prime minister, and the king himself watched with anxiety the secret design. Matthioly was tempted to a meeting with Catinat and D'Estrades; his fears were disarmed by promises and by falsehoods; he was seized on the neutral territory of Savoy, and hurried away to Pignerol. From this time the name of Count Matthioly, like many another victim of the grand monarch, is almost lost to history. It is known that he was threatened with torture, and forced to give up valuable papers. He was often treated with extreme cruelty; he sometimes resisted with insane violence. He was shut up in the same cell with a lunatic prisoner, who had lost his senses under the supervision of the courteous Louis, and perhaps shared his fate. With pitiful regrets the count sometimes lamented that he had not received the respectful treatment due to his birth and station. He gave a valuable diamond ring, which he had perhaps received from Louis XIV., to the turnkey, who had threatened to beat him. He wrote poor scrawls on the lining of his clothes, which his jailer detected and destroyed; and as long as Matthioly lived Louis seems to have watched with intense interest the conduct of his captive, and to have been constantly informed of his fits of violence and of lamentation, of his sad efforts to escape, of his touching desire to learn something of his wife and children, of his insanity or his death.

"No one must know what is become of this man," wrote the king of Matthioly; nor can it be said that any one has ever related the true history of the brilliant count. When he was abducted a report was spread of his death; he at least died to the world. His wife, overcome with grief, shut herself in a convent; his father lamented for many years over the loss of his beloved son, and died uncertain of his fate. Matthioly's relatives, terrified by the mysterious blow that had fallen upon him, never ven-

tured to inquire into his doom, lest his powerful enemies might avenge their dangerous curiosity. His name on the family record appears without any mention of his death. His father, his sons, his wife, his relatives, lived and died unconscious that Matthioly was shut up for nearly twenty years at Pignerol or St. Marguerite; that he wore the velvet mask.

Matthioly entered Pignerol in 1679, if, as M. Topin contends, he was "the prisoner from Provence." He survived for twenty-four years his total seclusion. One acute investigator makes him die of dropsy in the sickly cells of Exiles; but M. Topin traces him to St. Marguerite. Here, in company with a throng of Huguenot ministers, with several "crows," or prisoners whose names were never told, with a changing series of the victims of the great Louis, he sank into helpless old age. The system of prison discipline adopted by Saint Mars was one well suited to crush the mental faculties of the most vigorous and the most active; to the cultivated intellect of the statesman or the scholar it was singularly appalling. The prisoners were never allowed to communicate with each other, and never left their narrow cells. With a natural pride Saint Mars ingeniously enlarges upon his own scrupulous severity. "My two lieutenants," he explains, in one of his dispatches, "give the prisoners their food at fixed hours." The senior keeper first takes the keys of the cell of *my old prisoner*—perhaps some one of the claimants of the iron mask—opens the three doors, and enters the chamber; the prisoner politely hands him the dishes, after the meal, placed one upon another; they are then carried to a table two paces off, and examined to see that nothing is written upon them; a search is then made in and under the bed, and among the window-bars of the room; the prisoner himself is next searched, and then, civilly asking him if he has need of any thing, the jailers retire, and pass on to the cell of a Huguenot pastor, or some nameless "crow," where they repeat the peculiar ceremony.

Twice a week the linen of the prisoners was changed, and carefully examined for scraps of writing. It was then steeped in a tub of water. Saint Mars had no fear for the linen; but he complains that there is much danger in candles. He had found some that contained paper instead of wicks, and was forced to send to Turin for a less dangerous quality. Ribbons he had learned to distrust; they should never be left, he asserts, in a prisoner's apartment, or they would certainly be written upon. "The late Monsieur Fouquet," he continues, "made fine and good paper, on which I allowed him to write, and then took from him the little packet which he had hidden beneath his seat." It was sent to Louis XIV. To conclude his labors, Saint Mars searched each one of his prisoners by day and night.

Under such skillful treatment Saint Mars's prisoners soon sank into imbecility. They came into his keeping fierce, violent, vindictive; they

slowly learned to obey with docile humility. We may well conceive that the Man of the Mask traveled in his litter from St. Marguerite to the Bastile without a murmur or an effort to escape. But was he Count Matthioly? M. Topin has produced an imposing chain of proof to show that no other prisoner could satisfy the conditions of the narrative. His argument rests on an extensive fabric of inferences; the failure of a single link must overthrow the whole. Matthioly seems scarcely of sufficient importance to have required such unusual care. He was neglected by his friends; abandoned by his master, the Duke of Mantua. No one seems to have labored for his rescue, or even remembered his fate. His name is omitted in the dispatches of his time, and his early death in prison is not improbable. It is still possible that some new pretender to the iron mask may arise to engage the attention of acute French investigators, and to show the futility of previous researches. It might be suggested that the prisoner was a woman; some victim of Madame De Maintenon's jealousy; some noble associate of Brinvilliers or Fouquet. There seems scarce-

ly sufficient positive evidence to indicate even the sex of the prisoner. Or in the dark and tainted atmosphere of the court of Louis some plot may have been detected of which the chief agent was too close to the king to be removed by assassination or a public execution. The fruitful theme is not yet exhausted. But the various treatises composed on so insignificant a question have at least tended to withdraw the mask from the countenance of Louis XIV. and his age of persecution.

Louis outlived all his prisoners, and had the satisfaction of seeing them fade away, one by one, like shadows across his path. The conscientious Saint Mars died rich and full of honors, the chief ornament of his peculiar profession. No repentance for all their evil deeds seems ever to have disturbed the repose of either the king or his faithful servant; and neither ever divulged the mystery of the iron mask. Louis soon followed his chief jailer to meet the shades of Avedick and Fouquet, of the Huguenot ministers, or the nameless victims of St. Marguerite and the Bastile, and died, covered with glory, the destroyer of France.

UNDER THE MAPLE.

THE start it gave me just now to see,
As I stood in the door-way looking out,
Rob Greene at play by the maple-tree,
Throwing the scarlet leaves about!

It carried me back a long, long way;
Ten years ago—how the time runs by!
There was nobody left at home that day
But little Jimmy and father and I:

My husband's father, an old, old man,
Close on to eighty, but still so smart:
It was only of late that he began
To stay in the house and doze apart.

But the fancy took him that afternoon
To go to the meadow to watch the men
And as fast as I argued, just so soon
He went right over it all again;

Till, seeing how set he seemed to be,
I thought, with the air so warm and still,
It could not hurt him to go with me,
And sit for a little under the hill.

So, lending my arm to his feeble tread,
Together slowly we crossed the road;
While Jim and his cart ran on ahead
With a heap of pillows for wagon load.

We made him a soft seat, cushioned about,
Of an old chair out of the barn close by;
Then Jim went off with a caper and shout,
While we sat silent, father and I.

For me, I was watching the men at work,
And looking at Jack, my oldest son—
So like his father! he never would shirk,
But kept straight on till the stint was done.

Seventeen was Jack that last July:
A great, stout fellow, so tall and strong!
And I spoke to the old man by-and-by,
To see how fast he was getting along.

But father had turned away his head,
A-following Jimmy's busy game
With the maple leaves, whose bloody red
Flared up in the sun like so much flame.

His lips, as he looked, began to move,
And I heard him mutter a word or two:
"Yes, Joe! A fire in the Weston grove?
Just wait—one minute—I'll go with you!"

"Why, father," I cried, "what *do* you mean?"
For I knew he talked of his brother Joe,
The twin that was drowned at scarce fifteen,
Sixty summers and more ago.

"The sun has dazzled you: don't you see
That isn't a fire a-blazing there?
It's only Jim, by the maple-tree,
Tossing the red leaves into the air."

But still he nodded and looked and smiled,
Whispering something I could not hear;
Till, fairly frightened, I called the child,
Who left his play and came frolicking near.

The old man started out of his seat:
"Yes, Joe, yes; I'm coming," said he.
A moment he kept his tottering feet,
And then his weight grew heavy on me.

"Father!" I screamed; but he did not mind,
Though they all came running about us then:
The poor old body was left behind,
And the twins were young together again.

And I wonder sometimes, when I wake at night,
Was it his eyes or my own were dim?
Did something stand, beyond my sight,
Among the leaves, and beckon to him?

Well! there comes Jim up the interval road:
Ten summers ago? yes, all of ten:
That's Baby Jack on the pumpkin load,
And Jim is as old as Jack was then.

THAT PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

UNTIL he reached Washington it seemed the easiest thing in the world to obtain. It would only be necessary for Bocott to whisper in the President's ear. The President would hasten to send up any name the illustrious Senator desired, and Bocott, as head and front of the Senatorial committee before which the candidate must come, had power to arrange matters entirely his own way. But, once in the Congressional pandemonium, Ralph Laurence discovered that he had reckoned without his host—of competitors, annoyances, and bedevilements generally. One might have thought the position he wanted the only gift at the disposal of that muddle-headed abortion called government, there were so many applicants, each one supported by troops of loud-voiced friends, and lists of recommendations longer than the Mosaic law.

He found the great Bocott beaming with the affability for which he was famous. Bocott was delighted to see him, asked in the most interested manner after his mother (who had been dead ten years), invited him to dinner, and only began to appear bored and absent when Laurence put in his little claim to be served with something more substantial than a soup-ticket. This was the first term of Bocott's Senatorial dignities, and he would have failed in his effort to sit among the conscript fathers if Ralph's paternal, since become a ghost, had not stepped out of his way and laid by an old grudge for the purpose of serving him.

Bocott looked blank enough on learning what his young friend wanted. He was eager, he said, to assist his talented constituent—no man in the land, he felt confident, better fitted for the position, certainly none whom it would personally be so agreeable to see established there. By-the-way, were his charming cousins, the Darmonts, well? (Ralph and the Darmonts, root and branch, being deadly enemies, the inquiry was bliss and honey to his feelings.) But the place, if Bocott wished to see him in it, why not gratify that amiable desire without loss of time, since it needed only a few cabalistic words muttered to the chief to accomplish it? Ah! that was just the difficulty. The President and Bocott had quarreled! The President wanted to make up, but Bocott was obdurate; much as he longed to gratify his friend, it was a matter that would require serious thought before he could bring his mind to ignore his wrongs, and accept the olive-branch already several times extended from the White House.

It is supposable that the head of the nation and the noble Senator had quarreled over some affair of importance; of course they had, though I have forgotten exactly what it was. Either Bocott was not included in the first Presidential dinner of the season, or was stu-

pidly invited among his arch foes, or got mashed potatoes when he wanted croquettes. Something, at least, of as much moment; and nobody ever spent a winter in Washington without perceiving how punctilious Senators and Congressmen are: not from personal motives—from a sense of duty, and, above all, a remembrance of what is due their constituents.

Still, before Laurence left his titled friend, it was understood that every thing possible Bocott would do, even to considering the reconciliation with the President. There was no hurry; at present the national victim was too busy to offer the committee names, in spite of the thousand rumors. Besides, whoever was presented to the secret conclave must stand or fall at Bocott's nod. Bocott's dear young friend must rest perfectly tranquil—who lived would see—and several other applicable proverbs. Ralph was bowed out, because of sterner duties, for which genial conversation must be broken off, all hope of repose or sleep give way; and Bocott yawned wearily, but looked firm, and resolved to sacrifice himself in behalf of his country.

That was the beginning; at the end of nearly four weeks Laurence found himself very much out of pocket from dinners and suppers, with more rancorous enemies among opposing men and their supporters than he had ever made in his whole life, and his toes so sore from being trodden on in Washington ball-rooms that he had to endure the humiliation of boots full two sizes larger than he had expected to wear until resigned to sixty and rheumatic gout. He was kept in a constant state of excitement from daily reports of names certain to be sent in before night; gossip quickly reporting that so-and-so had absolutely been nominated and confirmed; all the tittle-tattle, mendacity, and confusion, which are as plentiful and constant as dust in Pennsylvania Avenue. Bocott was affable and tender as ever, but obscure as a Pythian oracle. Just when Ralph began to nourish hopes that he really meant at last to accept the President's olive-branch, he learned in a way which left slight doubt that Bocott intended to sell him to his bitterest foe. It must have been slander, but Ralph was so worn and irritated that he was prepared to believe the worst of any body, even the noble Bocott, to whose patriotism there was no limit, his party said; and, of course, it ought to know. He was incapable of acting from self-interest; bribery, or corruption of any sort, dared not lift so much as a persuasive finger in his presence; he announced this fact in almost every speech he made, and naturally he might be supposed able to judge. In short, according to his own account and that of his friends, he appeared a modern Cicero, minus the vanity, and wore his swallow-tailed coat with such grace he fairly gave one the idea of a Roman in his toga.

While Laurence was giving ear to evil reports in regard to this patriot, and nourishing ran-

corous feelings toward humanity in general, Marian Hope came on to visit some friends for a few weeks, and aggravate the souls of diplomatists' wives with the sight of her fresh dresses—it being near the close of the season, by which time a decently preserved train is a marvel and a miracle in the new Tower of Babel.

Marian Hope was a relict of twenty-five, with more beauty than money, and more wit than discretion; a charming woman altogether, and a great favorite wherever she appeared. She and Ralph had flirted and quarreled themselves into an engagement, which they kept a secret as yet; and it was rather compliance with his entreaties than affection for her old friends that caused her at last to accept their repeated invitations.

Laurence had been losing most of his money through the fraudulent weaknesses of a business partner, so the place under government was particularly desirable at this time, as he wanted to be married, and did not like the idea of offering Marian a home less luxurious and easy than she found with her relatives. Between this disappointment and the finding himself duped he was full of wrath and bitterness, and on the first favorable opportunity poured out the story of his blighted hopes and Bocott's smiling deceit.

"It is exactly in keeping with my idea of his character," Mrs. Hope said; "the man is a charlatan, and I always knew it."

She announced the opinion as energetically as if it helped matters, but had to stop working herself into a passion and console Ralph. He was so tired with suspense, incessant rushing to and fro, and that most wearisome, gnawing sensation in the world, of having been fooled and cheated, that for the time he lost all power of seeing any thing in a cheerful light, and felt this earth to be a howling wilderness.

Marian cheered him, petted him, laughed at him, and made him laugh. Then they went over the whole case; but no matter how they twisted or turned it, the fact was patent that Ralph's only hope of distancing his competitors lay in Bocott; and Bocott had sold him to please a brother Senator, whose help the patriot needed in some affair which he had closer at heart than the interests of his amiable young friend.

"If he has done it," Marian said, "we'll find some way to punish him. If it isn't too late we'll circumvent him yet, or I'll give up calling myself a woman."

It was not very clear to Ralph what could be done, but it was a satisfaction to hear her speak so confidently. In their eagerness both forgot how often and how severely they had reprobated women for meddling in similar matters, thereby putting themselves in equivocal positions, whether they gained their ends or not.

Only the next night the Chief Justice gave a dinner, and Marian was invited; and knowing that Bocott would be among the guests, she prepared to open the siege. She had met him

at some watering-place two summers before, and Bocott, susceptible to feminine charms, as a patriot and philanthropist ought to be, was flattered by her reception on this renewal of their acquaintance. He fell to her share at table, and she took possession of him as her lawful prey, all the more sweet, witty, and bewitching because her anger was fresh and new, and while she lavished her choicest smiles on him, burned to tweak his nose in the presence of Justice and its guests.

She went a long way this first evening toward reducing Bocott's brain to a mere pulp by her efforts in the Circean business, and while arranging her hair at bed-time for the next day's frizzes her plans began to take shape and substance. Bocott must be induced to make such an utter idiot of himself that, to prevent showing to the world for one, he would consent to keep his word and help Ralph. It looked easy enough of accomplishment, and the little scruples which rose in Marian's mind as to the unwomanliness of such performances, and their variance from her usual habits of thought and action, she silenced peremptorily by remembering she was to act for Ralph's sake—that must make it right.

In the morning Bocott called to pay his respects, instead of going up to the Senate and attending to the health of the nation. He narrowly missed meeting Laurence, and the escape reminded Marian to point out to Ralph that it was necessary they should, for the present, appear the most indifferent acquaintances imaginable. Never thinking it could cause him annoyance, Ralph promised; but before three days were over he was on several occasions vexed by her taking such large advantage of his consent, especially one night when he saw Bocott bending over her at a concert, whispering laboriously in her ear, while he, Ralph, was trampled by the crowd, and had old Dutton's elbow in his ear, and could not get within speaking distance. He felt outraged, and would have made a quarrel the next morning they were alone, only Marian was so charming that he forgot it.

By the time ten days expired Marian and the Senator were fathoms deep in a flirtation, and the widow had not in the least betrayed her hand. She even coaxed Bocott to tell her the whole story about Ralph's wishes, never so much as having said she knew him till they met in Bocott's presence.

"So you are acquainted with Mr. Laurence," the Senator observed, as Ralph gave them a sulky bow at Mrs. Clinton's reception, having been victimized by a lean girl with a pink dress, and elbows to match.

"Oh yes; one meets every body," replied Marian, indifferently. "But I take an interest in Mr. Laurence on account of a friend of mine, whom I know better than I do him."

"A lady?" Bocott asked.

"Yes—but I mustn't tell her secrets. By-the-way, I did hear he had come on about some

appointment. I meant to have asked in regard to his success, but I've had no time to remember any thing. I may thank you more than any body for that."

Bocott bridled, and was flattered, and put in a somewhat overelaborated speech about not having seen half enough of her. Compliments in Washington always do get exaggerated.

"He puffs like a scarlet toad," thought Marian; "I'd like to stab him with a hair-pin." But she said something very different; led him artfully on till he told her how much he wished to help Ralph, and how sorely he was grieved that the proper moment for accepting the President's proffers of peace had not arrived.

"But now that I have turned my mind to the subject," she said, "I want him to have the place. I've told you there's a woman concerned, so you must be gallant."

"I hope it isn't yourself, that you are so interested," returned Bocott, not that he supposed it possible, but from lack of any thing else to say.

"Don't be silly," she advised. "When I am engaged I shall publish it on the house-tops. I don't believe in secrecy in regard to such matters; nor do you, I am sure."

He looked a little odd; and, being a woman, she noticed it, so followed up her remark with a point-blank question:

"Do you believe it is fair to the person to whom one is engaged, or to other people, to make a secret of it?"

She offered the interrogatory in such a virtuous tone, and appeared so very Spartan in her ideas, that Bocott found only one answer in his power.

"No," said he, and turned red, trying to make amends for his confusion by clinching the negative with "certainly not."

But Marian could have sworn the carmine was occasioned by a secret pang, not from his earnestness in the cause of virtue; and though she dropped the subject without another word, she never rested until by some roundabout feminine means she got at the truth.

When she received the letter from a woman whom she knew in the town where Bocott resided she laughed wickedly to herself, and thought:

"The way is clear enough now. Good Mr. Senator, I think I'll prove to you before I've done that in selling his friend a man may be doubly sold."

In her whole life Mrs. Hope had never taken such pains to turn any masculine head, and she succeeded admirably. By the time another ten days were gone Bocott was reduced to a state of imbecility, though with just craft enough left still to play fast and loose where Laurence's appointment was concerned. The widow's anger waxed hotter, and she determined to waste no more smiles. Since he could not be induced to act fairly, she would meet him with deeper duplicity, and put him in such a position he must consent to all she wanted or be made ridiculous.

She knew the patriot well enough to feel certain he would rather have a secret murder on his soul than serve as a theme for satire and amusement to his friends.

Her flirtation with him was a great deal talked about: she meant it should be. Rumors spread even to his native town concerning the serious nature of the affair: the widow took measures to have them. It was the precise spot in which she desired to rouse gossip and confusion.

One night as she was dressing for a ball the news came that Abby Penson had arrived in Washington—ostensibly to attend a great trial which was bringing scores of people to the capital. But the widow's letter added, "You know how much truth there is in that—*gare aux faibles!*"

"But no abbey is ever interesting until deserted," quoth Marian Hope—threw the letter down, and clapped her hands in childish glee. It was the last time she would ever laugh out in such thoughtless enjoyment of a bit of mischief. From this point existence swept so suddenly into a black valley, oppressed by gloom deeper than the shadow of death, that any after-happiness must be too tremblingly received for the possibility of similar abandonment.

The weeks occupied in the subjugation of the patriotic Bocott had not been, in other respects, a tranquil season to Marian. Laurence had speedily grown impatient of the restrictions she put on his visits; of finding himself passed by in public as one of the ordinary herd; and from ill humor and captiousness he proceeded to fault-finding and reproaches; and Marian, supported by the idea that she was acting only for his sake, bore his moods with very slight show of patience.

She could not unfold her plans to him, lest he should be seized with some absurd masculine scruple. When the end came, and brought a triumph with it, he would forget his temporary annoyances, and every thing go on smoothly. In fact, these passing troubles should only make a pleasant variation in the hitherto even tenor of their betrothal. The results, however, were what a less sanguine person might have expected. The pair reached the stage where they quarreled fiercely; and Marian was as sullen as Laurence was violent, and both so culpable that no good could come of detailing their differences.

Nearly a week before Marian received the tidings of Miss Penson's arrival Laurence had been called to New York by the indiscretion of a relative: the fellow had died at the most inconvenient moment possible, true to the last to the habit relations have of doing every thing at the wrong season and in the wrong way. That was Laurence's opinion; but in this case Marian did not agree with his verdict. He was better absent for a little, and she made good use of her freedom. There would still several days elapse before his return, and by that time she should be able to congratulate him on success.

in his wishes, and receive his admiration for her genius in guerrilla warfare. But some imp of the perverse usually upsets our most artful plots just at the juncture when a victory appears certain; and Marian found that the malign spirit it was no kinder to her than if she had been red-haired, or crooked, or an old maid, or any thing else insignificant, with no right to expect good nature from imps or men.

She went to the ball, bewitching as only her dangerous order can be; and though plenty of men flocked about her, she heroically sacrificed herself to the duty of finishing her work on Bocott, and was in such high spirits at having almost reached the goal that it was difficult for her to appear as subdued and sweetly pathetic as the occasion demanded.

She was just thinking what a relief to have it almost over; sneering secretly at Bocott's labored speeches and puffy face, and exulting over the change the next day would bring—the next day, which she had arranged to usher in his discomfiture in a perfectly overwhelming manner. She was thinking, too, that Laurence ought to be very grateful for the pains she had taken, rather looking on herself as a martyr in having endured Bocott's adoration so patiently. Then she raised her head, with the intention of telling him they had sat alone in the conservatory quite long enough (she having got the promise of the visit for the morrow that she wanted); but the words literally froze on her lips. As she looked up she saw Ralph Laurence's face framed in the door-way, and the cold fury in his eyes made her sick and faint.

Bocott was bending toward her, and trying stupidly to take her hand, so the picture was lost on him. Frightened and disturbed as she was, she had self-restraint to end the scene so as to excite no surprise or suspicion in his mind.

"You must not stay here another minute," she said. "Go and dance the Lancers with Mrs. Johns."

She sent him off bewildered and silly. Before she could rise from her seat Laurence's stormy eyes looked down upon her again. It needed no word to assure her that a hideous spectre had swooped in to make her success a blacker anguish than the most abject failure could have proved.

"Why, Ralph, you startled me. I had no idea of seeing you back before Saturday," she fairly stammered.

"I should imagine not," he answered; "at least you did not expect me to intrude at so inopportune a moment. I beg your pardon."

"Oh, Ralph!" She was so overwhelmed by the rage in his face and voice that she could only gasp his name; but he was deaf to the piteous entreaty of her tone.

"I understand," said he. "You are confused and ashamed. I've spoiled the ending you meant to give the play."

"Are you crazy, Ralph?" she moaned, with a great effort raising herself from the sofa, and trying to move toward him.

"Sit down," he commanded, in the same low, grating voice, which caused her absolute physical suffering. "Don't stir—don't try to go away. What I have to say I'll say, and be done."

It was rather because her trembling limbs refused to support her than from any act of volition that she sank back into her place, staring mutely up into the countenance which, well as she knew it, looked unfamiliar and strange in its pallid wrath.

"You thought me so utterly an ass, so easily duped, that you are startled at finding my eyes opened even so late as this," he hurried on. "I don't know that they would have been, unaided; but there's no tongue in this pit of iniquity which isn't busy with your name. Not a newspaper scribbler who doesn't make his letters spicy with the account of your success, as the world will call it—your infamy and shame, as you and I know it to be."

"What do you mean?" she questioned, in a hoarse whisper. "Great Heaven, am I mad? Is this a horrible dream?"

"You'd better leave that sort of thing to Miss Bateman," he sneered; "heavy tragedy isn't your line! Nonsense; keep up your rôle to the last; finish your part in high-comedy style; laugh at my heroics; flutter your fan; remind me that broken hearts and blank verse don't belong to our age."

"Stop, Ralph, stop! Tell me what you have heard—what is it you believe? Don't murder me with such horrible words!"

"So I can stab you with them, at least? I'm glad of it! I wouldn't spare you one if all the angels in heaven pleaded for me to be silent! But you don't feel—bah! I know what hurts you. It's the being found out—you're disappointed at not getting rid of me in your own way. But you're free enough—don't be afraid I shall stand in your path."

She could find no louder voice than that hoarse whisper, which was like the moan of a ghost just roused to a consciousness of its woes; no words but the old appeal, that only added to his icy rage.

"Stop, Ralph, stop! Don't talk so—tell me outright—let me clear myself—Ralph, Ralph!"

"Every thing is clear already," he answered. "The man that called himself my friend sold me first. The woman I loved followed suit. It's all in keeping."

"You don't think—you can't mean—"

He broke in on her confused exclamations:

"Don't tell a single lie more. It's shocking to use so rude a word, but I hate to have you waste your imagination. I know you thoroughly. I wouldn't believe a word you said if you were dying and swore it: falsehood is so ingrained in your nature that you'd keep up your artifices to the last."

"Oh, I wish I had died yesterday!" she sobbed, in tearless agony, woman-like; even then able to remember that curious eyes were near, and she must keep back the hysterical

spasm which shook her from head to foot. "I wish I had died!"

"I'm glad you didn't; I couldn't have told you these wholesome truths. But you don't wish it; you're excited and ashamed for a little—that's all. Go home and sleep; you'll forget this scene in the triumphs before you—a Senator's bride—the wife of the future ambassador! Certainly you've played your game to some purpose. If you'd been born and bred an adventuress you could not have managed better."

She was past utterance now; past sobs or nervous tremblings, or the support anger might have given under his exaggerated denunciations. She could only cower down in her seat, and hide her face to shut out the sight of those blazing eyes, that seemed fairly drying up her heart's blood with their flame.

"I am done now," he said. "I came here to-night to say what I have. I wanted with my own eyes to see the fullness of your treachery. Go back to the world—go back to your new adorer. I wouldn't have on my soul the sin of cursing a thing so petty and frail."

He turned to go; she knew that it was forever, so far as this life was concerned. If he left her now, until eternity broke upon them he would never come within her reach, and she must carry her despair up into the infinite. She struggled to her feet again—once more summoned strength to pronounce his name. Faint as the sound was, he caught it; paused for a second, then hurried from her sight, refusing even a parting glance to her entreaty. The music surged up from the distance; the pleasant bustle of the crowd in the saloons reached her across the deserted antechamber and the great hall. She was slipping slowly to the floor, half insensible, when those echoes roused her. She must get away; she could not face the throng. Luckily she knew the house well, and remembered that a private staircase back of the conservatory led directly up to Mrs. Welter's dressing-room; she could find her friend's maid, have a carriage called, and get away undiscovered.

The tired waiting-woman, dozing in her mistress's favorite arm-chair, started up in fright at the visage which bent over her, and the cold hand that touched her arm. She came to her senses enough to perceive that Mrs. Hope was ill, and after she had squeaked and gurgled a little, was able to obey her commands. So Marian sat there in the half light of the pretty cabinet, while the woman departed in search of somebody to order a carriage, haunted still by the faint tones of the dance music. Even in the keenness of her suffering they brought an odd fancy that an iron door had shut between her and the rest of the world, and henceforth she must listen to the murmur of its excitement and happiness from the haunted silence in which her soul was imprisoned.

The maid came back—a vehicle was waiting—Mrs. Hope's wraps on her arm. She

would be sure to tell Mrs. Laight that her friend was ill, and had to go home without her; every body would be so sorry; and it was a thousand pities, for madame's dress was perfection; Mrs. Welter must ascend presently, and the thing should be explained.

Marian reached Mrs. Laight's house, got up into her own chamber. Let us leave her there. More lives than hers hold crises, the narration of whose agony could afford neither example nor profit; only bitter pain to such as from experience might comprehend; only meaningless exaggeration to the untried souls who have not yet passed down the narrow strait where only the never-failing mercy, which at the time is impiously denied, keeps the devils and their madness aloof.

When the morning and reason came back Marian's first act was to send a note to Laurence at his hotel; it was presently returned, with the information that he had quitted Washington. As good luck would have it, she was left to herself. She did not go down to breakfast, and after a while Mrs. Laight sent up a little note, pitying her headache, but would not disturb her by a visit; besides, was obliged to make a journey over to Georgetown without delay on account of some business.

Marian remembered what was to have been done this day. Bocott was to call upon her; she had meant to unmask her batteries, and claim the coveted post as a reward for keeping his treachery a secret from the gentle Abby, who was represented as only waiting a shadow of a pretext for bringing a breach of promise suit against the patriot.

It was all wasted; her miserable craft, her ignoble scheme upon which she had prided herself, which now showed before her in its real colors, till she felt that nothing could ever wash out the stain and degradation. She could not see this man; it was getting late; she started toward the bell; remembered that the evening previous she and Mrs. Laight had broken it between them in a fit of impatience against a new servant.

She left her chamber, and went into a sitting-room on the same floor, where she and her friend usually idled of a morning, which had its bell-wire still in working order. Before she could ring, however, the bell of the street-door sounded; she could hear the servant passing through the hall, but he was deaf both to her frantic pulls of the sitting-room bell and her verbal summons, as loud as she dared make them, to come up, instead of admitting the visitor.

Steps in the hall; Bocott was impudently presenting himself unannounced. She would run back to her room, and send him his dismissal from its seclusion. Her dress caught on some flowering shrub that stood in the way; before she could get free the steps were close at hand; the idiotic servant was ushering a lady up stairs. One quick glance assured Marian it was a stranger, at all events, and she

would have gone on, leaving the guest to find out at her leisure that Mrs. Laight was absent; but the servant said,

"If you please, ma'am, the lady wants you."

Marian turned back, and confronted the intruder with the most freezing courtesy.

"Mrs. Laight is out," she explained. "I am sorry the servant was so rude as to give you the trouble of coming up stairs before he inquired."

"I think you are Mrs. Hope?" the stranger said, looking a little shy and confused.

Marian bowed, not in a mood to be mollified either by the shyness or the peculiarly pleasing voice.

"It was you I wished to see," added the lady, in a firmer tone, though a good deal confused still.

Marian looked as coldly surprised as good-breeding would permit. Some odious woman that wanted a name to a subscription, or a protest, or something else tiresome.

"I had given the man my card," the lady went on, the idiot having incontinently fled after his blunder; "I didn't expect to intrude upon you quite so unceremoniously."

"It is of no consequence," Marian was obliged to say. "Will you come in and be seated?"

She led the way into the sitting-room, sat down opposite the visitor, and did the elegant and indifferent, until she thought that, no matter how mad the woman might be in the cause of philanthropy, she would perceive speedily there was not the slightest hope of effecting any good by this invasion.

"I came to bring you a little parcel from Mrs. Darrow, of Ashby," said the unknown; and Marian suddenly grew more rigid in her attitude; but this time it was from sheer astonishment.

"From Mrs. Darrow?" she repeated. "Who—if—"

"Let me name myself," continued the other.

"I am Miss Abby Penson."

She took the small package from her reticule, coloring anew as she gave her name; but so evidently a lady, in spite of an appearance of having lived a retired life, so pleasant-looking, almost pretty, though she was perhaps thirty-five, and had a certain quaint primness of dress and manner, that Marian was confounded by this unlikeness to the idea she had conceived of the "deserted Abby."

Her next thought was, had the woman come to assault her for having made captive the capricious fancy of her Bocott? She was too sick at heart to appreciate the dramatic situation. If it had all happened yesterday, some good might have come out of it; but now every thing was ended and done.

"I am much obliged for your kindness," she made herself say, "and any friend of Mrs. Darrow's I am glad to meet." That was all right; but before she knew it she had added: "There is still another reason why I am glad to see you. I happen to have been let into a secret, and

know that I have the pleasure of seeing the lady to whom my friend Mr. Bocott is engaged."

The color came and went in Abby Penson's cheeks, and two bright tears shone in her eyes, but, nevertheless, she got steadily through her:

"Thank you; it is very kind to receive me so." But she was too little accustomed to invent speeches for the purpose of hiding her feelings to continue the effort, and she exclaimed, abruptly, "I felt sure he must have told you. I've only seen him a moment. He was going to a ball last night, and is busy to-day."

Her face brightened so suddenly under Marian's announcement that it was plain she had heard the numerous stories. The widow was sufficiently softened by the pathetic voice and the soft brown eyes to vow that the poor creature should have her one dream of happiness if a clear understanding could give it.

Never, in her wide experience, had Mrs. Hope tried her powers of fascination more resolutely than she did on that shy, soberly dressed spinster. She succeeded so well that, half an hour later, they were talking like old friends, and from the lonely woman's unconscious confessions Marian learned her whole story.

Bocott had engaged himself to Miss Penson before he became Senator. There had been, long before, a boy and girl romance between them; but some misunderstanding rose, and Bocott married her cousin. Abby took care of her during a dreary period of ill health; watched over a child born to the pair; saw mother and babe die; and, after a reasonable interval, Bocott again asked her to be his wife; and though her youth had gone from her, the youthful affection remained. But she could not accept him at once. Her aged mother needed attention. She had promised never to leave her. It was now only about a year since the old lady left her free to make what she could out of life; and when Bocott came to the capital it was decided their wedding should take place on the adjournment of Congress.

It was true, Abby had found the reason that brought so many strangers to Washington a convenient pretext for appearing, and getting at the truth of the reports which had caused her great uneasiness during the past weeks. That she would have done any thing indelicate, or even allowed her anxiety to be known, a single glance at the timid face proved impossible. But she was so completely conquered by Marian that she could not help turning her guileless heart inside out; and Marian felt horribly wicked in the presence of such innocence.

"I meant to give him his freedom," she said. "I wasn't going to see him again. I wanted a sight of you, and I thought this errand would serve for an excuse. I hope it wasn't wrong?"

"It was quite right," the widow answered. "Almost my first words proved I knew of your engagement. But I wonder you did not ask the Senator about the gossip last night."

"He only staid a few minutes. He seemed

so harassed I could not bear to trouble him. Somehow I was afraid of hearing what I dreaded. I wanted to put it off. You see I'm a poor, weak creature."

From an irresistible impulse, Marian rose and kissed her cheek. "You're the loveliest woman I ever heard of," said she. "My dear, I'm a fool, and I have just ruined my own life, but, thank Heaven, not yours!" She stopped an instant to choke back a sob, signed her companion to take no notice, and went on rapidly: "Don't you mind what people say; don't let Mr. Bocott know you have heard a syllable. I've seen a great deal of him, because I wanted something; no other reason. I'm glad you came; it has done me good. Sometimes, after you are a contented wife, think of me, be a little sorry for me. I shall need your pity, and not be ashamed to accept it."

Tender-hearted Abby cried quietly, kissed her in return, but asked no questions; and Marian envied her the ability to shed tears; her own eyes felt so burning and hot, yet she could not weep.

Not long after Miss Penson had gone the Senator's card was brought up, and Bocott appeared, fluttered by the sight of his enchantress, but looking pale and miserable nevertheless, for Bocott had not spent a pleasant night.

"I am glad you have come," Mrs. Hope said, quickly. "Sit down; I want to tell you something before I lose courage to speak the truth. No, don't give me your hand; I'm not fit to take it."

Bocott seated himself, and stared at her in utter bewilderment, as was natural.

"Why didn't you tell me you were engaged?" she asked.

He turned all the colors of the rainbow, and absolutely got up two or three original ones into the bargain.

"I—I—an old affair. I came now to say—to beg you—" He broke down, and looked very foolish.

"As you ought," said Marian—"as silly as possible! I would be ashamed of you, only I'm so much more ashamed of myself that I've no room."

Bocott only sat miserable and preternaturally stupid. All the tact of Richelieu could not have kept a man from it under the circumstances.

"I'm going to tell the truth," continued Marian, "and I want you to. It will do us both good. You are engaged to Miss Penson; you love her. You're not used to flirting, and my nonsense has turned your head a little. Get it straight. I'm a horrible wretch. I've been playing a game from the first, and laughing at you."

Bocott glared, with a sort of stony wrath overlaying the expression of imbecility.

"We thought you had sold Ralph Laurence, or intended to. I vowed to punish you. I found out you were engaged. I meant to place you in such a position that you would have to do what I wanted, or be made ridiculous."

"Madam, I—I am astounded!" puffed Bocott.

"I don't wonder," said Marian.

"Mr. Laurence shall answer for this—"

"Nonsense!" she cut in. "He didn't know what I was trying to do. I thought it a beautiful bit of diplomatic art. It has succeeded admirably. I am covered with glory. I tell you the truth in time to save you; and for myself—no matter. I was engaged to Ralph Laurence, Sir, and last night he left me forever. You may see what I have gained by my work; perhaps it will make you think a little less harshly of me."

Bocott was ready to cry from sympathy, she looked so lovely. He was bursting with rage at the idea of having been a dupe; bitten by remorse at the thought of his falsity to the woman who had loved him so long. In short, he was the prey of so many contending emotions that he only wondered he did not burst every blood-vessel in his head.

"That's all," said Marian. "Of course you'll hate me eternally. But never mind me. You won't give Ralph the place—well, I'm sorry for that; but perhaps it's better."

"You couldn't expect—you don't suppose—What a confounded fool I am!" blurted out Bocott.

"And I, in spite of my wit and address," said Marian, with an odd ghost of a laugh. "But nobody knows you went so near folly; nobody will. My telling you in season is a proof that I relent, and shall be silent. Mr. Bocott, go back to the woman who loves you, and don't try flirtation again. You have won a prize. I've seen her. She's a woman in a thousand. Go down on your knees and thank Heaven for giving you her love."

"But these reports—if she has heard, maybe she'll break off with me," moaned Bocott, full of his rightful dream once more.

"Not she—never will speak or think of them. How dare you suppose she would believe ill of you?" demanded Marian, with sudden indignation. "Go to her at once. If I were you I'd be honest, and tell her I had flirted, but the scorching only taught me how truly I loved her."

Bocott rose from his chair, blundered about for his hat, started out, came back, grew angry again, and made for the door; but his good impulses got the upper hand.

"You're not to think I bear malice," he said. "I'm in an awful fury, but I know you have served me right."

So they parted: and I think no two people were ever more fully convinced of the beauty of fair and open dealing. But Bocott was fortunate enough to find happiness still within his reach. He did go to Abby Penson; and the following June their long-deferred wedding took place.

Marian had the whole spring and summer for wretchedness; but at the end of that time fate kindly gave her another chance. She met Laurence, and the clouds were cleared up. Both

had suffered enough to accept life's choicest boon in a more fitting spirit.

It was in October when they returned to their home from their honey-moon trip, and the first letter Ralph opened was from Bocott. He read it, gave a shout, and waved the missive over his head in triumph.

"What is the matter?" cried Marian, running toward him.

"My dear," said he, putting the epistle in her hands, "it all ends like a five-act comedy—universal content. Not even straitened means befall the unwise heroine, for we've got that place under government."

THE DEMOLITION OF THE THRONE OF CHARLES X.

IN the year 1815 the allied sovereigns of Europe, having overthrown the empire of Napoleon, and all the European governments which had been formed in sympathy with those political views of which he was regarded as the representative, met in congress at Vienna. Their great object was so to partition out the Continent among themselves as to guard, as far as possible, against any future uprising of the people. The Bourbons were replaced upon the throne of France, and protected there by the bayonets of the allies. The French people, exhausted by long wars, could make no farther resistance. The proud nation was stung to the quick by having a government forced upon it by foreigners, but submission was inevitable. Louis XVIII., a good-natured, kind-hearted, childless old man, retained the throne for eight years, until his death. He was so infirm from gout and excessive obesity that he could with difficulty walk, and was wheeled around his saloons in a chair. Lamartine gives the following pleasing account of his character:

"His natural talent, cultivated, reflective, and quick, full of recollections, rich in anecdotes, nourished by philosophy, enriched by quotations, never deformed by pedantry, rendered him equal, in conversation, to the most renowned literary characters of his age. M. De Châteaubriand had not more elegance, M. De Talleyrand more wit, Madame De Staël more brilliancy. Since the suppers of Potsdam, where the genius of Voltaire met the capacity of Frederick the Great, never had the cabinet of a prince been the sanctuary of more philosophy, literature, talent, and taste."

To this it should be added that he was devoted to the interests of the aristocracy; that his mind was almost exclusively occupied in making happy hits in conversation, and in writing graceful *billet-doux*; that the priests and the nobles controlled him through the all-persuasive influence of the fascinating Madame Du Cayla. He died on the 16th of September, 1824. As his last hour approached, and his extremities became cold, and it was manifest that he had but a few moments to live, his mind remained clear and composed. Assuming a cheerful air, he said to his family, gathered around his bed:

"A king of France may die, but he is never ill. Love each other, and thus console yourselves for the disasters of our house. Providence has replaced us upon the throne."

He then received extreme unction, bade adieu

to all, and ordering the curtains of his bed to be closed, he composed himself as for ordinary sleep. With the earliest dawn of the morning the chief physician opened the curtains, and found that his pulse was just ceasing to beat. In accordance with court etiquette the physician said, solemnly, "The king is dead." Then turning to the king's brother, Charles, previously known as the Count d'Artois, he bowed and said, "Long live the king."

Charles X., into whose hands the sceptre thus passed, was then in the sixty-seventh year of his age, having been born at Versailles, October 9, 1757. This unfortunate monarch is represented, by his friends, as having been one of the most accomplished of men. His horsemanship attracted universal admiration. In all social circles he charmed every one who approached him by his grace and courtesy. He was warm-hearted and generous. Though in early life a man of pleasure, he had become quite a devotee, and to an extraordinary degree was under the influence of the priesthood. Leaving the affairs of state in the hands of others, he gave his time, his thoughts, his energies, to the pleasures of the chase. This pursuit became not his recreation, but the serious occupation of his life.

Charles was the father of two sons. The eldest, and consequently the heir to the crown, was the Duke d'Angoulême. He had married the daughter of Louis XVI., whose sufferings, with her brother, the Dauphin, in the Temple, have moved the sympathies of the whole civilized world. The duke and duchess were childless, and with no hope of offspring.

His second son, the Duke de Berry, had been assassinated, about four years before, as he was coming from the opera, leaving his wife *enceinte*. In the course of a few months she gave birth to a son, the Duke of Bordeaux. This child was the legitimate heir to the throne, next to his uncle, the Duke d'Angoulême.

Six years of the reign of Charles X. passed away, during which the discontent of the people was continually making itself increasingly manifest. They regarded the government as false to the claims of the masses, and devoted only to the interests of the aristocracy. The complaints became so general, so bitter, and the excitement so great, that the king, by the advice of the ministers who governed him, issued several ordinances, which were regarded by the people as so despotic, as so subversive

of all popular rights, as to call for resistance by insurrection and the force of arms.

The first of these famous ordinances suspended the liberty of the press, and prohibited the publication of any journals excepting such as were authorized by the government.

The second dissolved the new Chamber of Deputies, or Legislature, because the members were too liberal in their political opinions, assuming that the electors had been deceived by the popular clamor, and had chosen such persons as they ought not to have chosen.

The third reduced the number of deputies from three hundred and ninety-five to two hundred and twenty-eight, and so altered the electoral franchise, in order to secure the return of members favorable to the government, as to deprive a large number of the right of suffrage who had heretofore exercised it.

Such, in brief, were the ordinances, which overthrew the throne of Charles X. and drove the elder branch of the Bourbons into exile. There were others issued at the same time, but which were of no material importance.

Frivolous as was the character of Charles X., he had sagacity enough to know that such decrees could not be issued in France without creating intense agitation. His ministers also, though the advocates of the despotic principles of the old régime, were men of ability. They recognized the measures as desperate. Popular discontent had reached such a crisis that it was necessary either to silence it by despotic power or to yield to it, introducing reforms which would deprive the ministers of their places.

Prince Polignac was at this time Prime Minister. His mother had been the bosom friend of Marie Antoinette. Through his whole life he was the unswerving friend of the Bourbons. Implicated in the plot of Georges for the overthrow of the First Consul, he was condemned to death. Napoleon spared his life, and finally liberated him, upon which he followed Count d'Artois (Charles X.) into exile. Returning with the Bourbons, in the rear of the allied armies, he was rewarded for his life-long fidelity to the ancient régime by the highest honors.

The sorrows of life had left their impress upon his pensive features. He was well-read, very decided in his views that the people were made to *be governed*, not to govern. He was energetic, but possessed of so little worldly wisdom that he thought that the people, however much exasperated, could be easily subdued by determined action.

M. De la Bourdonnaye, Minister of the Interior, like Polignac, was an ultra-royalist. He had been one of the most violent of the Vendéans in their opposition to the Revolution, and is represented, even by those who were in sympathy with him, as wishing to govern by a royalist reign of terror.

M. De Bourmont, Minister of War, had been a staunch royalist in the days of the Revolution, struggling with the Vendéans in defense

of the monarchy. Upon the establishment of the empire he gave his adhesion to Napoleon. Being a man of ability, he was placed in responsible posts. At Waterloo, upon the eve of the great struggle, he deserted to the allies, carrying as his peace-offering the betrayal of the emperor's plan of campaign. It is supposed that his testimony against Marshal Ney sealed the fate of that illustrious man. The French people had not forgotten his defection at Waterloo, and he was exceedingly unpopular.

These were the prominent ministers. The other members of the cabinet, though men of ability, were not of historic note. The original appointment of these ministers, whose opinions were so obnoxious and well known, had caused great indignation. The liberal press assailed them with vehemence. The *Journal des Débats*, after announcing the names of the ministers, exclaimed:

"The emigration of M. De Polignac, the fury of proscription of M. De la Bourdonnaye, desertion to the enemy in M. De Bourmont—such are the three principles in the three leading persons of the administration. Press upon it. Nothing but humiliation, misfortune, and danger will drive it from power."

M. Guizot was then editor of the journal *Le Temps*. He had already attained renown. His weighty editorials, distinguished alike for cogent argument and depth of philosophic thought, carried conviction to the most intelligent minds. M. Thiers was editor of the *National*. His great abilities, already developed in his "History of the French Revolution," had given him a commanding position among the journalists on the liberal side. Both of these distinguished writers, and many others, assailed the ministry with such popular effect that it was clear that their utterances must be silenced, or the ministry must fall. Hence the *Ordinances* were issued.

The scene at the signing of these ordinances is represented by Lamartine as quite dramatic. The important measure of the *coup d'état* was anxiously discussed under the pledge of secrecy. The project of the ministers was cordially approved by the king. He is reported to have said:

"It is not the ministry, it is the crown, which is attacked. It is the cause of the throne against revolution which is at issue. One or the other must succumb. I recollect what occurred in 1789. The first step my unhappy brother, Louis XVI., made in retreat before the revolutionists was the signal of his ruin. They, too, pretended fidelity to the crown, and demanded only the dismissal of its ministers. He yielded, and all was lost. Gentlemen, I will not dismiss you. No! Let them conduct us, if they please, to the scaffold. But let us fight for our rights; and if we are to fall, fall sword in hand. I had rather be led to execution on horseback than in a cart."

On the morning of the 25th of July, 1830, the king and his ministers met at the palace of

St. Cloud to sign the fatal ordinances. They all seem to have been in some degree aware of the peril of the step. Many of them had passed a sleepless night, and were deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. They sat pale, silent, anxious, as Prince Polignac slowly read the ordinances, and presented them to the king for his signature. Charles X. took the pen, turned pale, and for a moment hesitated. Then raising his eyes to heaven, as if imploring divine aid, he said, "The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that it is impossible to do otherwise than I do." With these words he affixed his signature to the document which expelled him and his dynasty from France.

The ministers, one after another, countersigned the ordinances. Not a word was spoken. "Despair," says Alison, "was painted on every visage." Polignac, in the temporary absence of M. Bourmont, was acting Minister of War. In reply to the inquiry what means of resistance the government had in case of insurrection, he replied with confidence equal to his self-deception :

"No popular movement is to be apprehended. At all events, Paris is sufficiently garrisoned to crush any rebellion and guarantee the public tranquillity."

The force upon which Polignac relied consisted of 11,550 men in Paris, with twelve pieces of cannon. There were also fifteen battalions of infantry and thirty-four squadrons of cavalry stationed in towns not far distant, which could be rapidly collected to aid the troops within the walls. On the other hand, the city of Paris, in a general insurrection, could furnish 200,000 fighting men. Many of these had seen actual service. There was a National Guard, the militia of the metropolis, organized and well armed, consisting of 40,000 men. A portion of the royal troops also could not be relied upon in a struggle with the people. General Marmont, one of the marshals of the empire, was in command of the royalist troops. He was exceedingly unpopular in Paris in consequence of the feeble defense it was thought he made when the city was captured by the allies.

The ordinances were secretly printed, and during the night of the 25th were placarded on the walls of Paris. They also appeared simultaneously the next morning in the *Moniteur*. Though some of the more sagacious had been suspecting that the government might resort to measures of desperation, these ordinances took the whole community by surprise. Crowds gathered in the coffee-houses, at the doors of the public journals, and in all the prominent places of resort. There was no sudden ebullition of indignation, and no immediate demonstrations of violence. The event had come so suddenly that the masses were unprepared for action, and the leaders required time to decide whether it were best to attempt forcible resistance, and, if so, what measures to that end could most effectually be adopted. Though throughout the day no insurrectionary movements ap-

peared, still agitation was rapidly on the increase, and Paris represented a bee-hive into which some disturbing element had been cast.

The editors of the leading journals, and several others of the most illustrious advocates of liberal opinions, held a consultation upon the state of affairs. But night came, and the result of their deliberations was not made known. The day had been serene and beautiful, inviting all the population of Paris into the streets. The balmy summer night kept them there. Innumerable rumors increased the excitement, and it was evident that a few words from influential lips would create an insurrection which might amount to a revolution.

The gentlemen who had met in conference—forty-four in number—after careful deliberation, and having obtained the opinion of the most celebrated lawyers that the ordinances were illegal, gallantly resolved to resist them at the hazard of their lives. They accordingly issued a protest, to which each one affixed his signature. The boldness of the act commanded the admiration even of the advocates of arbitrary power. In their protest they said :

"The government has lost the character of legality which commands obedience. We resist it, in so far as we are concerned. It is for France to determine how far resistance should extend."

The liberal journals refused to take out the license the ordinances required. This act of defiance the government met by sending the police to seize the journals and close their printing-offices. A commissary of police with two gens-d'armes repaired to the office of the *Temps*, edited by M. Guizot, in the Boulevard des Italiens. They found the doors barred against them. A blacksmith was sent for to force the entrance. This collected a crowd, and he refused to act in obedience to the police. A second blacksmith was sent for. As he commenced operations the crowd took his tools from him. At length, however, an entrance was effected, and a seal was put upon the printing-presses. This scene, occurring in one of the most populous thoroughfares of Paris, created intense agitation. Still, thus far, there had been so little commotion that the king and his ministers were quite sanguine that their measures would prove triumphant. Charles X. was so infatuated that on that morning—the 26th—he went to Rambouillet, and spent the day in hunting.

During the night of the 26th there was another very important meeting of the leaders of the liberal party at the hôtel of M. Casimir Périer. About thirty were present. Nearly all were members of the Chamber of Deputies, and in intellectual strength were among the most illustrious men in France. Anxiously yet firmly they discussed the course to be pursued. It was a fearful question to decide. Submission placed France, bound helplessly hand and foot, under the heel of Bourbon despotism. Unsuccessful insurrection would consign them either

to life-long imprisonment in the dungeon or to death upon the scaffold.

All agreed in condemning the ordinances as illegal. The more cautious hesitated at rousing the energies of insurrection, and submitting the issue to the decision of the sword. The young and impetuous advocated an immediate appeal to arms. While deliberating a deputation appeared professing to represent the electors of Paris, and urged that, as the government was manifestly resolved to support the despotic ordinances by force, nothing remained to the people but to have recourse to insurrection. It was also stated that nearly all the workmen from the manufactories were in the streets, eager to throw up barricades and to defend their rights at every hazard. At the same time committees presented themselves from various bodies of young men, urging the deputies to take the lead of the patriotic movement in which the people were resolved to engage. Their solicitations were intensified by occasional discharges of musketry in the streets, and by the clatter of iron hoofs, as the king's cavalry here and there made charges to disperse threatening gatherings, or to prevent the erection of barricades. It does not, however, appear that any very decisive action was taken by this body. Late at night it adjourned to meet again the next day.

The morning of the 27th revealed a scene of turmoil and agitation such as even excitable Paris had rarely witnessed. The king and his court, with twelve hundred of the troops, withdrawn from the city, were at St. Cloud. Large bodies of men were surging through the streets, apparently without leaders or definite object, but ready for any deeds of daring. Every hour of the day affairs were more menacing. Frequent reports were brought by the police to the ministers at St. Cloud, which represented that, though business was generally suspended, and there were agitated crowds in the streets, still no serious danger was apprehended.

But General Marmont, who was intrusted with the command of the garrison in Paris, early in the morning became alarmed in view of the struggle which he apprehended was about to commence, and of the inadequate means under his control to meet it. In counting up his forces he found that he had not more than ten thousand troops within the walls. Of these not more than four thousand could be relied upon in a conflict with the people.

Well might General Marmont tremble. From the remote sections and narrow streets the populace were thronging to central points. The boulevards from the Place de la Bastille to the Madeleine presented a dense mass, whose angry looks, loud words, and violent gestures indicated that they would fight with desperation should the struggle once commence. Many of them were skilled in the use of arms. They knew how to construct barricades. Every house was a fortress from whose windows and roof the populace could hurl destruction upon the heads of the troops, wedged in the narrow streets.

And General Marmont had reason to fear that of the small force under his command six thousand would fraternize with the people upon the report of the first musket.

The war-worn marshal skillfully arranged his forces, evidently copying the operations of Napoleon in his famous repulse of the attack of the sections upon the Convention. Three battalions were placed at the Carrousel, which might be regarded as a vast fortress in the centre of the city, walled in by the Tuileries and the Louvre. Three battalions were stationed in the Place de la Concorde, with two pieces of artillery. Three battalions of the line were ranged along the boulevards from the Place of the Bastille to the Madeleine. General Marmont did not wait for an attack to be made upon him. He sent out detachments to scour the streets and to prevent the erection of barricades. Reports had reached him that several were in process of construction in the most narrow streets.

The first barricade encountered was in the Rue St. Honoré, nearly in front of the Palais Royal. The troops endeavored to disperse the defenders by a volley in the air. As this produced no effect, they opened upon them with a point-blank discharge, by which several were wounded and one man was killed. The other detachments met with no opposition, but removed several barricades, and dispersed tumultuous gatherings. The agitation was hourly on the increase. Random shots were heard in different parts of the city. The dead body of the man shot while defending the barricade was paraded in blood-stained ghastliness through the streets, exciting frenzied passions. The troops of the line, so called, who were known to be in sympathy with the people, and whom General Marmont distrusted, were received with shouts of applause wherever they appeared.

A vast concourse of the people had assembled in front of the Palais Royal. A detachment of the line was sent to guard the palace. The troops and the populace mingled together, talking and laughing. As the multitude pressed the troops, they opened their ranks and let the living torrent pass through, amidst loud cheers. Several armorers' shops were broken open, and it was manifest that vigorous preparations were going on in anticipation of the struggle of the succeeding day. Still the king, with an infatuation which is inexplicable, took no measures to add to the military strength at the disposal of General Marmont. Thus passed the day of the 27th. It seems that at night the king became somewhat alarmed, for at eleven o'clock he issued an ordinance from his retreat at St. Cloud declaring Paris to be in a state of siege.

During all the hours of the night of the 27th there reigned the calm which precedes the storm. The leaders of the liberal party—among whom were to be found many of the most intelligent men, the wisest statesmen, and the most accomplished generals in France—had fully decided to submit their cause to the arbitrament of battle. Calm deliberation, or-

ganization, carefully matured plans, were requisite to meet the marshaled forces of the monarchy. It was no longer a mere street insurrection, but a kingdom was to be revolutionized. Immediately a new and tremendous impulse was secretly given to the movement. Committees were busy. Agents were active, invested with authority which the populace instinctively recognized without inquiring into the source from which it emanated.

With the early light of the next morning—the 28th—the result of the operations of the night was manifest. In the vicinity of the Place of the Bastille there is a portion of the city, densely populated, called the Faubourg St. Antoine. It is inhabited by a class in a humble condition of life, who have ever taken a very prominent part in all the insurrections which have agitated Paris. Reckless of their own lives as well as of the lives of others, they have ever been the most desperate and the most dreaded fighters in every conflict in the streets.

With the morning dawn the faubourg seemed to be swarming. Guided by some mysterious but common impulse, a huge and disorderly mass—ever increasing—of maddened men and equally maddened women, armed with swords, muskets, pickaxes, and every other conceivable weapon of offense or defense, surged along through the Rue St. Denis and along the crowded boulevards toward the Place of the Madeleine, which was occupied by the military. At the same time, at several important points along the boulevards, the people were busy, men, women, and boys, tearing up the pavements, seizing and overturning omnibuses and carts, cutting down the trees, pitching heavy articles of furniture out of the windows of the houses, and thus constructing barricades.

The points selected and the artistic style of structure indicated that military genius of a high order guided the movement. Only a small detachment of troops could be sent out from the central position at the Tuileries. As they could not be every where, the intrenchments of the populace rose in various parts of the city, unopposed, with inconceivable rapidity, and with almost military precision. Large bodies advanced simultaneously to the gunsmiths' shops, to the police stations and guard-houses, to the arsenal and powder manufactory, to the artillery dépôt of St. Thomas Aquinas; and the guns, muskets, and ammunition thus seized were freely distributed to the people. The National Guard, forty thousand strong, was thoroughly armed. The ranks of this formidable body were filled with the citizens of Paris, who were all in sympathy with the insurrection. Many of them appeared in the streets even in their uniform.

A band of armed men advanced to the Hôtel de Ville, where but sixteen soldiers were stationed on guard. The soldiers, attempting no opposition, withdrew unmolested. A huge

tricolor flag, unfurled from the roof, announced with the peal of the tocsin that that important post, almost an impregnable citadel in the hands of determined men, had fallen into the possession of the people. The tidings swept the streets like a flood, giving a new impulse to the universal enthusiasm. A few moments after another band burst open the gates of Notre Dame, and another tricolor flag waved in the breeze from one of its towers; while the bells of the cathedral with their sublime voices proclaimed to the agitated yet exultant masses the additional triumph. It was scarcely mid-day, and yet four-fifths of Paris was in the undisputed possession of the insurgents, and as by magic from twenty spires and towers the tricolor flag spread its folds in defiance to the banner of the Bourbons. More than a hundred barricades had been erected, or were in the process of erection. Behind them stood more than a hundred thousand well-armed, determined men. With such rapidity and sagacity had all this been effected that there had been scarcely any collision worthy of notice. A few charges had been made by the gendarmerie in dispersing crowds, and a few random shots had been fired.

General Marmont, in preparation for assuming the offensive, concentrated the whole of his little band around the Tuileries, and constructed for himself a fortified camp in the Carrousel protected by eight guns. A few troops were forwarded to him from Vincennes and Versailles, so that he could display for the defense of that central point thirty-six hundred soldiers of the Guard, tried men, upon whom he could rely. Six hundred of these were horsemen. Forming three columns, he sent one along the banks of the river to recapture the Hôtel de Ville, to demolish all the barricades, and disperse the armed bands, until they reached the Place of the Bastille. Another was to advance to the same point by the boulevards. The third was to force its way through the Rue St. Honoré to the Market of the Innocents. Along these three lines the battle now raged fiercely, with equal determination on each side. The scene of tumult, carnage, horror, which ensued can neither be described nor imagined. The streets were narrow. Every house was a fortress, from whose windows a deadly fire was poured upon the troops. The combatants, inflamed by the fury and terror of the strife, neither asked nor granted quarter. Hour after hour they fought, Frenchman against Frenchman, brother against brother, and the pavements were clotted with blood. Barricades were taken and retaken. There were triumphant charges and murderous repulses.

Night came—the night of the 28th. The troops, having really accomplished nothing of any moment, were ordered to avail themselves of the darkness to retreat from all the positions they had gained. Thus before midnight the troops, virtually defeated, sought refuge in concentrating themselves in their fortified camp at

the Carrousel. It was with no little difficulty that some of them fought their way back to regain the quarters which they had left.

Two parties must ever co-operate in such scenes as we are now describing. There must be not only bold men, with arms in their hands, to achieve, but there must be sagacious men in council to plan and direct. During the day a sort of provisional government was established by the insurgents, which continued in session until midnight. The voices of the street cannon had summoned Lafayette to Paris, and he consecrated his world-wide renown to the cause of popular rights, for which he had fought in America, and to which he had been ever true in Europe. M. Lafitte, the wealthiest banker in Paris, consecrated his fortune to the cause. M. Thiers, never prone to follow any lead but that of his own vigorous mind, though he had united with other journalists in recommending resistance, now objected to any resort to violence, and demanded that the resistance should be legal only. Being outvoted by his more practical compeers, Lafayette, Lafitte, and Mauguin, he retired in displeasure, and abandoning the conflict, took refuge in the country at some distance from Paris. To his remonstrances Lafayette replied in language which one would deem convincing to every mind:

"Legal means have been cut short by the ordinances in the *Moniteur*, and the discharges of artillery you hear in the streets. Victory can alone now decide the question."

There was but little sleep for any one in Paris that night. A population of a million and a half of people, crowded in narrow streets, was in a state of the wildest excitement. The air was filled with rumors of the approaching forces of the monarchy. The tramp of armed men, the rumbling of the ponderous enginery of war, the clamor of workmen throwing up barricades, the shouts of the mob, and often rising above all the soul-stirring strains of the "Marseilles Hymn," pealed forth from thousands of impassioned lips, together with the darkness of the night, the flash of torches, the blaze of bonfires, presented a spectacle sublime beyond comprehension. The "Marseilles Hymn" is unquestionably the most powerful composition in the world, both in its words and its music, to rouse the populace to a frenzy of enthusiasm. We give below a vigorous translation of the first verse:

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
(Chorus.) To arms! to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

But no translation can equal the force of the original.

The king and his courtiers at St. Cloud were struck with consternation as they received the tidings of the general and successful revolt. The booming of the cannon in the streets of Paris could be distinctly heard. With his spy-glass, from the heights behind the château, the king could see the tricolor, the representative of deadly hostility to his dynasty, unfurled from the Hôtel de Ville and from the towers of Notre Dame, and then from more than twenty other prominent points in the city. At four o'clock in the afternoon a dispatch from General Marmont informed the king of the desperate state of affairs. The Royal Guard, composed largely of Swiss mercenaries, had been faithful to discipline. But the troops of the line, all Frenchmen, had in many instances refused to fire upon the insurgents.

The fearful and unexpected crisis roused the king to action. It is said he displayed more of coolness and energy than any of his ministers. Orders were sent to General Marmont to concentrate his forces as speedily as possible at the Tuileries. Agents were dispatched to all the divisions of the Royal Guard garrisoned in the towns in the vicinity of Paris to break camp immediately, and move with the utmost haste to the capital. The king's eldest son, the Duke d'Angoulême, of whom we have previously spoken as having married his cousin, the unhappy but heroic and very noble daughter of Louis XVI., was with his father at St. Cloud. The duchess was absent. The widow also of the king's second son, the Duke de Berry, was at St. Cloud with her two children, a daughter ten years old, and the little boy, the Duke of Bordeaux, nine years of age. These constituted the royal family.

The Duke d'Angoulême, called the Dauphin, was a very respectable man, without any distinguishing character. His wife, disciplined in the school not merely of sorrow, but of such woes as few mortals have ever been called to endure, had developed a character of truly heroic mould. The Duchess de Berry was young, beautiful, and fascinating. Her courage, enthusiasm, and love of adventure, as subsequently displayed in the eyes of all Europe, were perhaps never surpassed. Every generous heart will cherish emotions of regret in view of that frailty which has consigned her name to reproach. The two children of the Duchess de Berry were too young to comprehend the nature of the events which were transpiring. Even while the bloody strife was in progress, and the din of the conflict reached their ears, these two innocent children were amusing themselves with a game in which Mademoiselle led the rebels, and the Duke of Bordeaux, at the head of his Royal Guard, repulsed them.

The cabinet ministers, under the protection of the troops, were in permanent session at the Tuileries. Prince Polignac, a thoroughly impractical man, who was at the head of the government, seems not at all to have comprehended the true state of affairs. When General

Marmont sent him word, on the evening of the 28th, that the troops of the line were fraternizing with the people, he is reported to have replied, with extraordinary coolness and simplicity, "Well, if the troops have gone over to the insurgents, we must fire upon the troops."

The dismal night of the 28th passed quickly away, as both parties summoned their mightiest energies for the death-struggle on the morrow. The truce of a few hours, which darkness and exhaustion compelled, was favorable to the people. I think it was Madame De Staël who made the shrewd remark that "there is nothing so successful as success." The real victory which the people had achieved not only inspired the combatants with new courage, but induced thousands who had hesitated to swell their ranks, and the troops of the line very generally deserted the defense of the government, and passed over to the people.

Early in the morning of the 29th the heroic little band of the Guard stationed at the Tuileries—heroic in their devotion to discipline, though unconsciously maintaining a bad cause—received a reinforcement of fifteen hundred infantry and six hundred cavalry. This, however, did but little more than make up for the losses in killed and wounded of the preceding day, and as most of the troops of the line had now gone over to the people, the cause of the government seemed hopeless. As General Marmont counted up his resources he found that he had but five thousand effective men and eight guns to defend his position at the Tuileries. A hundred thousand combatants, most of them well armed and disciplined and renowned for bravery, surrounded him. Military men who may be familiar with the localities, either by observation or from maps, may be interested in seeing how General Marmont disposed of his force to meet the emergency.

A Swiss battalion occupied the Carrousel. Two more Swiss battalions were stationed in the Louvre, a fortress which could not easily be stormed. Two battalions were placed in the Rue de Rivoli, to guard the northern entrance to the Carrousel. Three battalions of the Guard and a regiment of cavalry occupied the garden of the Tuileries and the spacious Place de la Concorde, outside of the iron railing. Two battalions of the line, who had not yet abandoned their colors, were stationed in the Rue Castiglione, which abuts upon the garden near its central northern entrance.

By this arrangement General Marmont, if sorely pressed, could rapidly concentrate his whole force, either in the Carrousel or in the garden of the Tuileries, where he could easily for some time hold an army at bay. Should retreat be found necessary, there was open before him the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées. The ground which the royal troops occupied was all that remained under the control of the government. The whole of the remainder of Paris was in possession of the insurgents.

It was well known that General Marmont could feel but little sympathy in the cause which, in obedience to his oath, he felt compelled to defend. The insurgents were now pressing the troops on every side. An incessant fire of musketry, accompanied by loud shouts, indicated the renewed severity with which the battle was beginning to rage. The provisional government, anxious to arrest, if possible, the carnage inevitable upon the continuance of the struggle, dispatched M. Arago, the celebrated philosopher, who was an intimate friend of General Marmont, to confer with him upon the subject. The philosopher was introduced to the warrior, seated upon his horse in the middle of the Carrousel, surrounded by his staff of officers. The following is, in substance, the conversation which is represented as having taken place between them. M. Arago first urged General Marmont to imitate the troops of the line, and, with his Guard, espouse the cause of the people, which was the cause of liberty and justice. The general firmly and somewhat passionately replied,

"No! propose nothing to me which will dishonor me."

M. Arago then urged him to abandon a bad cause, to surrender his command, retire to St. Cloud, and return his sword to the king, and no longer to fight in defense of despotic measures, and against the people, who were struggling only for their rights. The general replied:

"You know very well whether or not I approve of those fatal and odious ordinances. But I am a soldier. I am in the post which has been intrusted to me. To abandon that post under the fire of sedition, to desert my troops, to be unfaithful to my king, would be desertion, flight, ignominy. My fate is frightful. But it is the decree of destiny, and I must go through with it."

While they were conversing, the battle was still raging at the outposts with the clamor of shouts, musketry, and booming cannon. An officer came, covered with dust and bleeding from his wounds, to urge that reinforcements should be dispatched to one of the outposts which was hotly assailed. "I have none to send," said the general, in tones of sadness and despair. "They must defend themselves."

These two illustrious men, in heart both in sympathy, but by the force of circumstances placed in opposite parties, arrayed in deadly strife, after a long and melancholy interview separated, with the kindest feelings, each to act his part, and each alike convinced that the Bourbon monarchy was inevitably and rapidly approaching its end. The provisional government, so hastily and imperfectly organized, had also sent a deputation to the ministers assembled in the Tuileries. But Polignac and his associates refused them admission. The decisive decree was then passed by the provisional government that the king and his ministers were public enemies, and orders were issued to

press the royal troops on every side with the utmost vigor.

The Hôtel de Ville became the head-quarters of the insurgents, and the provisional government transferred itself there. The military government of Paris was given to Lafayette. The royal troops were speedily driven in to the vicinity of the Louvre, and the situation of the ministers in the Tuileries became alarming. They decided that it was necessary for them to retire to St. Cloud. Before setting out they sent for General Marmont, that they might ascertain from him his means of defense.

"You may tell the king," said General Marmont, "that, come what may, and though the entire population of Paris should rise up against me, I can hold this position for fifteen days without further reinforcements. This position is impregnable."

As this statement was repeated to the king he was much cheered by it. The monarchy was much stronger in the provinces than in Paris. The populace of the capital could do but little outside of its walls. A few days would give an opportunity to assemble numerous regiments of the Guard from the various positions they occupied in the vicinity of the metropolis. But affairs were rapidly assuming a more fatal aspect in Paris than General Marmont had deemed possible. The whole of the city, except the ground held by the royal troops around the Tuileries, was in the hands of the insurgents. An impetuous band of students from the Polytechnic School rushed upon, and took every piece of artillery in the Rue St. Honoré. The regiment placed in the Rue Castiglione, to guard the great entrance into the garden of the Tuileries from the boulevards, through the Rue de la Paix, opened its ranks, and the triumphant populace, with shouts which rang through Paris, entered the iron-railed inclosure. These disasters caused the withdrawal of a portion of the troops who had for some time been defending the Louvre from the colonnade opposite the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where the insurgents were posted in great strength. Thus encouraged, the insurgents rushed vehemently across the street, and took the Louvre by storm. Flooding the palace like an ocean tide, they opened a deadly fire from the inner windows upon the Swiss in the Carrousel.

These brave men, thus assailed where successful resistance was hopeless, were thrown into a panic. With bullets whistling around them, deafened by the roar of the battle and the shouts of infuriated men, and seeing their comrades dropping every moment upon the pavement dead or wounded, they fled in wild disorder through the arch of the Tuileries into the garden, into which, from the side gate, as we have mentioned, the insurgents were pouring.

All was lost, and, as it were, in a moment. Such are the vicissitudes of battle. General Marmont rushed to the rear, the post of danger and of honor in a retreat. He did every thing

which skill and courage could do to restore order, and succeeded in withdrawing his little band into the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, through which they rapidly marched out of Paris, leaving the metropolis in the hands of the insurgents. In the midst of the storm of death which swept their retreating ranks General Marmont was the last to leave the garden of the Tuileries. One hundred of the Swiss troops, who had been posted in a house at the junction of the Rue de Richelieu and the Rue St. Honoré, were unfortunately left behind. They perished to a man.

Did these heroic troops do right in thus proving faithful to their oaths, their colors, and their king? Did these heroic people do right in thus resisting tyranny and contending for liberty at the price of their blood? Alas for man! Let us learn a lesson of charity.

General Marmont having collected his bleeding and exhausted band in the Bois de Boulogne, where pursuit ceased, galloped across the wood to St. Cloud, in anguish of spirit, to announce to the king his humiliating defeat.

"Sire," said this veteran of a hundred battles, with moistened eyes and trembling lips, "it is my painful duty to announce to your Majesty that I have not been able to maintain your authority in Paris. The Swiss, to whom I intrusted the defense of the Louvre, seized with a sudden panic, have abandoned that important post. Carried away myself by the torrent of fugitives, I was unable to rally the troops until they arrived at the arch of the Étoile, and I have ordered them to continue their retreat to St. Cloud. A ball directed at me has killed the horse of my aid-de-camp by my side. I regret that it did not pass through my head. Death would be nothing to me compared to the sad spectacle which I have witnessed."

The ministers were called in. All were struck with consternation. The château of St. Cloud is but six miles from Paris. Thousands of men, maddened, savage, ripe for any deeds of outrage, might in an hour surround the castle, and cut off all possibility of retreat. There was no time for deliberation. As usual on such occasions, confused and antagonistic views were hurriedly offered. M. De Ranville, who had the evening before advised measures of compromise, was now for a continuance of the conflict.

"The throne is overturned, we are told," said he; "the evil is great, but I believe it is exaggerated; I can not believe that the monarchy is to fall without a combat.....Happen what may, Paris is not France.....If, however, the genius of evil is again to prove triumphant, if the legitimate throne is again to fall, let it fall with honor; shame alone has no future." These sentiments were strongly supported by the Duke d'Angoulême.

The king, however, either from a constitutional want of heroism, or from a praiseworthy desire to save France from the horrors of a protracted civil war, refused to appeal any longer to the energies of the sword. He hoped,

however, that by dismissing the obnoxious ministers, and revoking the ordinances, the people might be appeased. A decree in accordance with this resolve was immediately prepared and signed. A new ministry was also announced, consisting of very popular men.

It is said that the Duke d'Angoulême paced the floor, quivering with indignation, as this decree was signed, and that the discarded ministers left the council chamber "with tears in their eyes and despair in their hearts." The new ordinances were hastily dispatched to the provisional government at the Hôtel de Ville. "It is too late," was the reply. "The throne of Charles X. has melted away in blood." Some few of the members, dreading the anarchy which might follow the demolition of the throne, urged that the envoys might be received, as it was still possible to come to an accommodation. But their voices were drowned by cries from all parts of the hall, "It is too late. We will have no more transactions with the Bourbons."

It would only bewilder the reader to attempt a narrative of the scenes of desperation, recrimination, confusion, and dismay which simultaneously ensued. M. De Montmart, whom the king had appointed in place of Prince Polignac as the new President of the Council, a noble of vast wealth, and one of the bravest of men, set out in his shirt sleeves, disguised as a peasant, hoping to gain access to the provisional government, and by his personal influence to save the monarchy. His mission was in vain. General Marmont, to spare the useless shedding of blood, entered into a truce—some said a capitulation—with the revolutionary forces. The Duke d'Angoulême, in his rage, called the venerable marshal to his face a traitor. In endeavoring to wrest from him his sword the duke severely wounded his own hand. General Marmont was put under arrest; but soon, by the more considerate king, was released.

The king, with most of the royal family and court, retired to the château of Trianon, at Versailles, four or five miles farther back in the country. The Duke d'Angoulême was left in command of such troops of the Guard and of the line as could be collected, to act as rear-guard at St. Cloud. But scarcely had Charles X. established himself at Trianon ere the duke presented himself in the presence of his father, with the disheartening intelligence that the troops stationed at the bridge of St. Cloud to prevent the insurgents from crossing the Seine had refused to fire upon them. In consequence, the revolutionary forces had taken possession of the château, and were preparing to march upon Trianon.

The king had gathered around him at Trianon about twelve thousand troops. Some of them were troops of the line. He knew not what reliance could be placed in their fidelity. Alarm couriers were continually arriving with appalling tidings. Men, women, and boys, inflamed with passion, and many delirious with

brandy, on foot and in all sorts of vehicles—a motley throng of countless thousands—were on the march to attack him. The king had not forgotten the visit of the mob of Paris to his brother, Louis XVI., and family, at Versailles—their captivity—their sufferings in the dungeon and on the scaffold. Another and an immediate retreat was decided upon to Rambouillet, a celebrated royal hunting-seat, about thirty miles from Paris. It was midnight when the king and his family, in the deepest dejection, under escort of the Royal Guard, ten thousand strong, reached Rambouillet.

The Duke d'Angoulême still earnestly advocated a rallying of the royal forces and the most determined resistance. But the king, an old man, who had already numbered his threescore years and ten, was thoroughly disheartened. After a few hours of troubled repose he, on the following morning, assembled his family around him, and communicated to them his intention of abdicating in favor of his grandson, the Duke of Bordeaux. His son, the Duke d'Angoulême, renouncing his rights as heir to the throne, assented to this arrangement. The king announced this event in a letter to Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, appointing the duke lieutenant-general of France, requesting him to proclaim the accession of the Duke of Bordeaux, as Henry V., to the throne, and authorizing him to act as regent during the minority of the king.

But in the mean time an army of uncounted thousands was hastily organized in Paris to march upon Rambouillet and drive the king out of France. This formidable array of determined men was crowded into carriages, cabriolets, omnibuses, and vehicles of every kind, and was pushed forward as rapidly as possible. General Pajol commanded the expedition. General Excelmans was intrusted with the advance-guard. This motley mass was trundled along, singing the "Marseillaise" and other revolutionary songs, and presenting far more the aspect of a mob than that of an army. In the position in which the king was placed, with troops upon many of whom he could place but little reliance, they were the more to be dreaded. Three commissioners were sent in advance of the revolutionary troops to demand of the king an unqualified resignation of the crown for himself and his descendants. The king received them with calmness and dignity.

"What do you wish with me?" he said. "I have arranged every thing with the Duke of Orleans, my lieutenant-general of the kingdom."

M. Odillon Barrot replied, "If the king would avoid involving the kingdom in unheard-of calamities and a useless effusion of blood, it is indispensable that his Majesty and his family should instantly leave France. There are eighty thousand men who have issued from Paris, ready to fall on the royal forces."

The king took Marshal Maison, another of the commissioners, aside into the embrasure of

a window, and said to him: "Marshal Maison, you are a soldier and a man of honor. Tell me, on your word of honor, is the army which has marched out of Paris against me really eighty thousand strong?"

"Sire," the marshal replied, "I can not give you the number exactly; but it is very numerous, and may amount to that force."

"Enough," said the king; "I believe you, and I consent to every thing to spare the blood of my Guard."

Orders were immediately issued for the prompt departure of the court for Cherbourg, there to embark for some foreign land. In a few hours the mournful procession was in movement. The long cortège of carriages was accompanied by several regiments of the Guard, who still remained faithful to their fallen sovereign. Sad indeed must have been the emotions of the inmates of those carriages as they commenced their journey from the splendors of royalty to the obscurity of exile. Slowly this funeral procession of departed power was seen winding its way through the distant provinces of the realm, to find in foreign lands a refuge and a grave.

The first night they stopped at Maintenon, where the illustrious family of Noailles received the royal fugitives with sympathy and generous hospitality, in one of the most ancient and splendid country-seats of the kingdom. Here, the next morning, the king took leave of the greater part of his Guard. He reserved for his escort but a few hundred select troops, with six pieces of cannon. General Marmont, in whom the king reposed implicit trust, was placed in command of this little band, which was to guard the illustrious refugees to the coast.

The parting of the king from that large portion of the Guard from whom he here separated presented a touching spectacle. Loyalty with these soldiers was a religious principle. In these hours of disaster, whatever might have been the faults of their fallen sovereign, they forgot them all. They were drawn up in military array along the noble avenue of the park. As the royal cortège passed between them they presented arms, silent in their grief, while many of these hardy veterans were in tears. The king himself was for the moment quite unmanned, and bowing his head, sobbed aloud.

Twelve days were occupied in the slow journey to Cherbourg. It was deemed necessary to avoid all the large towns, and to take unfrequented paths, that they might not be arrested in their progress by any popular uprising. Before reaching Cherbourg the king had the mortification of hearing that the Orleans throne had been reared upon the ruins of the Bourbon throne. During the whole of this sad journey General Marmont, whose life had been so full of adventure and vicissitude, rode on horseback by the side of the carriage of the king. Many of the most illustrious noblemen and most distinguished ladies of France, faithful to their principles and their king in the hour of misfortune, added by their presence to the mournful

pageantry of the cavalcade. The peasants even were awed by this spectacle of fallen grandeur. Though they gathered in crowds around the carriages in the villages through which they passed the night, no word of insult was offered. In silence they gazed upon the scene, and not unfrequently tears were seen to moisten eyes quite unused to weep.

When the cavalcade reached Valognes, a few miles from Cherbourg, as all danger was passed, the king decided to dismiss the remainder of the Guard. Gathering around him the officers, and six of the oldest soldiers of each company composing his escort, he received from them the royal banners of the elder house of Bourbon, which could no longer be unfurled in France. The Duke and the Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Duchess de Berry, with her daughter, and her son, the Duke of Bordeaux, stood by his side. With a trembling voice, which was finally broken by sobs, the king said:

"I receive these standards, and this child" (pointing to the Duke of Bordeaux) "will one day restore them to you. The names of each of you, inscribed on your muster-rolls, and preserved by my grandson, will remain registered in the archives of the royal family, to attest forever my misfortunes, and the consolation I have received from your fidelity."

This was one of time's tragedies—the dethronement of a dynasty. There are but few who will not, in some degree, appreciate the sublimity of the scene. All present were in tears, and loud sobs were heard. The king and his family then laid aside all the insignia of royalty, and assumed the dress more appropriate to exiles. The king also wrote to the King of England and to the Emperor of Austria, announcing his dethronement, and soliciting an asylum in each of their realms.

It would seem, however, that Charles X., who twice before had been driven into exile, did by no means relinquish the idea of regaining the crown for his family. In taking leave of Prince Polignac, who more than any one else was responsible for the obnoxious ordinances, he said:

"I recollect only your courage. I do not impute to you our misfortunes. Our cause was that of God, of the throne, and of the people. Providence often proves its servants by suffering, and defeats the best designs for reasons superior to what our limited faculties can discern. But it never deceives upright consciences. Nothing is yet lost for our house. I go to combat with one hand, and to negotiate with the other. Retire behind the Loire, where you will find an asylum from the vengeance of the people in the midst of my army, which has orders to assemble at Chartres."

Having received permission from the British government first to take up his residence in England, the royal family on the 11th of August set out for Cherbourg. The streets were thronged as the long train of carriages conveying the exiles passed through the place. Not

a word of reproach, however, met their ears. With a refinement of politeness scarcely to be expected even of French courtesy, to spare the feelings of the grief-stricken family, every tricolor flag was removed from sight. The king was the last to step on board the packet-boat, the *Great Britain*. There was no parting salute. It was a funereal scene; and even the most ardent loyalists could not raise a cheer. A few hours' sail conveyed the silent, melancholy court to Scotland, where an asylum was found in the ancient palace of Holyrood, immortalized as the scene of the sufferings of Mary Queen of Scots. Thus fell the throne of Charles X.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

I.—IN THE MILL.

IT was the beginning of April, on the day before Palm-Sunday. The mild beams of the already declining sun fell upon the young green on the side of the path which led down the hillside. Along this path walked one of the most respected lawyers of the town—a middle-aged man, of calm but striking face—who moved slowly on, now and then exchanging a word with the notary who accompanied him. Their steps were directed toward a mill not far off, whose owner, laboring under old age and illness, wished to make a legal transfer of his property to his son.

A few steps behind followed another couple—an active, intelligent-looking young man, and a young and beautiful woman. He spoke to her, but she seemed not to hear. She was silent; and she looked before her as if she did not know that any one was by her side.

When the miller's house came into sight in the valley below the lawyer turned back, saying, "Now, cousin, you write a tolerable hand, what say you to learning a little about drawing a contract?"

But the cousin shook his head: "You may go," said he; "I will take a lesson from your wife meantime."

"Don't make him too wise, Veronica."

The young wife only bent her head assentingly. The sound of the evening bell came from the town behind them. Her hand, which was just smoothing back her dark hair under her straw hat, glided down over her breast, and while she made the sign of the cross she began to repeat the Angelus in a low voice. The eyes of the young man, who, like his relative, belonged to a Protestant family, followed with an expression of impatience the slow movement of her lips.

A few months before the young architect had come to the town to attend to the building of a church, and since then had been an almost daily guest in the lawyer's house. With his cousin's young wife he soon established a lively intercourse. They were drawn together by their common youth, as well as by his skill in drawing, an accomplishment which she culti-

vated with zeal and talent. Soon, however, it was not the drawing lying before her on which his eyes rested as he sat near her in the evening, but the little busy hand; and she, who had formerly thrown down her pencil every moment, now worked silently and dutifully, as if spell-bound beneath his glance. They were themselves hardly aware that each evening, as they said good-night, their hands rested a little longer in each other, and their fingers clasped each other a little more closely. The lawyer, whose thoughts were much occupied with his business, had still less suspicion of it. He was glad that his wife had found guidance and sympathy in her favorite study, which he himself could not offer her. Once only, shortly after the young architect had left the house, he caught the dreamy expression of her eyes. "Vroni," he said, holding out his hand as she passed him, "what your sisters say is true, after all."

"What is it, Franz?"

"I see now that you really have saintly eyes."

She blushed, but silently let him draw her to him and kiss her.

To-day, in the beautiful weather, the lawyer had asked her, with Rudolph, to accompany him on his walk to the neighboring mill.

Since the party of the evening before, when, at her husband's request, she had shown a completed drawing in his presence, all was not as it had been between them. Rudolph felt this but too well, and he was reviewing in his own mind the causes of his having opposed the somewhat exaggerated praise of others by sharp criticism of the drawing.

Veronica had long ago ended her prayer, but he waited in vain for her to turn her eyes toward him.

"You are vexed with me, Veronica!" said he at last.

The young wife nodded very slightly, but her lips remained fast closed. She looked at him; the slight cloud still lay on her brow.

"I thought," he said, "you knew how it happened. Do you not know, Veronica?"

"I only know," said she, "that you pained me. And," she added, "that you meant to pain me."

He was silent for a while. "Did you not notice," he asked, hesitatingly, "the keen eyes of the old man who stood opposite you?"

She turned her head, and cast a hasty glance upon him.

"I had to do it, Veronica. Forgive me. I can not hear you blamed by others."

A sort of veil seemed drawn over her eyes, and the long dark lashes sank upon her cheeks; but she made no reply.

They soon reached the mill. The lawyer was conducted into the house by the miller's son; Veronica and Rudolph turned aside into the garden. They went in silence up the long path. It seemed almost as if they were angry with each other, as if even a casual word could not pass their lips.

When they had walked through the garden they passed over the narrow bridge, through the lower door of the mill, which lay beyond it on the edge of a swiftly running stream. The noise of the wheel and the roar of the falling water, which drowned every sound from without, brought a strange sense of seclusion to the dimly lighted room. Veronica had passed on through the door which led out toward the stream, and stood looking down on the noisy wheel, on which the water sparkled in the evening sun. Rudolph did not follow her; he stood within, his sad eyes fixed steadily upon her. At last she turned her head; she spoke; he could see her lips move, but could not hear a word.

"I do not understand," he said, shaking his head.

As he was going to her she stepped back into the inner room. In passing the great cog-wheel, near which he stood, she went so near it that its teeth almost touched her hair. She did not see it, blinded still by the setting sun, but she felt her hands seized and herself drawn aside. When she looked up, her eyes met his. Both were silent; a sudden oblivion fell like a shadow over them. Over their heads rattled the machinery; from without came the monotonous plashing of the water as it fell over the wheel. Gradually the lips of the young man began to move, and sheltered by the deafening noise, which drowned his voice, he whispered mad, intoxicating words. Her ear did not receive them, but she read their meaning in the motion of his lips, in the passionate paleness of his face. She laid her head back and closed her eyes; only the smile on her lips gave token of life. So she stood bound by an evil spell, her face lifted helplessly toward him, her hands lying as if forgotten in his own.

Then suddenly the noise ceased, the mill stopped working. Above them they heard the miller's man moving about, and outside the water dripping from the wheel fell plashing into the pond. The lips of the young man were silent, and when Veronica drew herself away from him he did not try to hold her. Not till she had reached the door which led into the open air did he seem to have found words again. He called her name, and held out his arms imploringly toward her. But she shook her head without looking toward him, and went slowly through the garden to the house.

As she approached the half-shut door of the inner room, she saw the old miller lying with folded hands on his bed. Above him, a wooden crucifix was fastened to the wall, from which hung a rosary. A young woman, with a child in her arms, had just entered and was leaning over the bed. "He only wants breath," she said; "he relishes his food well enough."

"What doctor do you have for him?" asked the lawyer, who stood near with a packet of papers in his hand.

"Doctor?" she repeated. "We don't have any doctor."

"Then you do wrong."

The young woman gave an embarrassed

laugh. "It's old age," she said, as she wiped her stout baby's nose with her apron. "The doctor couldn't do any good."

Veronica listened, breathless, to this conversation. The old man began to cough, and passed his hand over his eyes.

"Is this your will, Martin, as it is written here?" asked the lawyer. But the sick man did not seem to hear him.

"Father," said the young woman, "is what the lawyer has read all right?"

"Yes," answered the sick man; "it's all right."

"And you have thought it over well?" asked the lawyer.

The old man nodded. "Yes, yes," said he. "I've had to toil and moil; but we mustn't be too hard on the young man."

The son, who had been sitting smoking in the corner, now joined in the conversation.

"But the sum reserved for the old man is to be paid by me, and he has some time yet to live."

The lawyer's gray eyes looked down on the square-built peasant. "Is that your son, Wiesmann?" he asked, pointing to a boy playing near the bed. "Send him out of the room if you have any thing more to say."

"The man was silent, but his eyes met those of the lawyer with an almost threatening expression."

The old man stroked the coverlet with his hard hand, and said, quietly, "It won't be so long, Jacob. But," he added, turning to the lawyer, "he must bury me according to the custom of the village—that costs something."

Veronica stole away as quietly as she had come, from the open door at which she had stood during this conversation.

She saw Rudolph on the other side of the garden, talking with the miller's man; but she turned away and went along a foot-path which led down to the brook below the mill. Her eyes gazed dreamily into the distance. She did not see how the twilight settled down upon the mountains before her, nor how, as she wandered up and down, the moon rose slowly behind them, and poured its light over the quiet valley. Life in its bare poverty stood before her, as she had never seen it—a long, dreary road, with death at its end. It seemed to her that she had lived in dreams hitherto, and that she was now moving in a cheerless world of realities, in which she knew not how to find her way.

It was already late when her husband's voice called her back to the house, where he was waiting for her at the door. She walked home in silence by his side without feeling how sympathizingly his eyes rested on her.

"You have been shocked, Veronica!" he said, laying his hand on her cheek. "But these people measure things by a different standard from ours; they are harder toward themselves, as well as toward those who belong to them."

She looked up for a moment into her hus-

band's calm face, then looked down to the ground again and walked meekly on by his side.

Equally silent, Rudolph followed with the old notary. His eyes were fixed on the little hand, so white in the moonlight, which had lately rested helplessly in his, and which he hoped to clasp once more, if only for a moment, as he said good-night. But it was not to be; for, as they approached the town, he saw the little hands, one after the other, glide into a pair of dark gloves, which, as he well knew, Veronica usually wore only on occasions requiring full dress.

At last they reached the house; and before he was fully conscious of the fact, he had received the hasty touch from the gloved fingers on his own. With a "good-night" distinctly uttered, Veronica had opened the door, and disappeared, before her husband did, in the darkness of the hall.

II.—PALM-SUNDAY.

"The morning of Palm-Sunday had come. The streets of the town were full of country people from the neighboring villages. Before the doors of the houses the children of the Protestant inhabitants stood, here and there, in the sunshine, looking down toward the open door of the Catholic church. It was the day of the great procession. And now the bells sounded, and the procession became visible under the Gothic vault, and poured out into the street. In front were the orphan boys with black crosses in their hands; behind them the Sisters of Mercy in white caps; then the various town schools; and finally, the whole mingled train of town and country people—men and women, children and gray-haired men—all singing, praying; dressed in their best; men and boys bare-headed, holding their caps in their hands. Over their heads, at regular intervals, towered the colossal church images—Christ on the Mount of Olives; Christ mocked by the Soldiers; and in the midst, high over all, the dreadful Crucifix; and last, the Holy Sepulchre.

The ladies of the town did not generally take part in this public solemnity. Veronica sat, half dressed, at a toilet-table in her sleeping-room. Before her lay open a small gilt-edged Catholic Testament. She seemed to have lost herself in the reading, for her long black hair lay unbound over her white wrapper, while her hand, holding the tortoise-shell comb, lay idly in her lap.

As the noise of the approaching procession reached her ear, she raised her head and listened. It grew ever louder, the heavy tramp of feet, the monotonously chanted prayer, "Holy Mary, mother of mercy!" sounded before the window, and from the procession behind came, softened by the distance, "Pray for us poor sinners, now and in the hour of death!"

Veronica murmured the consecrated words. She had pushed back her chair, and stood with

her hands hanging by her side at the back part of the room, her eyes steadily fixed on the window. New people constantly passed, new voices sounded, one image after another was carried by, till suddenly a heart-piercing tone rang through the air. The *castrum doloris* approached, with the sound of trumpets, surrounded by people, followed by the priests of the highest position, with their attendants in robes of ceremony. The streamers fluttered, the black crape of the canopy floated in the air; beneath, on a bed of flowers, lay the image of the Crucified. The brazen sound of the trumpets was like a summons on the day of judgment.

Veronica still stood motionless; her knees trembled; beneath her clearly marked black brows her eyes seemed to have lost all their life.

When the procession had passed, she sank down by the chair in which she had been sitting, and, covering her face with both hands, she cried out the words in Luke, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and am no more worthy to be called thy child!"

III.—AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

The lawyer himself was no Catholic, but he left his wife free in the habits of her youth and her early home, in expectation, perhaps, that she would gradually shake off their fetters voluntarily.

During the two years since her marriage, however, Veronica had gone to confession and taken the sacrament only at the Easter season, which had now again returned. Her husband had before noticed that at these times she moved about the house quietly, and apparently uninterested in what passed, so that he did not observe that the drawing-practice, so zealously kept up before, ceased after that evening walk. But time passed; the May sun beamed warm into the room, and Veronica still delayed going to confession. He could not but see at last that her cheek grew paler and paler from day to day, and that beneath her eyes were dark lines which sleepless nights had left there.

One morning, when he entered her room unnoticed, he found her standing, lost in thought, at the window.

"Vroni," he said, putting his arm round her, "will you not do something that the little head may hold itself up again?"

She shrank back as if he had roused sleeping thoughts within her, but she tried to collect herself. "Go away now, Franz," she said, taking his hand, and gently leading him to the chamber door.

Then, when he had left her alone, she dressed herself, and soon left the house, prayer-book in hand.

Some time afterward she entered the church; the forenoon was considerably advanced, and the windows of the great building were shaded by branches of the linden, already clothed with leaves; only in the choir a broken sunbeam fell through the painted glass on the doors of the

relic shrine. In the nave of the church a few people were sitting or kneeling, with open prayer-books, preparing for confession. Nothing was to be heard except the murmur at the confessionals, with now and then a deep-drawn breath, or the rustle of a dress, or a light step over the flags of the pavement. Soon Veronica was kneeling at one of the confessionals, near an image of the Virgin, which looked down upon her compassionately. Her perfectly black dress made the paleness of her face more noticeable. The priest, a vigorous man in middle life, leaned his head against the grating which separated him from his penitent. Veronica repeated in a low voice the introductory words, "I, a poor, sinful creature;" and, with a trembling voice, she continued, "acknowledge before God and you, a priest, standing in the place of God—" But her words came more and more slowly and unintelligibly. At last she was silent.

The priest's dark eye was calm, and rested on her with an expression of weariness, for the confessions had been going on for hours. "Reconcile yourself to the Lord!" he said, mildly. "Sin killeth, but atonement maketh alive."

She tried to collect her thoughts; and again, as so often it had happened since that hour, the noise of the mill was in her inward ear; and again she stood before him in the mysterious twilight, her hands clasped in his, closing her eyes in the tumult of overmastering emotion, bound fast by shame, not daring to flee, still less to remain. Her lips moved, but they uttered nothing; they moved in vain.

The priest was silent for a time. "Courage, my daughter," he said at last, as he raised his head, with its thick black hair. "Think of the words of the Lord: 'Receive the Spirit; whose sins ye remit, to him they are remitted.'"

She looked up. The red face, the large bull-neck of the man in priestly robes, were close before her eyes. She began again, but an unconquerable reluctance overcame her, a shrinking as from some impure deed, worse than what she had come here to confess. She felt frightened. Was not what rose within her a temptation of the deadly sin from which she wished to free herself? She bent her head in a silent conflict on the prayer-book lying before her.

Meantime the wearied expression vanished from the priest's face. He began to speak, earnestly and impressively, and soon with all the magic of persuasion; low, but ringing, the tone of his voice fell on her ear. At any other time she would have sunk to the ground under its influence; but now the newly awakened feeling was stronger than all the power of words, or all the habits of her youth. Her hand felt for her veil, which had fallen back over her hat. "Pardon, reverend Sir," she stammered. Then, shaking her head silently, she drew down her veil, and, without having received the sign of the cross, rose and went down the aisle with hasty steps. Her dress rustled against the seats; she drew it round her. It

seemed to her that every thing was stretching out a hand to hold her there.

Outside she stood, breathing deeply, under the lofty porch. Her heart was heavy. She had thrust back the saving hand which had guided her from her youth; she knew of none that she could grasp instead. Then, while she stood hesitating in the sunny square, she heard a child's voice near her, and a little brown hand offered for sale a full bunch of primroses. It was spring out in the world! It came like a message to her heart, as if she had not known it before.

She bent toward the child, and bought its flowers; then, with the nosegay in her hand, went down the street toward the town gate. The sunshine lay bright on the stones; from the open window of a house there came the loud song of a canary. Moving slowly on, she reached the last house. From this point a foot-path led toward the line of hills which bordered the town territory in this direction. Veronica breathed more freely. Her eyes rested on the green grain-fields which lay near the road. Now and then a breeze brought the delicate odor of the primroses which grew at the foot of the hills. Farther on, where the pine wood began, at the edge of the fields, the path grew steeper, and demanded considerable exertion, although Veronica had always been used to mountain climbing. She stopped half-way, and looked down from the shadow of the pines on the sunny valley that lay beneath her.

When she had reached the hill-top she seated herself amidst the wild thyme which covered the ground; and while she breathed the fragrant air of the wood her eye wandered to the blue mountains that lay in the horizon. Behind her blew the wind through the tops of the pine-trees, dying away at intervals, while from the depths of the wood came, now and then, the stroke of the woodpecker, or from the air above her the cry of some bird of prey, hovering invisible in the measureless space. Veronica took off her hat, and leaned her head on her hand.

Thus, in loneliness and stillness, some time passed. Nothing came near her but the pure breezes, which played upon her brow, and the cry of the animals, which struck her ear from the distance. Meantime a bright color flushed her cheeks, and her eyes grew large and beaming. The sound of a bell came up from the town. She raised her head, and listened. It tolled quick and clear. "Requiescat!" she said to herself; for she knew the little bell of the church of St. Lambert as it announced to its congregation that the dark messenger from the Lord had entered one of their dwellings.

At the foot of the hill lay the church-yard. She saw the stone cross on the grave of her father, who, within a year, had died in her arms while the priest was praying. And farther on, where the water was shining, was that desolate spot of ground, which, as a child, she had often regarded with shy curiosity, where, by com-

mand of the Church, those who had committed suicide were buried, together with those who had not come to take the sacrament at the altar. *There* was her place now, for the time of Easter confession was over. A painful contraction convulsed her mouth, but it vanished again. She rose; a resolution stood firm and clear in her soul.

A little while longer she looked down upon the town, and let her eye wander over the sunlit roofs, as if seeking something. Then she turned, and went down through the pine-trees as she had come. She was soon among the green grain-fields again. She seemed to hasten; but she walked erect, and with a firm step.

So she reached her home. She heard from the maid-servant that her husband was in his study. When she opened the door, and saw him sitting so calmly at his writing-table, she stood hesitating on the threshold.

"Franz," she called, gently.

He laid down his pen. "Is it you, Vroni?" he said, turning toward her. "You are late. Was the list of sins so long?"

"Do not jest," said she, imploringly, as she went up to him and took his hand. "I have not confessed."

He looked at her in surprise; but she knelt down before him, and pressed her lips to his hand.

"Franz," she said, "I have wronged you!"

"Me, Veronica?" he asked, taking her face gently between his hands.

She nodded, and looked up at him with an expression of the deepest trouble.

"And now you have come to confess to your husband?"

"No, Franz," she answered; "not to confess. But I will confide in you—you only; and you—help me, and, if you can, forgive me!"

He looked at her for a while with his serious eyes; then he raised her in both arms, and laid her against his breast. "Tell me, then, Veronica."

She did not move, but her mouth began to speak; and while his eyes hung upon her lips she felt his arms clasp her closer and closer till her story was all told.

ENCHANTMENT.

By ALICE CARY.

ALL in the May-time's merriest weather
Rode two travelers, bride and groom;
Breast and breast went their mules together,
Fetlock deep through the daisy bloom.
Roses peeped at them out of the hedges,
White flowers leaned to them down from the thorn,
And up from the furrows with sunlit edges
Crowded the children that sowed in the corn.

Cheek o'er cheek, and with red so tender
Rippling bright through the gipsy brown,
Just to see how a lady's splendor
Shone the heads of the daffodils down.
Ah, but the wonder grows and lingers,
Ah, but their fields look low and lorn,
Just to think how her jeweled fingers
Shamed the seeds of their yellow corn!

Oh, it was sweet, so sweet, to be idle!
Each little sower with fate fell wroth;
Oh, but to ride with a spangled bridle!
Oh, for a saddle with scarlet cloth!
Waving corn—each stalk in tassel;
Home with its thatch and its turf-lit room—
What was this by the side of a castle?
What was that to a tossing plume?

Winds through the violets' misty covering
Now kissed the white ones and now the blue,
Sang the redbreast over them hovering
All as the world were but just made new.
And on and on through the golden weather,
Fear at the faintest and hope at the best,
Went the true lovers riding together,
Out of the East-land and into the West.

Father and mother in tears abiding,
Bride-maids all with their favors dressed,
Back and backward the daisies sliding,
Dove-throat, black-foot, breast and breast.
Yet hath the bride-maid joy of her pining,
And grief sits light on the mother's brow;
Under her cloud is a silver lining—
The lowly child is a lady now.

But for the sowers, with eyes held shady
Either with sun-brown arm or hand,
Darkly they follow the lord and lady
With jealous hatred of house and land.
Fine—it was all so fine to be idle;
Dull and dreary the work-day doom—
Oh, but to ride with a spangled bridle!
Oh, for a cap with a tossing plume!

Nearing the castle, the bells fell ringing,
And strong men and maidens to work and wait
Cried, "God's grace on the bride's home-bringing,"
And master, mistress, rode through the gate.
Five select ladies—maids of the chamber—
One sewed her silken seams, one kept her rings,
One for the pearl combs, one for the amber,
And one for her green fan of peacock wings.

And sweetly and long they abode in their castle,
And daughters and sons to their love were born;
But doves at the dew-fall homeward nestle,
To lodge in the rafters they left at morn;
And memory, holding true and tender,
As pleasures faded and years increased,
Oft bore the lady from all her splendor
Out of the West-land and into the East.

And far from the couch where sleep so slowly
Came to her eyes through the purples grand,
Left her to lodge in the bed so lowly,
Smoothed by the mother's dear, dear hand.
But after all the ado to assemble
The sunrise pictures to brighten the set,
One there was thrilled her heart to a tremble,
Half made of envy and half of regret.

Ah, was it this that in playful sporting,
And not as lamenting her maiden years,
Often she brought from the time of the courting,
When hopes are the sweeter for little fears,
That one day of the days so pleasant,
When, while she mused of her lord, as it fell,
Rode from the castle the groom with his present,
Dear little dove-throat, beloved so well?

Or altar, in splendor of lilies and laces,
Long-tressed bride-maids, or priest close shorn?
Or ride through the daisies, or green field spaces,
Gay with children that sowed in the corn?
Ye who have left the noontide behind you,
And whom dull shadows begin to oppress,
Say, ere the night-time falleth to blind you,
Which was the picture—pray, do you guess?

All in the castle was sweet with contentment,
For Fortune, in granting all favors but one,
Threw over the distance a cruel enchantment
That darkened the love-light and darkened the sun.
Of alms and of pleasures, the life-long bestowers,
The lord and the lady had just one lament:
Oh, for the lives of the brown little sowers!
And oh, for their artless and homely content!

SHORT TRIPS TO EUROPE.

MANY Americans are deterred from visiting Europe by the disturbed condition of affairs in France, and many others by the mistaken notion that one must have a long vacation if he would make a pleasant trip across the water.

To the first difficulty we have no answer to offer, if Paris be included in any one's plan of travel. It is as well to wait a while. We are not of those who think the prestige of Paris forever gone, nor is there any reason to imagine that the French capital has suffered any diminution of splendor or gayety. On the contrary, a month of calm and perfect peace will undoubtedly remove every trace of the effects of war, and Paris will be Paris for a century. The trees in the Bois de Boulogne will be missed; but no more than in the Central Park of New York, where they are yet to grow; and the drives will be as thronged and as brilliant hereafter as heretofore. The fashions will rule supreme for some time to come, and certainly until some other people learn that indescribable something of taste and grace which distinguishes the French dress-makers.

But the general notion that a short visit to Europe is not worth making is a great error, and in these days of rapid transit should be dismissed from the mind of every one who has the means and the desire to travel. For travel is worth doing. It is education, and a very great part of education. It helps immensely in enabling men to measure themselves. It reduces egotism, while it cultivates just pride in one's own country and its institutions. It fits the young for reading and for appreciation. It is worth much while one is traveling, and worth vastly more for years after one has come home.

The purpose of this article is to help those who may desire to know what they can do in a brief time on the other side of the water.

And firstly and chiefly, all travelers for long or short time are apt to err in the desire to do too much. It is safe to say that many years may be passed in European travel without accomplishing all that could be done, and done with interest and profit. The traveler who expects to "do" Europe in two years finds himself as thoroughly mistaken as the one who thought to do it in one, or in six months. It would be vastly better for all who travel to direct their ideas toward one country, where they design to pass most of their time, and leave others to be visited as excursions of pleasure. Who that knows Switzerland at all will imagine that he could see all its glories and fill himself to satisfaction with the beauty and magnificence of its scenery in one, two, or five summers?

Happy is he who can find two or three months of leisure for a run to Europe, since in that time he can see so much that he has a treasure within himself forever after out of which he can draw endless delight. His books become new to him, and new books have new

value. History has fresh interest. Story becomes reality. He lives his travels over again with all the pleasure of one who has passed years in wandering.

It is so very easy for an American to see Jerusalem, and yet few think of it as a possibility. The vacation time of summer is not fitted for Oriental travel, but many a man would go to the Holy Land if he but once took in the idea that he could accomplish it safely and comfortably, and return to New York within eight or ten weeks from the day of starting. The first objection which he raises to this suggestion is caused by his desire to linger along the way; and he thinks it impossible to push through so much travel and miss so much on the route. But go where he will, and linger where he will, he must miss a thousand other places that he would like to see, and he stays at home and misses all. Let him start from home, whatever he does, with a fixed object—to see a certain place, and take all else by the way. Then it matters little whether it be London or Jerusalem, he will accomplish an object, and incidentally do a great deal more.

Suppose that he says, "I will see Jerusalem." He should leave New York with Jerusalem in view. Twelve days will take him comfortably, with his family, to London; the thirteenth day he will reach Cologne, on the Rhine; and on the fourteenth he will go up the river-bank by rail, and sleep that night, if he choose, at Mayence or Heidelberg, or push on into the heart of Germany. Then, in five days of easy day traveling, he will go through Munich and Innsprück, the heart of the Tyrol, and over the Brenner Pass by rail, through Lombardy, to Verona; thence down through Italy, by places famed in history, till he finds himself comfortably settled in the new hotel at Brindisi, on the shore of the Adriatic and Mediterranean. All of his route has thus far been in luxurious railway carriages, and the scenery of every variety known to the world, from the beautiful Rhine Valley to snow-capped Alps, and the green plains of Lombardy. The ride down through Italy, especially among the Apennines, is worth the whole journey once to take. It is only three days across the Mediterranean from Brindisi to Alexandria. Let him add four days or a week to his time, and he may run up to Cairo and see the pyramids of Egypt, go down to Suez and see the Red Sea, and look across at the wilderness of Sinai, and return to Alexandria in time for a steamer, two days, to Jaffa. There is a hotel at the port of Jonah's departure, and if he be in good health, and the ladies with him have strength for a long day's ride on a walking horse, he can go up to Jerusalem in twelve hours, and thus his pilgrimage is accomplished. There are good hotels all along his route, and the time, as we have indicated it, is long for the route, because we suppose the party sleeping comfortably always at night, making only easy railway journeys by day. The route can be shortened several days

by night travel, and gentlemen traveling alone will often gain much by riding in the night, or part of the night, and visiting cities and places of interest in the day. The return route may be varied, with only a short addition of time, by taking the Austrian Lloyds steamer from Alexandria to Trieste, or the French Messagerie Impériale steamer to Marseilles. When the Mont Cenis Tunnel route is opened the whole time from London to Brindisi will be shortened to four or five days, and Jerusalem may be reached in twenty days from New York, if the steamers happen to connect exactly.

But we have mentioned this Eastern trip only as an illustration of the rapidity with which travel can be accomplished. Our present object is rather to furnish information for the present summer, when many of our readers have the time, and may have the inclination, to make a short run across the sea.

Count, as deducted from the time allotted to the journey, twenty-two days, to cover the voyage out and back from New York to Liverpool, and let us meet the traveler in Liverpool as he lands from the steamer. There is nothing here to detain him for an hour, unless he wishes to inspect the great docks, for Liverpool is only a commercial city, and in many respects is like New York. He wishes to go to the Continent, and we will set our faces thitherward at once. France is in such an unsettled condition now that we can lose nothing, and may gain much, by postponing our visit to Paris a few weeks, and we will, therefore, take it in our return route, while we devote the first few weeks of our time to the Rhine and Switzerland. We go to London in a few hours. London is full of hotels, yet strangers know little about them, and hesitate much in going there as to their place of rest. The large hotels, like the Langham, the Charing Cross, and others, are well enough for those who have but a day or two to stay; but if the traveler proposes to rest any time, he should go out and find good rooms at one of the numerous quiet family hotels centrally situated. Fenton's in St. James Street, or Mrs. Edwards's in George Street, or Fleming's in Half-Moon Street, or any one of fifty others, will give him the accommodation he needs, and make him quite at home. But we have determined to pass four or six weeks in Switzerland; and that being our object, we linger on the route only as it may suit our pleasure, not with the design of accomplishing any travel work. For no one should make travel a labor.

We will go down to Dover in the afternoon, and pass a night at the Lord Warden Hotel, so that we may judge in the morning if the weather is pleasant to cross the Channel. If the steamers were large, the Channel crossing would be of small account. But the harbors are so shallow that they can not use large vessels. The regular boats are superb specimens of naval architecture; small, but strong and safe. The route is through Belgium, and we cross

to Ostend, and continue by rail on the same day to Brussels, and here we start on our continental time-table. It is three days since we left Liverpool, having rested only a day in London.

A day in Brussels to see the cathedral, and another to visit the field of Waterloo, will be time well spent, and then it will pay well to pass the next day in Antwerp. But our route is to Cologne, and we go there in a few hours by rail. Brussels to Cologne, one day; Cologne to Coblenz, by Rhine boat, one day; Coblenz to Mayence, by boat, one day; Mayence to Baden-Baden, by rail, one day; Baden-Baden to Basle, by rail, one day. These five days of delicious and easy travel may be compressed into two if you are in haste, and choose to do it all by rail, or even into one day and night.

Switzerland is divided into two general parts by the mountains commonly known as the Bernese Alps. North of these lies Lake Lucerne, and south of them is the Rhone Valley. We will not undertake to make a guide-book of Switzerland in a brief article; but we will show what can be accomplished in a few days, making Lucerne our head-quarters in the northern part of the country.

Basle is the northern frontier town of Switzerland. Three hours hence you reach Schaffhausen, the Rhine falls. The next day you will go in a few hours to Lucerne, and make this your head-quarters for at least two weeks.

There is scarcely a spot of interest in Northern Switzerland which can not be reached in a few hours, by rail or carriage or boat, from Lucerne. The Rhigi is close by. You may go by boat to Altorf in the morning, take a carriage to Andermatt, the top of the St. Gothard Pass, beyond the Devil's Bridge, spend a night there, and return to Lucerne the next day. Or from Andermatt you may drive on to Coire, and pass a day or two in exploring the Via Mala and other routes in that vicinity, and return to Lucerne by rail from Coire. On the return you should pass a night at Ragatz, visiting the Baths of Pfeffers, one of the most remarkable places in the world. From Lucerne you may go up the lake to Brunnen, and drive on the same day to Einsiedeln, the wonderful monastery. Thence go on to Lake Zurich, cross the long bridge at Rapperschwyl, and take the rail to Zurich and Lucerne, reaching the latter place after only one night's absence. Or Einsiedeln may be taken on the return from Ragatz. Let us add up some days of time:

	Days.
Lucerne to the Rhigi and back.....	2
Lucerne to Andermatt	1
Andermatt to Coire	1
Up and down the Via Mala.....	1
To Ragatz	1
To Rapperschwyl and Einsiedeln.....	1
To Brunnen and Lucerne	1
Lucerne to St. Gall.....	1
St. Gall to Appenzell	1
Appenzell to Alstetten and down to Con-	
stance.....	1
Constance to Lucerne.....	1

The simple fact is that one may pass a week

or a month or a summer at Lucerne, and make excursions constantly which are pleasant. But as we are sketching a route for a short space of time, we will go on to Interlachen, crossing the Brunig by carriage, pass a week at Interlachen, and then go through Thun to Berne, pass a night, and proceed to Lake Geneva, at Lausanne; then to the head of the lake, giving a fortnight to the valleys of the Rhone and Chamouni, reaching Geneva fourteen or sixteen days after leaving Interlachen. The route thus sketched gives the traveler a view of the most celebrated scenery of Switzerland, and he may extend it by excursions as he pleases. We arrive at Geneva within fifty days from our start at Liverpool, and Paris is only one day distant, and London only two days. Within this time we have accomplished more in Switzerland than is often done even by those who linger all summer among the Alps, and, after passing a week or two in Paris, we shall be in America within ninety days from our start.

Now, in place of making Switzerland our object in the journey, let us start with intent to see something of Germany in the summer months.

Leaving Liverpool for the Continent by the same route as far as Coblenz, we ascend the Rhine, and pass the night at Frankfort-on-the-Main instead of Mayence. Thence, by rail, we go to Eisenach and visit the old castle of Wartburg, proceeding next day to Berlin. From Berlin to Dresden is only four hours' ride. From Dresden to Prague is a pleasant day. From Prague to Vienna is another. Then we go through Salzburg to Munich, and so on to Augsburg and Nuremberg, and from one German city to another until we reach the Rhine Valley, and here we linger at Baden-Baden and Heidelberg, and perhaps run for a few days up to Lucerne to breathe the cool air of Switzerland.

Perhaps no more pleasant route for sixty days' travel on the Continent could be devised than the following:

	Days.		Days.
Brussels to Cologne ..	1	To Ragatz.....	1
Rest.....	1	To Lindau.....	1
To Heidelberg by the		To Augsburg.....	1
Rhine and rail.....	2	To Munich.....	1
Rest.....	1	Rest.....	3
To Baden-Baden	1	To Salzburg.....	1
Rest.....	2	To Ischl.....	1
To Strasburg.....	1	Rest.....	2
Rest.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	To Vienna.....	1
To Basle.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	Rest.....	3
To Schaffhausen.....	1	To Prague.....	1
To Berne.....	1	Rest.....	1
To Interlachen	1	To Dresden	1
Rest and excursions ..	4	Rest.....	4
To Lucerne.....	1	To Berlin	1
Excursions	6	Rest.....	4
To Zurich	1		

Thence to England *via* Holland and Belgium, as slowly or as rapidly as you please, in from one to three weeks. Of course the traveler will add one day to every six of these routes for Sunday rest. All Christian travelers and all sensible travelers rest one day in seven.

It is not likely that many will desire to visit Italy in summer, for there is a strong prejudice

against it. But some travelers are able to testify, and ourselves among the number, that Italy is both healthy and pleasant in the warm months if the voyager take proper care of himself. How easily it can be reached, either in summer or winter, the routes already given will show. From London the choice of routes is varied. The most direct will be by Mont Cenis. The most pleasant will always be by the Cornice road along the coast, until the rail, now in progress, leads to the abandonment and destruction of that superb road. The most frequented route has been that through France to Marseilles, and by steamer to Civita Vecchia. But the routes through Germany have been more traveled since the war, and one can go from London to Venice very comfortably in five days. Then, Southern and Central Italy are now furnished with enough lines of rail to facilitate travel, so that Italy is no longer to be seen only from the window of a slow-going carriage, as in former days. From Venice we go in two hours to Padua, and in half a day to Bologna. From Bologna to Florence, over the Apennines, a glorious ride, in half a day. From Florence to Rome in a day, and from Rome to Naples in another. Returning, we go from Rome to Leghorn and Pisa in a day, from Pisa to Genoa in two days; and before long we shall do it by rail in one. From Genoa to Turin in a day, and to Milan in another. Thence it is possible to cross into Switzerland by any one of the famous passes, or, going to Verona, one may cross the Brenner by rail to the Tyrol and Germany, or Austria. Now condense the Italian trip thus:

	Days.		Days.
London to Venice.....	5	To Genoa.....	2
Rest.....	5	Rest.....	1
To Padua.....	1	To Turin.....	1
To Bologna.....	1	Rest.....	1
To Florence	1	To Milan.....	1
Rest.....	5	Rest.....	1
To Rome.....	1	To Como.....	1
Rest.....	10	Over the Splugen to	
To Naples	1	Coire.....	2
Rest.....	5	To Neuchatel or Ge-	
To Rome	1	neva and Paris.....	3
To Pisa	1		

The traveler must learn to resist temptations on his route, if, indeed, he have a route. But, after all, it is safe to say that that man will pass the pleasantest two or three months in Europe who goes without a route, determined only to enjoy his vacation, even if he does not get out of London. We once crossed the sea with a traveler who, when asked where he intended to go, always answered, "To Liverpool." "But Liverpool is a fearfully stupid place; no one stays there." "Ah, well; if I don't like it, I will go to the next town!" And this plan of travel is, of all plans, most charming.

We have thus far said nothing of travel in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is not necessary to do so. England and Scotland are so thoroughly cut up by rails that a traveler may do what he pleases now, and as rapidly or as slowly as he sees fit. If he desire to make a run through Scotland, before or after going to

the Continent, he can accomplish a great deal in two weeks, as for example :

	Days.		Days.
Liverpool to Glasgow.	1	To Fort William.....	1
Rest.....	1	Through Glencoe.....	1
To Edinburgh.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	Loch Lomond and	
Rest.....	2	Loch Katrine.....	1
To Stirling, Perth,		To Abbotsford.....	1
Blair-Athol, Inver-		Rest.....	1
ness.....	3		

Then down through England as rapidly or slowly as you please.

It would be a waste of time to give routes in Ireland, England, or Wales, where the traveler must, of necessity, choose for himself what he most desires to see.

No one need be deterred from visiting the Continent because of any apprehension about language. English is spoken in all hotels on the ordinary lines of travel, and in the most out-of-the-way places also. Continental hotels depend on American and English travelers for

their largest profits, and understand not alone our language, but our ways and wishes. We never found but one hotel in Europe, Asia, or Africa where this was not true, and that one was at Wittenberg, where the hotel was poor, and the landlord insolent. Wittenberg needs a reformation in its hotels, especially in the Weintraube.

To sum up, then: One may go from New York to Berlin, and see the triumphant capital of the German Empire and the grand frescoes of Kaulbach, and be at his work in New York again in thirty days. One may leave this city on the first of the month, lie dreaming in his gondola for three or four golden evenings and moonlight nights in Venice, and reach New York again before the month is ended. Take these two skeleton facts, and on their dry bones build up as many days of rosy travel as you can give yourself and family this summer.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE easiest chair must be shaken by the throes of unhappy France. The apparent daily disintegration of a nation is the saddest of spectacles; and as yet there is no sign of any man nor of any power to control the anarchy. To many thoughtful Germans, of course, the events of to-day seem only a sure revenge; and seldom has the whirligig of time twirled so swiftly. Our fellow-citizen, Dr. Lieber, for instance, who, as a little child, was dismissed from school in Berlin in the year 1806, after the great defeat of Jena, "because the French were coming," has read, with the rest of us, in these latter days, the amazing story of the surrender of the nephew of the conqueror of Jena to the Prussian king upon French soil, of the coronation of the King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany in Louis the Fourteenth's palace of Versailles, and of the victorious entry of the Germans into Paris. Is this, then, the *grande nation*, whose troops at Fontenoy gallantly begged the enemy to fire first? Is this the people of whom Thackeray said that well-educated Frenchmen do not believe that the English have ever beaten them, and that a gentleman in Paris was once ready to call him to the field of honor because he said that the English had whipped the French in Spain? And if you have a friend who was educated in France among the French, not among the English-French and French-English in Paris, ask him what the native histories say about French fighting. Thackeray said, again, that he had read a French history which calls the battle of Salamanca a French victory.

So glorious was France in its own fancy! Who does not recall it? Who has not seen upon his travels that smiling air of superiority in the gay city? Who has not been asked of his own country by his French master as if it were a land of ice and barbarians? There was a certain Frenchman, whom the Easy Chair remembers, who could not believe that the Chair would ever return to its own, its savage land. "But you are in France! But you have seen Paris!

And you will go back over the sea to America! Just Heavens, how inscrutable is man!" The travels and explorations of the worthy Parisian had extended to Rouen; and Rouen was well enough, because it was in France; but the traveler was evidently uncomfortable until he was again in Paris. "In Paris, indeed," he said, with exquisitely French simplicity—"in Paris a man of the world is at home!" And is any thing more touching than a Parisian in London? How perfect are the familiar international gibe and counter-gibe! The French play represents London. It is a scene of gloom and frigidity and despair. The "man of the world" accosts his neighbors, but their language is foreign, and their aspect is forbidding; and at length the lankiest-visaged caricature of a Briton holds up his lean finger and shakes a solemn warning: "C'est Soonday!"—'Tis Sunday! and the French spectator is left to imagine that suicide immediately follows. But *Punch* gave the counter-gibe during the Great Exhibition, when it represented a party of Frenchmen, with shaved round heads and long mustaches and hands buried in peg-top trowsers, standing confounded before a wash-stand, one speculatively saying to the other, "What is that machine?"

And this is the nation which a year ago believed itself to be the strongest in the world! "Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't." Yes, and a year ago we all thought it to be the greatest of military nations. Are our estimates of other nations as foolishly wrong? The story is as fruitful for the moralist as for the military critic; and the dull-est student may begin to wonder whether the strength of the strong battalions which compel victory is in the numbers or in the spirit. Where lies the difference between Thermopylæ and Sedan?

It is not a year since an American traveler came to a little village in Eastern France, not

many leagues from Sedan, which the Germans had already occupied. The streets were quiet; not many soldiers were visible; and the German flag was flying upon the town-hall. The American stepped into a barber's shop, and seated himself to wait his turn, as the artist was just finishing a German soldier, whose eyes were complacently closed as his head lay back, exposing his jugular vein to the edge of his hereditary foeman's steel. When all was over, and the German, paying the little fee, departed, the American said to the imperturbable barber, "What! you shave all alike?—Germans and all?" The barber adjusted the cloth calmly about the American, and said, sententiously, with the mere suggestion of a shrug, "Eh! it's shave or—" and he made a sudden movement of the finger across his throat, indicative of an extremely disagreeable alternative. Then he proceeded with his brush, and the American with his questions.

"Did they get in without much trouble? Was the fighting desperate?"

"There was no fighting, monsieur," was the bland reply, as the artist stropped his peaceful weapon.

"No fighting!" incredulously ejaculated the American.

"Just Heaven! no," responded the barber, as he took the patient's nose, and, gyrating the razor, drew the first lather.

"The truth was, monsieur," he continued—for the interlocutor was necessarily silent—"a few days before the enemy arrived a proclamation came from Monsieur Gambetta urging every body to rise and repel the invader, to defend our altars and our fires, and to remember that la belle France relied upon the dauntless hearts of her children. It was fine, monsieur, very fine," and the artist reflectively stropped again.

"The proclamation was accompanied by a load, by several wagon-loads, of fire-arms—of Chassepôts, in fact, monsieur. But what were we to do with Chassepôts? Great Heavens! I, for example—I knew not the Chassepôt. But the courageous went and armed themselves, and we were, in fact, all armed. But, monsieur, it is a frightful instrument, the Chassepôt! I brought one—for patriotism is brave, monsieur—I brought one very carefully to my wife, and we meditated the Chassepôt. Truly it was formidable; and my wife, who is prudent, said at last, 'Lest it do mischief, I will put it under the bed!' There, at least, it was safe, and monsieur knows that in unskilled hands so terrible a weapon is dangerous. My neighbors did likewise, and our spirits became again tranquil. But one fatal day—ah! day deplorable for my country!—a squadron of the enemy approached the village. They blew the trumpet. They demanded surrender. To resist, as monsieur at once perceives, was perilous. Resistance, in fine, was impossible, and we surrendered. What would monsieur have? The enemy is pitiless."

The orator deftly turned the American's head upon the chair, and resumed his shaving and his speaking: "They took possession instantly, and the detestable flag appeared upon the town-hall. Then proclamations were placarded every where in German and French. The first required that all persons who had arms should bring them im-

mediately to a place named, and deliver them to the authorities under pain of summary military trial. Monsieur conceives? He remarks that we were dealing with assassins? Of course we were in despair. Every patriotic citizen had a Chassepôt—an arm of precision—under his bed. But quick! quick! War does not delay; and what father of a family wishes to be tried in the military manner? I ran for the bed. 'O Heaven!' exclaimed my wife; 'Alfonse, beware!' Ah, monsieur, I knew not precisely the properties of an arm of precision; I was the father of a family, and I paused. Then, with supreme care, my wife drew out the Chassepôt. She placed it in my hands, which I held as far from me as possible, turning away my head. 'Merciful Heaven, preserve my Alfonse!' she prayed, as she opened the street-door for me to pass out. But patriotism nerves one, as monsieur comprehends. I held my arms extended and my head aside, and so went safely carrying the dreadful weapon, which, by Heaven's grace, failed to explode. I delivered it to the officer. 'Thank God!' I exclaimed as he took it from me, and I once more breathed freely. The soldier laughed. But they are assassins—those others, those Germans!"

The American's chin was smooth as the Frenchman ended, and during that short session in the barber's chair he had learned more of the condition of France and the explanation of its tragedy than in many hours of reading and reflecting. On the other hand, he did not hear that those others—those assassins, those Germans—were ill-behaved. Indeed, the barber said that there did not seem to be a great many soldiers, except at certain times, when, my faith! monsieur, they rose from the very streets. The system of the Germans was perfect to the smallest detail. A recent private letter from Epernay, the very fountain of Champagne, states that Prussians were quartered there for more than six weeks among the reservoirs of the choicest and most tempting wine; and what so tempting as a wilderness of wine-cellars amply stored to a soldier, to a victorious soldier, to a victorious German soldier? But no complaint was heard. The military authorities, of course, made requisitions; but they gave receipts for every thing, and touched no private property.

There is one tradition in the German army which has doubtless survived to this day, and has been often gayly repeated around the camp-fires before Paris. It was told to Dr. Lieber by General Pfuhl, of the allied army of occupation in 1815. After entering Paris General Pfuhl was military governor of one of the divisions of the city, and a Prussian soldier, native of Pomerania, was one day brought before him for having beaten his host, a French citizen, because he did not instantly produce the white-beer—*weissbier* of Berlin—when the soldier demanded it. The demand was so extraordinary that the curious general sent for the offending soldier, and investigated the case. The soldier confessed every thing. He had asked for *weissbier* in Paris, and, against the most positive orders, had beaten his French host who did not produce it.

"But, my boy," said the general, "I can not understand you. What do you mean by asking for *weissbier* in Paris?"

"I will tell you, general, what I mean. When

the French were in Pomerania, in 1806, I returned one day from school and found that the French soldiers were savagely beating my old father because they insisted upon having claret wine, and there was none, perhaps, in all Pomerania. It was a terrible sight; and I took a solemn oath, general, boy as I was, that should I ever get to Paris as a soldier I would demand weissbier, and if the Frenchman did not instantly bring it I'd flog him well. I'm only keeping my oath, general."

General Pfuhl said to him, "You will have your punishment, of course; but, my boy," he added, kindly, "when you come out I want to see you."

These old feelings have doubtless played a terrible part in the late war; nor can the French plead that they did not openly appeal to the ancient enmity. The French declaration of war of the 15th of July, 1870, ends with these words: "The extraordinary constitutional changes in Prussia awaken the slumbering recollections of 1814. *Let us cross the Rhine*, and avenge the insults of Prussia. The victors of Jena survive!" So haughtily marched France to demand claret in Berlin. But lo! it is Germany that quaffs weissbier in Paris!

The suddenness of the change in this great nation is bewildering. How full all the recent history, literature, and art of France are of the glory of the first empire! The songs of the camp prolonged and re-echoed them. In every house was a picture of the great emperor; in every department were his visible traces. He had become an integral part of the national life, so that the removal of his ashes, twenty years after his death, was the subject of negotiations between great states, and an event which interested the world. M. Thiers, then the Prime Minister of King Louis Philippe, called the emperor "the greatest of men," and writes to M. Guizot: "If England gives us what we require, she will set the seal to her reconciliation with France; the entire past of fifty years will be abolished; the effect in her favor here will be enormous." Guizot was too shrewd not to see the political peril of this renewed homage to the little corporal, but he confessed that it was the "national sentiment." And that sentiment was strong enough to screen the man who bore the emperor's name from the withering ridicule of the Boulogne demonstration, to recall him to republican France, and to sustain him when he perjured himself and destroyed the republic.

That sentiment was the primal force of the second empire, which could have been established only in the name of Napoleon, and it is to the Napoleon idolatry that much of the present condition of France is due. For if there had been no such overpowering personal feeling, no such superstition, the French people, in supporting Cavaignac against Louis Napoleon in 1850, would have secured to themselves that habit of political action and familiarity with political forms which are indispensable to political progress and the preservation of liberty. In yielding to the empire for the sake of order they accepted a system which taught them to ask nothing but order at any price, and which, therefore, made France a mere nursery, and the people children. The country barber timorously hiding the Chassepôt under the bed symbolized a nation which had neither

the wish nor the knowledge to defend its liberties.

Its present problem is to take the Chassepôt out and to use it. The delicate and difficult task of this Gallic child, who has been swathed until his legs are half withered, is not only to walk, but to walk along a narrow line: to avoid a despot on the one hand and the mob upon the other. Yet it is plain that nothing will so certainly drive him into the arms of the former as the fear of the latter. Long before these words are read the situation in France must seriously change. The hapless country will learn that no name can save it; not that of Napoleon nor that of republic. Sagacity, moderation, self-restraint, an infinite patience, and education of many kinds—these are indispensable. The country can live no longer by the spirit which claims that Salamanca was a French victory, and that Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest of men; but must learn that the essential French victory is that which founds a government upon the popular will, and then protects it from the mob of Paris. The question can never, indeed, be whether anarchy is not preferable to despotism, or whether despotism is more than postponed or suspended anarchy, because human nature itself and the social instinct, which demand order, will inevitably choose despotism rather than anarchy. The history of no country shows it more conclusively than that of France.

WHEN we Americans read books of travel in Europe, or write up our journals, or remember in soft Indian summer retrospect the gay and brilliant delights of the grand tour, usually performed in the spring of life, what is the most frequent object of our interest and admiration, always supposing, of course, that we have escaped heart-free from the dark-eyed damsels of those fascinating climes? Or, to consider the same subject from another point of view, what is the one great interest of refined and educated people—and the reader knows to what class of travelers he belongs—to which the guide-books continually solicit attention in every great city? Or, once more, upon that comprehensive survey of mankind and civilization in which the reader is perpetually indulging, what would he naturally suppose to be one of the chief tangible results of a long and refined culture of the best human faculties?

The answer, of course, is evident: works of art, and of what are distinctively called the fine arts, as meaning works of which beauty is the inspiration and intention. For to beauty we are born thralls. We can not escape nor explain our subjection.

"Who gave thee, O Beauty!
The keys of this breast?
Too credulous lover
Of blest and unblest.
Say when in lapsed ages
Thee knew I of old,
Or what was the service
For which I was sold?"

When we arrive in all the great capitals of the world, and contemplate in the peaceful morning hours all the delightful duties which lie before us in enchanting perspective, whether it be in London, in Paris, in Berlin, in Dresden, in Vienna, in Florence, in Venice, in Rome, in Naples, we know that there are great galleries of

art to be seen—temples hung with the triumphant trophies of human genius. And, indeed, in the smaller capitals the same delights may be enjoyed. But when the illustrious stranger arrives upon our shores, and awaking in our great capitals—in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Cincinnati, in Chicago, in Charleston, in New Orleans, in Baltimore—does he deliciously foretaste in the morning hours the pleasure and instruction of the great galleries? In New York, you say, we do not, indeed, feast his expectation with a gallery of art, but we do point him proudly to the Central Park. Yet, as Mr. C. C. Perkins pertinently says in his instructive and valuable paper upon art museums in the *North American Review*, twenty years ago we were satisfied to have no park, and still thought that we were a great city.

What, then, has produced the Park? Plainly the feeling that a great city is incomplete without a great pleasure-ground—a garden for the people more spacious and more splendid than any private garden can well be. And, therefore, the utmost care and taste and knowledge and sagacity have been lavished upon it. “And the best part of it, after all, is under-ground,” said Mr. Olmsted, meaning that the system of drainage, the fundamental preparation of the whole, is so perfect. And what is the purpose of the Park? Recreation, pleasure. We people of the city, it was said, who must live in streets, and work among them, need a place for relaxation—the refreshment of seeing a beautiful landscape, flowers, trees, waters; of hearing birds, and of feeling the peace that distills from beauty like a benediction. It is truly a pleasure-ground.

But is it only pleasure as a kind of sensual enjoyment that was intended? Certainly it was something else and something higher. Relaxation and recreation could be had upon cheaper terms than a Central Park. But it was felt that money was wisely and economically spent which not only furnished a space for loitering and driving, but which filled it with beauty; which opened to the eye broad sweeps of lawn, edged with shrubs and fringed with trees; which planted winding walks of verdure choice and rare; which improved every slope and curve, spanned dells and brooks with exquisitely designed bridges, built spacious terraces, and covered little lakes with graceful boats; which, in a word, made every thing beautiful upon which the eye should rest. The Central Park is a monument of the instinct that beauty is civilizing, refining; that as it has the keys of our breasts, they are sacred keys, with which it unlocks us all only to heap those breasts like royal treasuries with the costliest gifts. The Central Park is the proof that New York acknowledges beauty to be of the highest humanizing value, and that the metropolis may properly be bonded to provide for its citizens the advantages derived from the contemplation of beautiful objects. It shows the instinct to be as active here as elsewhere, that at the great centres of human population the concentration of the most beautiful works of human genius is as useful as it is practicable.

Now a great garden or a park designed in the finest strain of landscape art is mainly useful in this country not only to restore jaded nerves and wearied frames, but to educate the perception and enjoyment of whatever is refined and lovely.

And thus it is of the highest value, because out of such perceptions comes the real progress of civilization, which is determined by the increasing supremacy of reason and thought over mere force. But in order to concentrate in any capital works of art which are really beautiful we must know what they are. That was the sufficient reason for intrusting the design and development of the Park to Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux, and the great good fortune of the city also. Because, knowing what a really beautiful work of landscape art is, they made one; and if their successors will only let it alone, or develop it strictly in the line of their intention, it will still fulfill its great function of an æsthetic educator, accustoming the popular eye to beauty, and thereby training its perception.

Landscape art is perhaps more readily appreciable than others. But of others we have really very little general knowledge, because we have had no instruction. Our situation has prevented it, and our later settlement, with its necessities. The perception of excellence in this department is developed by observation and study. If we had opportunities of both, does any sane American citizen suppose that the rotunda of the national Capitol would be such a ludicrous curiosity-shop as it is, or that the statue of President Lincoln would have been intrusted to hands which, so far as can be learned from the most authentic reports, have no other credentials for such a work than that they are pretty and persuasive? Think of the discovery of America, of this nation, of its development and its significance, and then reflect that the national statue of Columbus is that of Persico, a dwarf Hercules of the circus uneasily balancing a heavy ball! And we all flock to Washington, and grope through that boundless pile of boundless extravagance and inconvenience, the Capitol, and gaze with respectful awe at the pictured shins of our illustrious fathers, and at the Persico performance, and really believe them to be very fine. We are not to be blamed, for we know no better. Washington Square and Tompkins Square were very respectable in our municipal eyes until we had seen the Central Park. We are only to be blamed if we make no effort to know better.

Now the Metropolitan Museum of Art is precisely that effort. Its design is educative. It proposes to assemble in a suitable building specimens of the fine arts in every kind: sculpture, painting, mosaic, tapestry, vases, engravings, coins, carving—in short, works of all kinds in which beauty is a primary element, and which are either directly useful for what are called practical purposes, or indirectly as a means of grace. The history of the enterprise deserves to be recorded. It began in the action of a few gentlemen, who called a meeting in the theatre of the Union League Club less than two years ago, at which Mr. Bryant presided, and Professor Comfort delivered an address upon the general subject, to which he had devoted a great deal of study. Soon after meetings were held and an organization considered. This action resulted in an act of incorporation from the Legislature, and the vigorous initiation of the enterprise under the auspices of gentlemen well known for their knowledge of art and their generous interest in it, among whom it is, perhaps, not improper to mention the names of Mr. John Tay-

lor Johnston, who was unanimously chosen President, Mr. William T. Blodgett, Mr. William J. Hoppin, Mr. Russell Sturgis, Jun., Mr. Samuel G. Ward, Professor Comfort, and Mr. Putnam. With these were associated other gentlemen, whose names are familiar in connection with all good movements in the city.

After careful deliberation it was decided that the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars should be raised by private subscription, and that an application should be made to the Legislature for the erection of a proper building. The subscription was quietly pushed, and when, without any general public appeal, it had reached about half the sum contemplated, the Legislature authorized the Department of Public Parks in the city of New York to erect upon any "public park, square, or place in said city, a suitable fire-proof building, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining therein, under suitable rules and regulations to be prescribed by the said board from time to time, a museum and gallery of art, for the Metropolitan Museum of Art," at a cost not exceeding a sum which will be equivalent to five hundred thousand dollars. This is probably the most munificent grant for purposes of pure art ever made in the country; and it establishes the enterprise upon a truly metropolitan foundation.

In Boston, also, a similar movement has resulted in an ample subscription, and the presentation of beautiful and costly collections for the museum. The inspiration seems to be universal. There is no reason why all the larger and even the smaller cities should not share in it. There are prosperous interior cities in New York, for instance—Poughkeepsie, Troy, Utica, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, Elmira—each of which may well have its gallery. Professor Comfort states in an article upon the subject in *Old and New*, that the entire Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, in Germany, is about as large as Orange County, in New York, and about as rich. The capital city, Gotha, is as large as Newburgh, having about seventeen thousand inhabitants. And this pleasant little town has a museum of art containing more than seven hundred excellent paintings, fifty thousand engravings, forty thousand coins, fourteen thousand casts of coins, nine thousand drawings, and a large collection of casts of famous works of sculpture and architecture. Newburgh, indeed, has no Grand Duke, but she can do likewise. She can not, indeed, have many of the most renowned original masterpieces, nor can the city of New York; for such works are not often sold, and when they are it is a memorable occasion.

Mr. Perkins recalls the prices that have been paid for famous pictures. "Are we aware," he asks, "that the sale of a real Raphael is an event in Europe whose probability is known long beforehand, so that on the appointed day the privilege of buying it is eagerly disputed by the directors of all the great galleries north of the Alps;.....that the Delessert Raphael was considered by many to have been given away to the Duc d'Aumale at a hundred and sixty thousand francs; that the Louvre paid six hundred thousand francs for the Assumption of the Virgin by Murillo; that the Congress of Munster, by Teniers—a little picture about a foot and a half long by a foot high—was bought in at the Hôtel des

Ventes after a well-known director had bid it up to one hundred and eighty thousand francs?" And last year, he tells us, the British Parliament granted more than a million of dollars for the support of art institutions in Great Britain.

It is to develop and encourage this taste that the Metropolitan Museum of Art arises. The general interest in the subject shows that the time has come. The nucleus of the effort is found in the knowledge and energy of a few, and from that will spring an institution in which every artist in every department of art will find the instruction, the stimulus, and the delight which have hitherto been entirely wanting in America.

A DISTINGUISHED public man once said to the Easy Chair that after an election in which he had taken part, and in which his party had succeeded, he always signed the recommendations of any body who asked him for any office he wished. And when the Easy Chair remarked that he must have sadly cheapened his name with the appointing power, the excellent statesman answered, "Not at all; because I wrote by mail that no attention was to be paid to my request." Perhaps he thought that this was not cheapening his name. But what must the appointing power have secretly thought of a man who respected his own name so little? And an eminent public officer of long service told the Easy Chair that a recommendation was once delivered to him by an office-seeker from a President of the United States; and when the officer, delaying the applicant, asked the President if he really wished the person appointed, the President replied, "Not in the least; but I gave the letter to him to get rid of him."

Any Easy Chair must be often reminded of such incidents when it reads in the papers the cards and notices and invitations and petitions to which conspicuous names are attached. It discovers, for instance, that the most eminent ministers, merchants, lawyers, and capitalists are very anxious to hear Dr. Dunderhead upon the history of chaos. They compliment the learned doctor's erudition and eloquence, and beg him to name the evening when he will speak to them. The doctor replies in blushing rhetoric, and will yield to their desires on Thursday evening, the 32d. On that evening the Easy Chair, which has perused the correspondence with eager expectation, and which has a profound interest in chaos, repairs to the hall, finds a dozen surprised stragglers like itself, but not one of the conspicuous clergymen, lawyers, merchants, or capitalists, and goes home in bewilderment to read in the morning's paper an elaborate report of Dr. Dunderhead's lecture, delivered at the request of the following distinguished gentlemen—who are duly named; and it slowly dawns upon him that he has been assisting at an advertisement, that the invitation to Dr. Dunderhead was also written by Dr. Dunderhead, that the gentlemen signed because they were asked to do so, and that the whole proceeding is intended to impress the rural districts, and to procure the learned and erudite Dunderhead invitations to lecture in other places.

Have these gentlemen no respect for their names? They would not indorse the note of a stranger for a thousand dollars because somebody asked them to do it for good nature. But

it is just as dishonorable to indorse a man's learning and eloquence when you know nothing of it as to indorse a man's promise to pay of whose solvency you are equally ignorant. Indeed, in the one case you could supply the money if the maker of the note failed. But, dear Sirs, can you supply the eloquence and erudition which you indorsed in Dr. Dunderhead, for which many Easy Chairs paid many dollars, and which Dunderhead failed to display? You can not, indeed, be sued at the City Hall, but you are prosecuted at another, even loftier tribunal, and you are mulcted in damages. Your own good name pays the penalty, and is thereafter less respected. If a man does not respect his own name, who will? But if he publicly announces that his name is of no weight, how can he complain if it becomes a jest?

There are every day great public meetings at which a long list of familiar names appears as vice-presidents. Very often the gentlemen are notified that their names are to be used, and that if they are unwilling they may inform the managers. But very often, also, they know nothing of their complicity until they read their names in the report of the meeting. Upon this discovery most men shrug their shoulders, and wish impatiently that people wouldn't do so. But they have a feeling that the occasion is passed; that they will be derided as courting notoriety if they write to the papers stating that their names were used without authority; so they grumble and acquiesce. But they nevertheless connive at the abuse of their names. They embolden the further abuse, and they weaken both the power and the effect of disavowal. They condoned the abuse when they were made vice-presidents of the immense and enthusiastic meeting in favor of the annexation of Terra del Fuego; and why, sneer Mrs. Grundy and Mrs. Candour—why should they be too nice to assist at the grand demonstration of fraternity for the Philippine Islands? If the cor-

respondents of Dr. Dunderhead would show that they respected their own names, they would soon find that other people would not trifle with them.

But neither must they cheapen them by constant use. There are well-known names that appear upon every occasion. They ask all the Dunderheads to lecture; they petition for and against all public objects; they recommend every thing from a Correggio to a corn-plaster; they offer benefits to actors; they are honorary directors of institutions of which they are painfully ignorant; their names appear so universally and indiscriminately that they have no more effect upon public attention or confidence than the machines with which the Chinese bonzes grind out prayers can be supposed to have upon the Divine intelligence. The consequence is that all sensible men come to regard these signatures as those of men of straw. And why not, since they give straw bail for the appearance of that which does not appear, or for the excellence of that of which, if it be excellence, they know nothing?

And so, says the old story, after crying wolf so long that the shepherds no longer heeded him, one day the boy cried wolf lustily, for the wild beast had really come. But the louder he cried, the louder they sneered. "No, no; we've learned your tricks at last, you wicked boy, and you may shout until you are hoarse!" And while they laughed the wolf devoured the boy. Remember, then, dear Dunderhead correspondents, that, when Plato himself comes, and some foolish touter obtains your names, or even yourselves this time know that the truly seraphic doctor has arrived, whose golden wisdom would make the whole world richer, it will be in vain. You have invited discredit for your names; and we, who have been deluded, when we see that you earnestly invite us all to hear Plato, shall only smile incredulously—"Plato indeed! 'tis only Dunderhead Number Twenty."

Editor's Literary Record.

PERSONAL.

THE death of Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, is an event which will be felt beyond the borders of his own kingdom. Born in 1802, and beginning business just at the era when literature, from being the luxury of the few, was about becoming the necessity of the many, the marvelous success and usefulness which he and his brother William achieved as editors and publishers is largely due to the fact that they had the sagacity, or rather the intuition, to perceive the wants of the new age, and to conform their publications thereto. They may be said to be the originators, so far as Great Britain is concerned, of cheap popular literature; and their house, which was founded about the same time as that of Harper and Brothers in this country, has done for England and Scotland a work very analogous to that performed by the latter house for America. There is this also in common between them, that in both cases the firm was also a fraternity. Robert began life as a bookseller. A careful and patient study of the "Encyclope-

dia Britannica" served him in lieu of a collegiate education, and probably fitted him for his life-work more perfectly than a more scholastic training could have done. In 1832, having already become widely known as a popular editor and author, he joined his brother in the publication of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. "Chambers's Information for the People," "Cyclopedia of English Literature," "Miscellany," and "Encyclopedia" followed in rapid succession, and achieved in a marvelous degree the design of their originators—that of affording, in a convenient and economical form, instructive and entertaining reading for the common people. Nearly two hundred thousand copies of the "Information for the People" have been sold in Great Britain and the United States; and "Chambers's Encyclopedia" was, when issued, doubtless the best popular encyclopedia in the English language, and still has but one peer, that of the Messrs. Appleton, in this country. A somewhat doubtful rumor attributes to Robert Chambers the authorship of the "Vestiges of Creation."

It is not necessary to accept this rumor in order to accredit him with a high degree of literary skill, combined very happily with that sagacity, prudence, and high-toned integrity which constitute the best features of a truly successful business man. The popularity of William and Robert Chambers's publications was achieved without any pandering to vicious or even doubtful appetites; and it is not too much to say that no two men in Great Britain have done more to render useful literature popular, and so, by a pure press, to neutralize the evils of a corrupted one, than these two brothers, whose labors attest how true a success attends on any life consecrated, without hesitation or deviation, to a single high and noble purpose.

Almost at the same time that one of the oldest and worthiest book firms of Scotland suffers by the death of one of its members, the honored English house of Low, Son, and Marston suffers a kindred loss in the death of Sampson Low, Jun. Like Mr. Robert Chambers, an author as well as publisher, Mr. Low was favorably known to the public not only as an active member of the firm, but also as the editor and compiler of two useful treatises, the "Charities of London," and the "Hand-book" to the Charities. Outside his profession, as well as in it, he devoted much time and thought to the same subject; and the successful establishment of the fire-escape system in London was largely due to his exertions.

On the 18th of March—the day after the death of Robert Chambers—died Professors Augustus De Morgan, of England, and George Gottfried Gervinus, of Germany. Professor De Morgan was sixty-five years old, having been born at Madura, in Southern India, in June, 1806. In 1827 he had acquired the highest position at Cambridge as a mathematician, but obtained neither the degree of M.A. nor a fellowship, being excluded by the religious tests. The next year he accepted the professorship of mathematics in the London University, and retained the chair until 1866. He was distinguished as an insurance actuary. Among the works that have conferred distinction upon him may be mentioned his "Essay on Probabilities," "Elements of Algebra," "Formal Logic; or, the Calculus of Inference Necessary and Probable," and "Differential and Integral Calculus." He was a regular contributor to various periodicals, and his contributions to Knight's "Penny Encyclopedia" are said to form a considerable proportion of that work.

Professor Gervinus was born in Darmstadt, May 20, 1805. Though intended by his parents for mercantile pursuits, he devoted himself to the study of history. He was a professor at Heidelberg, and afterward at Göttingen. He is best known by his "History of German Literature," which is recognized as the standard work on that subject, and his more recent work, "The History of the Nineteenth Century." He was, in 1837, banished by the King of Hanover for protesting against the infractions by the latter of the Constitution; but in 1844 we find him again at Heidelberg, Professor of History and Literature. In politics he was republican, and but a short time before his death expressed his regret at the re-establishment of the German empire as the result of an arbitrary administration and a bloody war.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

THAT portion of religious literature which is occupied with maintaining the tenets of Christianity against the assaults of unbelief is so generally either apologetic or dogmatic, it so habitually excuses faith or accuses doubt, that it is refreshing to come across a book written in a tone at once so candid and so cheerily confident as *Ad Fidem* (Noyes, Holmes, and Co.). We find throughout the book, as Dr. BURR in his preface advises us we shall, "an air of great confidence." At the same time the author rarely substitutes mere assertion for argument, and never denounces as criminal the reader who fails to appreciate the force of his statements, and to accept the opinions to which they lead. The book is divided into two parts. The first treats of the moral conditions necessary to a successful seeking of religious truth. To a greater extent than most of his predecessors in this field, Dr. Burr recognizes the fact that spiritual truths are not to be arrived at by the same processes as mathematical or material truths. It is in this part of his volume that he is most successful. In the second part he proceeds to argue the evidences of religion in the more ordinary way. This part will be more serviceable in strengthening the faith of believers than in overcoming the objections of doubters. Indeed, the author does not show himself well informed as to the nature of those objections. He assumes, for example, as "granted by all save the most fantastic of skeptics," that the books of the Bible were written by the authors to whom they are attributed, and in the age to which they are attributed, and on this foundation builds strong argument for their truthfulness, whereas the very question, and in some sense we might almost say the only question, which modern skepticism raises against the biblical narrative, is whether it was so written, or whether it is a mythical growth of a later day. In style Dr. Burr is not infrequently over-rhetorical; but, on the whole, the book is much purer and better English than the preceding work, "Pater Mundi," by the same author.

We have already had occasion to commend Dr. HANNA's *Life of Christ*. Originally published in six volumes, then compressed into three, it now assumes a yet more convenient and attractive form in one goodly sized and handsomely bound octavo of nearly 900 pages, from the press of the American Tract Society. Both form and price will combine to render this the popular edition. The illustrations, transferred from Doré's Bible by the photo-lithographic process, are of very unequal merit. Doré has not met with the same success in illustrating the Evangelists that has attended his pencil in the more congenial themes afforded him by Dante; and the delicacy of his lines is not fully preserved in the transfer. But the selection of subjects is good, and the purchaser of this volume will have unquestionably the best of Doré's New Testament pictures, though not in their perfect form.

Dr. CONANT's *Revision of the Psalms* (American Bible Union), following his revision of Job, Proverbs, and Matthew, lies before us. It claims our verdict in two aspects—as an addition to biblical literature, and as a substitute for the King James version. The Bible Union revision did not start out well; but it has been steadily improving. The best scholars of the Church

were not at first identified with it. But the Church has no scholar the superior and few the peers of Dr. Conant. It at first depreciated the King James version. But the opening sentence of Dr. Conant's preface assures us that his work is "a revision of the common English version, and not an independent translation." The first translators assumed the correctness of the Hebrew text. Dr. Conant is abundantly competent to conduct those delicate and difficult investigations necessary to assure an accurate text. As an interpreter for those not familiar with the original, his volume will be valuable. As a book of devotional reading to those whose pleasure and profit in the Psalms is impaired by their familiarity with them in the English version, it will be not less valuable. Some changes which Dr. Conant has introduced, as the modern for the ancient form of the present tense—*e. g.*, runs for runneth, stands for standeth—seem to us no real improvement. But changes introduced in other places, as in the nineteenth Psalm, give a new and truer conception of the sacred writer's meaning. And the whole is fresh, and by the newness of its form takes a new hold upon the mind.

HISTORY.

WE scarcely ever pass up the circular flight of stairs that leads from one floor to another of the mammoth establishment which sends out 130,000 copies of our Literary Record every month without stopping for five minutes to look with new interest, never sated, at some one of the many operations through which our manuscript must go before it reaches its readers. And almost every week we meet some group of visitors examining the successive processes of the great establishment. Comparatively few persons can do this studying for themselves. EMILY C. PEARSON does it, we hope for many readers, in *Gutenberg and the Art of Printing* (Noyes, Holmes, and Co.). Nay, she does more: she not only takes us through a modern printing establishment—and proves a charming cicerone too—but she also takes us through the past, and shows the processes by which this most wonderful art of the present was developed from imperfect germs. The history is one full of romance, and is well told; and the wood-cuts which accompany it are not merely pretty pictures, but are really, in the truest sense of the term, illustrations.

The sharpest criticism we have to offer on JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD'S *History of the State of New York* (Harper and Brothers) is one which we might quote from the author's own preface, that his work has grown unfashionably large. It is the second volume which lies before us, a generous volume of over 650 pages, and it brings the history of this single State down to 1691. This volume covers a period of twenty-seven years. At this rate it will take eight similar volumes to complete the history. It is evident that Mr. Brodhead has been untiring in his investigation of authorities—authorities entirely out of the reach of most readers. His style is interesting; his spirit impartial. But the very magnitude of his work will banish it to the libraries, and confine its usefulness to those who are especially interested in historical research.

CURTIVS'S *History of Greece* (Charles Scrib-

ner and Co.) is as nearly a popular book as a German savant could be expected to write. The old histories, if they did not assume the truth of the ancient legends and myths, at least made little or no attempt to sift them out and ascertain what were true, what false. Then followed a class of historians whose volumes, howsoever valuable to the scholar, were, by their style and method, closed to the ordinary reader. Mommson in Roman History, and Curtius in Grecian history, represent a third stage, that which gives the results of the latest and best scholarship, in a form not, indeed, popular in comparison with the works of Macaulay and Froude, but popular by the side of their predecessors in the same field. Reserving fuller criticism until the appearance of the completed work, we do not hesitate to give to Curtius the first place for the ordinary reader among the historians of ancient Greece. The translation is not altogether a happy one; and a certain harshness of style, which renders the volume in some places hard reading, is perhaps as much the fault of the translator as of the original author.

FICTION.

A Life's Assize (Harper and Brothers) is by far the most powerful romance which the year has placed upon our table. Though written by a lady (Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL), it is very far from being a lady's novel—is, in fact, peculiarly not a lady's novel. Indeed, the most wonderful characteristic of the story is the success with which Mrs. Riddell puts herself in Andrew Hardell's place, and the power with which she depicts experiences quite foreign to a woman's character. It is singularly masculine, both in construction and style; and its chief defect is the lack of that sentiment which is more popular than such a portraiture of a life's campaign as this singular story affords. Andrew and Anthony Hardell are friends, distant kin: Andrew, a curious admixture of strength and weakness; Anthony, of superficial good nature and ineradicable selfishness. Andrew, attacked by a jealous husband—jealous without cause of him, but having the best right to be jealous of his friend Anthony—slays his would-be murderer in self-defense, then flees from the scene of the lonely rencontre, having no courage to confess the truth; stands trial for his life; barely escapes by the Scotch verdict of "Not proven," but with a name on which is put the stamp of Cain. So escaping, he weakly yields to the solicitation of his evil genius, Anthony; assumes his name and his curacy; Anthony meanwhile marrying the object of his guilty love, and fleeing the country, to return after a lapse of years and claim a property which has fallen to him, and, by claiming, lead to the exposure of Andrew's double falsehood. The interest of the story lies not in the breathless attention with which the reader watches the progress of the trial—for its result is given in the opening chapter, and then the story travels back to explain the acquittal—nor in the curiosity piqued by the misadventures and the troubles into which Andrew's double concealment plunges a guiltless yet not wholly innocent man—a man whose weakness is far greater than his sin: it lies not in adventure, nor incident of any kind, but in the marvelous power with which the heart is laid bare, and all its bitter experiences

are analyzed and portrayed. It is a novel of interior life; we should say a psychological novel, were it not that the reader might imagine a treatise on metaphysics disguised as a story, a conception as far from the true one as could well be. It is a psychological novel in contrast with the average romance of mere incident, as "Macbeth" or "Hamlet" are psychological dramas in contrast with the melodramas whose only merit is novelty in plot. It is fair to give the reader notice that it is not a story to be galloped through at a sitting. It is to be read, if at all, carefully, and it is well worth the careful reading.

We are quite used to plots borrowed from the melodrama to serve the novel, and are not at all surprised to find one of our old friends reappearing with a new face in *The Monarch of Minging Lane* (Harper and Brothers). But Mr. BLACK is about the first author we have ever met who has had the candor to acknowledge his indebtedness. He sends the villain of his story down to the Rotunda Theatre to borrow both a plot and a rascal to work it out. Mr. Samuel Hickey's criticism is fatal to the part he is made to play. It is "impossible to do that sort of thing in real life." Nowhere off a second-class stage would Lilian take an oath to marry the man she despised to save him from suicide, and nowhere else would she keep so crazy a vow, even if it were once made. Defective in an artistic point of view as the plot of this improbable story is, it has points which redeem it and render it a novel of more than ordinary interest and effect. Some of the characters are exceedingly well drawn, and the author's skillful portraiture is as evident in some of his minor as in his more important personages. There is a good deal of humor in the book, too; more, perhaps, in the situations than in the mere dialogue—humor which makes the story decidedly more genuinely "light reading" than the tragic compositions which constitute so large a proportion of modern novels.—*Three Successful Girls* (Hurd and Houghton) is written to show how three girls, aspiring for more than their country home could give them, and to do more than their limited sphere gave them to do, went to the metropolis and educated themselves—one to be a painter, one a musician, and one an author. No obstacle was allowed to interfere, though that obstacle was a loving heart, and no temptation was strong enough to divert, though that temptation be toward a happy home. Whether success can be predicated of one who sets a mark, and reaches it by trampling under foot every obstacle, is at least doubtful. Perseverance is a goodly virtue, but to persevere in one's own way, without regard to the wishes or the welfare of others, is not worthy of a true woman. Incidentally the book teaches some questionable theology and a good deal of bad grammar.—*One Year* (Carter and Sons) might rather have been called "Three Successful Girls." In a quiet story, laid partly in France and partly in England, we have a good deal of pleasant reading and some good lessons. There is but little plot, and the interest lies rather in the unfolding of character and inner experiences than in external changes. Three, especially, of the characters are represented as so profiting by the discipline of a year of ordinary life as to develop the good and repress the evil in their natures. The people are natural, and the

circumstances almost commonplace in simplicity; but the changes wrought out in individual character give interest to the book.—*M. or N.* (Leypoldt, Holt, and Williams) is the story of two sisters, so like in feature as to be mistaken for one another, but separated from babyhood, and kept ignorant even of each other's existence. After a good deal of mystification, and a comedy of errors which just escapes being a tragedy, all the plotting and counterplotting comes to a blissful conclusion, and the two sisters are happily married, and live in peace ever afterward. The book is too apparently written to display an ingenious plot, and is not interesting enough to carry it. To follow a number of characters through a maze of mistakes we must be interested in the characters themselves—must keep with them for their own sakes, and not merely to solve a puzzle.—*The Miller of Angibault* (Roberts Brothers) is the least objectionable of any of GEORGE SAND'S novels in the series of translations of which this is the fifth volume. It is the best, for the reason that it is, unlike its predecessors, purely a romance. Something, indeed, of the French spirit of *égalité*, but nothing of the French infidelity or license, pervades its pages; and if in America we could hardly accept the passion between Henri and Marcelle as at first pure, or the stolen interviews as innocent, yet, if some allowance be made for the atmosphere of Paris, this can be pardoned for the sake of the moral influence which pervades the close of the book, and the profit as well as pleasure which the contrast between the honest miller and M. Bricolin affords us.—*Ghardaia* (G. P. Putnam and Son) begins like a book of travels, but ends unmistakably as a romance. There is a good deal of ingenuity in the structure of the story; and if Dr. NAPHEGYI had made his experiences a little less romantic, his volume would probably have passed current with many of its readers as a true story of "adventures in the oasis of the desert of Sahara." Since writing the above we have seen the positive assertion by an apparently well-informed critic that the narrative is true. If so, then truth is not only stranger, but also more romantic, than fiction.

Since the days of Dean Swift no sharper satire has been penned than *The Fight at Dame Europa's School* (F. B. Fell and Co.). It has gone through we know not how many editions in England, has provoked half a dozen vapid and spiritless replies, but remains, despite them all, unanswered; and has probably come very near convincing the British lion that he is not exactly the forest monarch that he supposed he was, and that his majestic roar no longer frightens all the world, as he once thought it did. Dame Europa keeps a school. She has five head boys—Louis (France), William (Prussia), Aleck (Russia), Joseph (Austria), and John (England). They each have a garden plot of their own. Louis, being a boy of considerable taste, has fitted up in his an exceedingly pretty arbor; John, having an eye to the main chance, has turned his into a workshop; William, who is a bit of a hypocrite, sets up for being a "studious and peaceable boy," always carries a Testament in his pocket, and has a weakness for singing psalms; but, for all that, his heart is set on getting a corner of Louis's flower beds, and he has a shrewd fag, named Mark, who tells him how to pick a quar-

rel without seeming to, and, by provoking Louis into an attack, put him in the wrong. The plan is carried out. There is a "troublesome piece of ground, exposed to constant attacks from the town cads," which adjoins Louis's garden. William asks to have it assigned to his little cousin. Louis, infuriated by the proposal, challenges William to a single combat. The challenge is accepted. The battle goes hard against Louis, who fights with desperate but unavailing courage; he is chased across his own garden, his flower beds are trampled down, and finally he is himself caged up in his own summer-house, which William threatens to tear to pieces. Still none of the other monitors interfere. Johnny wants to, but he can not without leaving his workshop and losing quite a bit of money; so, persuaded by his two fags, Billy and Bobby, he sulkily stays at home, "grinding away like a nigger at a new rudder and a pair of oars," which he expects to sell to Louis, and contenting himself with bathing poor Louis's head at the end of each round, and furnishing him with sherry-and-water out of his own flask, and ointment and plaster for his wounds and bruises. At length the whole story comes to Dame Europa's ears. The highly indignant dame reads the avaricious Johnny a sharp lecture for his neutrality, which she declares to be only another name for cowardice. Entreated by the other boys, she remits the penalty, which at first she threatened, of loss of office, but compels Johnny to take a back seat till he earns his old place by his good behavior. We are conscious that we have given only the story—not the sparkle—of this sprightly satire. It is as impossible for us in a paragraph to represent the latter as it would be to portray by the pen the irresistible effects which Mr. Nast has produced by his pencil. *Punch* in its palmyest days had no better caricaturist than Mr. Nast, who is exactly in his element in illustrating such a satire as this. And, in their way, "John in his Workshop," "The Studious and Peaceable Boy," "Laying their Heads Together," and "Johnny Bull Playing Second Fiddle" are quite as good as the already famous letterpress which they are drawn to illustrate. The satire makes a pamphlet of thirty-four pages, and the illustrations are thirty-three in number.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE of the most valuable helps that has been placed within the reach of the classical student for a long time is Dr. WILLIAM SMITH'S *English-Latin Dictionary* (Harper and Brothers). That authoritative name upon the title page has become almost a synonym for classical knowledge. The scholarship that has built for itself so enduring a monument in the "Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities," "Geography," and "Biography and Mythology," and the "Dictionary of the Bible," which has just been Americanized, has in this work added to the already high monument yet another stone. The patience that wrought so many years in fashioning those massive blocks has matched them with this elaborate result of fifteen years of labor. In the nature of the case the work can not share in so popular an appreciation as some of its predecessors. It is, as it were, upon a higher plane, and there are fewer who can enjoy the careful work it evinces. Like the finely carved capital of a

column, it reveals very little of its finish to the common passer-by below, but the classical student will be delighted at the accuracy and perfection in detail, and regard it as a fitting top-stone to such a wonderful monument, even if this editor of thirty or more scholarly works should not add to it the half dozen enterprises that he has in preparation. For it is, indeed, a "copious and critical English-Latin Dictionary," more complete and perfect than any that has hitherto existed, and upon an entirely different plan. Its vocabulary of English words is in a great degree limited to what, according to the grammars, is the English language—that is, to words in actual use, or used by authors generally read. The different senses of these words are classified and arranged so far as possible in a logical order which enables the student to find very readily that for which he is searching. And to each prominent English meaning a brief definition is added in italics, so that in great measure the work is a dictionary of the English language proper, as well as an English-Latin dictionary. Moreover, each meaning is illustrated by phrases from classical writers, and these phrases are generally given in both Latin and English, the latter being not a mere translation of the former, but, better than that, a specimen of a similar combination. In this manner attention is secured to the Latin extract, which might otherwise be passed over by the young student, and a clearer impression of the meaning of the Latin is given him. And yet another feature of the work which greatly enhances its value, and which must have added very much to the labor of its preparation, is the verification of every reference, and the specification of the precise place in an author where each example of importance or interest is to be found.

The editors—for the name of Theophilus D. Hall is associated upon the title-page with that of Dr. Smith—state in their preface that "every article in the book is the result of original and independent research; and it is not too much to say that a single column often represents the hard labor of several days." The amount of toil, never thought of by the million, that is represented in this result of fifteen years can be but faintly realized by those who have experienced the difficulties of English editing, and can hardly be appreciated by the eager student himself. But the editors have their rich reward in the gratitude of all good scholars for this invaluable addition to their helps, and in the conviction expressed in their own land, and shared fully by their cousins this side the sea, that this work will be the English-Latin Dictionary so long as the English language remains essentially unchanged.

We have only commendation to offer to *Allibone's Dictionary of Authors* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), of which the third and last volume is now laid upon our table. Not that we might not find occasion to criticise if we were so inclined. In a work which contains notices of nearly 50,000 authors it would be simply impossible that some should not be inserted that might be omitted, and some omitted that should have been inserted. Literature has moved faster than its biographer. Authors have risen more rapidly than Dr. Allibone could record them. Yet these defects are so few as to be insignificant in comparison with the extent of the labor accom-

plished, and the general fullness, accuracy, and impartiality which characterize the result. The work has been twenty years in preparation; and if we have felt sometimes impatient at the long delay which intervened between the first and last volumes—twelve years—when we come to scan the work accomplished a life-time appears none too long for its completion. Some curious general facts are easily to be gathered from the recapitulation at the end of this last volume, as, for example, the ratio, in numbers, of authors on various topics. The writers on divinity are the most numerous; poets are the next in number to the clergymen; writers of biography and history follow in about equal numbers; while the novel-writers stand far down on the list, being only 2257 against 12,000 writers on divinity.

It requires some self-restraint not to enter upon a discussion of some of the important questions suggested by the report of Messrs. WELLS, DODGE, and CUYLER on *Local Taxation* (Harper and Brothers). But this is a matter for political rather than for literary criticism, and we can do little else than simply record the fact that they have presented, not merely to the Legislature of New York State, but through this publication to the people at large, a most admirable statement of the anomalies of our present absurd tax system, and some very valuable hints toward reform. Reports are not, ordinarily, very interesting reading; but no one who pays taxes can afford to be ignorant of the facts and figures

which this report affords. Whoever agrees with the motto on the title-page, "A people can not prosper whose officers either work or tell lies: there is not an assessment roll made out in this State that does not work and tell lies," will recognize the fact that the importance of reform in local taxation is immeasurably more than is represented by the amount of his own petty tax, ordinarily more easily paid than resisted, however inequitable it be.—*The Diary of a Besieged Resident in Paris* (Harper and Brothers) is composed of the letters of a special correspondent of the *Daily News*. From the preface to the close of the book there is not a dull or stupid line in the book; at least if there is we have failed to find it; and we have seen no better photograph of the inside life of Paris than it affords. Written by one in avowed sympathy with the French, it points unmistakably to the cause of their successive disasters—a degeneracy in moral life and true manhood, the result of years, perhaps of centuries, of bad government and worse education.—To our thought there is no more useful and perhaps no more entertaining volume in the admirable series of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S works which Hurd and Houghton are publishing than *The Story of My Life*. Apart from the interest which belongs to the story itself, Andersen has so large a host of friends that multitudinous will be those who will wish to read what he has called one of his "wonder stories," for the sake of the man whose life it portrays.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR.

IT is our purpose hereafter to give from time to time throughout the year a statement of the principal advances that have been made in the different departments of science since the previous summary, and we commence the series in the present number. Fuller details in regard to most of the points referred to will be found in the *Scientific Record*, or in the column entitled *Scientific Intelligence*, in the *Weekly*.

As far as *Astronomy* is concerned, the principal interest has centred in the reports of the different parties organized for the purpose of making observations of the solar eclipse of December 22, 1870; and although partial accounts have been published by the English, American, and Italian observers in *Nature*, the *Academy*, the *American Journal of Science*, the *Franklin Institute Journal*, etc., we yet lack that systematic summary that shall enable us fully to appreciate the results of the observations at different points and by different parties, or satisfactorily to explain the great discrepancies that manifest themselves.

In the April number of the *American Journal of Science* is an account of the observations of Professor Respighi, of Italy, upon the constitution of the sun, in which, as will be seen by our abstract of this article, he agrees with Professor Zöllner in the essential points of his hypotheses. Among others is the suggestion that the sun-spots are produced by a kind of slag or cake formation, on the surface of the incandescent photosphere, which change their form from time

to time, either by increase, division, or disappearance.

A prominent feature in the science of *Meteorology* has been the successful inauguration of a system of storm-signals, as authorized by Congress, and carried out by the Signal Corps of the United States army. After training the observers and sending them to their different posts, the work of making observations was actually commenced in November last, and has since been continued without interruption. Reports of observations are received three times a day and collated, and then transmitted throughout the country; and, quite recently, these have been accompanied by forecasts of the weather, or anticipations of its changes. These have been, in the main, very accurate, and have excited much interest from their coincidence with the phenomena actually taking place. It is understood that the Signal Corps is still engaged in developing new methods for rendering the system useful in the interest of commerce and navigation. In connection with this Signal Service, a station was established and maintained at Mount Washington, under the direction of Professor Huntington and Professor Hitchcock; and some unexpected facts have been discovered in regard to the intensity of the wind, and its general direction, throughout the winter.

Reports, either preliminary or detailed, of many scientific *Explorations* have been published since the beginning of the year. Among them are those of Professor Hayden and of Professor Marsh, in regard to the fossiliferous beds of the

Rocky Mountain region; those of Mr. Clarence King and his parties, upon the glaciers of the Pacific slope; that of Professor Powell, on the cañons of the Colorado; that of the students of Williams College, in Honduras; and that of Dr. Stimpson, in Florida, together with others of greater or less interest. To these may be added the labors, in San Domingo, of the Government Commission sent to the island about the beginning of the year.

In *Geology*, reports of the progress of surveys have been made by the States of Michigan, Ohio, Iowa, New Jersey, and others; while in the matter of general geology, the most important announcements have been those connected with the history of the South African diamond fields, and that of the labors of Dr. Hayden, Professor Marsh, and Mr. King.

In *Geography*, we have the partial notices of the Tehuantepec and Darien Canal parties, reports from which are sometimes favorable, and sometimes the opposite. Important memoirs upon the currents and streams of the arctic seas have been published by Dr. Petermann; and on those of the ocean generally, especially the North Atlantic, by Mr. Croll. The reports of the last North German expedition to Greenland have also appeared, the most important point in which is the suggestion, by Lieutenant Payer, that Greenland is an archipelago, rather than a continent.

Captain Hall continues his preparations for the polar expedition authorized by Congress last year, and the time of his departure, it is probable, will before long be announced. The discoveries of Dr. Schweinfurth, in Central Africa, and those of Mr. Baynes, in South Africa, have tended to advance our knowledge of the geology of that continent. The account of the geysers and mud volcanoes of the head waters of the Yellowstone, by Governor Langford and Lieutenant Doane, have opened up a new page in the physical geography of the United States.

In the department of *Paleontology*, the discovery, by Professor Marsh, of the *Lophiodon*, in New Jersey, and of four species of fossil serpents, in Wyoming; by Professor Leidy, of a fossil llama, in California; and of some interesting genera of the tertiary fresh-water period, in Idaho, by Professor Cope, may be mentioned; but the most interesting of all has been the detection of a post pliocene bone cave near Phoenixville, in Pennsylvania, from which Professor Cope has already obtained forty species of vertebrate animals, most of them new to science, and nearly all of extinct species.

Nothing of great moment in the line of *Botany* has been announced, although, as far as that of America is concerned, the valuable report of the plants collected on Mr. Clarence King's expeditions, as prepared by Mr. Sereno Watson, is understood to be in the printer's hands. Some interesting facts in regard to transpiration of water by leaves have also been published in England.

In the department of *Zoology*, the most important publication is that of Mr. Darwin upon the genesis of man, a book which has excited an immense amount of criticism. A corresponding work by Professor Haeckel, on abiogenesis, has been also published. A memoir has also appeared upon the comparative character of the brain of man and the monkey, by Professor Theodore Meynert, which is likely to have an

important bearing upon the questions connected with Mr. Darwin's views. A report of a critical examination of the crustaceans of the Gulf Stream, collected by Count Pourtalès, has been published by Dr. Stimpson, and numerous papers upon the invertebrates of the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of the United States, by Professor A. E. Verrill. A catalogue of the fishes in the British Museum, by Dr. Gunther, which has been so long in preparation, has been completed, and serves as a valuable manual for general ichthyology.

In the direction of *Economical Natural History*, the most important labors have been those connected with the protection and artificial propagation of fish; most of the Northern and Middle States, and some of the Southern, having appointed commissioners to make official inquiries and investigations, with more or less power of administration.

Numerous discoveries in *Technology* have been made known, which are dwelt upon in the leading journals in those branches as of some moment. Among the more interesting may be mentioned the suggestions and methods for carving out, or etching, glass and stone, by means of a blast of sand directed against the part to be acted upon. The discussions and inquiries as to the effect of cold upon cast iron seem rather to disprove the time-honored impression that the metal is rendered brittle thereby, and less enduring, quite the contrary being now asserted to be the fact.

Evidence of the continued activity in the line of scientific research is exhibited by the establishment of quite a number of new *Learned Societies* in the United States, among which we may mention the Philosophical Society of the city of Washington, the Anthropological Institute of New York, established on the basis of two other societies previously existing, the Philosophical Society of Middletown, and others.

We conclude this review of the progress of science since the beginning of the year by referring to the more important cases of death which have occurred in the ranks of the workers in science. Of these may be mentioned Professor Chauvenet, of St. Louis, the astronomer; Mr. G. Lambert, of Paris, the arctic geographer; Professor C. G. Bischoff, of Bonn; Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, of England, and Dr. C. M. Wetherell, of Bethlehem, chemists; Professor Edward Lartet, the geologist and paleontologist; Professor Duméril, of Paris; Professor Lacordaire, of Liege; Mr. Halliday and Mr. Henry Denny, of England, zoologists. More detailed notices in regard to these gentlemen will be found in the *Scientific Intelligence*.

It will, of course, be understood that in the brief space that can be allotted to a résumé of this kind many discoveries and announcements of interest must fail to receive special mention; but what we have just indicated will serve as a general sketch of progress for the first part of the present year, which we trust will be followed before its close by others of still greater interest.

CURE OF ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

Among the more recent triumphs of medical science may be mentioned the method of treatment of chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, originally discovered in Europe, and first practiced in this country, we believe, by Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York. This consists in the application, by

means of a special apparatus, of ether-spray to the spine, the current being directed from the occiput to the sacrum, backward and forward for about six minutes each time, the treatment being renewed at proper intervals. Cases previously considered entirely hopeless have, it is said, been cured by a dozen applications of the kind referred to, although great care is necessary, as, if carried beyond a certain point, the treatment may prove injurious rather than beneficial.

RAIN-PRODUCING DISTURBANCE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

Mr. Laughton, of England, in a late number of *Nature*, examines the question whether the condition of the atmosphere can be influenced by artificial causes, in the course of which he refers to the assumptions of Professor Espy in regard to producing rain by means of fires, and the oft-repeated assertions that a heavy cannonade will effect a similar result. After a careful consideration of the subject he comes to the conclusion that no human agencies can be relied upon to bring about any material change in the atmosphere with any degree of certainty, although he thinks that large fires, explosions, battles, and earthquakes do tend to cause atmospheric disturbance, and especially to induce a fall of rain; but that for such a result it is necessary that other conditions be suitable, especially that the lower portion of the air contain a great deal of moisture.

SUPPOSED NEW BRACHIOPOD.

Professor King, in a late number of the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, describes a supposed new genus of Terebratulæ which was dredged in very deep water on the Agulhas Banks, off the coast of Africa, and described as *Agulhasia davidsoni*. Mr. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, who has been making a special study of the brachiopods, finds reason to believe that this animal is not a new form, but simply an embryonic or immature stage of the genus *Terebratulina*.

SPONGY IRON AS A DEODORIZER.

By calcining a finely divided iron ore with charcoal the species of iron known as spongy iron is obtained, which, according to Dr. Voelcker, is a deodorizer of greater potency than animal charcoal. By filtering sewage water through this material it becomes thoroughly purified; a much smaller quantity than is required of animal charcoal answering the purpose. Water treated in this way, and kept from exposure to the atmosphere, has remained perfectly fresh and sweet for many months, without any indications of cryptogamic vegetation.

BREEDING OF OSTRICHES IN CAPTIVITY.

We have already referred to the subject of the breeding of ostriches in captivity in Europe, and are reminded that this is a practice of common occurrence in South Africa, where large numbers are kept for the purpose of securing successive crops of their feathers, and are inclosed in areas of fifteen to twenty acres, encircled by low stone walls. Their eggs are usually hatched artificially by being kept at a temperature of about 100 degrees by the aid of an oil lamp. The long white feathers of the wings of the male birds are the

most valuable, bringing from \$150 to \$200 a pound, eighty feathers usually making up this weight. The feathers from the wild birds are, however, considered more valuable than those taken on the farms.

DISTINGUISHING DEXTRINE FROM GUM ARABIC.

According to Dr. Hager, dextrine gum can be distinguished from gum arabic by its containing sugar. Gum arabic has a percentage of lime, which causes it to become turbid when mixed with oxalic acid—dextrine, on the contrary, remaining quite clear under the same treatment. Gum arabic, too, when added to a neutral salt or oxide of iron, throws down a deposit.

PUTTING UP PRESERVED FRUITS.

A convenient method of closing up prepared fruits consists in placing them in stone pots somewhat narrowed at the upper end, pieces of paper being laid over the fruit in such a manner that when the top is applied there will be no opening into the interior. Some gypsum is then to be mixed with water, and poured in a liquid form over the cover to a depth of half an inch. In a few moments the gypsum hardens, and the jar becomes air-tight; and the contents, it is said, will remain unchanged for years; the exclusion of the air being much more perfect than by the ordinary methods of closing with India rubber or with tin.

SYNTHESIS OF CONIIN.

Dr. Schiff is said to have accomplished the first synthesis of a vegetable alkaloid—namely, coniin. The process by which this is effected is too technical for our pages, but the result obtained is stated to be entirely similar, in its reaction and physical peculiarities, to the natural alkaloid, and to possess like poisonous qualities.

POTASSIUM IN TOBACCO-SMOKE.

A spectroscopic analysis has, it is said, revealed the presence of potassium in tobacco-smoke; and as small quantities of potash increase the nervous excitability, while larger quantities diminish it, it is suggested that the percentage of this substance in tobacco-smoke may produce, at least in part, the peculiar sensations which are experienced in the cavity of the mouth after long and extreme smoking.

PRESCRIBED DYES FOR CANDIES.

A police regulation has been recently established in some parts of Germany prescribing the substances that may be used for coloring candies and other edible articles. The variety is very great, and would seem to meet all necessary requirements. All the aniline colors, without exception, are prohibited.

GREEN COLOR IN PICKLES.

It is said that to impart an excellent green color to pickles they must be first covered with boiling hot salt-water, and after a short time the water poured off and the pickles drained. They are then to be placed in an earthen pot and covered with boiling vinegar, the top put on, and the whole kept at a lukewarm temperature for a long time, the vinegar being poured off every day, heated to boiling, and turned again upon

the pickles. This is to be continued until the color is a beautiful green. The vinegar used in this process is then to be poured off and replaced by fresh, and the jar closed tightly. This method of coloring is perfectly harmless, although the result is as bright a green as that of verdigris.

STOLBA PROCESS OF TINNING.

We have already referred to the process of tinning in the cold devised by Professor Stolba, of Prague, and we now learn that his experiments have been repeated with much success. The tinning of cast iron, wrought iron, steel, copper, and brass is found to be very satisfactory, the tin adhering very firmly, even when in very thin layers. Diluted sulphuric acid, however, it is said, generally produced dark spots and removed the coating. Experiments have been made to apply the same process for the ornamentation of metallic objects. These were tried especially upon cast iron articles electroplated with copper, where the projecting edges were tinned, with excellent effect. As greasy spots can not be tinned, it is only necessary to apply very thin layers of oil to the places where no deposit is desired in order to coat the remainder of the article with tin, thus producing a striking contrast.

EXTER LOCOMOTIVE OR WAGON REGULATOR.

We have already referred to a steam-brake invented by Exter, the general superintendent of railroads in Munich, and we now present a notice of a very simple arrangement lately devised by him for determining the velocity of locomotives, by means of which the engineer is in a condition to ascertain the rate at which he is moving at any moment, and to appreciate any variation, and thus be enabled to maintain any given rate of speed without the slightest difficulty.

Without figures for illustration it will be difficult to give a satisfactory account of the apparatus in question, which is contained in a small tin box immediately in front of the engineer, and is set in motion by means of a cord extending to the locomotive axis. This indicates, by means of a pointer upon a dial-plate, the rate of movement in miles per hour, and draws, at the same time, by means of a lead-pencil upon a moving paper roll visible to the engineer, and receiving its rotation from the motion, a line corresponding to the velocity of movement at any point of the journey. The authorized rate of velocity for any given train is indicated upon this paper disk by means of a line, and any deviation from such rate is appreciable to the engineer, as well as to any other official. The sheets of paper are to be removed at the end of each trip, and held subject to the inspection of the superintendent of transportation. The apparatus thus furnishes a graphic representation of the exact rate of the speed of every train at any point in its path; and these indications being beyond the control of the engineer, an unerring check is held upon his movements, by which he can be brought to account for any improper dereliction of duty.

By a special adjustment of the apparatus a second pencil shows how long the locomotive has remained at any given station, being set in motion while the engine is at a stand-still, and ceasing when it is again started.

A somewhat similar arrangement has been made by the same gentleman for measuring the rate of travel in carriages or wagons, indicating, as before, the time and rate of movement, and the stoppages made in the journey. This apparatus is contained in a small iron box fastened to the wagon, and provided with a glass door in front, through which the paper is visible. The advantages of the application of such an apparatus as a check upon the improper use of carriages by servants, or for determining the rate and distance traveled in a livery vehicle, will readily suggest themselves.

SAFRANIN.

An important addition to the resources of the art of dyeing has lately been made in the discovery, by a French chemist, of a method of preparing a substance from coal-tar which completely replaces safflower and safflower carmine (derived from *Carthamus tinctorius*), the price of which latter substances has been continually on the increase, in consequence of the demand and the limited supply. The new dye is called safranin, and is furnished in the form of a thick paste, of a bronze lustre, completely soluble in warm water, and more resistant of chemical agencies than other aniline colors; in this respect showing quite a resemblance to the Perkins violet. Safranin belongs to the substantive aniline dyes, and thus is a pigment coloring animal fibre directly.

The economy of its use may be understood by the fact that one pound will dye fifty pounds of cotton to a dark safranin rose of a beautiful color and great brilliancy; and the same quantity will suffice for eight pounds of silk, being thus three times as potent as safflower carmine. Its effect upon wool is very similar to that of fuchsin, producing a beautiful rose-color, superior to that of fuchsin in brilliancy. For use it is simply necessary to dissolve it in boiling water, and then filter the solution. The liquid thus obtained can be applied directly in coloring silk, although cotton naturally requires a mordant. The fabrics dyed with this material can be dried in heated rooms; in this respect being very different from the safflower colors.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE LAMPREY.

A recent memoir presented to the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg by Mr. Owsjannikow, on the development of the river lamprey (*Petromyzon fluviatilis*), confirms the observations previously made in regard to *Ammocoetes*, being the larval stage of the same fish. As is well known, this latter form was for a long time considered a distinct genus of the lampreys, maintaining, as it did, to the age of two or three years, its distinctive peculiarities. The chief of these is the difference in the shape of the mouth, which, instead of being a very concave disk, thickly studded inside with sharp spines, is composed of one thin semicircular lip, with a transverse one behind it.

ACTION OF LIGHT ON THE TISSUES OF PLANTS.

According to Botalin, notwithstanding the many experiments that have been made in regard to the physiology of vegetation, little or nothing has been determined as to the action of

light upon the tissues of plants. This gentleman has, consequently, occupied himself in prosecuting inquiries in relation to this subject. His memoir, lately published by the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, contains an exhaustive detail of observations and researches on this subject, but our space will permit us to give only a few of the practical conclusions to which he came. Among these may be mentioned the following: Direct sunlight or strong light retards the subdivision of the chlorophyl parenchyma cells, while diffused light favors such a division in the parenchyma cells of the bark. Absence of light has the same retarding effect as strong light. Light has no influence upon the division of the epidermis cells. Strong light, as well as entire darkness, retards the division of the cells of the parenchyma of the bark. The absence of light produces a slight thickening of the parenchyma cells. Light exercises no influence upon the thickening of the cells on the inside bark, and of the wood.

TRANSPIRATION OF WATER BY LEAVES.

In a paper by Dr. MacNab, on the transpiration of water by leaves, he states, as the general conclusions reached by his investigations, that the mean of several experiments gave about sixty-three per cent. as the quantity of water contained in the leaves, and that the quantity of water removable by chloride of calcium or sulphuric acid was not equal to that transpired under the stimulus of the sun. About five per cent. of the water was determined to be fluid, in relation to the cell sap of the plant. About three per cent. per hour was given out under the sunlight, a little over half of one per cent. in diffused light, and less than half of one per cent. in darkness. About twenty-six per cent. per hour was transpired in a saturated atmosphere in the sunshine, and twenty and a half per cent. in a dry atmosphere; while, in the shade, none was transpired in a saturated atmosphere, and less than two per cent. in a dry atmosphere. Leaves immersed in water take up a little over four per cent. in an hour and a half, and it was established that plants absorb no moisture whatever in a state of vapor through their leaves. In light of any kind the under side of leaves was found to transpire much more water than the upper. The experiments of Dr. MacNab were made upon the laurel cherry (*Prunus lauro-cerasus*), the liquid used for testing the rapidity of the ascent being the lithium citrate.

UTILIZATION OF IRON SLAG.

The utilization of the slag of iron furnaces, which is produced in such immense quantity, has long been a problem, although of late years many attempts have been made to solve it. Methods have been suggested for extracting various substances of value in the arts; and in some countries, Belgium especially, the material is cast into moulds of a definite shape, and used, without further preparation, for building purposes. All persons familiar with the iron districts where this substance is produced are aware of the excellent macadamized roads it makes in the neighborhood of the iron furnaces; and it is now transported to considerable distances in England for a similar purpose. The best method of applying it is said to be by breaking it up into cubes of about six

inches, laying the roadway with them, and then covering the whole with fragments, broken to about two inches in size, to a depth of about four inches (making ten inches in all), after which the road is to be well watered, and crushed with a heavy roller. In this way an almost solid bed is made, which is entirely free from mud, almost so from dust, and of uncommon durability. Indeed, this method seems to have given so much satisfaction lately in England that preparations are being made to use it for paving certain portions of London, with the anticipation that it will answer much better than the asphaltum rock heretofore imported from France, and applied there to a similar purpose.

IS THE BRAIN A GALVANIC BATTERY?

Among the supposed facts relied upon to prove that the animal brain is a battery, which can send currents of electricity through the nerves so as to act upon the muscles, is an experiment referred to by Mr. C. F. Varley, in a late article, which consists in connecting the two terminals of a very sensitive galvanometer with separate basins of water. If a hand be placed in each basin, and one be squeezed violently, a positive current is said generally to flow from that hand through the galvanometer to the other hand, which is not compressed. Mr. Varley, however, after various experiments, has come to the conclusion that the phenomenon is due to chemical action alone, the act of squeezing the hand violently forcing some of the perspiration out of the pores. This is proved by the fact that when both hands were placed in the water, and a little acid was dropped on one of them, a current was generated without any muscular exertion. Mr. Varley found nothing to show that electricity exists in the human body, either as a source of motive power or otherwise, and he considers the feeble electricity obtained from the muscles to be due to the different chemical conditions of different portions of the muscles themselves. As the force transmitted by the nerves is at a rate about 200,000 times slower than an electric current, he infers that it can not be an electric current itself.

MAXIMA AND MINIMA OF THUNDER-STORMS.

In a recent paper by Dr. Jelinek upon the annual distribution of thunder-storms in Austria and Hungary, he remarks that from the critical investigations of past years it has been ascertained that in the northern hemisphere there are two minima and two maxima of frequency of such storms. The first minimum occurs in the region north of the polar circle, the second in the region of the trade-winds; in both, however, summer storms are rare or entirely wanting. On the other hand, the maxima of frequency of storms occur on the one side in the vicinity of the equator, and on the other side in the temperate zone, and, indeed, they seem to be more frequent to the south of Europe. In illustration of this he remarks that in Iceland thunder-storms occur almost exclusively in the winter season; and that in the northwest of Scotland the winter storms predominate, although there is sometimes a second maximum in July. The summer storms, on the other hand, are most abundant in southern and southwestern Scotland, as well as in France and the rest of Continental Europe. It is considered quite a remarkable fact that Beyrout has

quite a similar distribution of storms throughout the year as Iceland. Thus for ten years, during the four months of June to September, not one storm was observed; while in winter more than half the entire number for the year occurred, of which one-fourth were in January. Again, while the number of these storms at Beyrout seems to be very small, they are still fewer at Jerusalem, only eleven having been observed in the space of three and a half years.

INFLUENCE OF TREES ON CLIMATE.

The subject of the influence of "foresteing," or the planting of trees, upon the climate of a country, and of "deforesteing," or destroying the forest growth, continues to excite much interest throughout the world, as it is now well established that the climate of many localities has been materially altered by one or the other of these processes. Systematic efforts have been made, in different parts of the world, for introducing a growth of trees where these had either disappeared or had never been known, from which important results have followed in many instances. We have before referred to the effect upon the climate of India of planting extensive forests of different species; and we are informed that, as the consequence of a similar experiment, Egypt, which formerly had only about six rainy days every year, since being replanted on a large scale, has already attained to twenty-four. Among the enlightened measures of the administration of the French government, one which is especially noteworthy is that of planting immense tracts of land in Algiers, especially with Australian trees—namely, the *Acacia molissima* and *Acacia lophantha*. Plantations of these trees, started a few years ago, have attained a height of from nine to twelve feet, and in their rapid growth and great extent have already changed the climate very much—twice as much rain and dew falling in the neighborhood as before. Under the same auspices, sixteen square miles of the swampy, unhealthy country along the coast of the Bay of Biscay, in the Department of the Landes, was planted with millions of trees—especially the cork oak and swamp pine—with surprisingly beneficial results; the trees having drained the land so as to destroy the swamp fevers, and to change it into a healthy country with pine forests. Biscay law requires that for every tree cut down two shall be planted, and it is said to be executed with rigorous severity.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF QUININE.

An eminent native physician in India, in discussing the physiological action of quinine in malaria, remarks that the symptoms in the early stages of disease show that the force of the poison is expended upon the ganglionic system of nerves; and as the circulatory apparatus is under the direct control of this system, we can easily understand why influences exerted over the latter may modify its governing power. In a word, the effect of the malaria is concentrated upon the ganglionic centres of the system, altering their functions in such a way as to disturb the circulation and secretions of the body, to paralyze the blood-vessels, and lead to inflammation, hypertrophy, or death; in short, acting as a sedative to the sympathetic nervous centres.

Quinine now acts as a nervine tonic to the organic system, counteracting the morbid influence, promoting digestion and secretion, and giving tone to the heart, and improving the pulse in strength and volume. In intermittent fever, given before the expected paroxysm, it cuts short the attack by remedying that condition which produces the flush in the blood-vessels, and by giving them tone. It has no peculiar virtue in neutralizing the poison of malaria, but it is an invaluable remedy in all fevers. When, however, the altered circulation leads to inflammation of an organ, or to some morbid change, it is suggested that its use is at least doubtful.

RUSTING OF IRON.

Professor Calvert, after repeated experiments, has found that pure dry oxygen does not determine the oxidation of iron, and that moist oxygen has but feeble action; also that dry or moist pure carbonic acid has no action, but that when moist oxygen containing traces of carbonic acid is brought into contact with iron, the latter rusts with great rapidity. He concludes, therefore, that carbonic acid is the agent which determines the oxidation of iron, and that it is the presence of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, and not its oxygen or its watery vapor, that produces the oxidation of iron exposed to common air. In one experiment he found that if clean blades of the best quality of iron be placed in water which has been well boiled, and deprived of its oxygen and carbonic acid, they will not rust for several weeks; and that if a similar blade be half immersed in a bottle containing equal volumes of pure distilled water and oxygen, the portion dipping in the water becomes rapidly oxidized, while the upper portion remains unaltered. But if to the atmosphere be added some carbonic acid, chemical reaction on the exposed portion, with rapid oxidation, takes place immediately.

In reference to the fact, first published by Berzelius, that caustic alkalies prevent the oxidation of iron, he remarks, as the result of special experiments on this subject, that the carbonates and bicarbonates of the alkalies possess the same property as their hydrates; and that if an iron blade be half immersed in a solution of such carbonates, they exercise such a preservative influence on that portion of the bar which is exposed to the atmosphere or common air (oxygen and carbonic acid) that it does not oxidize even after a period of two years.

SMALL-POX IN ENGLAND.

A wave of epidemic small-pox seems to be at present moving over the greater part of the world. This has already been noticed in various places in the United States, and in an equally marked degree in Europe. Paris has been afflicted with it for a long time, so as to have invoked the greatest care to ameliorate or eradicate the disease. Great Britain is now experiencing the infliction, which in London is more destructive at the present time than it has been at any period during the present century. The scientific and medical journals of that city are filled with suggestions for action, and insist that no disease is more directly under human control than the small-pox, and that the points to be aimed at are, in the first place, vaccination of

every person in the city, and revaccinating wherever necessary; and second, precautions in the way of purification, isolation, and disinfection. That vaccination does act to a very great degree in the prevention of the disease is considered by most of the journals unquestionable, the statistics showing that the proportion of deaths is very much less in districts where vaccination has been attended to than elsewhere. It is also shown, in the rare instances where vaccinated persons have taken the disease, that it is much less fatal than it would otherwise have been, and that in the present epidemic not more than six per cent. die of small-pox of those who have been vaccinated, while about thirty-six per cent. die of those who have not been vaccinated. This same proportion was observed in the London Small-pox Hospital from 1836 to 1851, from which it is inferred that there has been no change in the malignity of the disease.

As to the question whether vaccination ever loses its protective power, it is stated, as the result of many observations, that when the operation has been properly performed the immunity from liability is almost entire, but that it is sometimes difficult to determine the perfection of the preventive; and that revaccination, while doing no harm, may do much good. It is urged, also, that, in addition to vaccination, every small-pox patient should at once be removed to a hospital, or subjected to complete isolation; and that disinfection of clothing and all objects contaminated should be carried on by heating the articles, by free use of carbolic acid and other disinfectants, and by destroying the rags, beds of straw or shavings, etc., with which the patients may have come in contact.

IS THE AURORA VISIBLE IN DAYLIGHT?

The question whether the aurora is visible by daylight, as propounded some time ago in *Nature*, has met with several responses, some denying and others asserting the possibility of such a phenomenon. A Quebec correspondent, however, insists most positively that he has distinguished, in broad daylight, a movement of what appeared to be a light fleecy cloud, which had the changeability and streaming character of an aurora, and which, as night came on, developed into an aurora of the first magnitude.

LITHOFRACTEUR FOR BURSTING GUNS.

We have already referred to an explosive substance—a modification of nitro-glycerine—known as *lithofracteur*, highly recommended for blasting. We learn that it has been put to a special use by the German army in destroying the iron guns in the Paris forts. For this purpose about two pounds of the lithofracteur mass, of a pasty consistency, are inserted in the muzzle, and a layer of clay an inch or two thick smeared over it. Through this, and into the mass of the explosive, is thrust a detonating fuse; and after the explosion the end of the gun is found to be either broken off or cracked so as to unfit it for further use.

SEWAGE WATER.

Dr. Letheby continues his crusade against the use of sewage water for manure, maintaining, as he does, that it is a most prolific source of entozoa in man and the lower animals. He

considers that in every instance of the occurrence of entozoa, whether in the form of trichina, hydatid, etc., the cause is directly traceable to the food we eat, the water we drink, or the air we breathe; and that it is probable that the majority of cases originate from the first two causes. He therefore urges that sewage matter should first be precipitated and collected in the solid mass before being applied as a fertilizer, thereby permitting the water thus purified to escape into the ordinary drainage of the country, without involving the terrible consequences referred to above.

HAECKEL ON ABIOGENESIS.

Of all the disciples of the idea of the mechanical theory of life, or of spontaneous generation, as connected, more or less, with the Darwinian doctrine of evolution, one of the most potent is Professor Ernst Haeckel, of Jena; and his writings in defense of the idea of abiogenesis are attracting much attention. In a recent critical notice of his later publications in *Nature* we find a statement of his views in this respect which may be summed up, in his own words, in the following striking, even if sometimes enigmatical, sentences:

"1. The forms of organisms, and of their organs, result entirely from life, and simply from the interaction of two physiological functions, heredity and adaptation.

"2. Heredity is a part of the reproduction; adaptation, on the other hand, a part of the maintenance of the organism. These two physiological functions depend, as do all forms of vital activity, on the character of the physiological organ through which they come into play.

"3. The physiological organs of the organism are either simple plastids (cytods or cells) or they are parts of plastids (e. g., nuclei of cells, cilia of protoplasm), or they are built up of numerous plastids (the majority of organs).

"In all these cases the forms and actions of the organs are to be traced back to the forms and actions of the individual plastids.

"4. Plastids are either simple cytods (structureless bits of protoplasm without nuclei) or cells; but since these last have originally arisen from cytods by a differentiation of the inner 'nucleus' and the outer 'protoplasm,' the forms and vital properties of all plastids can be traced back to the simplest cytods as their starting-point.

"5. The simplest cytods, from which all other plastids (cytods and cells) originally have arisen by heredity and adaptation, consist essentially and absolutely of nothing more than a bit of structureless protoplasm—an albuminoid, nitrogenous carbon compound; all other components of plastids have been originally formed secondarily from protoplasm (plasma products).

"6. The simplest independent organisms which we know, and which, moreover, can be conceived, the monera, consist, in fact, while living, of nothing else but the simplest cytod, a structureless bit of protoplasm; and since they exhibit all forms of vital activity (nutrition, reproduction, irritability, movement), these vital activities are here clearly bound on to structureless protoplasm.

"7. Protoplasm, or germinal matter (*Bildungsstoff*), also called cell substance or primitive slime (*Urschleim*), is therefore the single material basis (*materielle Grundlage*) to which, without exception and absolutely, all so-called 'vital phenomena' are radically bound. If the latter are regarded as the result of a peculiar vital force independent of the protoplasm, then necessarily also must the physical and chemical properties of every inorganic natural body be regarded as the result of a peculiar force not bound up with its substance.

"8. The protoplasm of all plastids is, like all other albuminoid or protein bodies, composed of four inseparable elements—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, to which often, though not always, a fifth element—namely, sulphur—is added.

"9. The forms and vital properties of protoplasm are conditioned by the peculiar manner in which car-

bon has combined itself so as to form a highly developed compound with the three or four other elements named. Compounds devoid of carbon never exhibit those peculiar chemical and physical properties which exclusively belong to only a part of the compounds of carbon (the so-called 'organic compounds'); on this account modern chemistry has replaced the term 'organic compounds' by the more significant term 'carbon compounds.'

"10. Carbon, then, is that element, that indivisible fundamental substance which, in virtue of its peculiar physical and chemical properties, stamps the various carbon compounds with their peculiar organic character; and in chief fashions this protoplasm, the 'matter of life' (*Lebensstoff*), so that it becomes the material basis of all vital phenomena.

"11. The peculiar properties which protoplasm and the other component tissues and substances of the organism derived secondarily from it exhibit, especially their viscid condition and aggregation, their continual change of matter (on the one hand their facile decomposition, on the other their facile power of assimilation), and their other 'vital properties,' are therefore simply and entirely brought about by the peculiar and complex manner in which carbon under certain conditions can combine with the other elements.

"12. The entire properties of the organism are, therefore, ultimately conditioned with equal necessity by the physical and chemical properties of carbon, as are the entire properties of every salt and every inorganic compound conditioned by the physical and chemical properties of its component elements."

CLIMATE OF PERU.

Dr. Mühry remarks of the coast of Peru that it presents one of the most interesting exceptions to the general system of terrestrial meteoration, and, as is usually the case in the science of meteorology, that the true explanation of the anomaly is only an additional proof of the soundness of the general laws as established. In the course of his article he remarks that the narrow strip of country, only about fifteen geographical miles in width, lacks the trade-wind, rain, and thunder-storms, and is, consequently, a desert, although it is yet very fertile where water is found; and the air is not destitute of moisture, having, indeed, no slight degree of saturation. The temperature is by several degrees too cool for its latitude, and the air is characterized by continued damp fogs, the so-called *garuas*. The reason of this variation from the usual system he finds in the fact that the trade-wind blowing from the Andes comes down beyond the coast, which, consequently, is in the lee or the shadow of the wind; and, in addition to this, there is a powerful cold ocean current flowing past it. The trade-wind thus does not reach the lower strata of the atmosphere until it gets some considerable distance out to sea, and it is at this point that the rains first manifest themselves. The fog referred to is thought to be due undoubtedly to the cold antarctic current, so that if the one were not present the other would immediately disappear.

WOLLASTON GOLD MEDAL.

The Wollaston gold medal of the Geological Society of London has just been presented to Professor Ramsey for his researches in practical and in theoretical geology. The remainder of the proceeds of the Wollaston donation fund were given to Mr. Robert Etheridge in aid of his great catalogue of British fossils. The success with which the band of working paleontologists in England has prosecuted its labors in determining the ancient fauna and flora of the island may be inferred from the statement that, while of recent species belonging to the animal and vegetable kingdoms less than 4000 are enumerated,

12,000 kinds of fossils have been described. The difference between the two is most preponderating among the mollusca, where we find over 7000 fossil species, and only about 600 recent. Among the reptiles there are 15 living species and 224 fossil.

NEW-BORN HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The little hippopotamus, which was lately born at the Zoological Gardens in London, we regret to say, died a few days afterward, making the eighth case in which births of this animal have occurred in Europe—all of them dying, with a single exception, before reaching maturity. This one, born in Amsterdam, was almost equally unfortunate, as it was destroyed many years ago at the burning of the Crystal Palace in New York. A post-mortem examination of the case first mentioned showed that it must have had chronic peritonitis before birth, as its stomach and liver were adherent to the peritoneum.

CATALOGUE OF FISHES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A work of great importance to naturalists has just been completed in the publication of the eighth and last volume of the catalogue of fishes in the British Museum, prepared by Dr. Günther, one of its assistants. Although nominally a catalogue of this particular collection, it is actually a complete system of the fishes, and furnishes by far the most convenient manual of general inquiry in this department of science, although, of course, not superseding the still larger work of Cuvier and Valenciennes. In summing up the amount of material at his command during the preparation of the work Dr. Günther remarks that he has had under his inspection in the British Museum over 29,000 specimens, embracing a little over 5000 species. Allowing about 1600 species as valid, not at present contained in the Museum, and admitting the existence of others described but not known to him, he estimates the total number of fishes at present described as about 9000. In this connection we may, perhaps, be pardoned for reminding our readers that great as is the collection of fishes in the British Museum (the largest in Europe), it is exceeded by far by that in the magnificent Museum of Comparative Zoology, of which Professor Agassiz is the honored director, and of which (as well as of its head) all Americans are so justly proud. The Thayer Expedition to Brazil alone furnished a much larger number of specimens of fishes than has just been enumerated; while by actual count less than one-half the Museum collection of fishes already arranged occupies over 15,000 jars, each containing from one to hundreds of specimens.

PECULIARITIES OF SALMON KELTS.

Mr. Buckland, in *Land and Water*, calls attention to the fact that in certain male salmon kelts examined by him early in February the skin of the fish, in which the scales are pocketed, is abnormally thickened so as almost to obliterate the appearance of the scales, and cause the fish to appear as if destitute of them. The female kelts, however, did not exhibit this phenomenon, the scales being in them little if at all altered either in the color or thickening of the scale-pockets.

Editor's Historical Record.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 25th of April. The proceedings of Congress have been almost entirely confined to a consideration of measures to suppress lawless outrages in the Southern States. The following special message was received from the President March 23:

A condition of affairs now exists in some of the States of the Union rendering life and property insecure, and the carrying of the mails and the collection of the revenue dangerous. The proof that such a state of affairs exists in some localities is now before the Senate. That the power to correct these evils is beyond the control of the State authorities I do not doubt; that the power of the Executive of the United States, acting within the limits of the existing laws, is sufficient for the present emergencies, is not clear; therefore I urgently recommend such legislation as in the judgment of Congress shall effectually secure life, liberty, and property in all parts of the United States. It may be expedient to provide that such law as shall be passed in pursuance of the recommendation shall expire at the end of the next session of Congress.

This message was, in the House, referred to a select committee, of which Mr. Shellabarger was chairman. On the 24th of March the President issued a proclamation commanding the persons comprising unlawful combinations in South Carolina to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days. The committee appointed in the House to consider the President's message of the 23d, through its chairman, reported a bill "more fully to enforce the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and for other purposes." The bill provides for the prosecution in the United States courts of any person who shall in any way interfere in depriving any citizen of his equal civil rights under the Fourteenth Amendment; for the punishment as a felony of any offense—such as murder, mayhem, robbery, perjury, arson, etc.—against the rights, privileges, and immunities of any citizen by any two or more persons banded together for the purpose; for the interposition of the President with the local militia, or the land and naval forces of the United States, against insurrection, domestic violence, or unlawful combinations in any State, whenever the State authorities shall be unable to preserve order; that extreme cases of unlawful combinations, armed and organized and overriding the constituted civil authorities, shall be deemed a rebellion against the government of the United States, and that in any such disaffected district, under certain restrictions, the President shall be empowered to declare martial law, and to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, first making proclamation commanding the insurgents to disperse. The latter provisions were to cease to be in force after June 1, 1872. The bill was passed by the House, April 6, by a vote 118 to 91. On the 7th, in the Senate, it was referred to the Judiciary Committee. It was passed by the Senate, with important amendments increasing its severity, April 14, by a vote of 45 to 19. The Republican Senators Hill, Robertson, Schurz, Tipton, and Trumbull voted in the negative. The amendments passed by the Senate extended the time within which the President may suspend the writ of habeas corpus to the end of the next regular session of Congress, and provided for the assessment of damages to persons

and property upon localities in which outrages are committed. It is an important feature of the bill, as passed by the Senate, that the test oath to be taken by jurors in the United States is retained. The Senate amendments were non-concurred in by the House, and a conference committee was appointed, which reported on the 18th, recommending, in regard to the jurors' test-oath provision, the repeal of that part of the present law which makes the giving of encouragement or aid to the rebellion, either directly or indirectly, a ground of challenge or disqualification of a juror, leaving it discretionary with the District Attorney to move, and with the court to impose the oath. The suspension of the writ of habeas corpus was recommended to be continued until the end of the next regular session of Congress, as fixed by the Senate. The provision assessing damages upon localities where outrages are committed was amended so as to require a suit to be brought against the individual perpetrators of the outrages; and where judgment remains unsatisfied for two months the loss or damage may be assessed upon the county or parish. This report was adopted by the Senate, 32 to 16. The Senate amendments were non-concurred in by the House, April 19, and a new conference committee was appointed, which reported promptly, and its report was adopted by the Senate, 36 to 13, and by the House, 96 to 74. The bill was signed by the President April 20. The section relating to assessments of damages reads thus:

SECTION 6. That any person or persons having knowledge that any of the wrongs conspired to be done, and mentioned in the second section of this act, are about to be committed, and having power to prevent or aid in preventing the same, shall neglect or refuse so to do, and such wrongful act shall be committed, such person or persons shall be liable to the person injured, or his legal representatives, for all damages caused by any such wrongful act, which first-named person or persons by reasonable diligence could have prevented, and such damages may be recovered in an action on the case in the proper Circuit Court of the United States; and any number of persons guilty of such wrongful neglect or refusal may be joined as defendants in such action, provided that such action shall be commenced within one year after such cause of action shall have accrued; and if the death of any person shall be caused by any such wrongful act and neglect, the legal representatives of such deceased person shall have such action therefor, and may recover not exceeding \$5000 damages therein for the benefit of the widow of such deceased person, if any there be, or if there be no widow, for the benefit of the next of kin of such deceased person.

The House concurrent resolution for a joint special committee to investigate Southern affairs was passed by the Senate April 7. The committee consists of fourteen members of the House and seven Senators.

Senator Sumner, in anticipation of the report of the San Domingo Commission, March 23, offered resolutions denouncing the President's use of the United States navy on the coasts of San Domingo during the pendency of negotiations for the acquisition of a part of that island as an act of hostility against a friendly nation, and a usurpation of the war powers granted by the Constitution. On the 27th the Senator delivered a long speech in support of his resolutions. After a debate, in which Senator Schurz strongly supported the resolutions, the latter were, on the 29th, tabled by a vote of 39 to 16.

The report of the San Domingo Commission was submitted to the Senate on the 5th of April by the President, with an accompanying message calling attention to the fact that the report more than sustained all that he had heretofore said in regard to the productiveness and healthfulness of San Domingo, of the unanimity of the people for annexation to the United States, and of their peaceable character, and explaining his motives in the whole matter of Dominican annexation. He had not contemplated, when entering upon his administration, the acquisition of insular possessions, though believing that our institutions were broad enough to extend over the entire continent as rapidly as other peoples might desire to bring themselves under our protection, and that we should not permit any independent government within the limits of North America to pass from a condition of independence to one of ownership or protection under a European power. The proposition to annex the republic of San Domingo came to him, soon after his inauguration, from President Baez, who represented the capacity of the island, the desire of the people, and their character and habits, about as they have been described by the Commissioners' report, and stated that, being weak in numbers and poor in purse, they were not capable of developing their great resources; that the people had no incentive to industry on account of lack of protection for their accumulations; and that, if not accepted by the United States, with institutions which they loved above those of any other nation, they would be compelled to seek protection elsewhere. It was not until similar representations were made by another authority that the President appointed a Commissioner to visit the island, not to secure or hasten its annexation, but to investigate its government, its people, and its resources. His report was so favorable that the President negotiated a treaty for annexation. When this fact transpired, such allegations were made calculated to produce an unfavorable prejudgment of the treaty that the latter failed to receive the requisite two-thirds vote in the Senate. Hence the present commission. In conclusion the President advised that the consideration of the subject be postponed till the next session, the report in the mean time to be printed and circulated among the people for their information.

A bill for the removal of political disabilities, more generous in its provisions than any heretofore adopted, was passed by the House, April 10, by a vote of 134 to 46. The following persons are excepted: First, members of the Congress of the United States who withdrew therefrom and aided the rebellion; second, officers of the army or navy of the United States who, being above the age of twenty-one years, left said army or navy and aided the rebellion; third, members of the State Conventions which adopted the pretended ordinances of secession who voted for the adoption of such ordinances. In a caucus of Republican Senators, held April 17, it was decided to defer action on this House bill till the next session.

In the course of the discussion of the Deficiency Appropriation bill an amendment was passed by the Senate, and adopted (April 13) by the House, repealing the law providing for the organization of Congress on the 4th of March.

Before the close of the session resolutions were adopted by both Houses contemplating a reduction of taxation.

Congress was adjourned April 20, on which day the President sent a special message to the Senate, convening that body in extra session on May 10.

The Connecticut State election, April 3, was so closely contested that the result must be decided by the Legislature. Certificates were issued to Congressmen-elect Strong, Starkweather (Republicans), Barnum (Democrat), and Mr. Kellogg (Republican).

The results of the State elections in Michigan, April 4, and in Rhode Island, April 5, were in favor of the Republicans. S. Padelford was elected Governor of Rhode Island by a majority of over 3000.

A comparison of the net receipts and expenditures of the United States government for the two years ending March 1, 1869, and the two years ending March 1, 1871, shows an increase of receipts during the latter amounting to \$84,994,049, and a decrease of expenditures to the extent of \$126,700,949—a total gain of \$211,694,998.

A serious riot occurred at Scranton, Pennsylvania, April 7. A band of Irish, Welsh, and English miners, belonging to the Working-men's Benevolent Association, attacked a party of miners working, contrary to the rules of the Association, in the Tripp Slope mine. The next day the rioters, increased in numbers, prevented all working at the mines, and burned two coal-breakers. State troops arrived in the evening, and during the day a proclamation was issued by Governor Geary denouncing the rioters, and declaring it unlawful for railroad companies to impose rates of freight intended to be prohibitory.

Under the act of Congress organizing the Texas Pacific Railroad the corporators met for the first time in New York city April 15. About 70 of the 123 corporators were present. Mr. Marshall O. Roberts was elected chairman. Shares to the amount of \$2,000,000 were subscribed for, Mr. Roberts taking eleven thousand shares, and General Fremont five thousand. Mr. Samuel Sloane was chosen treasurer. The meeting was adjourned to the 17th, when the election of directors was postponed until such time as the chairman should see fit to call a meeting for that purpose.

A grand peace demonstration was made on Easter-Monday, April 10, by our German fellow-citizens in New York and other cities. The procession in New York was a magnificent spectacle. The streets were crowded with spectators.

Early in February Keard and Miller's train, loaded with bacon, from Chihuahua for Fort Bacon, was attacked near the boundary by a band of Indians. Keard, his wife, and five other Americans were killed. The Chihuahua frontier troops pursued the murderous band across the boundary into the United States, and killed and captured eighty Indians. The United States troops at Fort Goodwin went to protect the Indians, and came in collision with the Mexican soldiers. A fight ensued, in which the commanding officer at Fort Goodwin and forty American soldiers were killed. The Mexican soldiers numbered two hundred.

DISASTERS.

The town of Truckee, in California, on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on March 29. One hundred and twenty buildings were burned, including all the business portion of the town and the Chinese quarter. An infant son of the proprietor of the Kennebec Hotel perished in the flames. Truckee was the dépôt of a great lumber district of the Sierra Nevada.

The boiler in Uriah M'Call and Co.'s distillery, on the Ohio River, at M'Call's Landing, Brown County, Ohio, exploded March 31, seriously damaging the building, and killing six persons and wounding seven others, two of whom died.

Four fishing schooners belonging to Gloucester, Massachusetts, were probably lost, with all hands, in the severe gale of April 2, on the Banks. The missing vessels are the *A. F. Lindberg*, with eleven men; the *Seaman's Pride*, with ten men; the *William Murray*, with nine men; and the *B. H. Hough*, with ten men. Two fishing vessels from the same place were lost in February, which, added to the presumed disasters of April, give a total of six vessels and sixty-three lives lost the present season.

The tug *R. S. Watson*, while towing a schooner into Lake Michigan, April 8, was capsized, and went to the bottom with all on board. Six lives were lost.

A heavy gale swept over Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa, April 8-9, unroofing and blowing down houses, uprooting trees, and involving some loss of life.—On the 9th Maine was visited by a severe thunder-storm, which injured many buildings.

The Southbridge train, eastward bound, April 8, was thrown over an embankment, thirty feet high, at Readville, Massachusetts. Twenty-five persons were injured, six of them seriously.

During a thunder-storm, April 22, an electric flash caused the explosion of several charges of nitro-glycerine at the Hoosic Tunnel. Superintendent Mason and three men were killed.

OBITUARY.

The Hon. Jacob M. Howard died at Detroit, Michigan, April 2, in the 66th year of his age. He represented Michigan in the Senate in 1841-1843, and served afterward as Attorney-General of his State during two terms. In 1865 he was again elected to Congress, holding his seat there for several years.

Father Taylor, the venerable minister of the Seamen's Bethel, died at Boston, April 5, at the age of 87.

The Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, died at Louisville, April 17, aged 77.

Archibald Russell, the founder of the Five Points Mission, died at his residence in New York, April 18.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

Under the friendly auspices of the United States the representatives of Spain and of the South American republics—Bolivia, Chili, Ecuador, and Peru—with the sanction of their respective governments, agreed (April 12) upon a truce, which can not be broken by any of the belligerents until three years after express notification shall have been given by one to the other

of the intention to renew hostilities. Restrictions upon neutral commerce are to cease.

In Mexico the conflict for the next Presidency continues to be exciting and ominous of revolution. Pending the discussions by Congress of the Tenure of Office bill, a new bill has been introduced to control the appointment of cabinet ministers. The army adheres to the cause of Juarez. The regular session of Congress opened on the 1st of April.

The strife in Porto Rico between the radical party, consisting of creoles, and the conservative Spaniards had at the beginning of April reached a high point. A committee had been formed, called the "Comite Liberal Conservator," with the Marquis Esperanza at its head, and, from the manifesto issued by the conservatives, their plans appeared to involve the proscription of the people. The Spaniards in Cuba sympathized with the movement. The reinstatement, however, of Captain-General Baldrich, who had been compelled to resign on account of his supposed sympathy with the radicals, indicates that the strength of the conservatives is by no means fully assured.

A severe battle is reported to have taken place near Azua, San Domingo, March 7, between the forces of Cabral and President Baez, in which the former was defeated. Luperon sustained a defeat at Partido, March 17.

Advices of March 16, in regard to the war between Honduras and San Salvador, reported a battle near San Miguel, in which the Hondurians were defeated. Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica remained neutral.

Advices from Peru, dated March 14, report unusually heavy rains in that country. The river Rimace had overflowed its banks, destroying bridges and houses. Lupe had been inundated, and Salavera threatened with a similar fate. At Lambayeque, a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, only three houses were left standing. In Payta the water was three feet deep, and canoes were used in the streets. Other places have been damaged. The telegraph wires being washed down, no news could be had from the interior. This is the first heavy rain in Peru since 1828.

EUROPE.

The insurrection in Paris has proved itself sufficiently powerful to hold the city against the Versailles government, and to compel the latter to institute a siege. It was feared that a Communist rebellion would prevail in all the large cities of France, but nowhere outside of Paris has such a movement succeeded. The Germans have thus far maintained a neutral position, except that they have removed all obstructions to the operations of the Thiers government. The principal officers of the imperial army, just after their return home, seemed indisposed to take any part in the conflict; but early in April General M'Mahon accepted the command of the Versailles forces, which were largely reinforced from the ranks of the imperialist soldiers.

The following diary gives a brief notice of the most important events that have occurred in France since the conclusion of our last Record:

March 21.—The Versailles Assembly unanimously adopted the following resolution: "The Assembly is resolved, in concert with the Executive, to reconsti-

tute in the shortest possible time the municipal administration of Paris and the departments on the basis of councils by election."

March 22.—A demonstration by the "men of order" against the Communists results in considerable slaughter, the National Guards firing upon the people in the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix. Baron Nathan, a prominent banker, and one of the leaders in the demonstration, is killed.

March 25.—The Central Committee, the Paris deputies to the Assembly, and the reinstated mayors and assistant-mayors of arrondissements have joined in issuing a proclamation ordering the elections for tomorrow (Sunday). General Chanzy is released.

March 26.—The elections are held in Paris. The aggregate vote is light (180,000), the number of qualified electors not voting being estimated at 250,000. The Communist candidates are elected, except in the arrondissements of Passy, the Bourse, and the Louvre; and the power of the municipal government centres in such men as Blanqui, Flourens, Pyatt, etc.

March 28.—The result of the elections is proclaimed in front of the Hôtel de Ville, 100,000 National Guards being present. The Central Committee resigns its powers into the hands of the newly elected officials.

April 2.—The first conflict between the Communist and Versailles armies. The Communists attack Courbevoie and are routed. During the engagement the guns of Fort Mont Valérien sweep the roads between Puteaux, Courbevoie, and Neuilly, and contribute to the defeat of the insurgents.

April 3.—The Communists in strong force march on Versailles in two columns, and are routed with great loss. Generals Flourens and Duval are killed. The redoubt of Chatillon, south of Paris, held by the insurgents, is captured by the government, with two thousand prisoners, including General Henry.

April 4.—The insurgents are repulsed in an attack on the bridge of Sèvres.

April 5.—The Commune has ordered a conscription of all citizens between seventeen and thirty-five years of age. The Archbishop of Paris is imprisoned, and the churches of the Madeleine and Assumption are pillaged by the insurgents.

April 7.—The Versailles troops storm and carry the positions held by the insurgents at Pont de Neuilly, driving the defeated Communists across the Seine. The army of Versailles has advanced so near to Paris that shells are falling into the city. General Cluseret, the Communal Minister of War, is reorganizing the National Guards.

April 8.—The Versailles army is now under command of Marshal M'Mahon, and has been divided into four corps, of which one, held in reserve, has General Vinoy at its head, while the others have been ordered into active service, under command of Generals Ladmirault, Cissey, and Dubarail. The National Assembly having voted an amendment to the election law to the effect that all mayors throughout France shall be chosen by the people, the government insisted upon having the appointment of some of them placed in its hands—M. Thiers even threatening to resign if that power was not confided to the government. The Chamber thereupon, by a decisive majority, sustained the government, and agreed to the appointment of the mayors in all towns having over twenty thousand inhabitants.

April 9.—A sortie against Chatillon repulsed. Notre Dame sacked.

April 10.—Mont Valérien and the batteries at Courbevoie have maintained an incessant bombardment all day, and their shells fall beyond the Arch of Triumph, and into the Champs Elysées. As a result of the bombardment the Versailles troops are enabled to cross the Seine at Asnières, and occupy Sablonville and Longchamps.

April 12.—The Communists claim to have gained decisive advantages on the 11th and 12th. But it is officially announced from Versailles that the alleged Communist victories are entirely without foundation. No engagement took place on Tuesday, and on Wednesday (April 11 and 12) there was merely an insurgent fusillade followed by cannonading. All the roads leading to Paris are occupied by Versailles troops. Later reports indicate that on the 12th and 13th the government troops were repulsed with great loss.

April 14.—It is reported that 500,000 people have left Paris since the beginning of the rebellion. A dispatch from Versailles says the Assembly has adopted, by a vote of 445 to 124, a resolution giving to each arrondissement of Paris the right to elect four members of a municipal council. Property to the value of 2,000,000 francs has been destroyed in Paris by the bombardment.

April 17.—Marshal M'Mahon has succeeded in surrounding the insurgent troops at Asnières with a strong force of the Versailles army. The churches of St. Jacques and St. Vincent de Paul have been pillaged and closed. A dispatch from Versailles says the Prussians have agreed to stop the revictualing of Paris by way of St. Denis.

April 18.—Severe battle at Asnières, disastrous to the insurgents. A battalion of the National Guards breaks and retreats from the field. Terrible scenes in the city. Shells from the government batteries have fallen on the Faubourg St. Honoré and in the Rue des Ternes. A very severe fight has been going on at Neuilly, and at last accounts the Nationals, in large numbers, were retreating into Paris. Many houses in Neuilly have been destroyed, and those of the inhabitants who had taken refuge in the cellars have perished, being unable to extricate themselves. The Commune has suppressed the newspapers *L'Opinion Nationale*, *La Cloche*, *Le Soir*, and *Le Bien Public*.

April 19.—Over forty civilians are reported as having been killed by shells in the Avenue des Ternes.

April 20.—Fighting all day. The insurgents driven at all points, and driven to within 200 yards of the city ramparts. General Cluseret offers his resignation, which is not accepted.

April 22.—General Ducrot has arrived at Versailles with 20,000 men of the imperial army, and a still larger force of the same army is *en route* to reinforce the troops operating against Paris.

A telegram of March 24 reports an accident to a railway train filled with artillerymen returning to France, by which twenty-two were killed and seventy-two injured.

In his reply to the parliamentary address, the Emperor William of Germany said, "The present condition of France is owing to the revolutions of eighty years," and expressed his belief that "German nationality in Alsace and Lorraine has been merely defaced, and not destroyed, during the compulsory union of these provinces with France." In connection with the debate on the address, the clerical party, in its efforts to overthrow the non-intervention policy, was signally defeated.

The annual race on the Thames between the boat crews of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, April 1, resulted in favor of the Cambridge men by three lengths. Time, 23 minutes, 9½ seconds.

Queen Victoria visited Napoleon III. at Chislehurst April 3. This visit was in return for the one paid to Queen Victoria by the Emperor March 27.

The British House of Commons bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister was defeated in the House of Lords March 27.

The British Parliament re-assembled after the Easter recess April 18. In the House of Commons a bill for the abolition of the game laws was defeated by a majority of 123. In the discussion of this bill Mr. Peter Alfred Taylor, member for Leicester, stated that "a tenth part of the surface of Scotland, or 2,000,000 acres of land, has been reserved as deer forests, and the population exiled to make room for game."

Dr. Döllinger has maintained his position against the papal infallibility dogma, and, although the Archbishop of Munich on Easter-Sunday placed him without the pale of the Church, he has been sustained by forty-four out of sixty-two of the Roman Catholic professors of the Munich University, and has received an approving letter from the King of Bavaria.

The Spanish Cortes assembled for the first time after the general election on the 3d of April. King Amadeus opened the session by a speech from the throne, in which he expressed

a strong desire for the pacification of Cuba, and the resumption of relations with the Pope. The Marquis of Santa Cruz was elected President of the Cortes. The number of opposition members is estimated at 140. A movement against the monarchy has been inaugurated, and has found favor in influential political circles. On the 20th of April Señor Castellar, the distinguished republican leader, during a parliamentary discussion, spoke in strong terms of condemnation of the house of Savoy and against the dynasty of King Amadeus.

A telegraphic dispatch, dated London, April 14, states that a religious riot had taken place in Odessa, in which the Jews were despoiled, and violent outrages committed. The rioting continued for three days, and was only put down at the point of the bayonet. There are in Russia one Jew to every forty-two residents.

OBITUARY.

Her Majesty Wilhemine Frédérique Alexandrine Anne Louise, Queen of Sweden and Norway, died at the palace in Stockholm March 30, aged forty-three. Her only child, a daughter, is the wife of the Prince Royal of Denmark.

Baron Wilhelm Von Tegethoff, the distinguished Austrian admiral, died at his residence in Vienna April 6, aged forty-four. He was ap-

pointed vice-admiral after his destruction of the Italian iron-clad *Re d'Italia* off Lissa, July 19, 1866. In 1868 he superintended the removal of the remains of the Emperor Maximilian from Mexico to Trieste.

The infant child of the Princess of Wales died on the morning of April 8. Its birth was premature.

ASIA.

Advices from Yokohama, March 24, announced that the expedition to Corea, accompanied by United States Minister Low, was preparing to leave. The expedition consists of three or four war vessels, under the command of Admiral Rodgers, and its object is to secure a treaty for the protection of shipwrecked mariners. An investigation is to be made into the loss of the American schooner *General Sherman* (August, 1866), and the fate of her crew; and if the report of the murder of the latter by the natives is confirmed, an indemnity will be enforced. The necessity of such measures is proved by the more recent fate of the English steamer which ran aground on a point of Ocksu Island on the night of February 13, and was attacked and captured by Chinese pirates. The crew and passengers were compelled to take to their boats, and make their way to the port of Amoy as best they could.

Editor's Drawer.

SPEAKING of summer:

Thus singeth the oldest English song extant:

Summer is ycomen in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new.

DR. ISAAC WATTS, although born two hundred years ago, is as fresh to us to-day as he was to those with whom he chatted and laughed when among the quick, for do not we of a Sunday sing the songs he wrote? Are not our hearts softened by them? Aren't we considerably the better for the aforesaid? In course. That good Dr. I. W. had his notion of summer-time and pleasant weather, else he would not have seized the pen and written the following nice verses on "A Summer Evening," to wit:

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain;
But now the fair traveler's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array.

EVEN the Boston gentlemen of color participate with the white *savans* of the Hub in their lofty disdain of the talent of New York. A friend,

happening to be caught in that city over Sunday, thought he would take a glimpse at some of the churches. Stepping inside the porch of an A 1 meeting-house, the sexton, colored, approached respectfully, and said: "Will you have a seat, Sah? Happy to show you to one, Sah. Plenty seats this morning, Sah."

"No, thank you; can't stay but a moment; just stopped to glance at the church. What is the name of the clergyman?"

"That, Sah, is the Rev. Dr. —."

"Fine preacher, isn't he?"

"Well, Sah, peoples has different notions 'bout preachers."

"But he seems quite animated?"

"Yes, Sah; consid'ble animated."

"And appears to have talent?"

"Well, Sah, as I said afo', peoples has such different notions 'bout preachers. Dar's some dat tinks he's mighty good on de words. I tink myself he's a *fair* man, Sah—a *fair* man, but not of de *prima facie* class. He's a *good* man, Sah, a well-meanin' man, but not a talented man. He's a NEW YORK man, Sah!"

FROM a new edition of Dean Ramsay's charming "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" we quote two short anecdotes:

An old clerical friend upon Speyside, a confirmed old bachelor, on going up to the pulpit one Sunday to preach, found, after giving out the psalm, that he had forgotten his sermon. I do not know what his objections were to his leaving the pulpit and going to the manse for his sermon, but he preferred sending his old confidential housekeeper for it. He accordingly

stood up in the pulpit, stopped the singing, which had commenced, and thus accosted his faithful domestic: "Annie, I say, Annie, *we've* committed a mistak the day. Ye maun jist gang your waa's hame, and ye'll get my sermon out o' my breek-pouch, an' we'll sing to the praise o' the Lord till ye come back again."

"I SEE, James, that you tak a bit nap in the kirk," said a minister to one of his people; "can ye no take a mull with you? and when you become heavy, an extra pinch would keep you up."

"May be it wad," said James; "but pit you the sneeshin intil your sermon, minister, and may be that 'll serve the same purpose."

HERE in Minnesota (writes an agent for M'Cormick's reapers and mowers) we have had lately a terrible freshet, carrying away bridges, and rendering the roads utterly impassable for any but the most determined travelers. One of this sort, an agent for selling tombstones, plodded into our town the other evening, covered with mud, and his team about played out. Mine host of the Stanwix hastened to make the wayfarer comfortable, and asked him the customary question, "How's business?"

"Well," replied the traveler, "business is mighty poor." Fact is, the roads have been so infernal bad for a month back that the doctors couldn't get out, and their patients have all got well."

CONCERNING the "Form of Solemnization of Matrimony," as it is called in the Episcopal Church, or the "Sacrament of Marriage," in the Church of Rome, or simply the "Marriage Contract," as it is entitled in the common law of the State, there seems to obtain in the State of Nebraska some sort of nuptial arrangement peculiar to that region. So, at least, we infer from the following advertisement in one of the organs of public opinion published in Dakota City:

HON. K. W. FRAZER,

PROBATE JUDGE and ex-officio Justice of the Peace, with jurisdiction of cases below \$300. Office CORNER OF BROADWAY AND THIRTEENTH STREET.

Judge Frazer is empowered to perform the marriage contract *between parties of the opposite sex* who are legally eligible to the important state.

DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA, August 5th, 1870.

"A TOUCH of nature" is in this simple item:

A missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in Minnesota was repulsed by a woman because she took him for a peddler; but when he sat down on her door-step and told to her children the story of the life and death of Jesus she came and stood behind, and, while the tears filled her eyes, she said:

"I had e'en-a'most forgotten that story, for my mother died when I was a child; but now this takes me clean back to Maine. Seems like as though I never had a chance to know any thing; but I don't mean my children shall be without larnin'."

So Sunday-schools are started on the frontier.

AMONG the pleasant festivities of the past season was the dinner given by the publishers of *The Aldine*, at which were gathered a great company of editors, poets, ministers, artists, and people who live by their wits. There was much lively

badinage. Henry Ward Beecher, after alluding to William Cullen Bryant's compliment to the beautiful wood-engraving of *The Aldine*, said there was a gentleman present who knew as much about *wood-cutting* as any man in America. He referred to the great farmer of Chappaqua, Westchester County—Mr. Greeley.

Mr. Greeley responded by saying he supposed that they had all heard about his success in farming; but if common report was true, Mr. Beecher was entitled to the greater credit as a farmer. He had understood that Mr. B. once bought a pig for seven dollars and a half, fed him forty bushels of corn at a dollar a bushel, and then sold the pig for nine dollars, and said he had made a dollar and fifty cents clear profit on the hog. When questioned about the corn, he said *he didn't expect to make any thing on that!*

HOW THE INJUN CAUGHT THE NEW-FASHIONED BUFFALO.

THERE ain't much fun in an Injun;

If there is it's deepish down,
And don't crop out at uncommon times,
As it does in a mul, or clown,
Or a Dutchman, or a Yankee,
Or any o' them 'ere chaps
That always are gay at the gravest of times,
And never give heed to mishaps.

No, Sir! them red-skinned pirates
Mean blood, and a good deal more;
And when you are least expecting the same
They're jist outside o' yer door,
With a torch and a knife and an arrow,
And a whoop of demoniac mirth—
And away they ride by the glaring light
Of your fiercely blazing hearth!

I hain't much luv for an Injun;
And when there's a joke worth while
Played off on the sneaking varmint,
I can't keep back a smile—
No more than I can a bullet,
When I see them prowlin' about
With a treacherous look, like a hungry wolf
That's watchin' along the route.

'Twas down in the "Chestnut Gulch"—
I'd been huntin' for buy a week;
And of all the luck I ever had,
That was *about* the poorest streak.
I was feelin' blue and tired
As I lay thar on the ground,
But mighty quick, you bet! I was roused
By a most uncommon sound.

Its cause I soon diskivered;
Fur the great Pacific line
Run close along, and thar was the cars—
I tell you, the sight was fine!
On lookin' down at the track,
An Injun, with stout lasso
Fastened around his waist, I saw,
Was watchin' the ingine too.

I jist laid low for music,
Fur I knew there'd be a tune,
With the injine's shriek, and the Injun's whoop,
Like a thunder-storm in June.
On, on like the wind it came!
Firm stood that cussed "Red;"
And when it got within easy range,
His lasso caught its head!

"Sold! sold!" cried I, while the Injun
And the cars went out of sight;
But never shall I till my dying day
Forget his look of fright.
I hain't much love for an Injun,
But I almost pitied him
Fur bein' jerked to the Sperit Land
By a buffalo so grim.

THE custom of publishing "Religious Notices"—one or two columns of which may be found regularly in the Saturday morning papers—announcing the preacher and the subject to be talk-

ed over at the principal metropolitan churches, is by no means original in New York. So long ago as 1692 the Rev. John Henley, known then as Orator Henley, used to advertise in the papers his "bill of fare for the week." The following was issued for Sunday, September 28, 1729:

"I. At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, near Clare Market, to-morrow, at half an hour after ten. 1. The postil will be on the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt. 2. The sermon will be on the necessary power and attractive force which religion gives the spirit of a man with God and good spirits.

"II. At five. 1. The postil will be on this point: In what language our Saviour will speak the last sentence on mankind. 2. The lecture will be on Jesus Christ's sitting at the right hand of God; where that is; the honors and lustre of his inauguration; the learning, criticism, and piety of that glorious article.

"The Monday orations will shortly be resumed. On Wednesday the oration will be on the skirts of the fashion, or a live gallery of family pictures of all ages; ruffs, muffs, puffs, manifold; shoes, wedding-shoes, two-shoes, slip-shoes; heels, clocks; pantofles, buskins, pantaloons, garters, shoulder-knots, periwigs, head-dresses, modesties, tuckers, fardingales, corkins, minikens, slammakins, ruffles, round robins, tollets, fans, patches; dame, forsooth, madam, my lady, the wit and beauty of my grannum; Winnifred, Joan, Bridget, compared with our Winny, Jenny, and Biddy; fine ladies and pretty gentlewomen; being a general view of the *beau monde* from before Noah's Ark to the year '29. On Friday will be something better than last Tuesday. After each a *bob at the times*."

How would that style of thing "draw" if announced among the "Religious Notices" in next Saturday's *Times*—especially the "*bob at the times*?"

It is related of a colporteur, sent out in the palmy days of colportage by the American Tract Society, that he asked a rough Arkansan what denomination a certain dilapidated-looking meeting-house belonged to.

"Wa'al, stranger," was the reply, "she *war* a Hard-Shell Baptist, but *they don't run her now*."

THIS—the denominational part—calls to mind the reply of an old Pennsylvanian who "struck oil," sold a portion of his land for a great price, and went to the bank to get his check cashed. On being asked what "denomination" he would have his money in, he promptly replied:

"A *little* in Presbyterian to suit the old woman, but the *heft* of it in Free-Will Baptist."

A MILD exaggeration from Iowa:

Old Uncle John T—— is noted for the toughness of his narratives. Whenever any thing unusual was told him about the farming of his neighbors, he was sure to have something a little better. One of these, remarking that he had harvested an unusually large crop of oats, was promptly met by Uncle John's saying: "Oh, pshaw! that's nothing. When I lived back East I raised a crop of oats that grew so strong the turkeys could walk over the tops of the straws without bending them, and the straws were ten feet between joints. I couldn't thrash 'em no

more than I could thrash stove-pipes. I had to husk 'em out. And *it wa'n't a good year for oats neither!*"

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday-School Union in Minnesota, who is sustained by the Sunday-school of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church in New York, was opposed in his efforts to organize a school in a certain place by a man who finally yielded, saying: "Well, God knows we are wicked enough; and if any thing can be done to raise the price of land, I'm in for it."

The school was organized, and succeeded.

THANKS to the spread of female education and the rights of the dear sex generally, the Mind promises to become the standard of the Woman also. Hereafter lovers must address their pretty speeches to the brain as well as to the eyes of their sweethearts. There is Mr. Tennyson, for instance, who has erred grievously in materializing our relations with women. Let him remodel his purely passionate poetry, beginning with that ignoble justification of carnality, "*Maud*:"

Come into the study, Maud,
For the forenoon's almost flown;
Come into the study, Maud,
And we'll have a good cram alone.
There's a Gazetteer of places abroad,
And many a vol. of Bohn.

There's a Buckle all bound in mauve,
And a Burton's Anatomee;
And an analytical programme by Grove—
George Grove of the Crystal P.;
And Mangnall and Maunder and many a cove
To be studied by you and me.

The dead poets, of course, can not be expected to reconstruct their method of treating women; but if Moore, for example, whose treatment of the sex was purely physical, and who was one of the most pernicious eulogizers of animal charms among all the poets, could write another "*Lesbia*," he would doubtless display more exactness, and do it somewhat in this style:

Lesbia hath a lot of brains,
But spoiled by too much Kant and Hegel;
Lesbia's head a deal contains,
From Schleiermacher down to Schlegel.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's brow: you murmur 'tis well;
German muddles doth she shun,
And feeds upon the pap of Friswell.
Oh, my Nora Creina dear;
Store, I pray you, Nora Creina,
Mental powers
With Silent Hours
And Gentle Lives, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a critic's mind;
In fact, I think she'd lick most men so.
Try theology, you'll find
She's pat in Rénan and Colenso.
Nora flies such fatal grounds,
And won't peruse those graceless *garçons*;
She her Sunday reading bounds
By Graver Thoughts of Country Parsons.
Oh, my Nora Creina dear,
My mild and artless Creina,
Spout to me,
A, B, C, D,
The while I slumber, Nora Creina.

WE estimate that if any little thing could cheer the cockles of the heart of our friend Waterson, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, it might be the indignant denunciation of an attempt to infringe his personal rights recently

made by a member of the Kentucky Legislature. This member (he was from one of the mountain counties) was a persistent reader of the *Journal*, and each morning as the House was opened would commence its perusal. About the same moment some member would move to dispense with the reading of the journal, whereupon the mountain member would lay down his paper. He stood this for some time; but one morning exclaimed, at the top of his voice: "Mr. Speaker! I've sot here for more'n a week and submitted to the tyranny of this House. Somebody every morning moves to dispense with the reading of the *Journal*, and I've lost every paper I've bought for a week by it; and no man has ever moved to dispense with the *Democrat*, and, Mr. Speaker, I won't stand it any longer. Mr. Speaker—" Here the balance was lost in the general laughter.

BISHOP M'COSKRY, of Michigan (writes a friend), was dining with me one day, when a ragged napkin was found to have been by accident laid on the Bishop's plate. My wife, on discovering it, reprimanded the servant for thus placing a napkin with holes in it; to which Biddy replied, "And sure, ma'am, who should have a holy napkin but a bishop!"

THE experience of the Easy Chair, in a recent number of *Harper*, is suggestive of some incidents in the lecturing career of a correspondent:

Stopping with the family of a committee-man, the hostess, at table, inquired if the lecturer ever wrote verses. She had been told that such was the fact. An affirmative answer being given, she begged as a favor that the guest would write some lines upon the death of her first husband.

"Of what disease did your husband die?"

"He cut his throat," was the solemn reply.

Fancy a poet writing "Lines on the memory of a man who cut his throat!"

At another table the conversation turned upon the then startling subject of woman suffrage. (This was ten years ago.) With unutterable disgust the hostess exclaimed, "Woman is designed for the house, for the comfort and delight of man. When she leaves the house and puts on the courage of the Amazian [Amazon] she descends from the lofty pyramid of the wife's station, she loses her most dear relations, disgraces her spear, and collapses into a animile!"

THE Quaker anecdotes published in the April Drawer have moved several friends to send us others illustrative of the quaint, grave humor occasionally observable in that peculiar people. The first is of a worthy Hicksite, who, being annoyed by the conspicuously inexact language of an acquaintance, said, "William, thee knows I never call any body names; but, William, if the mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'John, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the mayor wants to see thee.'"

Another is related by our friend the editor of the *Evangelist*, who, in speaking of an interview had with the poet Whittier during a recent visit to New York, says: Friend Whittier is a genuine Quaker of the "Orthodox" school, and some of his devotional poems, such as "My Soul and I,"

breathe a tender spirituality. Underneath his Quaker sobriety plays a shy, genial humor like that of Charles Lamb. When describing the usage of his drab-coated brethren in regard to those who speak too often in meeting, and not always to edification, he told of a certain "meeting" in New England which passed and recorded the following resolution: "It is the sense of this meeting that George C—— be advised to remain silent until such time as the Lord shall speak through him to our satisfaction."

Another is of a Quaker who lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress as follows:

"Hum! yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone."

"Hum! truly, Obadiah, thou hast wisely said. Inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for man to be alone, lo! I will sojourn with thee."

THE Rev. Mr. —, rector of a quiet little country church, was accustomed occasionally to write epitaphs for the young and aged dead among his parishioners. An epitaph of his on an aged father and mother, written in the character of a most exemplary son—the father having lived to eighty-seven years—ran thus:

My father, my poor mother, both are gone,
And o'er your cold remains I place this stone
In memory of your virtues. May it tell
How long *one* parent lived, and *both* how well.

When this was shown to the stone-mason who was to cut the letters on the monument, he observed that the lines *might* do with a little alteration:

My father and my mother too are dead,
And here I put this grave-stone at their head.
My father lived to eighty-seven; my mother
Not quite so long—and one died after t'other.

FROM a work recently published in England on curious epitaphs seen by a gentleman in his perambulations through that country we quote the following, with the name of the place where each is to be found:

Here I lie: no wonder I'm dead,
For a broad-wheeled wagon went over my head.
Grim Death took me without a warning;
I was well at night and died in the morning.
Sevenoaks

Here lie two brothers, by misfortune surrounded;
One died of his wounds, and the other was drowned.
Doncaster.

Here lies Robin Wallus,
The king of good fellows,
Clerk of all Hallows,
And maker of bellows.
He bellows did make till the day of his death,
But he that made bellows could never make breath.
Newcastle.

THE brevity of the transition from the sublime to the ridiculous has been a theme of frequent comment. It was recently illustrated in Ontario County, New York, by the remark of a little girl of some ten summers. Her father was a widower, and had made up his mind to marry a second time. The wedding-day, with its solemn ceremony and sumptuous repast, was, of course, an occasion of more or less excitement and emotion, and especially so for the little daughter. Her heart was full. She was to be left at the home of a relative while the happy pair went on

their wedding tour; and when the parting time came she clung to her father's neck affectionately and shed many tears. After it was all over she was weary, nervous, and much depressed in feeling. Much sympathy was felt and expressed for her. When bed-time came she threw off her clothes, put on a loose gown, and exclaimed, "Oh dear! I always feel so *when I have eaten too much!*"

It is vehemently denied, in a Western paper, that Mr. Henry Bergh is the author of the popular ballad, "If I had a donkey vot wouldn't go." The fitness of things precludes such a supposition. If the excellent President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ever indulges in the vocal exposition of that melody, it is probably in words to this effect:

Had I an ass averse to speed,
Think you I'd flog him? No, indeed.
I'd give him hay, and cry, *Proceed!*
Go along, Edward!

A KENTUCKY correspondent writes:

When visiting a friend the other day I strolled out to the family burying-ground, and was occupied in reading the names on the headstones, when his little son followed me and listened attentively as I read the different inscriptions. At length, pointing to a stone with a dove and olive-branch carved in the marble, he said: "Please, Sir, read that what's got the *turkey* on it. I guess they died eatin' too much turkey."

An eminent British author remarks that "an Englishman generally opens best, like the oyster, with a knife and fork;" which suggests to a short gentleman at our elbow that the present English and American notables, assembled at Washington to adjust sundry international troubles, have dined and been dined so much since they "opened" that they are fairly entitled to the designation of a "High *Joint* Commission."

How is this, by a Briton?

Let gloomy hearts that never knew
One touch of laughing mirth,
Tear-loving eyes, unused to view
The beauties of the earth,
Proclaim this life a dreary vale,
The scene of dark despair:
My tongue shall tell another tale—
The world is very fair.

THE following from the Barham Memoirs will be as keenly relished by Catholic as by Protestant readers:

There was an old woman living at Naples, very devout, who went to her confessor on a case of conscience. Her object was to learn whether San Gennaro or the Virgin Mary was the greater saint.

"Why, daughter," said the padre, "that is a very nice question, and perhaps it might puzzle the Holy Father himself to decide upon it. However, for your comfort, it may be perhaps satisfactory to know that both of them were apostles!"

It is, of course, among the possibilities that, with the requisite longevity, and a change in the mode of organizing our electoral college, Olive

Logan may become President of the United States. The problem has been struggled with by a Western party, who puts it in the following fashion: "S'posing that—a—now—Olive Logan, f'r instance, should be made President of this great and glorious country, bequeathed to us by noble sires, and all that; she'd be President Logan, wouldn't she? Well, now, s'posing she was to marry, say a man by the name of—of Perkins, f'r instance, would she be President Logan or President Perkins?"

THAT the school-master is very much abroad in some portions of our common country may be inferred from the following notice, which a correspondent saw at the post-office in Montgomery, Alabama. It is an extract from the printed circular of an educator who proposed opening an evening school:

"Americans, recollect that it was by nocturnal lucubrations that your own immortal Franklin made the lightning of heaven subservient to his will, and with his fragile arm confined in the gauzy shreds of a handkerchief that subtile yet irresistible fluid that rent asunder the giant oaks of your primeval forests and mocked mortal man in all his wonted strength by frittering into atoms the most impregnable fabric of his inventive genius.

— — —
"Teacher."

A BRIGHT young priest of the Roman Catholic Church relates to the Drawer an instance of the naiveness and self-confidence of an American girl, who, just before the recent revolution in the Holy City, was presented to the Pope. Of course she was charmed with the simple and benignant manner of the Pontiff, and, gathering confidence as the conversation proceeded, finally said:

"I think that the people of the United States are the most religious people in the world."

"Why so, my child?" mildly asked the Pope.

"Because," answered the young lady, "they have *more denominations!*"

His Holiness smiled a little smile, but evinced no desire to discuss the proposition.

THE temporary inconvenience frequently experienced by gentlemen who give themselves up to the enjoyment of a favorite beverage was recently illustrated in Stewart County, Tennessee, where a prosperous old farmer named Rumfeldt had a habit of attending regularly the County Court at Dover, but who seldom turned his face homeward until he had swallowed more whisky than his skin could well hold or his legs could conveniently carry. On one occasion he got on his level early, and about the middle of a hot July afternoon started for home. He had not gone far, however, when he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to take a nap. He dismounted from his horse, turned him loose to graze, and rolled himself into a fence corner. He was sleeping very sweetly when he was espied by a buzzard which was sailing about the vicinity, hunting for something to eat. Smaller and smaller grew his circles, cautiously taking observations. At last, but still in some doubt, the bird lit on the ground near its expected feast. About this time Rumfeldt became aware that something was going on, and he partially

opened one eye and saw the buzzard, but still too drunk to take any active measures to drive it away. He, however, kept a close watch. The buzzard strutted around him, all the time inspecting Rumfeldt closely and cautiously to ascertain positively that he was dead. He finally became satisfied that the *corpus* before him was indeed a carcass, and, consequently, "his meat;" whereupon he advanced deliberately to Rumfeldt's head and gave him a severe peck in the face. This aroused Rumfeldt, and striking out lazily with his hand to prevent a repetition of the attack, he exclaimed, "*Look 'ere; you're a l-e-e-tle too smart—I ain't dead yet.*"

DURING the late unpleasantness an important part of naval detail between vessels of the same squadron was necessarily done by signal. One of the humorous results of this signal way of doing things, as it occurred when a part of one of our squadrons was lying off Edenton, North Carolina, is related by a naval officer, as follows: A message was sent from the shore to Captain Macomb, commander of the fleet, announcing that the ceremony of public baptism would be performed at two o'clock. The captain, ever courteous and considerate, supposed that some of his officers might wish to witness this little episode in the tedious monotony of blockading, and directed that the fact should be communicated by signal to the other vessels. The naval signal-book was forthwith brought out and searched, but the word *baptism* was not to be found. Here was a quandary, and time was rapidly passing, but the captain was not to be foiled. The quartermaster of the watch was set to work, and in a few minutes the bright-colored signal-flags of the *Shamrock* were at the mast-head, and the astonished officers of the other ships read: "There will be *religious diving* on shore at 2 P.M."

WE doubt the accuracy of the statement of that prejudiced New England man who said that he "jedged the most payin' train that run into 'Shecawgo' was the one that stopt fifteen minits for divorce." If any thing could justify such a supposition it might be the popularity in that region of such little emanations of genius as the following:

WHEN YOUR CHEAP DIVORCE IS GRANTED.

When your cheap divorce is granted,
Mother, and you leave the West,
Shall I stay with you or father?
Tell me, mother, which the best?
He'll be much surprised, I fear me,
When he knows what you have filed,
And unless you hover near me
He'll appropriate your child.

Mother, if the move was needful;
If the income you and he
Shared so long, at last has bred an
Incompatibility;
If you'll be his wife no longer,
When returning from the West—
Which am I to love the stronger?
Tell me, mother, which the best?

IN the recently published memoirs of the Rev. Mr. Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," is the following anecdote of Sydney Smith. Barham having sent him a brace of pheasants, the present was acknowledged in the following characteristic reply: "Many thanks, my dear Sir,

for your kind present of game. If there is a pure and elevated pleasure in this world, it is that of roast pheasant and bread sauce; barn-door fowls for dissenters; but for the real churchman, the thirty-nine-times-articled clerk, the pheasant, the pheasant!" A more laconic note, in acknowledgment of a similar arrival, was penned by Barham himself at a time when he was hoping for church preferment through the instrumentality of a friend:

Many thanks, my dear lord, for the birds of your giving;
Though I wish, with the dead, you had sent me the living.

It must have been with infinite chuckle, and many of what Cooper describes as old Leatherstocking's long, inward laughs, that Henry Ward Beecher, during a late vacation, heard one of his own published sermons delivered in an obscure village. At the close of service he accosted the "divine," and said, "That was a very good discourse; how long did it take you to write it?"

"Oh, I tossed it off one evening when I had leisure," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Beecher. "It took me longer than that to think out the very frame-work of that very sermon."

"Are you Henry Ward Beecher?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the unabashed preacher, "all that I have to say is that I ain't ashamed to preach one of *your* sermons any where!"

To one of the most distinguished of living American comedians the Drawer is indebted for the following:

In consequence of some difficulty in arriving at an amicable conclusion in reference to political matters, in a Western bar-room, one of the parties, in the usual knife dispute that ensued, had his intestines cut out. A learned M.D. who had been called in stated the extent of the injury done in learned technicalities, peppered with membranes, cartilages, epigastriums, etc., to an extent so overpowering that one of his auditors, horrified at the description, rushed out, and meeting a friend, who asked him, "Is Jim much hurt?" replied, "Hurt! You bet he's hurt. Why, *all the Latin part of his bowels is clean out!*"

A VIRGINIA correspondent asks:

Has the fame ever reached your ears of the "Great American Pie-Biter?" He is a character of the great Rocky Mountains. What follows is from a gentleman who has lately returned from gold-digging ventures in Montana Territory.

The "Great American Pie-Biter," modestly neglecting, like other mighty champions, to herald his approach, lately put in his appearance at one of the saloons of Helena, and gave out that he could bite through more pies than any other one man in the world. The boys became immediately interested, of course, in a man of such gifts and parts, and pies without limit were ordered at once for the feats about to be exhibited. The test was first submitted with eleven pies piled strata-wise on the top of each other. Any ordinary mortal, however partial to pies, would have

stood appalled at the altitudinous mass. Not so the "Great American Pie-Biter." He parted his shaggy beard, opened a mouth so vast and wide that it might have served for a mountain cavern, inserted the pile of eleven pies, and bit clean through them, not only with ease, but apparently with relish and satisfaction. The "flannel-backs" lost their bets, and the Pie-Biter took in a moderately rich harvest, considering his stock in trade; and being thereby encouraged, proposed to bite through *fourteen* pies. Judging from what they had seen, the boys couldn't tell really what the fellow was capable of doing, and they were not disposed to accept his wager. Finally, one of the party, determined that Montana should not be beat out in that kind of style by some vagabond from the States, slyly inserted a tin plate in the middle of the fourteen pies, and boldly announced to the Pie-Biter that *he* would take him up. Anticipating another triumph, the Great American eagerly grasped the lofty pie cylinder; again opened his ponderous jaws; again succeeded in wedging in the whole mass; but, alas! when his teeth reached the tin he could go no further. Not knowing what the matter was, and half choked to death with what he had already in his mouth, he could only let go and give up, and acknowledge himself beaten for once. Next morning he was nowhere to be found about Helena; and his further exploits and wanderings will have to be narrated by some other pen than ours.

ORDINARILY the business letter of your railroad president is of the curtest, driest sort, and notably brief. Quite the contrary the following. A communication of an unusual kind was laid before the Board of Directors of the Belfast and Moosehead Lake Railroad at a recent meeting. It was from a minister of the Gospel, who proposed to hold semi-monthly services in Brooks, and asking that a pass over the road from Burnham be given him. After due consideration the following reply was sent:

DEAR SIR,—Your favor of yesterday, asking for a free pass over the Belfast and Moosehead Lake Railroad, is at hand. This company is disposed to lend all possible aid toward the advancement of the Gospel. It recognizes *especially* the need of regenerating influences and a change of heart in the field of your proposed labors at Brooks, *which town has repudiated its subscription to this road*. With the hope that your prayers and exhortations may be efficacious to that end, I inclose the pass asked for.

Respectfully yours,

A. HAYFORD, President.

A CERTAIN divine, living not a thousand miles from Portland, Maine, distinguished, may be, more in other respects than he was in his power to adapt himself always to the capacities of his hearers, was on a certain occasion addressing a Sunday-school, and the object of his effort was to show that whenever boys and girls are not working for Christ they are working for Satan. To clinch his argument, and impress the lesson by repetition, at the close of his remarks he said:

"Now, boys and girls, when you are not working for Christ, who are you working for?"

A little bright-eyed five-year-old in one of the front seats answered, promptly, "For father and mother."

When this little boy got home his father asked him, "What in the world made you say that?"

Why didn't you answer as the minister wanted you to?"

The little fellow replied, "I didn't like to say *devil* right out in meeting; so I said the next thing to it."

We rather suspect that sometimes the domestic waters are troubled in that home.

THE executive officers of one of the largest moneyed institutions in this city have been for many years pleasantly associated together, being gentlemen of culture and refinement, but rarely relaxing from the reserve imposed by high official position. One fine spring morning, however, an unusual occurrence took place in the "back-room." The secretary placed before the president an early flower, accompanied by the following selected lines:

Slight not, oh, slight not, this shy little flower;
It seeks not to vie with the gay garden rose;
Tho' humble the incense it brings to your bower,
And its life be a short one, 'tis sweet to the close.

Mr. President immediately responded with this impromptu:

Oh, say not 'tis humble, this gift you bestow,
Since the great Source of Life caused its petals to grow;
The sweets it exhales are the pledge of its birth,
As the soul breathes of heaven while it lingers on earth.

WE have the authority of a correspondent in Stockton, California, for this remarkable statement, viz., that in the town of S—— a girl of fourteen summers attended school, and also Sunday-school. In the latter temple of moral improvement it was her duty to give answer to this question in the Shorter Catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" One Monday morning, as usual, the teacher sent this damsel to the post-office, near by, during school-hours, to obtain his letters. As she passed the open door of Mr. H——'s office she was heard to say, impatiently, "I do believe the 'chief end of man' is to go to the post-office." To which Mr. H—— replied, "Certainly the chief end of woman is to get a *male*."

THE underneath poetic gem is from the pen of a gentleman who formerly occupied a first-class official position in Pennsylvania, and was composed under the influence of the tender sentiments inspired by *hanging* the unfortunate subject of his verse. It may be mentioned, in explanation, that "Charles" was executed for participation in the celebrated Brodhead murder:

Sad and gloomy was the
Town of Stroudsburg the day
that Charles Orme was
Ordered Out to Die

O where's the breast not
Dead to pity but for him
did many in this Town
heave a Sigh

he was brave and *Stood*
it nobly

Fare well Charles for
Ever home he'll see no more
but his remains lies
Buried in the Sumtary*
on the Pocono creeks
Shore to try the realty's
of another world

P—— M——, Sheriff.

* Cemetery.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLIV.—JULY, 1871.—VOL. XLIII.

THE MOUNT CENIS RAILWAY AND TUNNEL.



MOUNT CENIS RAILWAY.—THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

ON the morning following Christmas-day, 1870, a telegram was received in London from the very heart of the Alps; thence it was dispatched across the Atlantic, and in the gray dawn of the next day, December 27, we read it at our breakfast-tables in New York. This dispatch of just forty-three words read thus:

"The working parties in the opposite headings of the Mount Cenis Tunnel are within hearing distance of each other. Greetings and hurrahs were exchanged through the dividing width of rock for the first time at a quarter past four o'clock on Christmas afternoon."

This brief dispatch, almost overlooked among

the more exciting ones relating to the war—for the opening of the bombardment of Paris was hourly expected—conveyed tidings of the practical completion of the most enduring work ever accomplished by human hands. The Pyramids will, in time, crumble to dust; but nothing less than some convulsion that shall shatter the Alps from summit to base will destroy the Mount Cenis Tunnel.

Perhaps the point of view from which this Alpine tunnel is of most commercial importance is that it shortens the distance—measured

by the time required to traverse it, rather than by the space passed over—between Western Europe and India. This will appear from a glance at the accompanying map. At present mails and passengers by the overland route from London to India proceed—by way of Calais and Lyons—to Marseilles, where they embark, and, after passing through the stormy Gulf of Lyons, rounding the toe of the Italian boot and the island of Sicily, reach Alexandria, or, more recently, the mouth of the Suez Canal, in Egypt; whence, descending the Red Sea, they cross the Arabian Gulf, and land at Bombay; or, rounding the peninsula of Hindostan, they enter the Bay of Bengal, and are disembarked at Madras or Calcutta. The entire distance from London to Alexandria, by way of Marseilles, is 2534 miles, of which 833 are traveled by land and 1701 by water, the whole journey occupying seven or eight days. Ten or twelve miles an hour is a fair rate for ocean steamers, whereas forty miles an hour is usually made by express trains on a railway. If, therefore, any considerable part of the 1701 miles of sea-voyage between London and Alexandria can be performed by railway, there will be much saving in time.

Now, again looking at our map, it will be

seen that, starting from near the head of the Gulf of Genoa, the boot-like peninsula of Italy stretches for 600 miles from northwest to southeast, pointing directly to the coast of Egypt. It forms a natural bridge half-way across the Mediterranean, in the direct route from London to Alexandria. Close by the southeastern verge of Italy—almost at the heel of the boot—is Brindisi, the ancient Brundisium, of which all readers of Horace know something; for the *Iter ad Brundisium* ("Trip to Brindisi") is one of the cleverest poems of the old Roman good-fellow. Any one who desires to post himself up about Brindisi, from the time when Ennius, almost forgotten when Horace lived, punningly presents it as *pulchro præcinctum præpete portu* ("properly placed with a pretty port"), and how Cæsar put Pompey out of this pretty port, can find it all told in his *Anton.* Here, also, was the terminus of the famous Appian Way, the spot being to this day marked by two pillars, one sadly dilapidated. Virgil had here a country house, the ruins of which are yet shown; and there are not wanting those who put faith in their authenticity.

Some day, as a glance at any fair map will show, there will be two good routes from Eu-



rope to India: the one mainly by railway on land; the other a considerable part by water. The former, leaving England at Dover, and crossing the English Channel to Calais or Brussels, will traverse Belgium, Germany, Austria, and what is now known as Turkey in Europe, reaching the Bosphorus not far from Constantinople. Thus far the route runs entirely overland, avoiding the Mediterranean and its long gulfs, and also skirting the Alps on their northern face. The trains, without breaking up, will be ferried across the Bosphorus (more properly *Bosporus*, *Βόσπορος*, "a strait over which an ox can swim," the exact Greek for our "Ox-ford"). Thence crossing Asia Minor, or, as we now call it, Turkey in Asia, the railway will round the southern end of the Caspian Sea, passing through Persia and Afghanistan to the Indus. Thence running across the head of the peninsula of Hindostan, it will reach Calcutta. This route, after leaving the Bosphorus, is, as far as the Indus, just that followed by Alexander the Great in his famous expedition to India—by far the most remarkable military march ever performed. The second route, branching off at the crossing of the Bosphorus, will follow the eastern shore of the Mediterranean to Syria; thence, crossing the Lebanon range, it will strike the valley of the Euphrates, which it will follow to the head of the Persian Gulf, down which it will descend by steamer, crossing the head of the Arabian Sea to the mouth of the Indus, where it will again strike the railroad route across the Indian peninsula to Calcutta. This second route, from the mouth of the Indus to the upper waters of the Euphrates, is the one followed by Alexander on his return from India. The great Macedonian, more than two thousand years ago, showed the two ways from Europe to India.* But these routes will not practically exist until the long-vexed, and still to be vexed, Eastern question gets itself somehow settled. For the present, and for another generation, we must consider the overland route to India as running through Italy. And to this route the Alps interpose a barrier which will be, in a measure, overcome by the Mount Cenis Tunnel.

It must not, however, be understood that the Italian government had any such extended views in projecting the tunnel through the Alps. It proposed simply to facilitate travel between

France and Italy, or rather between its own province of Savoy, lying on the northern side of the Alps, and the remainder on the southern side of the mountains.*

The Alps—using the term in its widest sense—is that remarkable chain of European mountains which forms the water-shed dividing the rivers which empty into the Mediterranean from those which fall into the Atlantic, the German Sea, and the Black Sea. The whole length of the ridge is about 1100 miles, besides numerous spurs or offshoots, such as the Apennines, the Pyrenees, the Carpathians, and the Balkan. Generally, however, the term is restricted to much narrower limits, and denotes that mountain chain which, commencing near the head of the Gulf of Genoa, curves northward to Mont Blanc, and thence northeastward through Switzerland, the Grisons, and the Tyrol in Austria, where it terminates in the Great Glockner, "Bell Tower." This range, sometimes styled "The Higher Alps," measures about 420 miles. In parts it consists of a single steep range; elsewhere, notably in Switzerland, there are several parallel ranges, scarcely less lofty than the main ridge. The loftiest peaks are in Switzerland, where, within a space of not more than sixty miles, are the highest points in Europe—Mont Blanc, the loftiest of all, reaching an elevation of 15,744 feet above the level of the sea. From this central point the mountains fall away gradually in either direction. But still the height of the ridge, not counting the more elevated peaks, is about 7000 feet. In our sense of the word there are no "passes"—that is, deep depressions cut down through the great mountain wall. Whoever crosses it must ascend about 7000 feet. Nineteen "passes" are, indeed, enumerated; but of these eight can only be traversed by foot passengers, and now and then by mules. Over the remaining eleven there are carriage roads; but there are not more than five that are fairly passable for carriages; and for three of these roads the world is indebted to Napoleon.

The one pass with which we have now to do is that which leads near but not over Mount Cenis. Near the centre of the great north-western curve of the Alpine chain rises Mount Cenis. It is by no means among the loftiest of the peaks. Its summit is four-fifths of a mile lower than that of Mont Blanc, and it is overtopped by nearly a score of other peaks. Still it dominates over all its immediate neighbors, rising to an altitude of 11,454 feet—nearly twice that of any point in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. From the peak the summit of the chain sinks down northward

* Any ordinary map of Southern Asia will show with tolerable accuracy the two Indian routes of Alexander, followed by him on his advance and return. The main points to be observed are: for the overland route, the Bosphorus, the southern end of the Caspian Sea, and the River Indus; for the return route, the mouth of the Indus, the Persian Gulf, and the valley of the Euphrates. In the twelfth volume of Grote's "History of Greece" is an admirable map, showing the whole of the marches of Alexander. It is not impossible that Russia may anticipate the whole of this scheme by a railway which, leaving the mouth of the Volga, shall skirt the northern end of the Caspian, and run southward and eastward through Tartary and Afghanistan to the Indus. Whichever, Russia or Great Britain, first reaches the Indus by a railway route will be the master of India from Ceylon to the Himalayan Mountains.

* In 1860 the provinces of Savoy and Nice were ceded by Italy to France, in exchange for portions of Lombardy, wrested from Austria. The tunnel, which had been commenced by Italy, was to be completed, under Italian superintendence, at the joint cost of France and Italy. As the map now exists, the northern end of the tunnel is in France, the southern in Italy, the summit of the Alps being the boundary between the two countries.

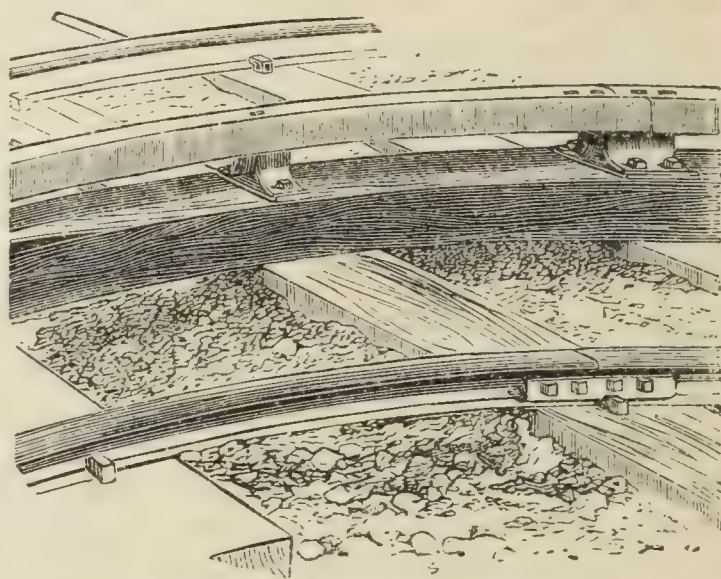
into a long *col*, or "neck," the lowest point of which is 6672 feet high—about 400 feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington. This neck is what is styled the Pass of Mount Cenis.

This possible pass from Gaul to Italy appears to have been unknown to the ancients. Hannibal, two centuries before Christ, went directly past it, for forty miles, crossing the Alps at the Little Saint Bernard, losing on the way 33,000 out of the 59,000 men with whom he started. The first authentic mention of the Mount Cenis pass is a thousand years later, when (about A.D. 755) Pepin led his army across it, to aid the Pope against the Lombard king. Half a century later his son Charlemagne led another army, for the same purpose, over the same route. To this day there stands, almost at the summit, a hospice, said to have been founded by Charlemagne. In 1557 the Duke of Alva led his Spanish army over this pass for the subjugation of the revolt in the Netherlands. A century later Marshal Catinat led a French army into Italy over this pass. During these centuries the roadway had been somewhat improved, but it remained little better than a mere mule-path until 1803, when Napoleon conceived the idea of making a carriage road over the pass, to form a means of communication between France and Italy, then united under his sceptre. The work occupied seven years, and was the most marvellous engineering achievement hitherto accomplished. It was a highway, eighteen feet broad, excavated for a great part of the distance in the sides of the mountain. Taking its two proper terminal points, San Michel on the western side, and Susa on the eastern, the distance in a straight line is about thirty miles; but following the windings of the road, it is fifty. In that space the road ascends and descends about 5000 feet, say a mile of absolute elevation and descent. The mode of travel was by diligence, sixteen mules being required to drag a carriage up the steepest ascents. In the winter the carriages were frequently placed upon runners instead of wheels. More than half of this perpendicular ascent and descent had to be performed within what in a straight line would be about eight miles.

For forty years this Napoleonic road seemed the only practicable way of crossing the Alps at this most available point. But meanwhile railways had been pushed up to the foot of the mountains on either side. But no one for years seems to have dreamed that this sharp ascent, sometimes amounting to a rise of one in twelve, could be overcome by any engine moved by steam-power. The problem lay in this shape: the moving power of a locomotive is simply the amount of the traction of the driving-wheels upon the rails. Upon a straight course, an ascent of one foot in a hundred produces a sensible effect; one in fifty is a grade so heavy as to diminish the effective power of the engine by half. At one in twenty-five the power is practically nothing; a locomotive without a train attached can barely overcome it. A little

steeper, and the driving-wheels will only revolve upon the rails, without moving the locomotive at all forward. A rise of one in thirty is about the utmost practically overcome by an engine with a train, even when the rails are perfectly dry; if they are at all wet, a locomotive alone will hardly climb the ascent. Now upon the Mount Cenis road there are frequent ascents of one in twenty, and sometimes those of one in twelve.

Until within half a dozen years no one seemed to imagine that such ascents could be conquered. But about ten years ago Mr. Fell, an English engineer, conceived a plan for accomplishing this, and in 1865 obtained a temporary grant from the French and Italian governments for laying down and working a railway upon the line of Napoleon's Mount Cenis carriage road. Now that the thing has been accomplished, it all seems simple enough, and the wonder is that no one should have thought of it before.* All depends upon an additional centre rail, laid between the two rails on an ordinary track. This rail is the usual one; but it is laid down flatwise, so that the two running faces are presented upon either side.



CENTRE RAIL ON A CURVE.

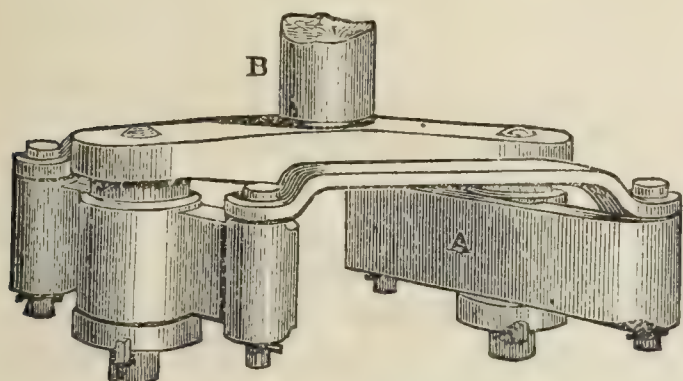
This centre rail, for reasons which will be apparent, is raised about a foot above the others.

The locomotive, besides having the ordinary perpendicular driving-wheels, is furnished with two pairs of horizontal ones, which can, by means of a screw and lever, be made to grip the centre rail like a vice, with any required amount of force. The actual tractive force of the locomotive is thus more than doubled. Indeed, by multiplying these wheels, and increasing the force of their grip upon the central rail, it would be theoretically possible to construct a locomotive which should draw itself up an absolutely perpendicular ascent. The limitations of this theoretical power are only the limits of the tenacity in the metals of which the whole is composed.

There is also, in addition to the ordinary

* The general idea was set forth forty years ago by Vignolles, a French engineer, and our own Ericsson; but we believe it was first put into execution by Mr. Fell on the Mount Cenis Railway.

brake acting upon the wheels of the carriages, another which acts upon the centre rail. The form of this is shown in the accompanying cut. The flat face A, and the corresponding one on



CENTRE-RAIL BRAKE.

the opposite side, usually run smoothly close to the faces of the rail; but by turning the shaft B by means of a lever, connected with a handle upon the platform, the two sides are brought together like the jaws of a vice, gripping the rail on either side. This centre brake alone will bring a train to a full stop within seventy yards. Combined with the ordinary wheel-brake, it will bring a train to a pause within less space than one needs to stop a carriage with the horses at a fair speed. This centre brake really controls the movement of the trains. The actual wear and tear upon it shows the work it has to do. As we found in the journey which we are to describe, it wears away so that its faces must be renewed at each trip. One other provision for safety is made upon this road. For each carriage is provided a deeply-flanged pair of guide-wheels, one running upon each side of the centre rail. These must prevent the train from breaking off the rails, even in rounding the sharpest curves. It is held tight upon the track at so many points that it must go on the rails.

Looking back upon all which was found evinced by a trip over the Fell Railroad, it seems to us that safety is secured upon a route whereof we have not the like for probable danger. We can not learn that any accident has ever happened on this route. We think, moreover, that the principle involved in the Fell Railroad is worthy of earnest consideration by our railway engineers. It seems to us that a railway constructed upon these principles can obviate not a few of the great difficulties which our engineers have to meet. For example, it seems to us that, had we studied it a few years ago, we should have never undertaken the construction of the Hoosic Tunnel. At all events, it is certain that herein is to be found means of reaching many of our mining regions hitherto supposed inaccessible to railways. We can by it mount ascents and round curves steeper and sharper than any with which we have as yet fairly grappled.

So much by way of preliminary to what we shall have to say respecting the existing railway over the summit of the Mount Cenis Pass. Now for the tunnel through the ridge. Rising near Mount Cenis are two little rivers running

in parallel but exactly opposite directions, upon either side of the ridge. The Arc, upon the French side, running northward, falls into the Isere, and thence into the Rhone, emptying into the Mediterranean near Marseilles. The Dora, upon the Italian side, running southward, falls into the Po, near Turin, and thence finds its way into the Adriatic. Now at one point, a score of miles from their source, these two rivers approach each other—the Arc bending a little to the south, the Dora to the north. The distance at this point of approach is about eight miles; the elevation of the valley of the Arc being here about 3700 feet; that of the Dora some 400 feet more, or 3000 below the summit of the pass. But between these two points the ridge of the Alps stands sentinel and barrier. This rocky barrier is pierced by the tunnel, 13,577 yards, about seven and seven-tenth miles; so that in that distance an ascent and descent of about 3000 feet are saved.

Having mastered all these details, we set out on our special tour of examination; the time being eighteen months ago, when no war raged in France. Leaving Paris, and traversing the fertile plains of Burgundy, passing Dijon and Macon, we climb the gentle lower slopes of the mountains, and reach the little village of San Michel, where the ascent of the Alps fairly begins. Here is the French terminus of the Fell Railway.

The carriages which are to convey us have a familiar look. They are almost exact counterparts of those of our city railways, just about as broad, the seats running lengthways along the sides. By special favor we are allowed to ride on the locomotive, and thus gain a better view than could be had from the carriage windows. In a few minutes we get our first view of the difficulties we have to surmount. The track runs straight up a hill steeper than any railway line we have ever seen, except the old incline—long since abandoned—at Schenectady, in New York, or the coal road at Mount Pisgah, in Pennsylvania. The actual ascent, by measurement, for half a mile, is one foot in eighteen; but if our eyes can be trusted it is not much less than the half of a right angle. But there is nothing in which our senses more deceive us than the real slope of a mountain-side. Thus, the Peak of Teneriffe, which to the eye is a perfect sugar-loaf, has an inclination of only 12° , or one in thirty; and the very steepest face of Mont Blanc, which looks almost perpendicular, is less than 45° , or one in eight, an inclination only half greater than some which we shall have to mount on this railway. The centre rail driving-wheels are screwed up, and the little engine pulls us up this rise with scarcely an apparent check. Then follows a comparatively slight ascent for ten miles, the average rise being only one in forty-eight. This brings us to Modane Station. Here, looking across the gorge, we see a thin line of smoke rising far up the side of a steep mountain. This, we are told, marks the north-



THE ROAD ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.

ern terminus of the tunnel, which we shall visit in a day or two. In the mean while we must go on to Turin, in order to obtain a permit to go into the tunnel; for of late it has been found necessary to exclude visitors, excepting for two days in the month, neither of which suits our time; and, moreover, we wish to examine matters more carefully than we could as part of a crowd on a regular open day.

Here also, looking southward, we get a glimpse of the ridge through, or rather under, which the tunnel is to pass. Following with our eye the line pointed out to us as the direction of the tunnel, our vision is barred by a peak which, we are told, is called the "Grand Vallon," just midway between the two extremities of the tunnel—Fourneaux, where we see the smoke rising, and Bardonnèche, the opposite terminus on the Italian side. The Grand Vallon, we are told, rises to an altitude of 11,000 feet, only 454 less than that of Mount Cenis; and right under the highest point runs the tunnel; so that, measured in a straight line downward, fully a mile and a half of Alpine rock, at its highest point, over-

lies the tunnel. By rights the tunnel should be named the "Grand Vallon," for Mount Cenis is fully a score of miles from the nearest point of the tunnel. However, we suppose that the name—like that of "America" for the New World, which should have been named "Columbia"—is too firmly fixed to be changed.

At Modane our train makes a brief halt to take in water for the engine, and to see that every thing is in order. Well it may, for right before us is an ascent steeper than any thing we have yet seen. It is, by actual measurement, one foot in twelve. So steep does it look that we can hardly believe that any train can overcome it. But we go at it with a dash, with the utmost speed which our little locomotive can accomplish. The screws are put on the horizontal driving-wheels, and up we go, our speed diminishing yard by yard, until it is reduced to four miles an hour. We could fairly outwalk the train. Should any thing give way, we must go back to Modane and try again; for, although the entire brake power would be sufficient to hold us fast on the incline, and pre-

vent us from running back, the train could not be started again if the brakes were on; and if they were off, we should just slide down in spite of all the engine could do.

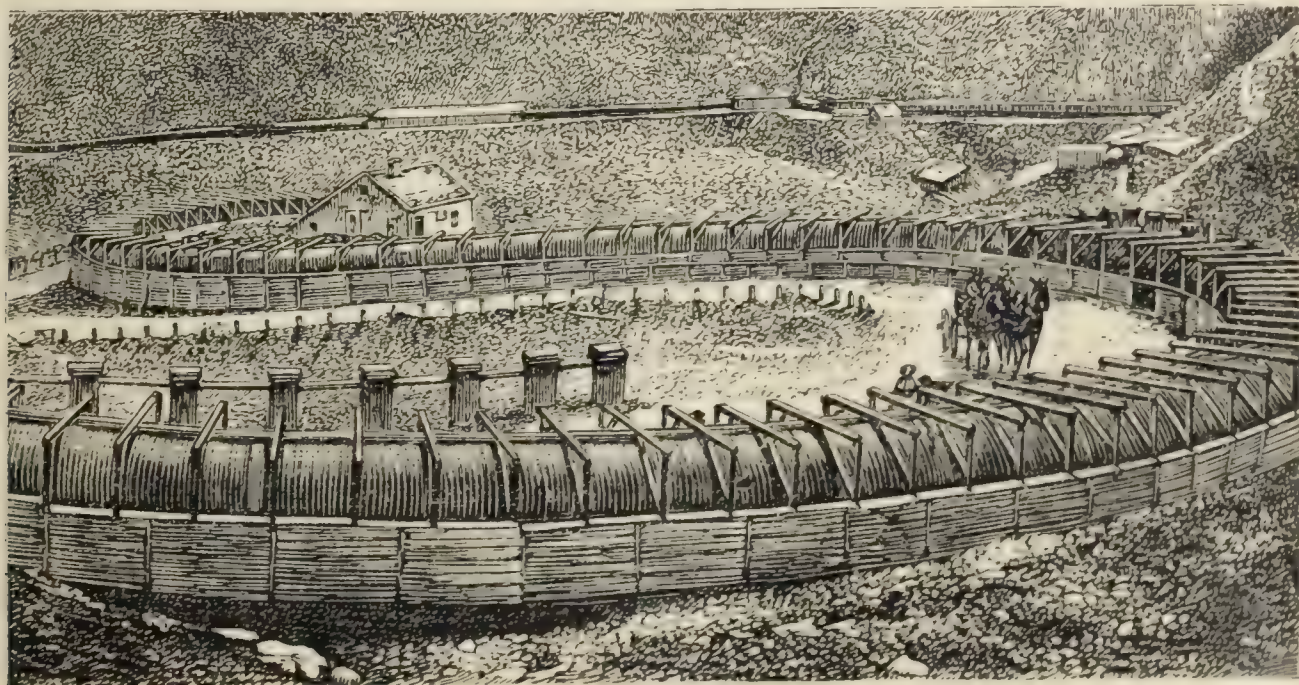
But no accident happens, as we believe none has hitherto happened here; and we breathe freer as we begin to ascend a gentler inclination. All the way we have been winding upward along the steep face of the cliff, upon the outer edge of Napoleon's road, of which our railway track occupies the outer edge, so that, without any parapet between us and the abyss below, we can look sheer down precipices whose depths seem to us immeasurable. At Termignon the valley makes a sharp turn to the east, so that we can look back over the zigzag line by which we have so far ascended. Then comes a great bend back and forth, and another sharp ascent, by which in a mile we rise 350 feet.

This brings us to Lans-le-bourg, twenty-five miles from San Michel, and 2220 feet above that place. Here begins the great dead-lift of the road, for there is a further ascent of 2240 feet, which must be accomplished in a space of six miles. Here the engines are changed, for it is not safe to trust the work to one which has just been employed in dragging the train from San Michel. From our station on the locomotive we can mark the zigzags and curves of the road, which winds around like a huge snake. So sharp are the curves that our train of five carriages is often bent like a J , the locomotive and the hinder car running in exactly opposite directions. Nothing but the centre rail and its appurtenances could prevent us from running off the track, and plunging sheer down the precipice which we overlook. At every moment something reminds us of the possible perils of the way. At intervals of only a quarter of a mile, perched upon some commanding point, are houses of refuge—solid little stone structures designed as shelters for travelers in the old diligence days (not very old either, for our railway dates back only five years) who should chance to be caught in a sudden snow-storm. Ever and anon we plunge into darkness, for at

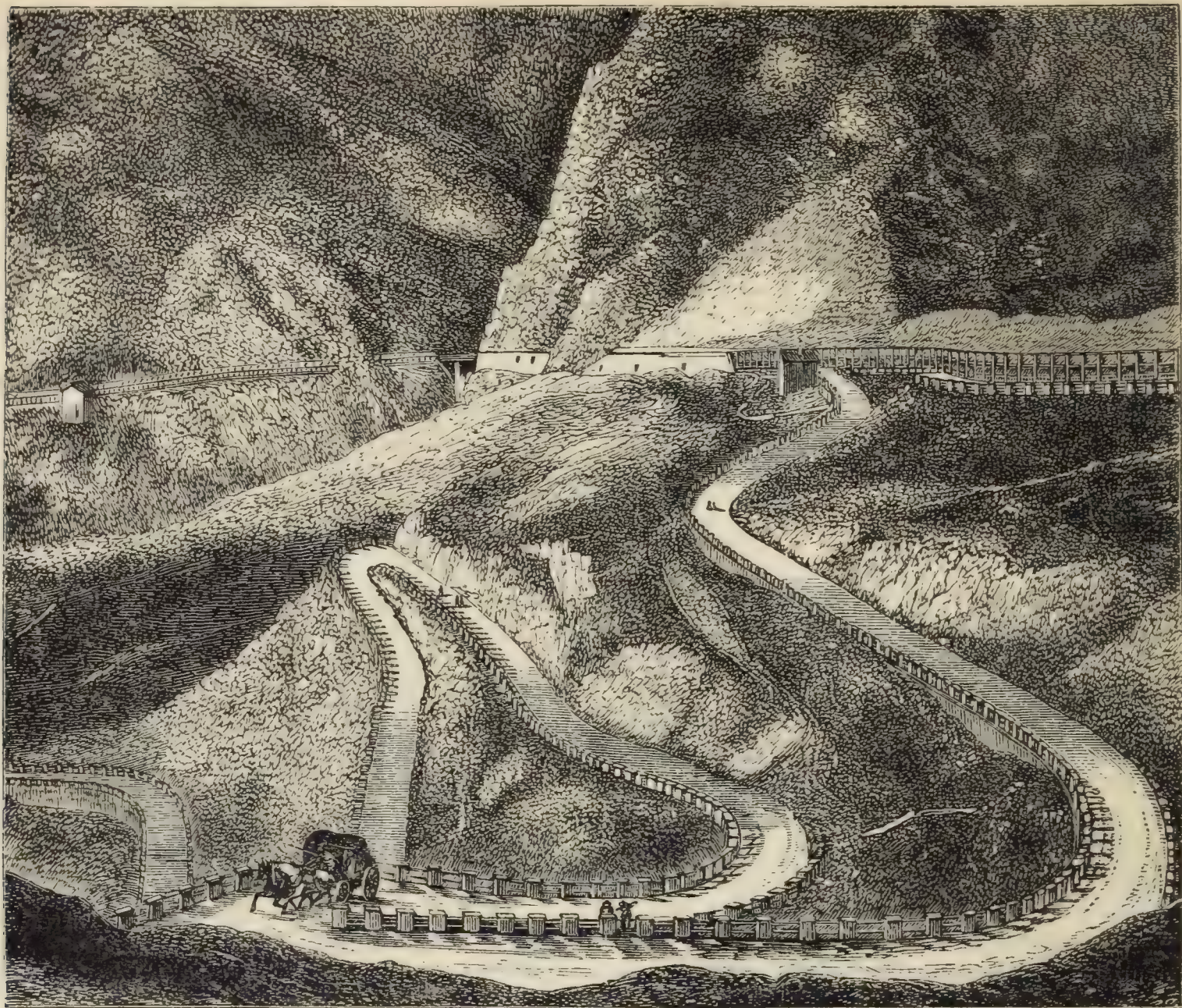
the most exposed points the railway forms a covered way, having heavy plank walls, and a roof of corrugated iron. Two miles out of the six occupied by the ascent, and as many more upon the opposite descent, are thus roofed over.

But the summit is at length gained; then comes a run of five miles of almost level ground, when we begin the tremendous descent upon the Italian side. The descent is even more wonderful than the ascent, for it is almost continuous, with hardly an intervening level stretch. The views which we get are wonderful, changing every instant. At one moment we look far down over the lovely valley, dotted over with villages, vineyards, and farms. Then we turn a curve, and there is before us only a frowning wall of ragged rock. Again we seem to be literally hanging midway between valley below and peak above. We actually *slide* down a great part of the descent of almost twenty miles from the summit to Susa, the Italian terminus of the Fell Railway. Here, even more clearly than on the ascent, the value of the centre rail was shown. The wheel-brakes were not once applied, the centre brake alone regulating the speed.

The illustrations which we give, selected from an immense number, show better than can be done by words some of the most striking features of the scenery upon the route. At the head of the article is the *Échelle du Diable*—"Devil's Ladder"—a little way down the Italian slope. This "ladder" is a zigzag, rising tier over tier, constructed to take the place of a portion of the road as originally laid out by Napoleon's engineers, but which was abandoned on account of the avalanches which come down. At the very foot of the ladder are seen the remains of one or two vehicles which have broken down; and midway up is seen a diligence, drawn by twelve horses, toiling up the ascent, while another is shown mounted upon runners. The railway does not climb the ladder, but leaves it for the old road of Napoleon, and is protected by a long line of covered galleries. Fort Essillon is near Modane. Here the road passes high above the river Arc, whose gorge



COVERED WAY, NEAR THE SUMMIT.



THE DESCENT—ITALIAN SIDE.

forms a natural fosse, surmounted by a fortress, now dismantled, built by the Sardinians to guard the pass. This fort is on the side of the gorge opposite the road, with which it is connected by a light iron bridge, called the "Devil's Bridge." It looks like a slender thread stretching across the chasm. On the right side is seen the railroad train toiling up one of the steepest ascents. Here is one of the most striking views on the route. The remaining illustrations tell their own story.

In six hours after leaving San Michel we reach the foot of the mountain on the opposite side of the Alps, where the Fell Railway terminates, at the little town of Susa, at the head of the broad valley of the Po. Thence a ride of thirty miles, accomplished in an hour, brings us to the gay, bustling city of Turin. Here, repairing to the office of the "Direzione Tecnica del Traforo delle Alpi," we present our credentials and receive a permit to visit the tunnel on an off day; and also a special letter to Signor Genesio, the local superintendent, which will secure to us every facility for a thorough examination of the work.

The Italian terminus of the tunnel is less readily accessible than the French one; so we retrace our way to Modane, and walk over and up to Fourneaux, a little village dug in, as it were, upon the steep hill-side. A more unpleasant place, filled with less pleasing people,

it would be hard to find. We never before saw so many people afflicted with that ugly, wen-like excrescence, the *goitre*, and its accompaniment, apparent idiocy. But the scenery is magnificent. Above us rises the Grand Valon, its upper portion white with snow; while, lower down, the cliffs are clothed with firs and pines, looking, in contrast with the snow, almost black. Lower still are trees and shrubs, whose foliage, clad in bright autumnal hues, reminds us of what we have seen among our own White Mountains of New Hampshire. But far higher above—almost twice higher than Mount Washington—are piled the Alpine peaks, soaring one above another, and shutting in the vision at either extremity of the valley.

Here let us gather up what, during a three days' stay, we learn, by the abundant courtesy of the officials, of the origin and mode of construction of the tunnel which we are to explore.

The idea of the tunnel appears to have been first broached, about 1832, by M. Medail, a Piedmontese, born at Bardonnèche, who pointed out where lay the least thickness of the Alps between Piedmont and Savoy. Ten years later he presented to the Italian government a plan for a tunnel through the ridge. Two engineers, MM. Maus and Sismonda, were thereupon appointed to investigate the matter. After four years they reported favorably upon the line which



FORT ESSILLON AND THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

has been adopted. The great difficulty lay not in the fact that it must run so far beneath the summit of the mountain; since, for all practical purposes, it made no difference whether this towered half a mile or five miles above. Either distance would equally prevent perpendicular shafts from being sunk to the level of the line, so that the working could be carried on simultaneously at many points. The mountain could be attacked only at its opposite sides, from which the two ends of the tunnel, well-nigh eight miles apart, must be driven toward each other. Moreover, how were the hundreds of laborers to be supplied with air, which could only reach them for almost four miles underground? Again, as far as was then known, only human labor could be employed. Steam-power was out of the question; for the steam-engine must have fire, and fire must have abundant air, as well as coal and water. It now seems strange to us that, with the knowledge then existing, the work should ever have been seriously considered. Looking back upon the work done, we may safely say that, by no means known to man in 1855, could the excavation of this tunnel have been performed in half a century. Only so many men at a time could work within the contracted space. Unless some mechanical means of drilling other than that of steam-power should be devised, the work, if undertaken, must have been abandoned before it had been a quarter completed.

But, as it happened, about 1850, three young Italian engineers—Sommellier, Grandis, and Grattoni—were engaged in a series of investigations. They had no thought of the Mount Cenis Tunnel, with which, however, their names have come to be inseparably connected. All that they then thought of was a means of propelling, by means of compressed air, railway trains up a steep incline among the Apennines. The idea was to use compressed air as the motive power. The principle upon which they started was one already well established—that air, when compressed, has a great expansive and elastic power. This principle is well shown in the toy known as the “air-gun.” The amount of possible force thus to be acquired had long been settled. Air compressed to one-sixth of its natural state has an expansive force of about 84 pounds to the square inch. This is about half more than the pressure of steam in an ordinary stationary engine, as usually worked.* The merest tyro in mechanics need not be told that no machinery creates power. Levers and pulleys and cogs simply enable us to concentrate or apply power already created at the point where we wish to use it; and this transfer is always accompanied by more or less loss. But, as it happened, there was, just where Sommellier and his associates wished to use this

compressed air, a river, which gave abundant force for compressing the air. The problem now became a purely mechanical one. It was merely to transfer the water-power of the river into the shape of condensed air. As we shall see, the same advantage was to be found at each extremity of the proposed Alpine tunnel.

About 1855 Mr. Bartlett, an English engineer, invented an apparatus by means of which a drill, driven by steam, was made to perforate a wall of rock to far greater advantage than the same work could be done by hand. His idea was mainly the use of his machine in coal mining in England, where, we believe, it has been and is used to advantage. But, as we have seen, Bartlett's steam-drill could not be used in the Alpine tunnel; while the Italian air-engine was equally unavailable in an English mine, where no water-power for compressing the air was to be had.

It occurred to Sommellier and his associates that the two inventions might be combined into one, and used to bore through the Alps. The result of this is shown in what we shall have to see, and explain as best we may.

Sommellier and his friends proposed their plan to the Italian government of their day. How the putting this into execution was postponed for years, until the troubles connected with the rise of the new kingdom of Italy got, in a fashion, settled, is a story too long to be told here. Suffice it to say that finally, under the administration of Cavour, somewhere about 1857, the Italian government fairly took upon itself the work of digging the Mount Cenis Tunnel.

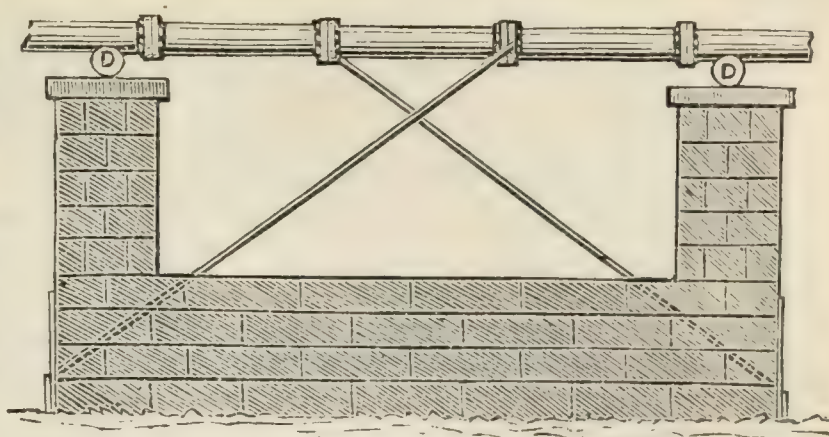
The first thing was to fix mathematically upon the exact direction which the tunnel should take, so that the two opposite headings should meet under the summit of the Great Vallon. In engineering phrase, the horizontal axis of the tunnel was to be fixed; that is, a line was to be marked out over the crests right under which, no matter how far below, the tunnel should run. In fixing this line the two engineers, Copello and Borelli, to whom the work was confided, encountered great difficulties. They had to scale the rocky sides of cliffs, making paths over untrodden regions, and use their surveying instruments in a region where, at any moment, a sudden storm might interrupt their work. But it was at length performed, and from the summit of the Great Vallon, 11,000 feet above the sea, down the slope on either side, a line was marked out, right under which the tunnel should run. That the tunnel should nowhere deviate a foot to the right or the left from following this line, lay fairly within the known limits of engineering skill. The compass, carefully used, would settle that. But there was a far more serious difficulty to be met. The two portions of the tunnel must not only approach each other in the same direction, east and west, but they should meet at the same vertical elevation. The precise inclination of the two excavations must be rectified at every rod; otherwise, when they should have met at the centre, one might have

* We find that the engine which moves the entire mass of machinery in the establishment where this Magazine is printed is usually worked at a pressure of from 50 to 60 pounds. It is safe, however, to increase this by a half.

been yards or rods above or below the other. There were not wanting those who, up to the very last moment, doubted whether the two workings would ever meet. But the final result, known first on Christmas-day, 1870, showed how accurately all had been done. When the last foot of rock had been broken through, the two excavations struck each other almost to an inch. The first man who passed through the dividing rock, we are told, was Grattoni, one of the three of whom we have spoken. If we could have chosen the proudest three single moments which could mark a human life, one should have been that when Napoleon, at Austerlitz, saw the Austrian line fairly cut in two; another should have been Wellington's, when he saw Napoleon's Imperial Guard tumbling back in rout from its charge upon his solid square; the third should have been that of Grattoni, when, first of all men, he passed through the Alpine tunnel.

At Fourneaux we examine the apparatus for furnishing the compressed air which is to supply the perforating engine, which we are soon to see at work. What we see is rather simple. Close down at the edge of the Arc is a water-wheel, always at work. On the bank above is a huge tank, upheld by a score or so of iron columns. It looks like an ordinary gas-holder. Running up to this are a number of hollow tubes, each opening into the tank by a valve, opening up into the tank, so that every thing going up can pass, but nothing can come back. The wheel drives the water up the tube, forcing the air before it into the tank. When the column of water has reached the top of the tube a valve at the bottom is closed, cutting off the water, while another is opened, allowing that which has entered to pass off; while at the same time another valve at the top is opened, admitting air into the pipe. Then, when the pipe has been emptied of water, the escape-valve is closed and the supply-valve opened, and the rising water again drives the air before it into the tank; and so on perpetually. All this operation, so hard to describe, is easy to understand when once seen. The current of the river turns the wheel; the wheel forces up water into the pipe; this condenses the air contained in the pipe; and so a force which costs nothing, and which for untold ages has lain useless, is made, under human guidance, to work miles away. At Bardonnèche, the other end of the tunnel, they are able to dispense with the water-wheel and the whole pumping apparatus. There, high up on the mountain-side, is a stream which never fails. From this the water is conveyed by pipes into the condensing cylinders, rising when the supply-valve is opened, and falling when it is closed. Otherwise all is the same as we see at Fourneaux.

The condensing apparatus at Fourneaux is about half a mile from the mouth of the tunnel. The condensed air is borne from the tank through an iron pipe of eight inches in diameter.



THE AIR-PIPE.

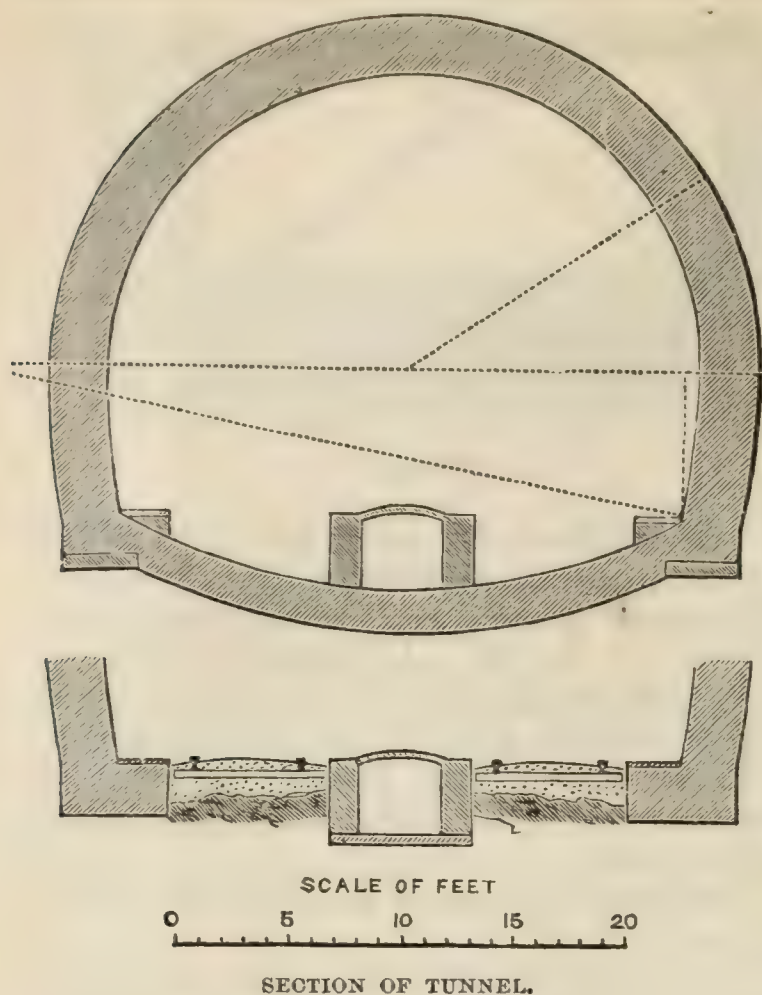
As we pass up to the mouth of the tunnel we see this pipe running along the way. We notice the manner in which it is laid, and are inclined to think it absurd. At intervals of three or four yards are low pillars of masonry, upon the top of which is a short piece of pipe, mounted upon rollers. The intervening pieces are braced firmly by iron rods let into the upholding masonry.

"What is the use of this?" we ask of our guide.

"The temperature of the valley outside of the tunnel," he replies, "often varies fifty degrees in the course of a single day. Now, if our pipe were here laid in the usual way, its expansion and contraction under these quick changes of temperature would soon tear it to pieces. We have to make it practically an elastic tube. Now see how our plan works. The ends of the fixed parts, between the pillars, fit into those upon the tops of the pillars, much as one slide of a telescope runs into another. Now when our tube expands by heat, the fixed part is driven a little into the movable part, resting on the pillars; when the tube contracts by cold it is pulled a little out. So our pipe is always of the same length, no matter what may be the expansion or contraction of its several parts. The parts resting upon rollers are made so simply to give free play to the whole. The joints—there are hundreds of them—are made as nearly air-tight as possible by means of rubber or leather packing. So nearly air-tight are they, that the escape of air by all is hardly appreciable. One part in sixty is all that is lost in the whole three miles and more between the reservoir and the place where we are now working. Fairly inside the tunnel, where the temperature is equable, the pipes are laid in the usual way. Don't you see?"

We did see, and inwardly resolved that we would not thereafter take it upon ourselves to pass summary judgment upon any engineering question which should come before us in the tunnel. It might be that the engineers were wiser than we.

The mouth of the tunnel, which we reach after a walk of half a mile, presents nothing specially notable. It is a mere hole in a hill-side, only it looked a little larger than any one which we had seen—say the Bergen Tunnel, near New York. It is a simple horseshoe arch, whereof the height is within a few inches of



twenty-five feet, and the greatest breadth a foot or two more. Wagons, loaded with all sorts of materials, are going in; others, equally laden, are coming out. Fairly within, it is the most dark, damp, and disagreeable place we ever entered, even where the work is pronounced finished. There is, indeed, a solid floor over which to walk; a solid wall of smooth masonry incloses us on both sides. The stones of which it is constructed, we are told, have been brought from miles away, for hereabouts there is no rock which the workmen could hew into shape for such purpose. Each step the way grows darker. We look back toward the entrance through which we have come. It grows smaller and smaller, until at last it is lost to view. Then before, behind, above, and around is utter darkness, broken only by the candles which we carry, and a faint gleam from some gas-light shining like a star in the distance.

Meanwhile our guide was profuse in his explanations. "The floor," he said, "looks level; but right in the centre is a covered way, three or four feet high and broad. It was at first designed merely as a conduit for water-pipes and the like. But one day—it was in 1863—when we were working through a rather soft bit of rock, a great fall of rubbish came down, blocking up the tunnel, and shutting in three-score men who were working beyond. They gave themselves up for lost, until one, who had his wits about him, bethought himself of this covered way of escape, through which all crawled out. Since then nobody is afraid of being shut up here."

As we proceed still onward the air grows hotter. A thermometer hanging by the wall, which we read by the light of our candle, indicates a temperature of 80°. "Where are we

now?" we ask. "About two miles from the mouth, nearly at the end of the finished part on our side, and close upon that in course of excavation, where you can see how the work is done."

Hardly were the words spoken before a gust of smoke dashed full in our faces.

"They have been letting off a blast; we shall be just in time to see the work going on."

Hitherto we had been walking along what might have been some deserted city street. All at once the way narrowed at the sides and sank down overhead. "Here we are," said our guide, "at the entrance of the gallery in corso di scavazione; for we don't bore this big hole through at once. We make it in three drifts, two side by side, and one at the top; one a bit ahead of the other. The Italians drive the top drift ahead; we put in one of our side ones first."

All this was said in such an odd mixture of languages that we are to this day in doubt as to the nationality of our guide. If he was English, he had learned little Italian; if he was Italian, he had learned little English. Could he have been a Yankee who had strayed from the Alleghanies to the Alps? Once or twice we thought his speech bewrayed him. But be he who he might, he evidently understood engineering. We shall hereafter translate his *lingua Italiana* into English.

"Why is this?" we ask. "One way of making the drifts must be better than the other. Why not find out the best way, and follow it on both sides?"

"It is all plain enough when once you come to understand it. The Italian mouth of the tunnel at Bardonnèche had to be a little more than a hundred feet above ours at Fourneaux; and even then we had to make our mouth almost four hundred feet higher than we would have liked to do. You would suppose that the line should have run straight down from one end to the other. That would have answered very well for us, but not for our friends on the opposite side; for, before they had run down half a mile, they would have been flooded. Water in one way or another is always coming into the tunnel; and water, you know, won't run up hill. So, instead of coming down to us, they were obliged to go up a little, to let their water run off on their own side. To make this ascent as slight as possible, they first excavated from the top. When our ends meet at the bottom the water may run which way it pleases. Do you see?"

We saw again, and were still further inwardly assured that we had yet something to learn in the matter of engineering.

No sooner had we entered the narrow advanced gallery than we seemed to come into a new world. The temperature was certainly high, but the air was pure and sweet, acting like balm upon our lungs, which had been laboring in the sulphurous smoke. This, as we soon learned, was owing to the fresh air which,

THE AFFUSTO AND PERFORATORS.



after having done its work in the "Affusto," which we were to see, had to find its way out, driving before it all foul exhalations toward the mouth of the tunnel.

"Here we are," said our guide, "just about under the highest point of the Grand Vallon.

I suppose there is a mile and a half of solid rock right over our heads. We are three miles into the mountain. They are a little further on the other side; for we met some harder rock than they did, which made us go slower. And this," he continued, patting a piece of ma-

chinery, "is our *affusto*, or, as the French call it, *affût*, which in English means just 'carriage.' The nine things which you see pecking away at the hard rock in front are the perforators; or, as we call them in French, *perforatrices*—'Mademoiselle Borers.' This is what has done the work of boring into the Alps."

Instructed as to what the *affusto* has done, we look upon it with a kind of reverence; though what we see, as shown in our illustration, is nowise remarkable. Take an ordinary locomotive engine, remove the furnace and boiler, and you have a fair idea of it. There are pipes, wheels, and handles in bewildering confusion, and a score of men, who seem to know what they are about, in all sorts of attitudes, managing the whole. The one thing which strikes us as new is the nine rods, looking like the long antennæ of a beetle, from each of which something comes out and in right against the face of the rock.

"Count the strokes from one of these," said our guide. Watch in hand, as though we were timing a racer, we count. In a minute there are just two hundred strokes.

"Each blow," said our guide, "has a force of two hundred pounds, quite as heavy as are given by a miner with a sledge-hammer. Did you ever count how many blows a miner will give in a minute?"

We had seen mining operations enough, but had never thought of counting the number of blows. We went through the operation with our cane, as nearly as we could, and found that we made about twenty strokes in a minute.

"That's about fair," said our guide. "A miner, with an assistant to handle the drill, will give about twenty hammer strokes in a minute; but not more than five pairs of workmen could find room to work here at once. They would give all at once a hundred blows a minute. Now Madame *Affût*, with her nine daughters, the *Perforatrices*, gives eighteen hundred, quite as heavy, in the same time. To be sure, the madame and her daughters want about a score of men to wait upon them. But she and they manage to strike eighteen hundred blows a minute, while it would take one hundred and eighty men, with hammer and drill, to do the same labor, even could they have found space in which to work, which they couldn't. Don't you see?"

Again we saw, and were abashed.

"Look again," said our guide, with professional enthusiasm, "and you will see how it all works. Our motive power, as you know, comes from the water-wheel at Fourneaux, which condenses the air. Thence it comes up where we are. We have got our power where we want it, in the *affusto*. We use it just as though it were steam. See that cylinder; in it works a piston, to the end of which is attached a drill. Now, when the air is let on, it drives the drill against the rock; and when the air is cut off, back comes the drill. Look again, and you will see that at each stroke the drill turns

around a little. To make this rotatory movement takes more than half of the machinery which you see; but it must be done. In hand-work one man turns the drill, while the other gives the blow. *Affusto* does both; she strikes the blow and turns the drill. Again, iron striking stone educes fire. We must put this out as fast as it occurs. So you see that with each *perforatrice* is a man, holding what looks like a common garden hose, through which he throws water into the hole made by the drill. You see that each *perforatrice* works independently of all the rest, so that any change in the movement of one does not affect the others. Moreover, which you will hardly notice, each has a flexible joint, so that the drill may be directed up or down, to the right or the left, as may be required. Ah, there you see; that drill near the middle has gone deep enough, and they are going to have it make a new hole."

The drill to which our attention was called was withdrawn, and put at a point a yard distant. For a minute or two it seemed to strike "wildly," as pugilists say, as if not knowing just where it meant to hit. A man with a hooked rod guided it for a little. But as soon as a hole a few inches deep was made, the drill worked of itself.

"How deep do you drill?" we asked.

"That depends upon the character of the rock. In this, through which we are now passing, about a yard. In the hard quartz which we met a while ago, when they got a start of us on the other side, we went only half as deep; and that was fearfully hard upon the drills. In ten minutes they got so blunted that we had to change them. As it is, we wear out about a hundred and fifty drills and two perforators for every yard we gain. M. Sommelier estimates that, all told, we shall use up a couple of thousand of the *Mademoiselles Perforatrices* before we get through. If we get off with the loss of that number, it will be less than I expect. The general idea is to drill about eight hours at a time, and then blast. To clear away the stone takes about half as long as it does to do the drilling; so that generally we blast twice a day. A day with us means four-and-twenty hours; for the work never stops. We work in gangs, eight hours on and sixteen hours off. Eight working hours out of the twenty-four, I dare say, seems short time to you; but it has been found to be as much as men can well do in this atmosphere. We know only two holidays—Christmas and Easter-Sunday."

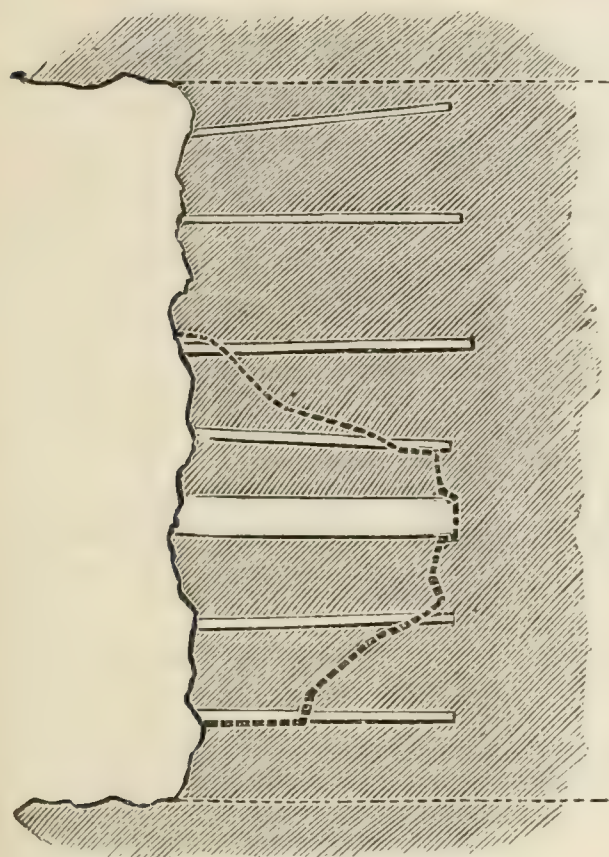
We had been advised to wait for a blast, the crowning event of each eight hours' work. But the continuous "thuds" of the nine perforators—thirty to a second, could we have counted them—grew monotonous. So we strayed down the tunnel to see how the work was being done. What we saw was just this: where the two or three drifts had been blasted into one, numbers of half-naked men were working away to clear off the rubbish and make all smooth.

Our guide did not seem to care much about

these investigations. For a while he left us quite to ourselves. Possibly he had found some friends in the tunnel. At all events, when we got back to the head of the gallery he was in great good humor, and altogether fluent in explanation.

"You are just in time," he said, "to see the work done. Look at the drillings."

We looked: and what we saw, and the explanation thereof, are shown in the two following diagrams. The wall before us—eight feet



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF GALLERY.

and a few inches high, and a little broader—was honey-combed with holes, about fifty in all, apparently placed at random. The face of a sand-hill inhabited by bank swallows presents an exact representation of its appearance. But, as we found, and have shown on the diagrams, these drillings are by no means made at random.

The affusto, having, through a flexible pipe, given a strong blast of wind into each hole, driving out all the dust, was wheeled back, and we saw workmen putting up a heavy barricade of thick oaken plank behind us. Others began putting in the charges of powder. We noticed that they charged half a dozen or so near the centre, then stopped; and all went back behind the barricade. We prudently went with them.

"Why do you not charge all the holes, and fire them off at once?" we ask.

"Wait a moment, and you will see," we are told.

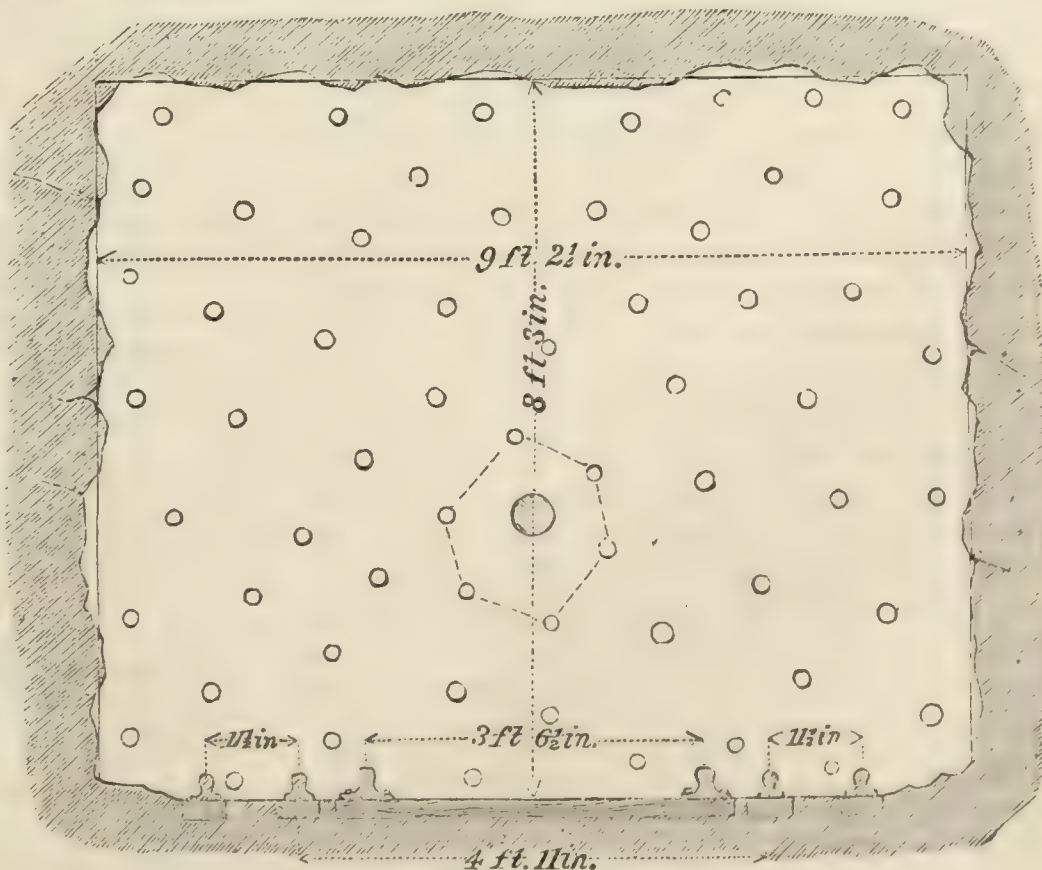
At the moment the sound

of the explosion was heard, and as soon as the smoke had somewhat cleared away we re-entered. There was a ragged hole a yard deep, and perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, in the centre of the rocky face.

"You see the rock gives way at the point of least resistance, and that was where six or eight holes had been bored close together. Now we shall charge another and larger circuit of holes. The rock will, of course, again give way toward the weakest point—that is, toward this hole which we have already made, enlarging it to a couple of yards. Then we shall charge the remaining holes, and all the rock will still be blown inward, leaving a tolerably even surface all around the space marked out by the perforators."

The working of these blasts is shown in the two diagrams. The position of the first hole is represented in the cross section. Its general shape is indicated by the heavy dotted lines in the longitudinal section. The outline of the entire excavation is represented by light broken lines. We could not fail to perceive the economy in power secured by blasting successively, instead of all at once; and again resolved that we would not undertake to instruct the Mount Cenis engineers how to do their work. Indeed, we rather wished that, when the tunnel shall be completed, some of them would come to us across the Atlantic. We think they could teach us something.

Afterward, when we considered that it was the River Arc which had really—though indirectly, through Sommellier's air-pipe—dug through almost four miles of solid Alpine rock, miles from and hundreds of feet above its bed—and when we called to mind the superabundance of water-power which we have lost hitherto, because lying in ravines so deep as to be practically inaccessible—and when we considered how that wasted water-power might be trans-



CROSS SECTION OF GALLERY.

lated into compressed air, and so carried far away to places where it could be utilized—we became convinced that herein, as well as in the Fell Railway, lay matter worthy of profound consideration. What form our speculations finally assumed we have not space here to put down.

We had in six hours seen the entire working of the operations on the Mount Cenis Tunnel; for the rock blasted out having been hauled away, the affusto was wheeled back, and again began its work as before.

It must not be supposed that the work was completed last Christmas-day. The heads of the advance drifts then met. The tunnel had yet to be blasted to its full extent; and, moreover, thirty-four miles of most difficult railway were to be constructed to connect the tunnel with the French and Italian lines, between which it forms a link. We have in this paper simply shown what the Mount Cenis Tunnel really is, giving attention particularly to the difficulties involved in its construction. Possibly, before this meets the eyes of our readers the tunnel will have been opened.

A few facts and figures, by way of memoranda and suggestion, and we have done: the actual work upon the tunnel was begun in 1859; the air-perforators, without which the whole must have been a failure, were introduced in 1861. In 1863, Savoy having been annexed to France, an agreement was made between the French and Italian governments, in accordance with which Italy was to execute the whole within ten years, receiving from France about 32,000,000 francs as payment for half of the work, with deductions in case the completion should be delayed. It is generally understood that the French payment will fall short of half the total cost, which is estimated now at 75,000,000 francs, say \$15,000,000. But it should also be borne in mind that this sum means much more in Italy than with us. Thus, the payment of ordinary laborers on the tunnel is three francs a day; with us the same men would command about two dollars. It is fair to estimate that, measured by our standard, the cost of the tunnel itself, less than eight miles long, will be \$50,000,000. But this is only a part of the actual working cost. As we have said, thirty-four miles of railroad have to be built, and the whole equipped with engines and carriages. We have before us two estimates of the probable entire cost, which readers may take for what they are worth, only bearing in mind that engineers' estimates are usually far short of actual cost. Captain Tyler, the English Board of Trade inspector, in 1868, estimated the entire cost at £5,400,000 (\$27,000,000). Sir Cusack Roney, an eminent British contractor, estimates it at £7,200,000 (\$36,000,000). Both sums are based upon the price of Italian labor. We should, in counting the cost, multiply by something more than three, and so judge that, taking a fair mean between the two estimates, the whole cost of the Mount Cenis Tunnel and Railway, 42 miles in all, will not fall short of

\$100,000,000. That, as a commercial enterprise, it can ever pay, seems out of the question. And it may be safely assumed that, as it is the first, so it will be the last enterprise of the kind which will be undertaken for generations. But, as we have before intimated, two things, hardly more than incidental to the whole idea, are worth to the world much more than all has cost. These two things are: Fell's—or rather, perhaps, Ericsson's—centre rail and appurtenances, and Sommellier's air-condensing apparatus.

POET AND PAINTER.

THE shadows and the fire-light gleams
Made war within the dusky room;
We sat and talked of plans and dreams,
Unmindful of the gathering gloom,

Till Carl laughed out: "The very fire
Makes pictures. See the touches there!
How Art and Nature both conspire
To help the painter, unaware!"

"You poets, now, are idle folk,
You only need a little wit
In morals—eggs must have a yolk—
Some care that rhymes and notions fit;

"But we! we study lines and tints.
I spent a week, a while ago,
Painting a broom. We want no hints
In Art—and truth is hard to show."

"Ay, with your clumsy instruments
You make the truth a clown," I said,
"Set up for sale, at fifty cents,
In daubs of yellow, green, and red!"

"But words are finer tools; they give
The meaning under form and hue.
You draw the outer life we live;
The inner life needs painting too.

"You said, 'the truth'—you best know why.
We judge attempts; for none succeed.
Who ever kept a sunset sky;
Or showed the beauty in a weed?"

Carl only sighed: "The truth, indeed,
Is past the bound of mortal skill;
But even to reach the bound we need
More than a life-time's work and will.

"What better can the poets do
With sunsets?—ponder every line
And write a labored verse or two,
Beflowered with 'gorgeous! grand! divine?"

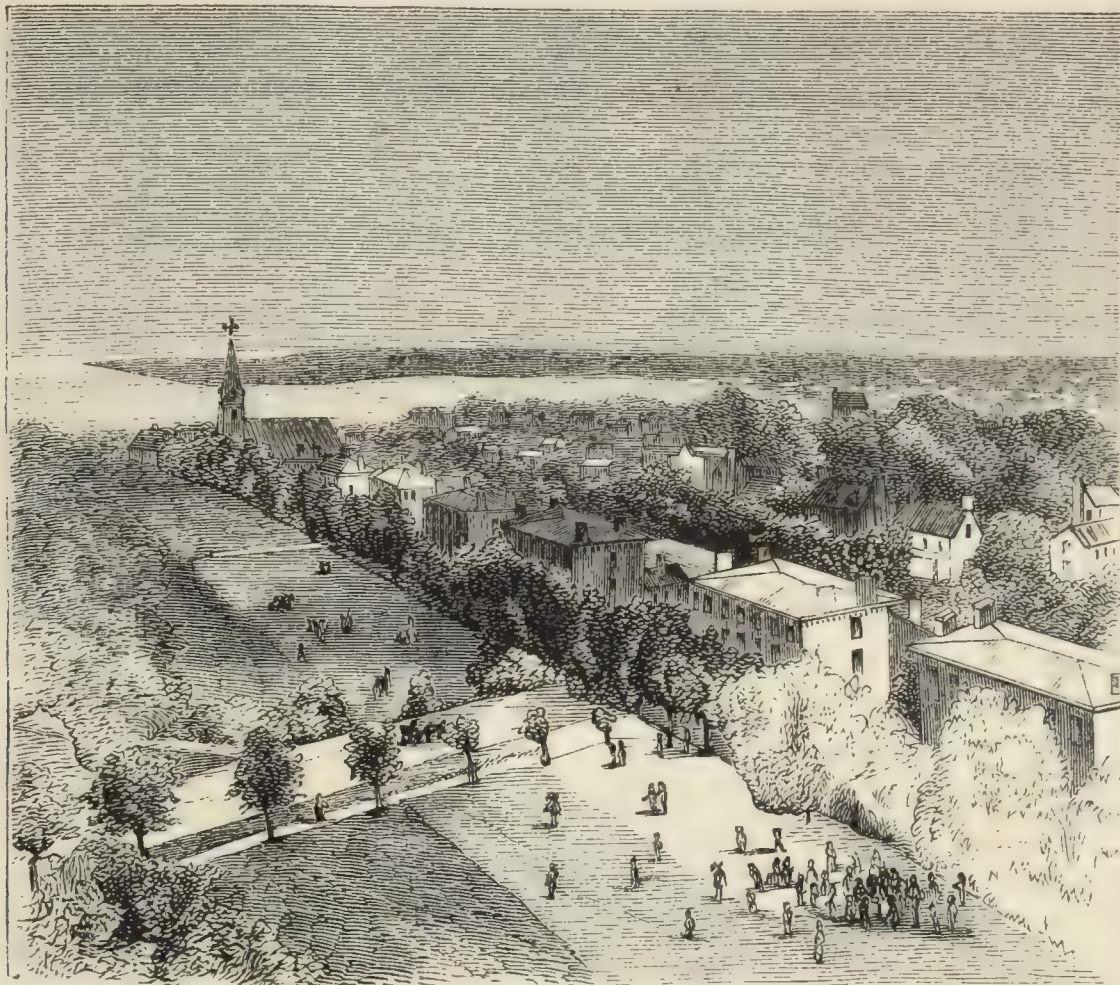
"Nay, now, I mean it soberly:
Find me a verse—a line—a phrase—
Even a word—to bring to me
The wonder of the summer days;

"To tell the whole of joy or pain!"
And I was silent, half ashamed;
Then laughed outright: "At least, 'tis plain
We know the ends at which we aimed!"

"Well, each endeavor has its worth
To workers hoping for the time
When Art shall have a noble birth
In perfect color—perfect rhyme.

"To-morrow I will come and see
Your picture. Read my book again.
If failures teach us charity,
We surely shall not fail in vain."

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.



OFFICERS' ROW.

THIS institution, as important to the navy as is West Point to the army, is of comparatively recent origin. Its germ existed for many years, in the shape of instruction given to midshipmen on board of cruising ships; but it was not until about 1840 that this instruction was at all systematized, and given "a local habitation and a name." At that time the governor of the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia, assisted by several professors, was charged with the duty of instructing such midshipmen as were on shore in the various branches of their profession. With the aid of the instruction thus given the midshipmen were enabled to pass their examinations, and the department was also enabled to raise the standard of proficiency beyond what it had been.

The system thus established worked so well that it was deemed advisable to extend it still further, and to institute a regular course of study to be pursued. The accommodations at Philadelphia being insufficient, in the summer of 1845 the Secretary of the Navy (Hon. George Bancroft) appointed a commission to examine various places, and to recommend such as they thought best suited for a naval school. After mature deliberation, Annapolis was fixed upon as the most eligible site, especially as the government already owned a plot of ground there of favorable location. Accordingly, by direction of the President, the War Department turned over to the Navy Department Fort Severn and its adjacent grounds for the purposes of the school. Commander Franklin Buchanan (since Admiral Buchanan, opposed to Admiral Farragut in the fight in Mobile Bay) was assigned to

the command of the new station. The following extracts from a letter of the Secretary of the Navy, and from Commander Buchanan's reply thereto, will show the original design of the department:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, August 7, 1845.

SIR,—The Secretary of War, with the assent of the President, is prepared to transfer Fort Severn to the Navy Department, for the purpose of establishing there a school for midshipmen.

In carrying this design into effect it is my desire to avoid all unnecessary expense, to create no places for easy service, no commands that are not strictly necessary, to incur no charge that may demand new annual appropriations; but, by a more wise application of moneys already appropriated and offices already authorized, to provide for the better education of the young officers of the navy. It is my design not to invoke new legislation, but to execute more effectually existing laws. Placed by their profession in connection with the world, visiting in their career of service every climate and every leading people, the officers of the American navy, if they gain but opportunity for scientific instruction, may make themselves as distinguished for culture as they have been for gallant conduct.

For the purposes of instruction the department can select from among twenty-two professors and three teachers of languages. The object of the department being to make the simplest and most effective arrangement for a school, you will be the highest officer in the establishment, and will be intrusted with its government.

One great difficulty remains to be considered: at our colleges, and at West Point, young men are trained in consecutive years; the laws of the United States do not sanction a preliminary school for the navy, they only provide for instruction of officers who already are in the navy. The pupils of the Naval School being, therefore, officers in the public service, will be liable at all times to be called from their studies and sent on public duty. Midshipmen, too, on their return from sea, at whatever season of the year, will be sent to the school. Under these circumstances, you will be obliged

to arrange your classes in such a manner as will leave opportunity for those who arrive to be attached to classes suited to the stage of their progress in their studies.

Having thus expressed to you some general views, I leave you to prepare and lay before this department, for its approbation, a plan for the organization of the Naval School at Fort Severn, Annapolis.

I am, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

Com. FRANKLIN BUCHANAN, U. S. Navy.

It will at once be seen that the task thus confided to Commander Buchanan was one demanding considerable skill and ability in order to master it, and to so arrange the classes that there should be no clashing of interests, no losing sight of the main object of the new system—to afford to each individual the assistance necessary to enable him to pass his examination for promotion.

In reply to the foregoing Commander Buchanan wrote :

WASHINGTON, August 14, 1845.

SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 7th instant, and I respectfully present for your consideration the inclosed plan, which is kept strictly, so far as my knowledge extends, within the means now at the disposal of the department. As the navy increases, and the country becomes alive to the advantages of a more extended education to those who are intrusted with the maintenance of its honor abroad, and who are so frequently called upon to perform intricate diplomatic services, an enlarged system will doubtless be provided for. For the midshipmen now in the service, I recommend that the present probation of five years be adhered to, and the proposed division of that period is based upon this view.

All of which is respectfully submitted by

Your obedient servant,

FRANKLIN BUCHANAN,
Commander.

Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT,
Secretary of the Navy.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PLAN ADOPTED.

"Every applicant for admission to the school must be of good moral character, not less than thirteen nor more than seventeen years of age, and must be examined by the surgeon of the institution to ascertain if he

be free from all infirmities which would disqualify him from performing the active and arduous duties of a sea life. He must be able to read and write well, and be familiar with geography and arithmetic.

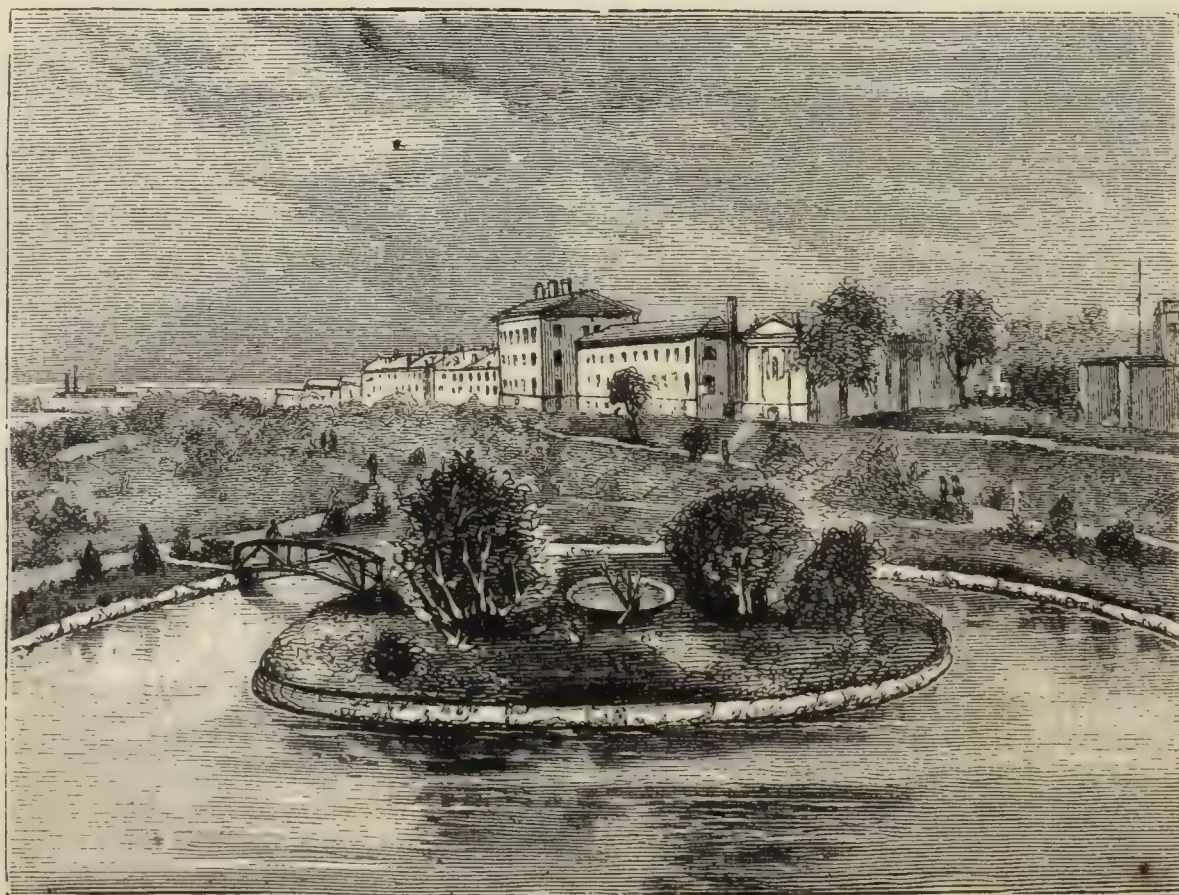
"When an acting midshipman receives his appointment, he is to be attached to the Naval School, subject to the exigencies of the service. Those whose conduct and proficiency meet with the approbation of the superintendent and academic board will be retained in the service and sent to sea. After performing sea duty for six months, and receiving a favorable report for their conduct during that time, they will be entitled to warrants bearing the date of their acting appointments.

"A midshipman, after serving three years at sea as now required, will report at the Naval School to pursue his course of studies preparatory to his final examination."

The school was formally opened on the 10th of October, 1845, and, as recommended in the plan adopted, the following departments were organized, viz. : Gunnery and Steam, Mathematics and Navigation, Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Chemistry, History and English Studies, French and Spanish. At the head of each was an officer of the navy or a professor, with such assistants as were deemed necessary. From this comparatively small beginning has grown the institution as it at present exists, and of which the country and the Navy Department may well be proud.

The acting midshipmen appointed under the new regulations constituted the junior class, and remained at the school until their services were required at sea, and at the expiration of their cruise they returned for their final examination. The senior class was composed of midshipmen who had performed the required sea service, and were preparing for the final ordeal.

Under this system the midshipmen of the date of 1840 were graduated in June, 1846; and each successive class graduated in the following years until 1851. In 1850 the title "Naval School" was changed to "Naval Academy," and in the following year the present course of four years was adopted, a modified course being fixed for



REAR OF THE JUNIOR BUILDING.



THE SPAR-DECK.

those pupils who had been appointed previously to this year; those of 1851 graduated in 1855. There have been quite a number of classes in the various departments of instruction, and at present they are as follows, viz.: Seamanship (including Seamanship, Gunnery, Naval and Infantry Tactics, etc.), Mathematics, Steam Enginery, Astronomy and Navigation, Physics, Ethics, French, Spanish, Drawing, Defense and Gymnastics. The officer next in rank to the superintendent (styled Commandant of Midshipmen) is the head of the Seamanship Department, with an officer junior to him in charge of the different branches. Officers of the navy, of various grades and corps, are assigned to duty as heads of the remaining departments, and as assistant instructors. The course of studies is divided as follows, each study occupying as much time as can possibly be given to it. There are three recitations each day (except Saturday and Sunday), and one drill of some description.

FOURTH CLASS—FIRST YEAR.

Arithmetic, Algebra, English Grammar, Geography, History, Composition, Drawing, French (begun).

THIRD CLASS—SECOND YEAR.

Seamanship, Gunnery, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Descriptive Geometry, Mechanical Drawing, Practical Exercises in Steam Enginery, History, Rhetoric, French, Drawing.

SECOND CLASS—THIRD YEAR.

Seamanship, Ordnance and Naval Gunnery, Naval Light Artillery, Steam Enginery, Astronomy and Navigation, Analytical Geometry and Calculus, Mechanics, French, Spanish.

FIRST CLASS—FOURTH YEAR.

Seamanship, Squadron Tactics, Gunnery, Chemistry, Practical Exercises in Steam Enginery, Navigation, Astronomy, Marine Surveying, Physics, International Law, Constitution of the United States, Articles of War, French.

Under the laws of Congress there is allowed one midshipman at the Academy for each Congressional District, one for each Territory, and one for the District of Columbia. The President appoints from the District, and also has ten appointments at large annually, from the sons of officers of the army or navy. The nomination of all other candidates is made by the Secretary of the Navy on the recommendation of a member or delegate from actual resi-

dents of his district or Territory. A vacancy from each district is caused once in four years by graduation, besides others caused by dismissals and by inability to finish the academic course.

Candidates must now be between fourteen and eighteen years of age, and must present certificates of good character from persons of good repute, especially ministers of the Gospel, principals of high schools, etc. They must pass a medical examination as strict as that required to be passed by a recruit; and they must also pass before the Academic Board a satisfactory examination in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and English grammar. On passing both these ordeals, the candidate obtains his appointment as midshipman, receives his traveling expenses from his home to Annapolis, and is required to sign articles binding him to serve in the navy for eight years (including his time at the Academy), unless sooner discharged. He must immediately procure his uniform and outfit, which must be paid for in advance, and he must also deposit \$100 for the purchase of text-books. He is now placed on board one of the ships attached to the Academy until the commencement of the academic year, when the new class removes to the "Junior Buildings."

Up to 1861 the grounds had been enlarged by purchase, and by the building of a sea-wall, and filling up to it from the original shoreline. Of the buildings originally transferred by the War Department there remain (besides the Fort) only those of "Superintendent's Row," and none of this row in its original shape. The wooden structures originally occupied by the midshipmen were gradually replaced by the quarters now known as the "Junior Buildings," the last of these having been completed in 1853. In this year were also completed the "Seamanship Building," originally designed for a mess hall and library, and also the gas and steam works. The "Gymnasium," built

upon the walls of Fort Severn, was finished in 1851, and was originally used as a battery for exercise with great guns. In 1854 the "Observatory" and "Gunnery Building" (the latter being originally the chapel) were completed; and between 1855 and 1860 the "Hospital" and "Officers' Row" were built.

The "Midshipmen's Monument" stands near the Gunnery Building. It was erected in 1848, and has upon it the following inscriptions:

To Passed Midshipmen

H. A. CLEMON

and

J. R. HYNSON,

Lost with the U. S. Brig Somers,
Off Vera Cruz, December 8, 1846.

This monument is erected by
Passed and other Midshipmen

Of the U. S. Navy,

As a tribute of respect.

To Midshipmen

J. W. PILLSBURY

and

W. B. SHUBRICK,

Killed near Vera Cruz

While in the discharge of their duties.

The Herndon Monument stands well to the front of Officers' Row. It was erected in June, 1860, by officers of the navy, to the memory of Commander William L. Herndon, who lost his life while in command of the mail-steamer *Central America*. It bears the simple inscription:

HERNDON.

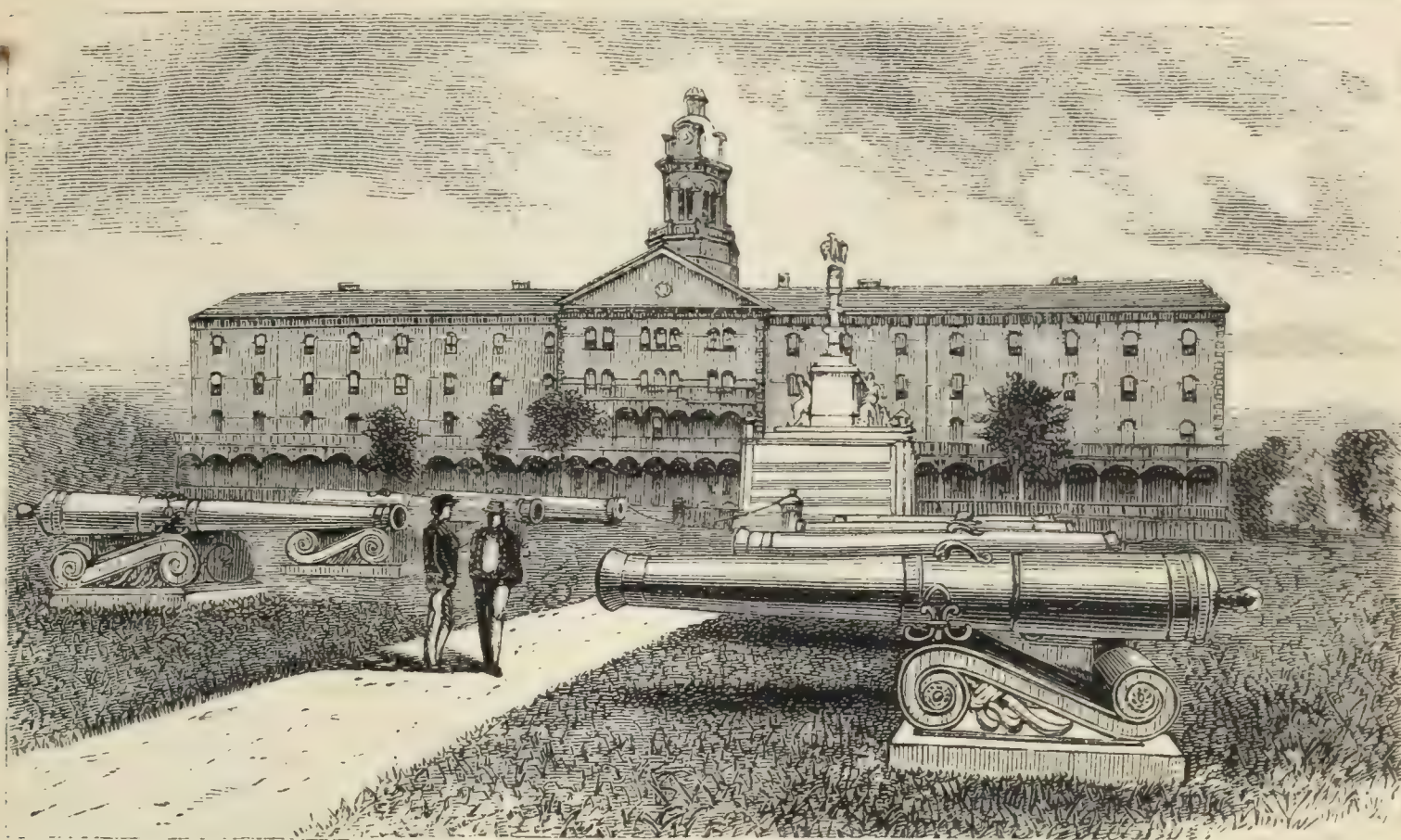
And on the opposite side:

September 12, 1857.

The Naval Monument was erected to the memory of Captain Richard Somers and Lieutenants James Caldwell, James Decatur, Henry Wadsworth, Joseph Israel, and John O. Dorsey, who fell in the attack made on the city of Tripoli in 1804. It was erected in 1808, and stood originally in the Navy-yard at Washington, but was afterward removed to the Capitol grounds. In 1860 it was, by authority of Congress, removed to Annapolis.



THE HERNDON MONUMENT.



NEW QUARTERS, WITH NAVAL MONUMENT.

In the fall of 1859 the quarters on shore were found insufficient for the accommodation of the students, and the sloop of war *Plymouth* was used by the fourth class as quarters. As this vessel was also used as a practice ship during the summer, it was thought advisable to station a permanent vessel at the school, and the frigate *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," was sent there in 1860, and the fourth class of that year quartered on board her.

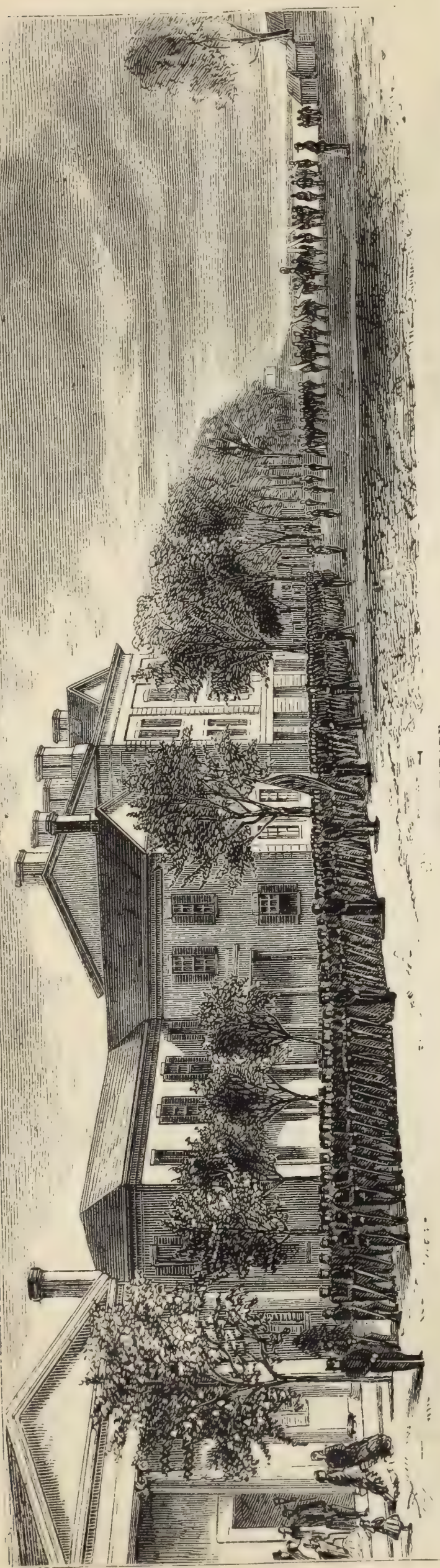
In the spring of 1861, at the commencement of the war, nearly all the students from the seceding States resigned, and the Academy was temporarily disorganized. Studies were suspended, and every preparation made to resist the attack which had been threatened. The safety of the place was assured by the arrival of the Massachusetts troops under General Butler, followed soon after by the Seventh New York. The frigate was towed over the bar, the midshipmen embarked upon her, and the vessel was sent to New York, where she remained for some time, the school meanwhile being turned over to the War Department and used as a hospital.

After some waiting the Navy Department was again indebted to the good offices of the War Department for the offer of Fort Adams, at Newport, Rhode Island, as a suitable place at which to re-establish the school. The ship was sent to Newport, the officers and professors, with the records and the library, with its various curiosities, coming by steamer from Annapolis. The need of officers was so great that all the midshipmen, except the fourth class, were detached from the school and sent at once into active service without finishing their academic course. It was found that the fort itself was too damp to be used as quarters, so the ship was moored close to the wharf and used for that purpose. Studies, drills, and exercises went on as usual, and on Saturdays the ship was thrown

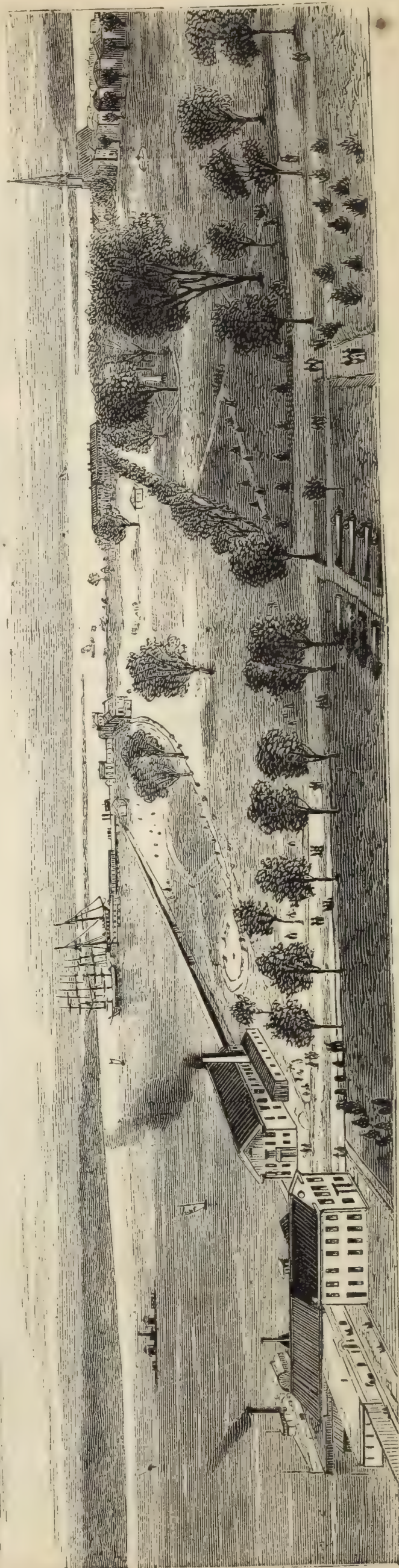
open to visitors. Crowds of people came off to enjoy the music and dancing, not less than to see a ship so renowned in the history of our country.

In the fall it became necessary to make some arrangements for the accommodation of the new class, and the Atlantic House, a large and commodious hotel building, was hired, and the senior (then third) class was removed to it. The superintendent's and other offices were also in this building, and the school ship was taken into the inner harbor, moored alongside the wharf on Goat Island, and used for the new class. Provision having been made by Congress for a large increase in the number of students, the existing accommodations were again found inadequate, and the frigate *Santee* was added as quarters. The sloops *Macedonian*, *Marion*, and *John Adams* were also used as practice ships for exercising great guns, spars, sails, etc. A small steamer ran every half hour from the city to the ships, so that the organization of the institution was kept up, though the component parts were so far asunder. This arrangement continued until 1865, great efforts having been made meanwhile to cause the permanent location of the school to be made near Newport. Liberal offers of land, etc., were made, but all to no avail; and in that year, by authority and direction of Congress, it was returned to its home, the necessary transfers having been made by the War and Navy Departments.

Vice-Admiral Porter was ordered to the superintendency, and—taught by the experience of the war just finished—he induced the government to make a great many improvements in and about the grounds and buildings. The grounds have been greatly improved by planting trees and shrubs, laying out new walks, erecting fountains, etc. There have also been built some new officers' quarters, the Steam



DRESS PARADE.



NAVAL ACADEMY GROUNDS.

Building, the Chapel, the Laboratory, and the Senior Building. In this last building are the mess-hall, laundry, kitchen, etc., together with a number of recitation-rooms, so that, with the exception of steam and physics, all instruction is given under one roof. The fourth class recite in the old recitation-hall, taking their meals with the rest of the school in the Senior Building.

The grounds have been enlarged by the acquisition of the Maryland gubernatorial mansion, and the land belonging thereto, and also by the purchase of a farm (known as Strawberry Hill) of one hundred and fourteen acres, close at hand. Efforts have been made to purchase the small plot of land lying between the Academy walls and the farm; but Congress has not yet seen fit to appropriate the necessary funds.

On a high point of land on the farm, from which is obtained a beautiful view of the Severn River and the Academy, with its surroundings, has been laid out a cemetery for the burial of deceased officers and men belonging to

the navy. Here are the graves of Lieutenant-Commander Flusser, killed in the sounds of North Carolina, and of Lieutenant Samuel W. Preston, killed in the assault on Fort Fisher. Beyond the cemetery is a handsome park, with a diversified surface of hill and dale, with winding paths and drives, about five miles in length.

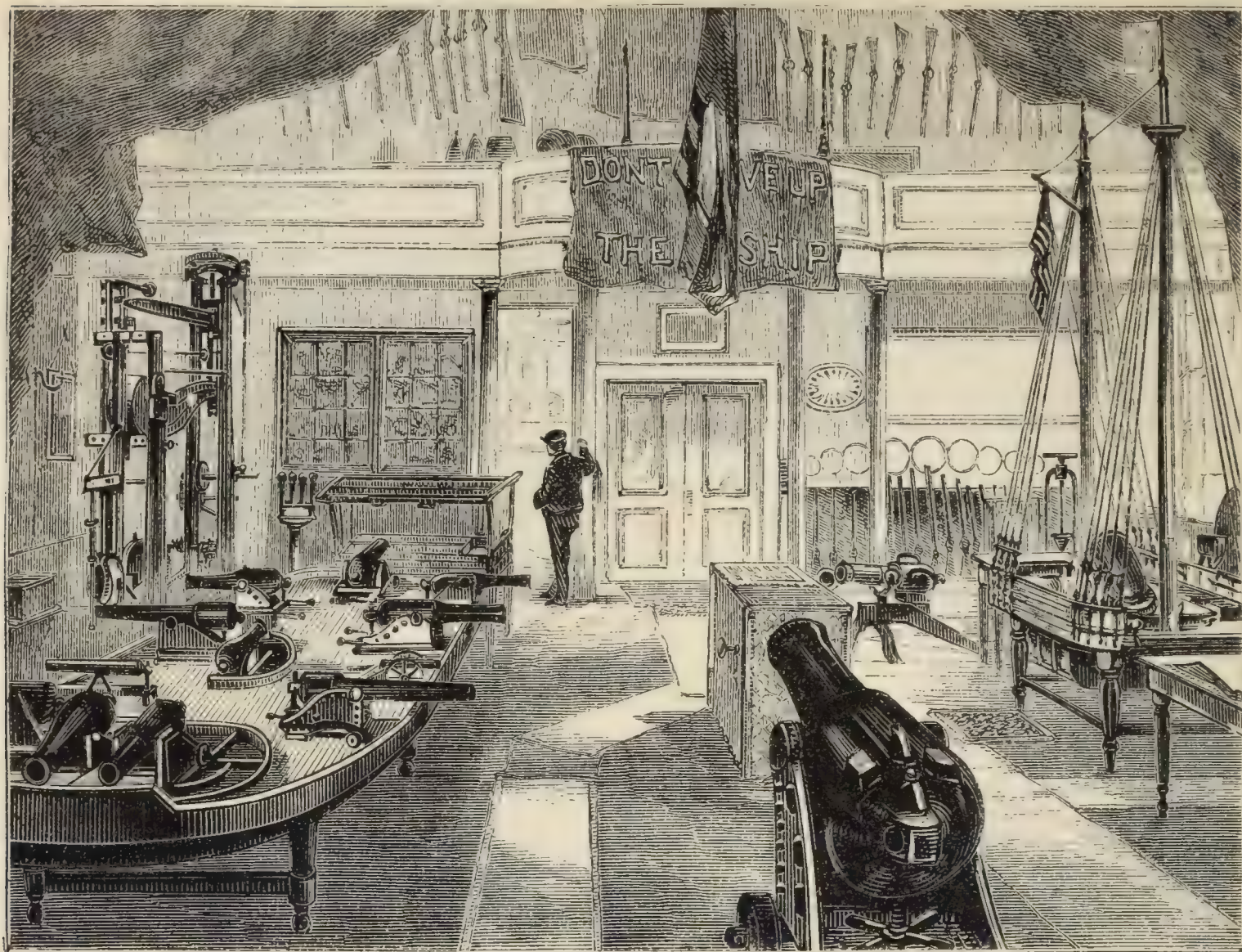
The rest of the farm is devoted to raising fruit and vegetables for the benefit of the school. A large and commodious hospital has also been erected in one of the most beautiful locations on the new purchase.



THE ARMORY.



SEAMANSHIP-ROOM.



GUNNERY-ROOM.

Upon the purchase of the Governor's House the Academy walls were extended so as to take it within the limits; the lower floor was fitted up for the library, and the books, etc., removed to it, the old library being used as a seaman-ship-room. There are many professional works to be found here, of course, together with lighter reading; there are in all some thirteen thousand volumes. The upper story of this house is now used as the superintendent's office and Academic Board room. In one of the rooms is quite a handsome collection of curiosities, which have been picked up from time to time by various officers, and donated to the Academy.

In the seamanship-room a great want has been supplied. Formerly a student would read in the text-book how some operation of practical seamanship was performed, and would have to imagine how it would look; now he can go to the working model and see just how the operation is performed, and, if need be, go through all the various steps himself. There are here a large number of models of various wooden and iron-clad vessels of our own navy, as well as of other services. There are also working models of dry-docks, navy-yard sheers, launching-ways, masting, and heaving down vessels, carrying out anchors in boats, of ships under all sail, showing the exact way in which every rope is rove, and of many other interesting things to be found on board ship, and of practical application every day. In this department there are three drills in each week in

exercising sails, spars, or boats, whenever the weather permits; if not favorable, the exercise consists in practice with army signals, in learning how to knot and splice, etc.

The gunnery-room contains working models of all the different kinds of guns and gun-carriages in use in the navy. There is a complete model of a frigate's magazine, showing all the internal fittings. There are specimens of various sorts of fuses, projectiles, torpedoes, small-arms, etc., in use in different countries. There are models of flasks for casting shot, shell, and guns, and also a large machine for testing the strength of the iron used in casting cannon. Not the least interesting objects in this room are the captured flags displayed upon the walls. They have been carefully and jealously guarded and repaired, and are now in a good state of preservation. Among them are the flags of the *Macedonian*, captured October 25, 1812, by the *United States*, under command of Captain Decatur; of the *Guerrière*, captured August 19, 1812, by the *Constitution*, under command of Captain Isaac Hull; of the *Java*, captured December 29, 1812, by the *Constitution*, under command of Captain Bainbridge; of the *Cyane* and *Levant*, captured by the same "Old Ironsides," February 20, 1815, the good old ship being at this time commanded by the late Rear-Admiral Stewart; of the *Confiance*, *Chub*, *Linnet*, and *Beresford*, captured by Commodore Macdonough's squadron on Lake Champlain, September 11, 1814; of the *Chippeway* and *Detroit*, captured by Commodore Perry in the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813;

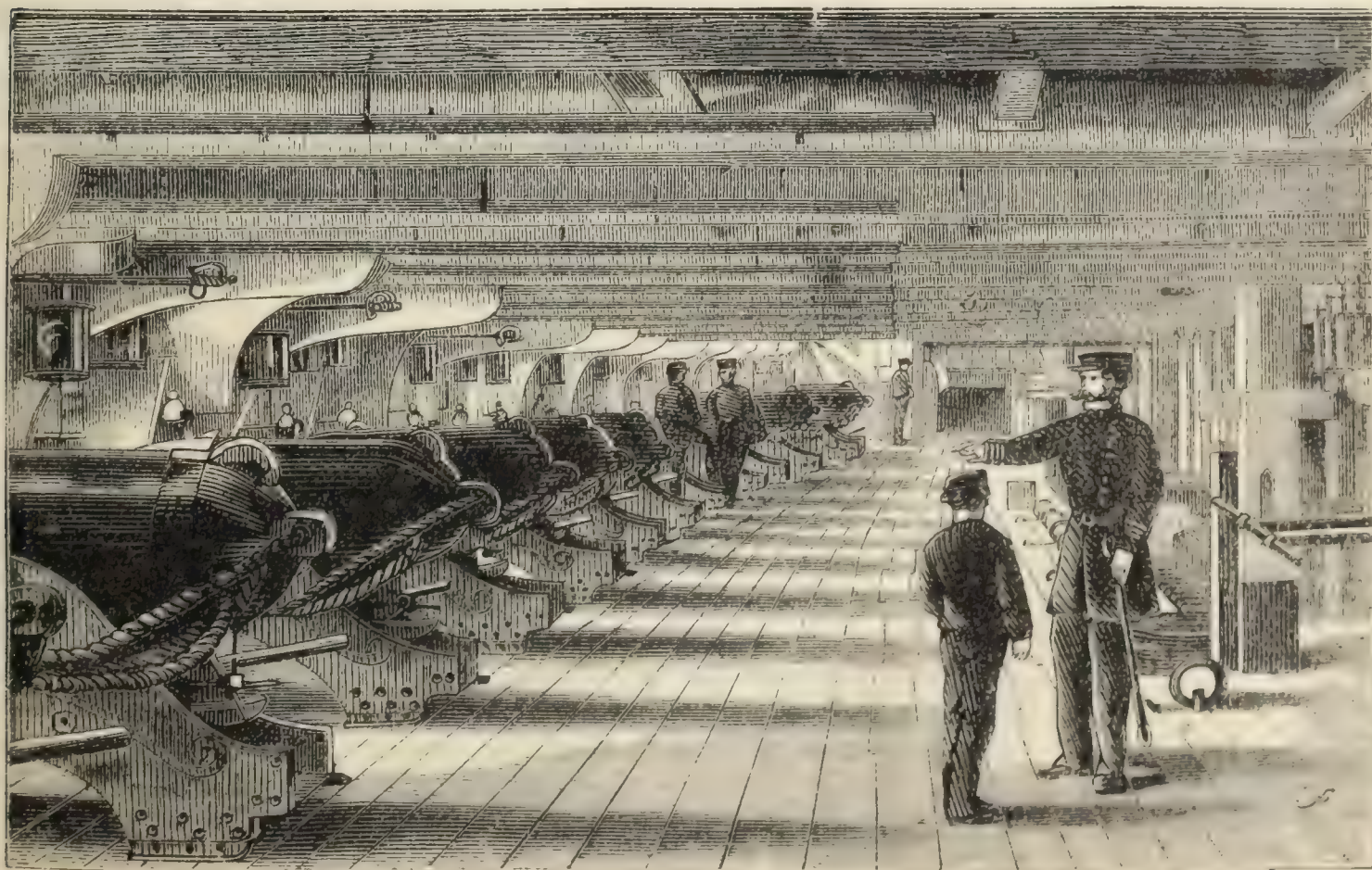
besides various other trophies of but little less interest. Here is to be seen, also, the flag that Perry flew from his mast-head on that glorious September day, and which he carried with him when he shifted from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara* in the heat of battle; inscribed upon it are the immortal words of the dying Lawrence—"Don't give up the ship." The sight of these trophies of former days is well calculated to inspire the young midshipmen with high resolves to endeavor to do their duty as well as the heroes gone before, should ever occasion offer.

In this department there are drills at great guns, small-arms, naval light artillery, mortar and iron-clad practice. The great-gun exercises take place on board the gunnery ship. For the artillery there are twenty-four 12-pound howitzers, and for infantry five hundred breech-loading cadet muskets. There is a 13-inch mortar mounted upon the sea-wall, at which the first class are exercised. The iron-clad *Amphitrite* is used also to exercise this class at 15-inch gun practice, as well as to explain to them the construction of the Monitor class of vessels.

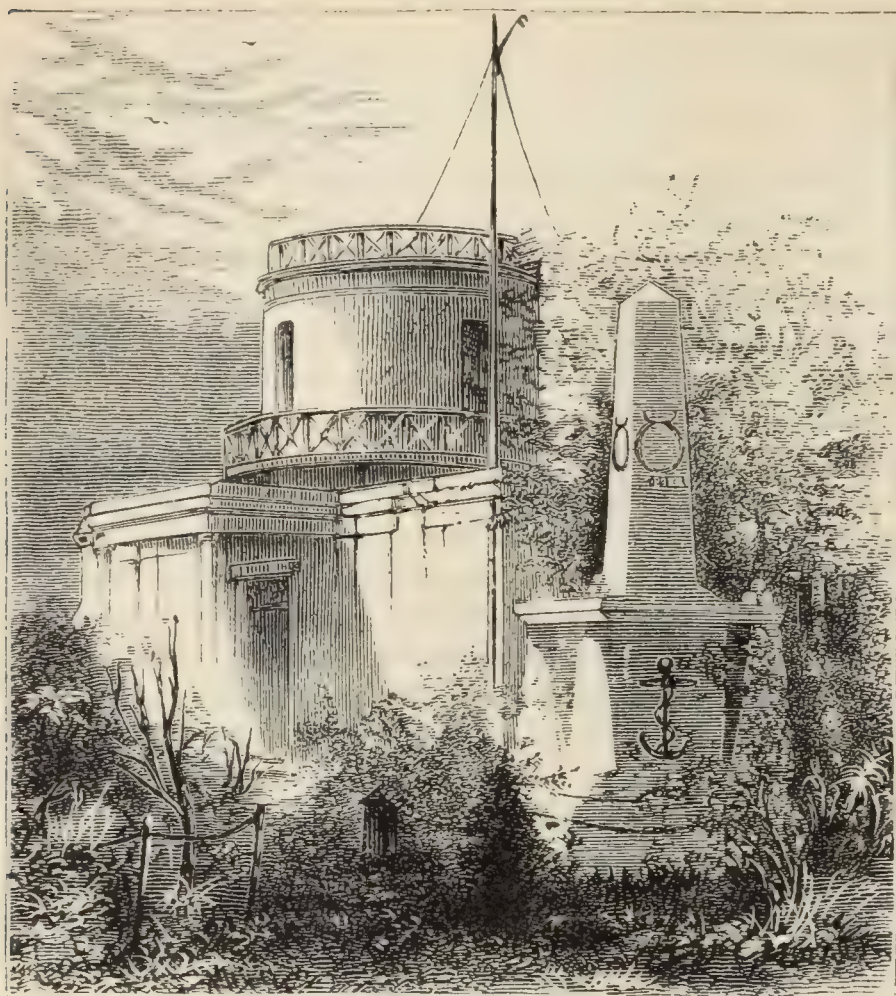
In the model-room of the Steam Building are models of various kinds of boilers, propellers, steam-gauges, pumps, valves, etc., and a working model of a propeller engine, with glass fittings, so that the students can see the working of the valves, etc., when the engine is in motion. In the engine-room is a pair of gun-boat engines, with four boilers, so erected that they can be operated by steam in the same manner as if they were on board ship. Two of these boilers are used to generate steam. The other two are open, painted white on the inside, and lit with gas, so that their entire interior construction may be seen, and a practical knowledge of the arrangement of the stays, braces, etc., can be obtained. There are also

in this room steam-pumps of different patents, a small beam engine, and a model of a steam-hammer. A steam fire-engine is also kept here, with fires ready to be lighted at an instant's notice. Exercise with this and the other fire apparatus belonging to the school takes place occasionally during the year. Instruction in the steam department is given by text-books and lectures, but more especially by practical exercises, in which the engines are manipulated entirely by the midshipmen. It is believed that there is no institution in the country that possesses equal facilities for the study of this important branch of a naval officer's profession.

In 1851 the steamer *John Hancock* was sent to the Academy to be used as a practice ship, the students embarking for the summer and being exercised in the more practical parts of their profession. The advantages derived from this happy plan of combining theoretical instruction on shore with practical seamanship on board ship were soon evidenced; and since that time there has been a practice cruise every summer (except that of 1861), different sailing vessels having been used for that purpose. The general course has been to go to Europe, visiting some of the principal naval ports of England and France, returning by way of Madeira. There have been some few cruises on our own coast, but the foreign ones have been most in favor. The officers for these cruises are detailed from those serving at the Academy in the various departments. There are appointed from these officers instructors in practical seamanship, gunnery, and navigation; and not only are the midshipmen thoroughly instructed in these different branches, but they are also practiced in the duties of officers. Those not engaged in performing these duties are distributed about the ship, where they can obtain a



GUN-DECK.



THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

practical knowledge of the duties of a seaman. There are quite a number of vessels now attached to the Academy, and used for different purposes. They are the sailing frigates *Constitution* and *Santee*, sloops *Savannah*, *Macedonian*, *Marion*, and *Dale*, and the double turreted monitor *Amphitrite*. The *Constitution* is used as a receiving ship for the new class of each year, and for the men attached to the station. The *Santee* is used as a gunnery ship, being armed with twenty-four 8-inch and twenty-four 32-pound guns of the new pattern, mounted upon the iron gun-carriages recently adopted. The *Savannah* and *Macedonian* are used as practice ships for the summer cruise. The *Marion* is used for exercising with spars, and the *Dale* for exercising with sails. These vessels are all moored alongside the dock, and are convenient of access. The Monitor lies in the stream, and is considered to be by no means the least interesting object to visitors. These vessels are all kept in good condition, and are of much more service than if kept at a navy-yard, while they are no more expensive to the government.

In the department of Defense and Gymnastics instruction is given by two sword-masters and one gymnast. The course commences with the fourth class year, and continues throughout the entire term at the Academy. Occasionally the more advanced students give exhibitions of their skill in these branches in the gymnasium, in the presence of the officers' families and of visitors from the city. These affairs generally conclude with dancing. The band of the Academy is a very fine one, and furnishes music twice a month during the year for a hop, and occasionally for a ball.

There is a ball and a boat club in each class, the members of which practice and train as much as their duties will permit. The ball matches are numerous attended, and great interest is excited among the different classes: occasionally an outside club plays a match with the Academy champions.

The boat races take place between the first and second class in four-oared shells, and between the third and fourth in lap-streaks. The senior class in each generally wins, owing to the advantage given by their extra year at the school; but the date of 1866 won in both their second and first class years (1869 and 1870), and the fourth class beat the third at the last race in the spring of 1870. The shell-boats were pulled so well and made such good time that in 1869 a general challenge was given to any club in the country by Vice-Admiral Porter, who was then superintendent. It was accepted by the Quaker City Club of Philadelphia for 1870; other

clubs declined on account of the early date of the race, which must take place before the close of the annual examination on the 1st of June. There was naturally a great deal of excitement about this race, as the midshipmen had the disadvantage of being obliged to attend their usual duties besides the pulling. Mr. Blakie, of the Harvard Club, had been the referee in the previous race between the classes, and he was so pleased with the result of that contest that he consented to coach the Academy crew for their trial with the Quaker Citys. The course is three miles in length, in plain sight from the various buildings in the grounds, and on the appointed day a large crowd was present. At the start the midshipmen drew slightly ahead of their opponents, and kept the lead, continually increasing their distance until the finish, making the three miles in twenty minutes and twenty-five seconds.

The winning boat's crew in the senior race are presented with the champion boat-flag, and have their names placed upon a silver band around the staff. The flag is retained in their names until the next year, when it is again transferred to the winning crew.

Besides these amusements there is a bowling-alley and a pistol-gallery for the use of the students; and it is the aim of the department to make it so pleasant within the Academy limits that there shall be no temptation to the midshipmen to go outside them. It is to be hoped that success will crown these endeavors, and that the students will appreciate the great advantages that they enjoy, and will improve them accordingly.

ALONG THE FLORIDA REEF.

[Sixth Paper.]

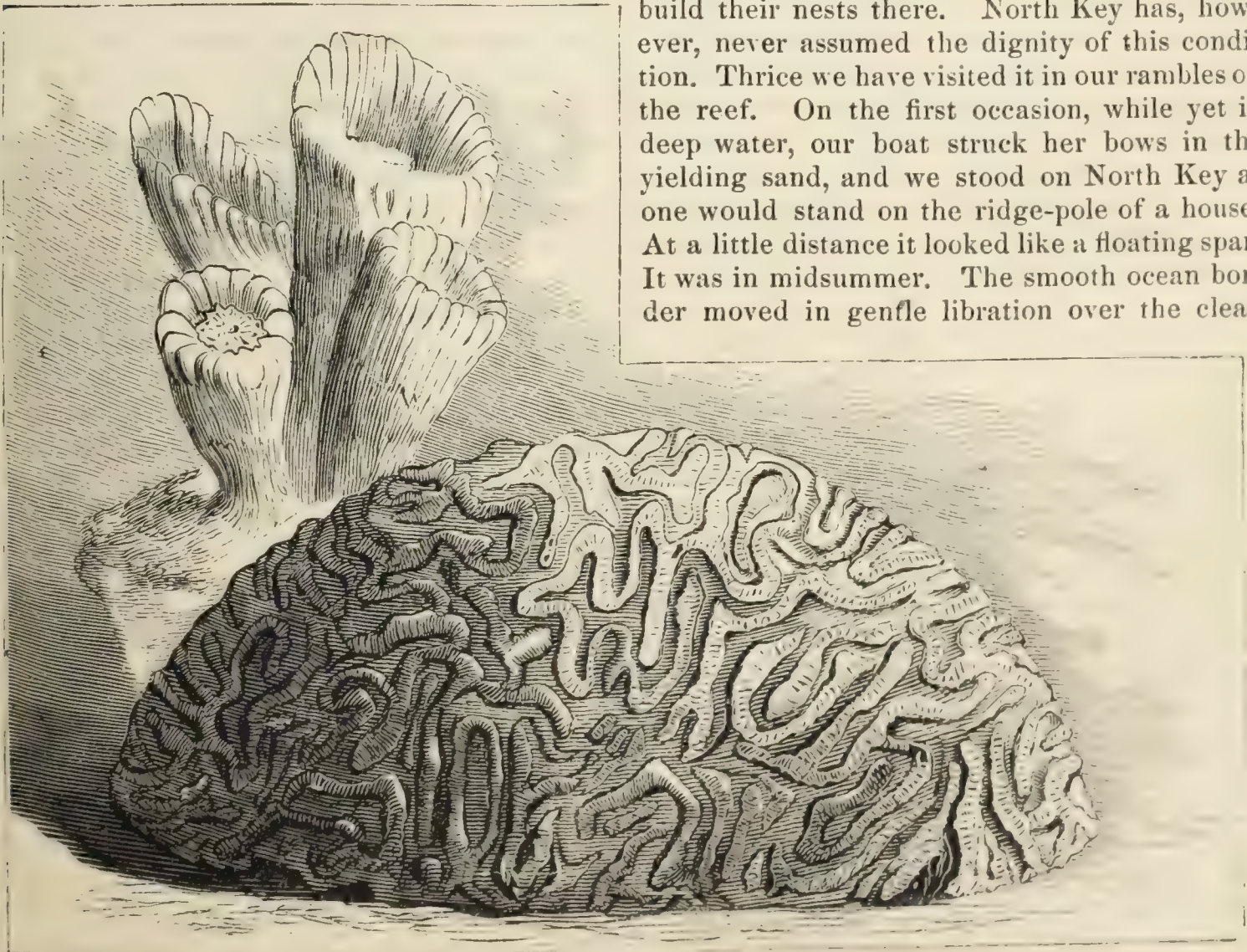
NORTH KEY may be considered the last of the series or chain of islands which at present stand above the waters of the Florida Reef, though, to borrow a term, it is one of a *remittent* form. It is the smallest of the circular range which constitutes the group known as the Dry Tortugas, but has its value as an important portion of that barrier which forms the grand harbor for which this place is noted. We say remittent, for sometimes there is no island here. Certain influences of tide and wind conspire to make and unmake, while the good offices of the mangrove are wanted to hold what chances to remain for a time.

Though the island may be beneath the surface, the solid substructure is just as effective as a barrier. The harbor formed by this series is about nine miles in circumference, and has a depth of from twenty to ninety feet, with an excellent holding ground for anchoring, the bottom being a cohesive calcareous mud. Garden Key, on which Fort Jefferson is situated, is near the centre of the harbor. Vessels of the largest class can anchor on all sides, or sail entirely around the fort. It is a novel sight, during a storm, from the walls or the light-tower. Seemingly we are in mid-ocean, what islands there are being so low and inconspicuous. But while without all is tumult, within the water is calm as in a pond. Even the three channels that open out to the deep water are so tortuous that

the force of the sea is broken as it flows through them. A circle of fortifications, completed as is projected, would render this fortress impregnable.

North Key would make quite a respectable appearance; but when the winter "northers" come the little ridge, the incipient isle that had gradually been swept up by the summer trades, is leveled, and the wave closes over it. So it goes on from year to year. It seems that these advanced outer islands are too subject to the strong winds, which so agitate the water as to prevent the mangrove buds taking root. Consequently their existence depends on other elements. Here we see how useful are the various gigantic ipomœa vines alluded to in the last Number. In the absence of the mangrove with its buttressed roots, which hold the loose material and the floating waste, the strong, stout vines of the ipomœas spread out, and take root with such firmness as to hold ridges of sand until grass and weeds obtain a footing. The grasses in these sandy wastes have enormous bunches of roots, which spread widely, and give great strength.

Among the more important of these plants the wheat-grass stands pre-eminent. Groups of this grass become firmly fixed, and afford lodgment for little windrows of sand, as well as protection for the more tender grasses and succulent weeds. As the vegetation becomes established and grows rank, the sea-birds come to build their nests there. North Key has, however, never assumed the dignity of this condition. Thrice we have visited it in our rambles on the reef. On the first occasion, while yet in deep water, our boat struck her bows in the yielding sand, and we stood on North Key as one would stand on the ridge-pole of a house. At a little distance it looked like a floating spar. It was in midsummer. The smooth ocean border moved in gentle libration over the clean



CUP CORAL AND BRAIN CORAL.

white sand, leaving its furbelows of algæ and shells. The spirit-crabs, usually the first denizens of the key, were not there. The tiny tracks of beach birds gave token of winged visitors; and just in the centre of the low mound lay a solitary gull's egg: not much, certainly, to furnish entertainment or instruction; but the situation, as one of the party remarked, "smacked of the poetical." Even here a purpose had been served: one of God's creatures had found here a home, and we left it undisturbed. As we turned to leave we met the Bos'n's eye, and heard him remark something about cobwebs; but that was absurd, for there were certainly no spiders here.

It is honorable to the feelings of any one that he regards the integrity of Nature's handiwork. On one occasion, when visiting Bird Key, when a perfect cloud of sea-birds hovered overhead, we could have struck down great numbers of them; but the party seemed unanimous in the feeling that they should not be destroyed. On the tops of the low bushes, as we passed on to the beach, were several pairs of that beautiful dove-colored tern which lays the single white egg on the bush-top. One pair we were particularly observing. We could have taken them in our hands. Without a sign of fear, they were billing and cooing; and we were just recalling the pleasant words of Darwin concerning the loveliness of the little tern, when some one, unable to resist the temptation, threw a billet of wood, which struck down one of the pair to the ground. It was gratifying to notice with what positive emotion the members of the party condemned the act and expressed regrets. It is a shameful omission on the part of the people of the shore States, as well as those of the interior, that laws are not made to prohibit the wholesale slaughter of birds and quadrupeds that find a home with us. It is a great pleasure to many to look forward to the return of the sea-fowl along the bays and harbors, and the land birds in the forest borders of our towns. Hunting as a pastime in the settled parts is simply Vandalism.

During the storms that occur in the spring and fall, when migration is progressing, the keys are visited by a great variety of birds. Before the fort here was garrisoned the trees within afforded a favorite resort. At one time there were several species of hawks, a flock of butcher-birds, whip-poor-wills, chuck-will's-widows, and a host of smaller birds. The herons are always very abundant at such times (several species), and the little bitterns so numerous that a grand shooting takes place to procure them for food, I am ashamed to say. The Southern people eat any "fowl"—even hawks and cormorants.

There are a few more forms, animal and vegetable, within the lagoon that come within the list we had selected for exhibition. It is a puzzle to many how and where the *red coral* is obtained. As there is in these waters a variety of the same animal substance, we may see clear-

ly its nature. In many places along the reef we observe through the glass waving bushes and feathery, plume-like forms, ranging in color from a light brown to black. Under the general term *Gorgonia* these and the beautiful sea-fans are known. They grow, like the coral, from any fragment on the bottom, and are in many respects the same. From the minute germ, or soft polyp, barely visible to the unassisted eye, is secreted at its base a peculiar substance, having the same constituents as the horn and the hoofs of animals. The polyp, now established, throws out another and outer coating of lime similar to that of the hard corals; now a bud is put forth, and others, and the stalk branches like a shrub, having numerous polyps in pores along its surface.

One species, found abundantly on the reef, has a jet-black horny base, or heart; and this is a variety of the coral used in jewelry, the only difference being in color. The red is found in the Mediterranean Sea. The choice coral of jewelers is, then, the skeleton portion of a living form. While alive and growing the surface is enveloped in a crust of lime, out of which, through many minute pores, the polyps spread their star-like mouths. This black coral is equally fine in its texture, and has the same waxy gloss that characterizes the red. It would prove a pleasing material for the same uses. Some of the older gorgonias, bearing large, heavy tops, have from time to time thrown out a new deposit of the root, so as to make a sure hold against the heavy sea. These, when found dry upon the beaches, so closely resemble the gnarled roots of a tree in color and form that nothing but the well-known results of the chemical analysis will convince one unacquainted with them. It is precisely the same as animal horn or hoof.

A familiar and interesting object on the waters of the reef is the gulf-weed. On the broad sea, with no roots, no moorings, buoyed by little round bladders, floats this seeming waste, this refuse mass; but here is its abiding-place, growing and thriving as well on the white crest of the turbulent wave as on its placid surface. Patches of this weed floating in mid-ocean would naturally seem to be dead or dying plants that have been wrenched from the deep. Indeed, that which is seen thrown upon the beaches, consisting of other species, is so produced—torn from the rocky bottom of the shore. It is a singular fact that these shore sea-weeds die soon after they are separated from the rocks on which they have rooted, though they do not receive any nourishment from them. The gulf-weed derives its nourishment directly from the sea. It is an ocean plant; vast prairies are found in some parts, and naturally we regard them as answering some wise end.

There are certain birds whose home is on the ocean. The frigate-bird and the tropic-bird swoop down, skim the long undulating masses of weed, and find choice morsels there. Mother Carey's chickens go abroad over this

"ocean meadow," and find dainty picking. Several species of shell-fish have no other home but this friendly shelter. To the naturalist they afford an abundance of pleasurable occupation, especially if he has a good microscope at hand. The natural history of a patch of gulf-weed thoroughly "worked up," and illustrated from drawings made under the microscope, would make a sizable volume, and one full of marvelous forms. Thousands of unfamiliar creatures inhabit here that have no common names, yet are honored with classic titles by science. Some are found on the weeds that come to the shore; and no objects are more interesting under the glass than these.

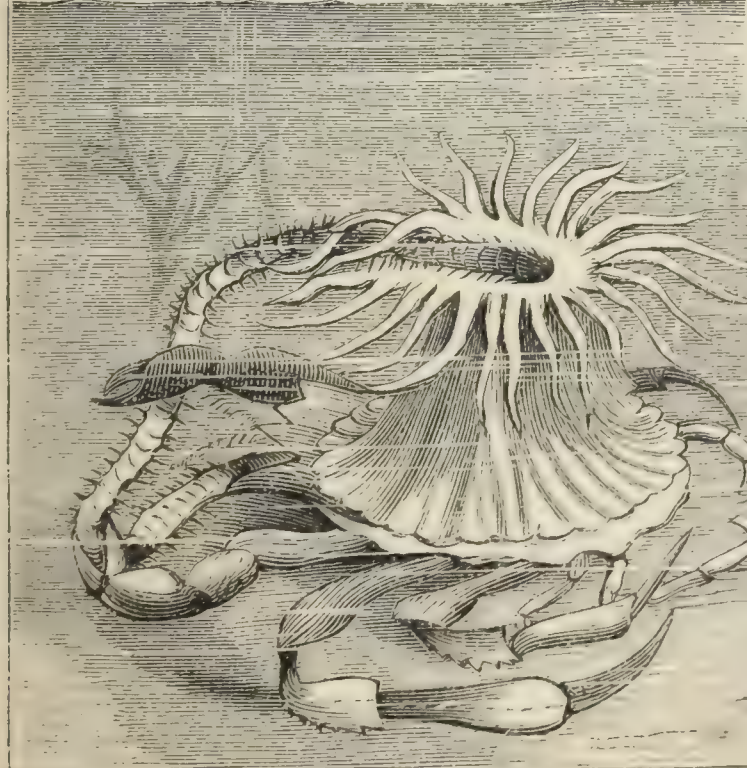
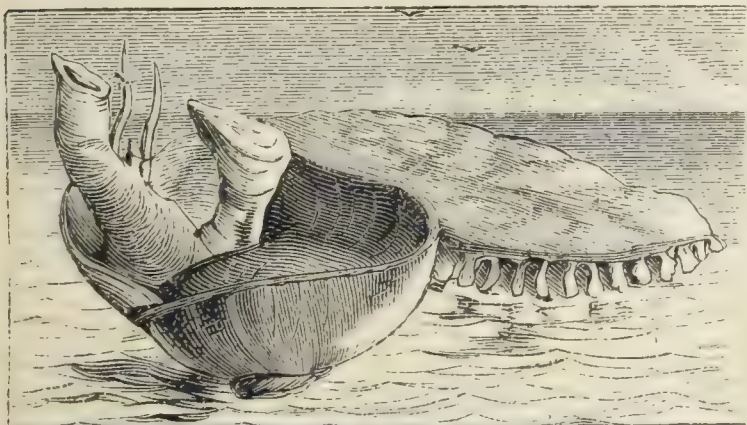
Aristotle speaks of a "great weedy sea" that the Phœnicians met with; and it is a curious fact that the great "Sargasso Sea" of algæ, in mid-ocean, which Columbus mentions—16th September, 1492—and locates between the twentieth and forty-fifth parallels of north latitude, forty degrees west from Greenwich, is at this day in the same place. Small patches occur between this and the American shore, being thrown into this portion of the ocean by the eddies of the great oceanic currents. The whole of this immense space, which is reported to be thickly covered with gulf-weed, is computed by Humboldt to be many thousand square miles. An example somewhat resembling this occurs in a fresh-water lake in Chili. The "floating islands" here consist of portions of dead plants, that are so matted together a base is offered for the growth of other plants and

shrubs. Considerable solidity is thus established, and quite large animals, sometimes cattle, are seen on them. The wind moves them freely from place to place. The form is circular, the thickness four to six feet, the greater part of which is immersed in water.

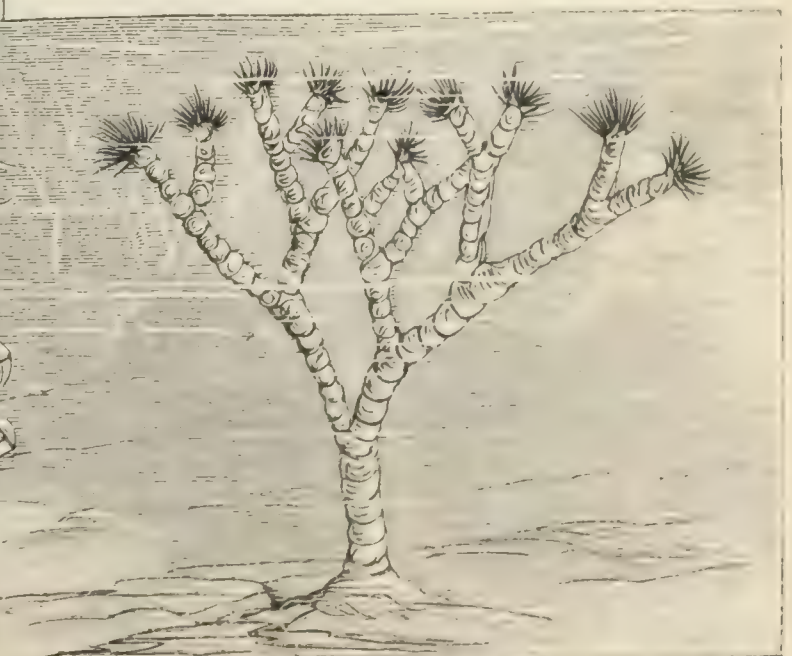
One of the few forms of shell-fish that seem to be entirely oceanic, or independent of any dépôt, is the janthina, or sea-snail. The blue of this snail is so like the three forms we have observed elsewhere one would at first think them allied, particularly as they are usually found together, wrecked on the same wave, and cast upon the shores in great numbers during heavy storms. Like larger and more pretentious craft, they require the open sea for safety. This shell is extremely thin and well fitted to float, yet it has an additional safeguard in a boat-shaped bladder made up of numerous compartments.

Another equally common shell at such times, also an ocean waif, is the spirula, a little nautilus, its tenant of the same family as the cuttle-fish. The shell is an elegant coil of pearly white joints, each a separate compartment. These five objects, including the physalia, porpita, and vellela, are particularly prominent, and interesting from the fact that they are almost the only ones met with *above* the wave. Their denuded hulks are strewn upon the beaches of the reef, but few ever see them in the full beauty of color and sculpture that life gives to them.

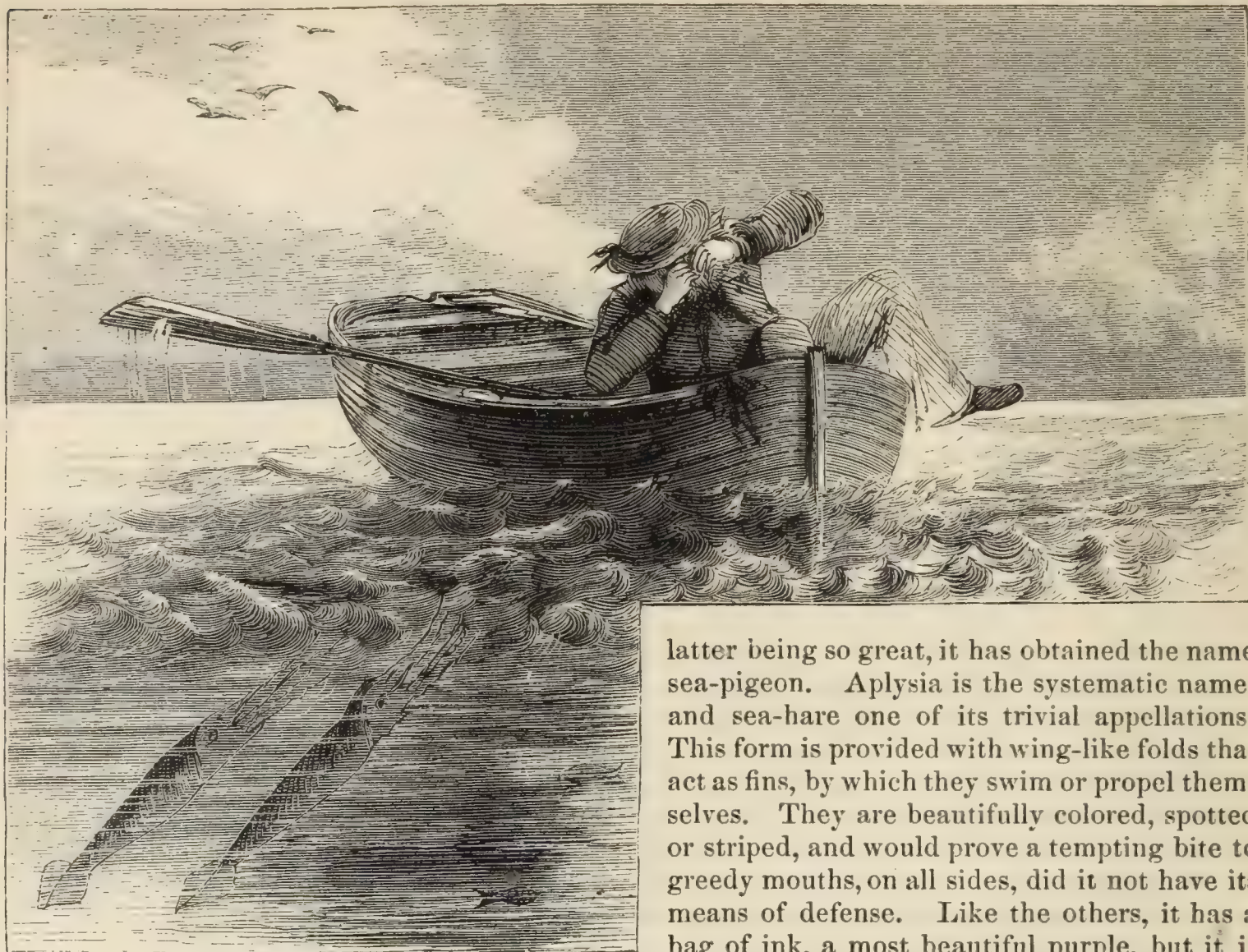
We see how nature has provided these creatures with floats to serve them in their peculiar habitat; yet most thoroughly unprotected would they be were they not armed with a potent weapon for defense, exposed as they are to ever-present danger. Does an enemy approach, instantly the water around them is clouded with a dark, poisonous ink, under cover of which janthina retreats. So with the spirula, which is allied to the cuttle-fish. The well-known sepia and Indian ink is taken from this creature. The ink is contained within a sack, and is ejected through a tube at will. A species of cuttle-fish is common on the reef; they are very act-



Janthina. Sea-Anemone on the Back of Crab.



Cymopolia.



THE BOS'N DISCOMFITED.

ive, and, I presume, make up in that attribute for the small portion of ink which they shoot forth. They throw the little they have in a small column, *forcibly*, directly at the object, and retreat by swimming backward. Formed like an arrow, their terminal fin being shaped like a dart, they shoot backward with great celerity, leaving a streak of brown directly in line from their front. The Bos'n one day imprudently struck at one with an oar; but before the blade touched the water *Loligo* had discharged his inkstand, and came near blotting from existence Bos'n's right "optic." They are seen in groups of half a score, more or less, just under the surface. There is something exceedingly comical in the expression of the eye of the cuttle-fish; they are so still, maintaining with the greatest exactitude the same relative position with each other. The moment your eye rests upon theirs (and it is an immense eye, nearly as large as your own) you feel at once that you are watched. I have never seen any thing like it below the highest domestic animals. They look like so many imps with masks peering at you, and ready to jeer or grin; indeed, the Bos'n half thought they did grin at him, and wink derisively, and would have put a finger alongside of their noses, if they had been possessed of one, when he raised the oar a second time to "give 'em a bar'n fer ther imperdence."

Another mollusk, one of the shell-less kind, is a great soft body, of the shape and size of a half-grown pigeon; the resemblance to the

latter being so great, it has obtained the name sea-pigeon. *Aplysia* is the systematic name, and sea-hare one of its trivial appellations. This form is provided with wing-like folds that act as fins, by which they swim or propel themselves. They are beautifully colored, spotted or striped, and would prove a tempting bite to greedy mouths, on all sides, did it not have its means of defense. Like the others, it has a bag of ink, a most beautiful purple, but it is not thrown out forcibly. The ink seems to pervade every atom of water that surrounds the creature at one and the same moment; a dense cloud shuts it from the sight, and probably no enemy cares to penetrate the mist. A limpet of our Northern waters has the same power, and is supposed to be identical with that which furnished the Tyrian dye of the ancients.

Drifting over the shallow places, our boat's keel scrapes the bottom; we are thus near enough to observe very closely the habits of many curious forms, particularly in summer, when every living thing comes forth to the light. A characteristic feature here is the craw-fish, and a very showy one. It is of the same size as the lobster, has no large claws, but is armed in front with two long tentacles, which taper from a very stout base to delicate whips. The brilliant yellow of this crustacean, with its bands and spots of black, make it very showy and attractive.

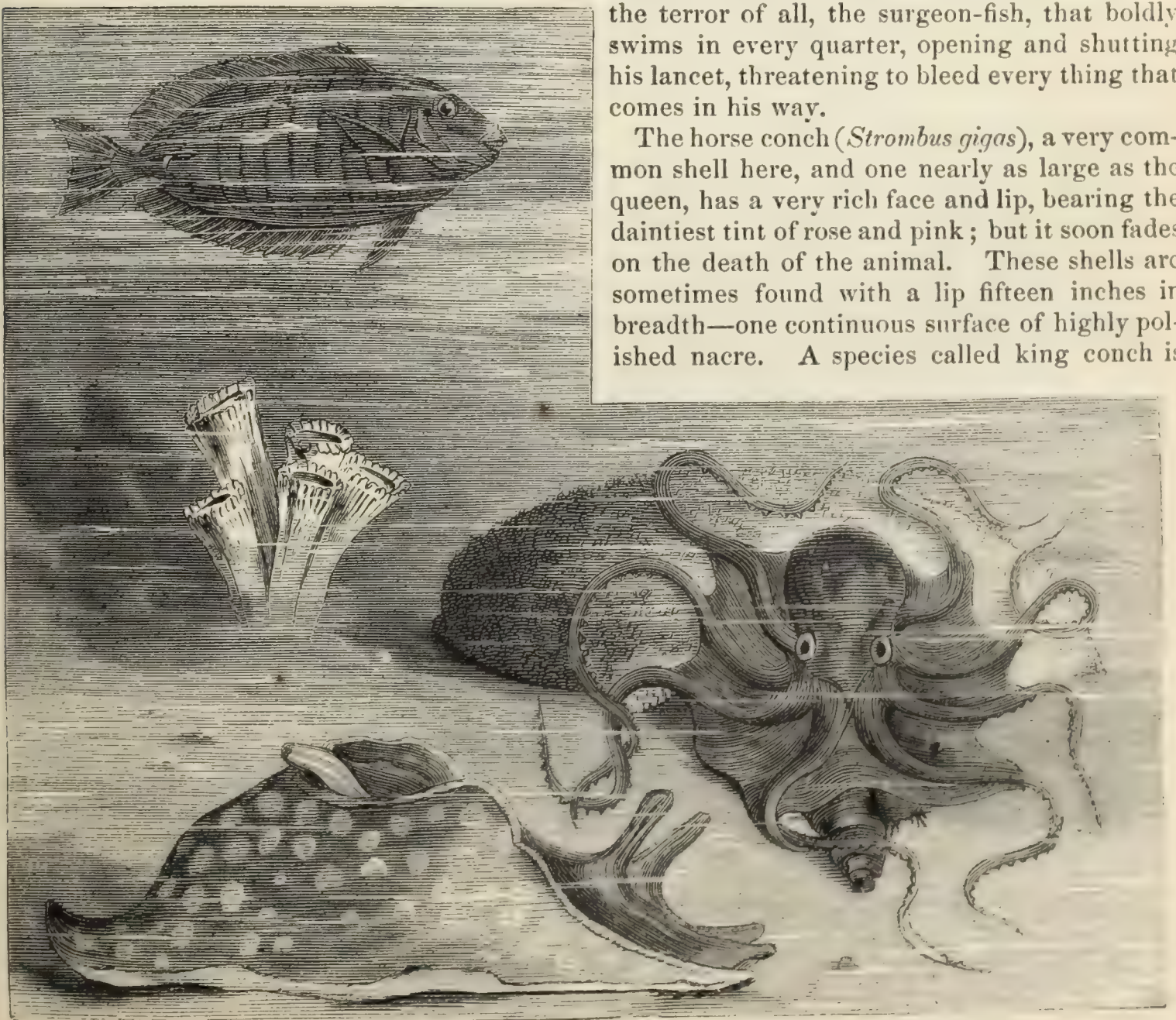
The craw-fish is edible, and considerably prized; yet far less so than the lobster, which is not found in the Southern waters. The part of the reef surrounding this group of islands has long been known as the only locality for the queen conch (*Cassis*), the handsomest and one of the largest of shells. For a long time we failed to find one, though much searching was done for it. On the outer edge of the lagoon—as our boat rests directly on the bottom—we can look down into the clear gulf-water, twelve fathoms deep. A shelving bank of white coral mud forms the outer layer of this barrier. Down the bank, as far as the

eye can reach, grow the large branching shrub corals. Looking one day through our glass along this bank our first queen conch was discerned. The great mottled mollusk seems elephantine as he glides with such deliberation along the smooth surface, his huge proboscis extended in that prehensile manner so characteristic of the larger animal. The simile is more perfect when we observe the mound-like shell, covered, seemingly, with a checkered cloth. The most beautiful parts are concealed while living. The shield-like face which drags over the mud is gorgeous with color, while the upper and more exposed parts are quite sober.

Standing on the bows of the boat, Fat Charley swayed his great form for a moment, and plunged over into the gulf. As the ripples cleared away we could see him cautiously peering down among the branches of coral; meantime the younger one plunged in to assist, while the Bos'n, agitated by the sudden demonstration, hugged the stern-sheets, and nursed his rheumatic leg, out of sympathy with the divers; for he had a "mortal dread o' the wet." Our queen was raised in triumph by the two boys, all gorgeous in her most regal mantle—a grand specimen for the aquarium, where we safely conveyed her. Handsome as the great conchs are in the cabinet or on the "mantel-piece," they are a wealth of beauty when first taken from the water.

We have omitted mention of our aquarium, as it seemed more to the purpose to look upon the various forms in their own proper homes. On the harbor side concrete walls were built out fourteen feet into the water, to form a square tank, the lower part being left in small crevices to admit freely the sea-water. The top of the wall was just above the surface, and wide enough to afford a comfortable standing-place where we could enjoy the pleasure of an exhibition of our captives, their habits, beauties, and drolleries—a most motley assemblage. There were crawfish crawling on the bottom, jostling the sly and lazy malthus, who lies with his trap set for less formidable fare; hermit-crabs of various kinds in all sorts of borrowed vesture; fishes of all colors, sea-anemones, and the different members of the coral family—brains, stars, fingers, shrubs, and trees; hammer-head shark and dog-fish jostled each other, exchanging savage nips; grave cuttle-fish and squids look on from a safe quarter, all primed for mischief; crustaceans innumerable, for many came and went freely through the crevices; there were caprellas with goat-shaped faces; ranines, crabs with frog-like forms; leptopodias, marine daddy-long-legs; libinias, crabs with living sponge and sea-anemones growing on their backs; grapsus, a spider-like crab that darts in and out of water, and flattens itself upon the wall in the peculiar manner of some spiders; swimming-crabs with oar-shaped paddles; holothuria, star-fishes, and, the terror of all, the surgeon-fish, that boldly swims in every quarter, opening and shutting his lancet, threatening to bleed every thing that comes in his way.

The horse conch (*Strombus gigas*), a very common shell here, and one nearly as large as the queen, has a very rich face and lip, bearing the daintiest tint of rose and pink; but it soon fades on the death of the animal. These shells are sometimes found with a lip fifteen inches in breadth—one continuous surface of highly polished nacre. A species called king conch is



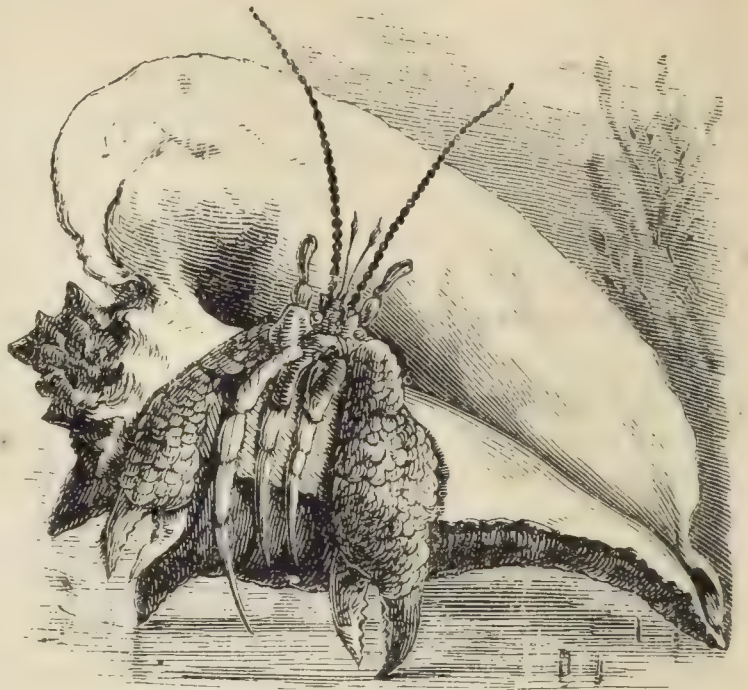
Surgeon-Fish.

Aplysia.

Octopus, or Squid.

found in the Bahamas, and sold for the uses of the cameo-cutter. The triton is another of the very large and handsome shells. The animal is exceedingly rich in coloring.

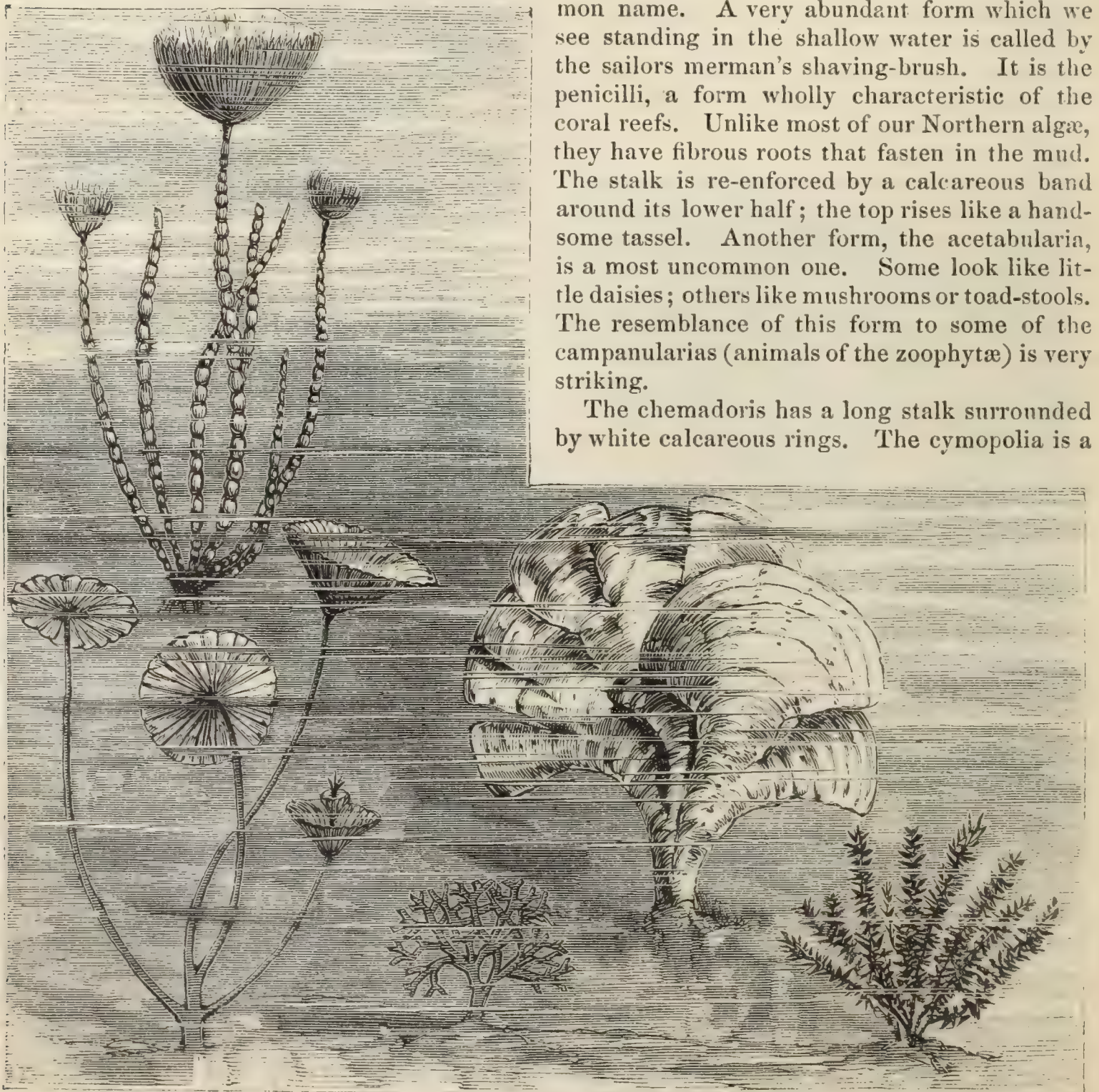
It is a fact, seemingly unaccountable, that certain natural objects are rare, or very rare as compared with others. The queen conch (*Cassia*) is almost extinct on this the only locality in this region. An enormous hermit-crab is occasionally seen here within the cast-off shell of a triton, or fusus of the largest kind. It is difficult to conceive a more thoroughly protected creature than either of these. The conch can instantly withdraw and close his sally-port with his strong gate of horn; and the hermit is concealed, excepting the stout claws, which would resist a very heavy attack. This hermit is one of the most interesting objects met with. The thorax and claws are bright red, and beautifully sculptured in regular imbrications, like ancient armor. Some of the shells adopted and dragged about as protecting shields of these crabs weigh from three to five pounds. Diogenes, the hermit-crab, is represented in one of the shells of *Strombus gigas*.



DIODENES, THE HERMIT.

As we draw near the close of our rambles we can not leave without taking a little nearer glance at some of the beautiful algæ, or seaweeds, that we have so often noticed decking the rough ledges of astreas, or trailing along the white sandy bottom. Few have any common name. A very abundant form which we see standing in the shallow water is called by the sailors merman's shaving-brush. It is the penicilli, a form wholly characteristic of the coral reefs. Unlike most of our Northern algæ, they have fibrous roots that fasten in the mud. The stalk is re-enforced by a calcareous band around its lower half; the top rises like a handsome tassel. Another form, the acetabularia, is a most uncommon one. Some look like little daisies; others like mushrooms or toad-stools. The resemblance of this form to some of the campanularias (animals of the zoophytæ) is very striking.

The chemadoris has a long stalk surrounded by white calcareous rings. The cymopolia is a



Chemadoris.

TROPICAL SEA-WEED.

Pavonia.

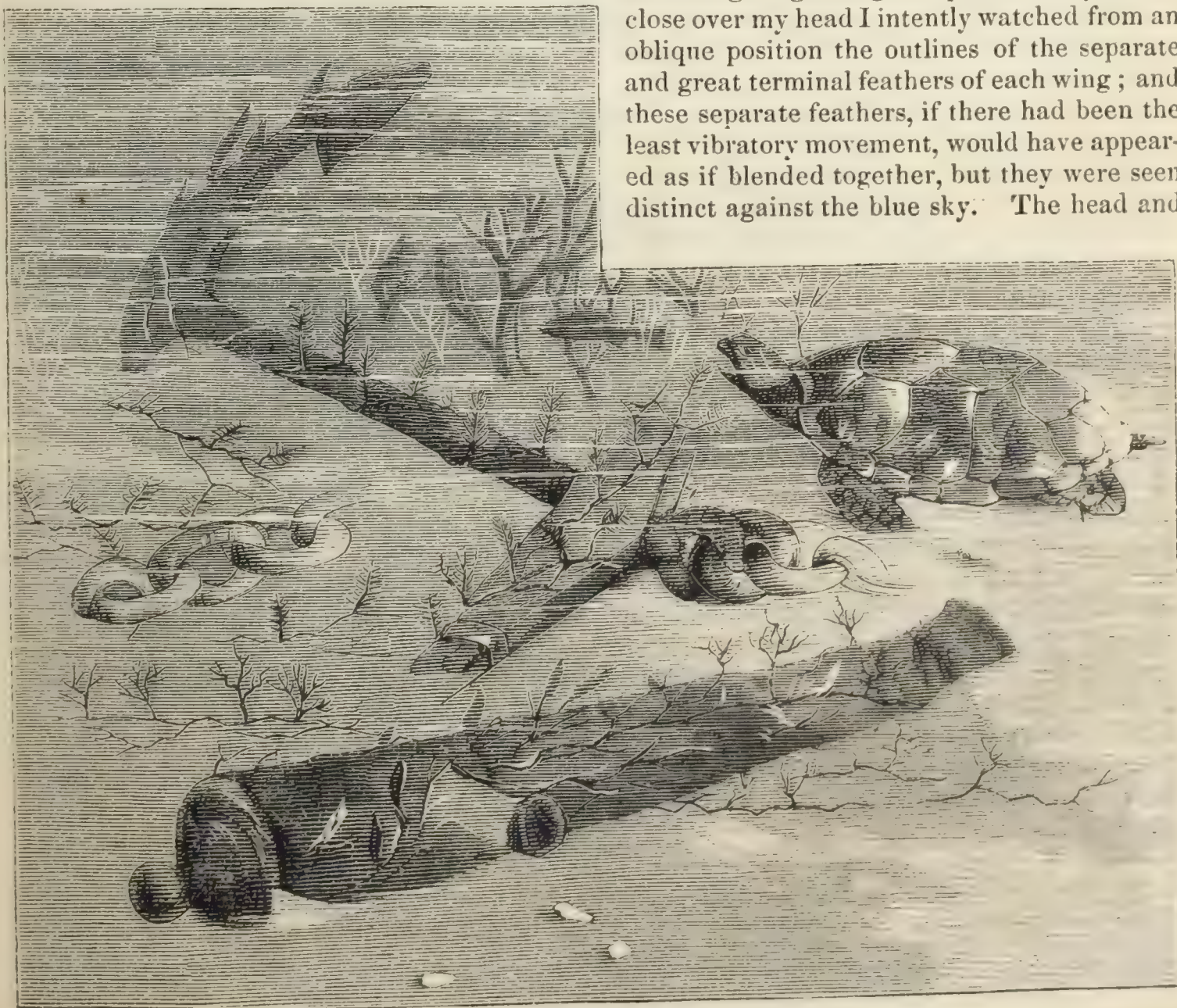
remarkable form; for a long time it was considered to be a coral, a living animal form. Bunches of this are found on the beaches bleached; and the stout calcareous structure, jointed and branched, studded with minute pores, gives quite the appearance of the higher coral. A thorough examination, however, discloses the true nature. On the bead-like limy joints are numerous pores. While the plant is small and young the internal green vegetable pith is protruded through these pores in beautiful pencils, forming rays around the stalk. As the plant grows old and higher the pencils drop off, and only the uppermost ones show them.

Of all the marine vegetable forms the caulerpas are most like those of the land. They are entirely tropical, none being found in the Northern waters or temperate regions. In the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and on the coral reefs of the Pacific, they are seen in abundance. The natives of some of the islands of the Pacific use them for food; and to the green turtle they all furnish a favorite forage, which is said to nourish the green fat so prized in this choice edible. There being no common names, we use the generic title, which, indeed, is very appropriate, caulerpa meaning creeping stem. Some of the finer varieties of this plant are seen coiling around the coral heads, and spreading out like the checker-berry or mitchella of the forests, contrasting beautifully in its bright green with the purple gorgonias and the delicate colors of the

living coral. A view is here given of an old Spanish gun that was discovered on the reef, overgrown with caulerpas and other sea-mosses. A rich submarine view is when this vine is seen as above, and the white, sandy bottom is bedecked with the golden knobs of the porites, or finger coral, the interspaces crowded with the dark brown zooanthus, the latter having most exquisite emerald centres. Here and there among them the bright face of a sea-anemone unfolds itself.

There is one pretty as well as singular weed called the peacock's tail, from its fan shape and its property of reflecting prismatic colors under water. It is the *Padina pavonia*. Another variety, allied to the latter, is the zonaria. The two last-mentioned belong to a natural order approaching closely the great laminarias of the Northern latitudes.

In concluding our rambles along the reef I will record here certain facts concerning the soaring of birds. This has long been a puzzling subject to observers, and no one, to my knowledge, has heretofore given the true explanation. Darwin, in his "Voyage of the *Beagle*," speaking of the condors of South America, says: "Except when rising from the ground I do not recollect ever having seen one of these birds flap its wings. Near Lima I watched several for nearly half an hour, without once taking my eyes off them. They moved in large curves, sweeping in circles, descending and ascending, without giving a single flap. As they glided close over my head I intently watched from an oblique position the outlines of the separate and great terminal feathers of each wing; and these separate feathers, if there had been the least vibratory movement, would have appeared as if blended together, but they were seen distinct against the blue sky." The head and



CAULERPAS GROWING ON THE SEA-BOTTOM.

neck were moved frequently, and apparently with force, and the extended wings seemed to form the fulcrum on which the movement of the neck, body, and tail acted. If the bird wished to descend, the wings were collapsed for a moment, and when again expanded with an altered inclination the momentum gained by the rapid descent seemed to urge the bird upward with the even and steady movement of a paper kite. In the case of any bird soaring its motion must be sufficiently rapid, so that the action of the inclined surface of its body on the atmosphere may counterbalance its gravity. The force to keep up the momentum of a body moving in a horizontal plane in the air (in which there is so little friction) can not be great, and this force is all that is wanted. The movement of the neck and body of the condor we must suppose is sufficient for this."

In this account, as in all others I have seen, the *one* important element is overlooked—the *force of the wind*. Some insist that there *must* be *some* movement, and suggest that certain feathers under the pinions move sufficiently to give them motion. Observers have failed to notice that these soaring birds are *never* poised in mid-air, *motionless*, when the wind is not blowing steadily from one point. The truth is, they remain in the air precisely as a boy's kite does, literally *sitting* on the breeze, *gravity* operating in lieu of the *string*. Darwin's remark is very true when he says, "the extended wings seemed to form the fulcrum on which the movement of the neck, body, and tail acted," and that "the head and neck were moved frequently, and apparently with great force." This *movement* is a *tilting* one, as if the bird was poised on a point on which it balances itself; *always*, however, *in the direction* of the wind. The bird's head is always "to windward;" otherwise he would go off before the wind instantly, as a kite goes when the string is cut. It is a mistake, probably, that the bird "moves its head with *great force*," as it is not necessary. It has that appearance as the head is "ducked" forward and downward to bring the weight of the body against the force of the wind. In the case of the kite the loop-string is delicately adjusted; and every boy knows that the least deviation up or down from the right point of fastening the string renders the kite useless. The bird, like the kite, as we have mentioned, must be *before* the wind, or *facing* it. The wind tends to carry it off before it; the bird tilts gently forward, opposing its weight, which centres forward, to the wind. This latter action tends to carry the bird downward and forward. The instinct of the bird *preserves the balance*, and thus birds soar and sit upon the breeze without the movement of a feather.*

* The kites of the Chinese or Japanese, that have no tails, and particularly those made in imitation of a bird with outspread wings, are perhaps better examples. If they possessed the faculty of poising themselves, tilting so as to exactly balance the two forces—*gravity* and the *wind*—then we would have the same result.

The birds we have most noticed are the "man-o'-war hawks," or "frigate-birds"—*Tachypetes aquila*. These birds are buoyant to a remarkable degree, by aid of their hollow bones and immense spread of wing and tail. We have watched them, in view of verifying this theory, from the light-tower, where they sometimes came very closely. This was as perfect an examination as one would wish. They are always seen when a stiff breeze comes from any quarter, in groups of a score, more or less; and, strange to say, they are seen soaring in this way during the night, though in calm weather they roost on the bushes of the keys. They depend on stealing from the gulls for food; therefore it seems unaccountable why they soar in this way, either day or night.

When birds rise in circles they are operated on precisely the same as vessels on the water. They incline their wings, and take the force of the wind; tacking, jibing, and otherwise taking advantage of the power for this purpose. One thing is certain, they *do not* rise or soar unless there is a breeze to help them; this is the one important point overlooked by all observers.

In our boating along the reef some members of our boat's crew have been occasionally in view. As Fat Charley was our best oarsman and diver, and as his after-career was rather unexpectedly changed, we conclude by giving an account of it. The peculiar circumstances of his case as a prisoner for desertion—and certainly he felt that he was misjudged as such—made him an object of commiseration and interest with us.

He had been the hero of many a daring exploit in the water; but there came a time when his generous nature gave way fully, and he reaped a just reward. Charley had several years remaining of a sentence of ten to serve at this prison. It was a hard thing for him, a Vermont boy decently bred, to spend his time among felons and murderers. Efforts were made to effect his release; but in these times so much red tape stood in the way, and so many men were charged with bounty-jumping and desertion, it was not an easy matter to procure a pardon.

After the usual hot and sultry summer, and the heavy rains of early autumn, there came one of those terrific cyclones sweeping around the island like a whirlwind, uprooting trees within the fort, and throwing down every prominent object not firmly fixed. The great three-story building in process of construction for officers' quarters received a heavy blow, and one large portion of the rear wall was thrown to the ground, crushing in its course a small building in which two officers of the garrison were sleeping. So instantaneous was the blow one of the officers was crushed to death in bed before he could leave it. Ere any one had recovered from the shock, much less commenced to look about, Fat Charley was hammering away at the door where the officers were confined, and soon effected an entrance—just in time to rescue one

officer from the still impending danger. The other lay crushed upon his bed, under an immense load of bricks that had broken through the roof. Now appeared a most embarrassing situation. A large portion of the wall, extending to the very top of the building, was partially dislodged, but would not yield to the force applied. The commanding officer would not order any one to go up, but asked if any one present would volunteer. No one moved. It seemed that the danger was too apparent. But few moments passed, however, before a sensation was noticed in the crowd; some one was observed climbing behind the loosened wall. It was Fat Charley, who commenced crying out lustily for some one to "toss him the bight of a rope." Such a shout went up to greet him as never before or since was heard within the walls of Fort Jefferson.

A light cord was made fast to a hawser, and one end fastened to a stone which was thrown over the wall. Charley adjusted the rope and came down, receiving the congratulations of his comrades, and the thanks of the commanding officer, who ordered him to go to his office at once. Charley took a prodigious chew of tobacco, and said "he'd be dog'd if he hadn't rather have a thimbleful of 'pain-killer' and a little rest, but he supposed he must obey orders."

"Rodgers, what can I do for you?" says the Colonel.

Charley took the quid out of his mouth and tossed it out the window. An idea struck

him. He twirled his hat on his fist for a moment, resting now on one hip, now on the other. "Well, Colonel"—and Charley looked as near the melting mood as he ever had been before—"the fact is, Colonel, I have got acquainted with a girl on the key, and she has just gone off, and she said she'd have me if there was any reasonable prospect of my getting out of this. Now the truth is, I think she believes in me, and I know that I am better for her, and—and—" Charley broke down completely, but rallied vigorously when the Colonel showed him his signature appended to a document wherein the Hon. Secretary of War was respectfully informed that Charles Rodgers, of —— Regiment, —— Volunteers, etc., and was recommended for executive clemency for exemplary conduct and bravery.

In due time the Adjutant placed in Charley's hands his discharge; whereupon he lost no time in joining his good angel, following her to New York, where he surprised her, and claimed that her promise should be fulfilled. She was as good as her word; they were married at once, and left for their home in the Green Mountain State. From his country home we received a letter, signed by husband and wife, telling of their great happiness. The handwriting was singularly alike; but we remembered that Charley had not only learned to write under the tuition of his guardian, but had joined her church while yet they were at the prison.

The Bos'n lies buried by the deep sea on the Florida Reef.

THE RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM.



GALLERY AT GOLDEN GATE.

THE church of Notre Dame, in Paris, which, founded in 1163, was originally elevated six or eight steps above the level of the street, is now upon the same plane with it; and if the detritus continues to accumulate in the future as it has in the past, it will not be long before the traveler will have to descend into the cathedral. The tourist in Rome, passing near the site of the ancient Forum, finds himself ten or twelve feet above the surface of ancient Rome, which only recent excavations have brought to view. These facts—and they are not isolated ones by any means—present curious and interesting illustrations of the way in which the present is perpetually at work in burying and obliterating all traces of the past. But the examples to which we have alluded sink into insignificance when compared with that which is afforded by the city of Jerusalem. There is scarcely any city of ancient times still in existence whose localities are not better understood. Its topography is



JERUSALEM.

more obscure by far than that of Athens, Alexandria, or Rome; and even Nineveh and Babylon have been more effectually explored. It is true that the legends of the church fix very definitely every locality, whether real or fictitious. The pious priests show the tourist the Ecce Homo Arch, where Pilate brought out Jesus, hoping thus to appeal to the sympathies of the mob; the very window from which Pilate's wife warned her husband to have nothing to do with the persecution of that just man; the street along which Jesus was carried to his execution; the places where he rested upon the journey; the pillar where he was scourged; the place where he was crucified; the very holes on the top of the rock in which the crosses stood; the precise spot occupied by the Roman soldier who, in view of the crucifixion, bore witness, "Surely this was the Son of God;" the Stone of Unction, whereon the body of the Saviour was laid to prepare it for burial; the sepulchre hewn in the rock wherein he was entombed; and the spot where he appeared to Mary Magdalene in the likeness of a gardener. But they show with equal confidence

the spot where he fell under the weight of his cross, and point in attestation to a great granite column broken by the blow; two deep indentations in the stone wall where he stumbled and fell; the house of the saint, Veronica, who, according to the Romish legends, came out, undaunted by the hootings of the mob, and wiped the perspiration from his brow, bearing away with her as her reward the imprint of the Saviour's face upon her handkerchief. The legend must be true, for the identical handkerchief is preserved and exhibited in half a dozen cathedrals of Europe.

It is scarcely necessary to say, however, that though some of these sites may happen to be correctly designated, no credence is to be attached to the monkish opinions concerning sacred geography, except

as they are sustained by original and independent investigations.

For the purpose of conducting such investigations, a society was formed in England a few years ago, entitled The Palestine Exploration Fund. An expedition was organized to explore Jerusalem; and the results of two years of indefatigable labor, pursued under every variety of difficulty, are now before us in a volume of official reports from Captain Warren, under whose direction they were carried on. We shall not attempt to condense into a few pages any thing like a full and accurate account of his labors, but shall hope to give some hint of these most recent efforts of Christian scholars for the recovery of the Holy City.

Jerusalem is literally a city set on a hill, or rather on hills. The modern city stands, as the ancient one did, on the southern extremity of a spur, or plateau, inclosed by two ravines, which bear the familiar names of Kedron and Hinnom. A third ravine, the Tyropœon, joining the Kedron on the south, passes through the city, dividing it into two unequal portions.

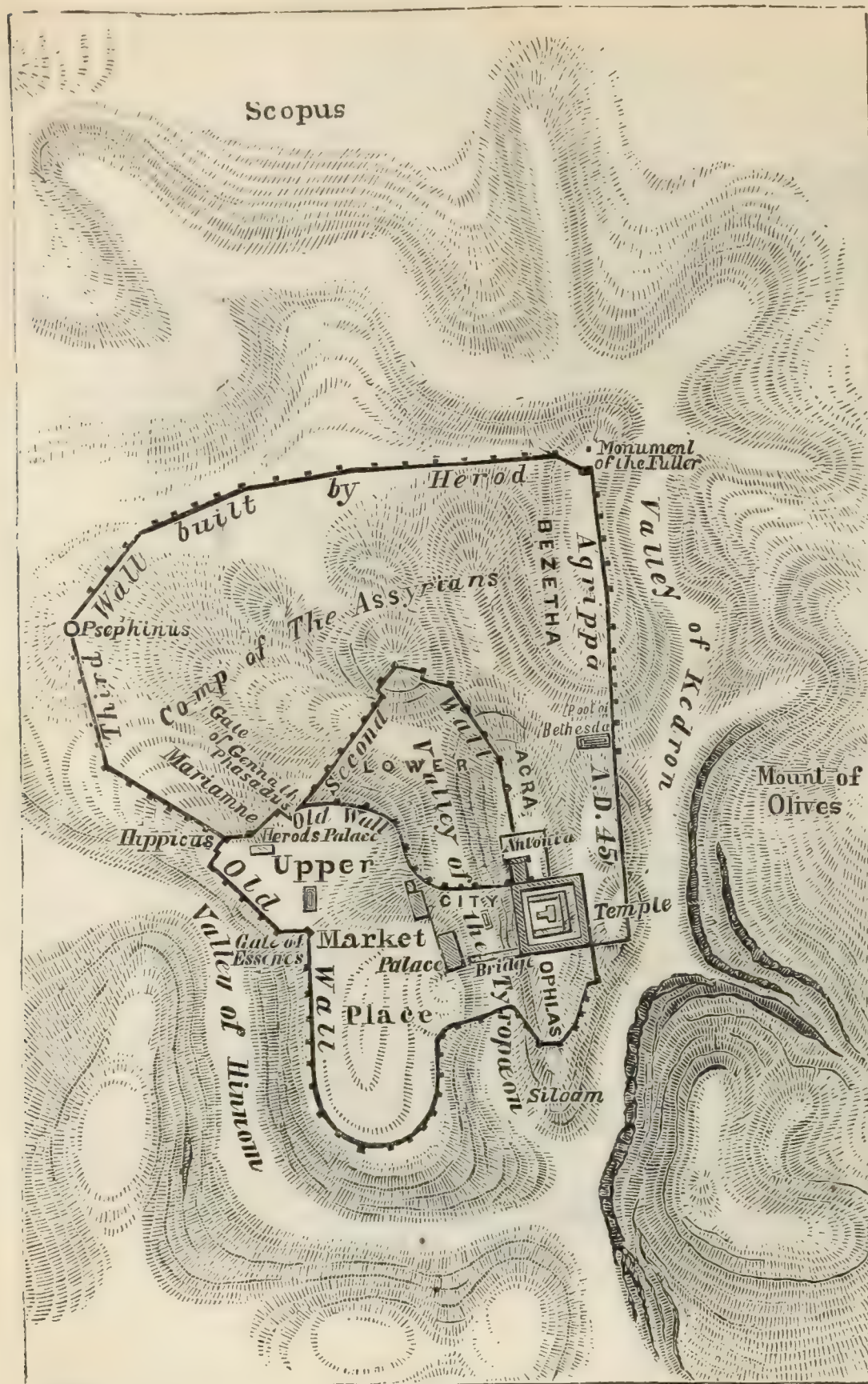


ARCH OF THE ECCE HOMO.

On the western spur, probably the Mount Zion of Scripture, were situated the palace of Herod, the three great towers, Hippicus, Phasadus, and Mariamne, and the Upper City of Josephus. On the eastern spur stood the ancient Temple, upon the site now occupied by the Mosque of Omar, which stands upon a platform known as the Haram Area. The mosque itself is known also as the Noble Sanctuary, and the walls of the Haram Area, which contain some of the finest mural masonry in the world, are known as the Sanctuary walls.

The hills of Jerusalem are precipitous, and in many cases the rock was cut down to give additional security. In the long history of the city, from the days when David first captured it from the Jebusites to the wars of the Crusades, it has been repeatedly besieged, captured, and laid waste. The detritus of centuries has gradually accumulated in these valleys, until in some places it is a hundred feet in depth. The upper portion of the ancient walls has been

thrown down. The lower portion is buried beneath the rubbish. The plan which accompanies this article, like all plans of the city, is largely conjectural. The location of the walls is traced by surmise, not by observation; for no modern has ever seen, in their entire circuit, the ancient walls of Jerusalem. Some faint conception of the extent to which this rubbish overlays old Jerusalem is indicated by the sectional diagram which we give upon another page. Perhaps, however, the reader will get even a better conception from a single incident in Captain Warren's explorations. He had occasion to sink a shaft on the north side of the city, considerably removed, as he supposed, from the street which ran in the valley below. But after getting well under-ground he found himself breaking through the wall of a blacksmith's shop, and recognized the workman as a man from whom he had been buying some tools shortly before. The man was transfixed with terror at the apparition bursting through



PLAN OF JERUSALEM.

the wall of his workshop, and thought it was a spirit come to torment him for having driven too hard a bargain, and he fell on his knees to entreat pardon.

While the very topography of the Holy City has combined with its romantic and eventful history to bury it beneath an accumulation of detritus, which it requires no little time, money, patience, and skill to explore, and which can never be removed—while thus its burial is so effectual as to defy the hope of a true resurrection, even the sacred interest which attaches to the place adds to the difficulties which beset every attempt to explore it. Every locality which church legends have rendered sacred is regarded with a superstitious reverence which, from the earliest ages, has regarded all independent investigation as a gross impiety. For investigation implies doubt, and, alike in Romish, Greek, and Mussulman faith, to doubt is a

mortal sin. It is only Protestants who desire to investigate. And Protestantism has as yet acquired but little influence in Jerusalem. In fact, Protestant tourists themselves, with comparatively few exceptions, go thither not to investigate, but to gaze, to wonder, to enjoy; and they have but little thanks to give to any one who presumes to deny that the Garden of Gethsemane in which they stand is the very garden where Jesus of Nazareth prayed in agony, and the rock which the priest points out to them, with the three holes for the three crosses, is the sacred Calvary where Christ was crucified for the sins of the world. Thus the first traveler who threw doubt on these legendary localities was regarded by nearly all as little better than an infidel; and it is only in comparatively late days that free archaeological investigation has been tolerated even by Protestant sentiment. How little it is tolerated by the Mussulman authorities will appear as our story proceeds.

On the 15th of February, 1867, Captain Warren's steamer entered the roadstead of Jaffa. His difficulties commenced in

landing. His instruments—theodolites, sextants, etc.—were pronounced warlike stores by the custom-house authorities, and before Captain Warren could get permission to land them he had to get a voucher from the vice-consul that they were of a peaceful nature and not liable to go off. His first attempt to excavate along the Sanctuary wall was at once stopped by the Pasha, who professed to be alarmed lest the walls should be brought down, and who explained, in the utmost apparent good faith, to Captain Warren, the whole substructure of the Noble Sanctuary, winding up with the information that the Sacred Rock, which gives sanctity to the mosque, lies on the top leaves of a palm-tree, from the roots of which spring all the rivers of the earth, and that any attempt by a Frank to make further investigations would inevitably bring dire calamity upon the country. This faith of the Pasha's was subsequently shaken. Fifteen

months later he came to Captain Warren to ask his advice with regard to getting water for Jerusalem, which was suffering from a severe drought. The Pasha proposed to pump it up from the Jordan, four thousand feet below, and eighteen miles away.

"Where is the source of all the rivers of the earth?" asked Captain Warren.

"Under the Sacred Rock."

"Then why do you not go there and get it? Would Allah be angry?"

"I do not care," replied the Pasha, "if Allah be angry; for he has been mocking the people for two months by sending clouds without rain. Why should he mock the people?"

"Then why," said Captain Warren, "do you not try and get water from under the Sacred Rock?"

"Because," replied the Pasha—"because—Do you really think there is water there?"

Unfortunately the rain came before the Pasha quite made up his mind to consent to any explorations.

Indeed, Captain Warren never would have reached the Sanctuary wall except by a system of ingenious evasions. When permission was obtained to excavate, it was upon condition that he should not dig within forty feet of the wall. But the Pasha was quite ignorant of mining operations, and felt quite safe so long as the miners were not near the wall above-ground. Captain Warren resorted to an ingenious, but, it must be confessed, rather audacious device. He resolved to commence at the required distance, mine up to the wall under-ground, obtain the necessary information, publish it, and then, when it was known at Constantinople, commence again on the surface about twenty feet off, and, if stopped, protest on the plea that he had already been up to the wall, that it was known at the Porte, and that thus the custom was established. And in Mohammedan communities custom has all the force of law.

This was the plan he actually pursued. He seems in no case to have dug along-side the wall upon the surface, but to have reached it in all cases by a series of under-ground galleries. While he thus succeeded in evading the prohibition of the Pasha, he was perpetually hindered in his work by a series of petty obstructions; and the various devices to which he resorted form a very interesting chapter in his experiences. On one occasion the gallery gave way. The soil caved in, and the report was instantly carried to the authorities that the Englishmen were bringing down the Sanctuary wall. Before, however, they could get there Captain Warren had filled up the hole and leveled it over so neatly that the informers could not find the place, and the authorities, satisfied that a practical joke had been played upon them, paid very little attention to subsequent complaints. On another occasion some meddlesome officials undertook to make surreptitious visits to the works. Captain Warren accordingly constructed in the gallery what he

calls a mouse-trap—a pit about six feet deep and six feet long, which he crossed by means of a plank, which was taken up after work hours. The spies got such a scare from the mouse-trap that they ventured on no more night visits.

These difficulties were not the only ones which Captain Warren had to encounter. It was almost impossible to procure tools, or even planks. The working-men had never seen a wheelbarrow, and were as delighted with it as children with a toy. But simple as the use of a wheelbarrow may appear to the reader, the fellahin—*i. e.*, Syrian peasants—could hardly be taught to use it. A few runs with a barrow would completely exhaust them. Captain Warren was obliged to depend wholly upon the pick for getting out the rock. He once attempted to use gunpowder, whereupon the rumor became current among the Moslems that the Christians were going to deposit little lumps of gunpowder all round the walls of the Noble Sanctuary, and that these would grow and grow until they became barrels, and then, in about twenty years, the Englishmen would come back with some infernal machine and blow the whole thing up. The methods employed in dealing with the workmen were not such as consort very well with our ideas of free labor. Sergeant Birtles, who was Captain Warren's chief assistant, always carried about in his pocket money enough to settle with any of the men. If a fellah was lazy or idle he was given his choice between dismissal and a thrashing, and generally chose the latter. The fellahin's piety interfered at first somewhat with their industry, since they took working hours for their prayers. The captain, however, deducted pay for each prayer, which put a stop to that practice. But he compromised the matter, and satisfied the consciences of the Moslems, by suffering one of their number, of the family of the Prophet, to go into a mosque every Friday and pray for the crowd; and as this proxy took the sins of the whole party with him, he received pay for the time he was thus absent from work.

The system of excavation adopted was that ordinarily used in military mining. The first step was to sink a shaft through the débris in the manner indicated in the cut on page 200. These shafts were simply square pits from fifty to one hundred feet in depth, sheeted around with wood to keep the earth from falling in. In many places this débris was composed of a loose shingle, consisting of successive layers of stone chippings, usually cubical in form. This shingle would often break into the shafts and galleries, running like water. In one case, through a hole not twelve inches square, the shingle flowed for several days, coming so fast that it resembled more a cataract of water than of stone. From these shafts galleries were dug from three to four feet in height. It was, as we have said, only by these galleries that the wall of Jerusalem could be reached. The difficulties and dangers of this work were often



very great. It was not possible to carry it on more than a certain number of days at one time at a difficult place, as the constant danger caused the nerves to become unstrung after a time. "Only those," says Captain Warren, "who have experienced the peculiar effect of the rattling of the débris upon the frames, with the prospect at any moment of the boards being crushed in by a large stone, can appreciate the deterring influence it has upon the workmen. The non-commissioned officers have to keep continually to the front, or the men will not venture up."

The first operations were commenced on the western wall, at a point near what is known as Wilson's Arch. It receives this name from the fact that it was first discovered by Captain Wilson, who had not the means, however, to prosecute any

aqueduct, cut in the solid rock beneath this bridge, were also discovered. Part of this bridge has fallen, and broken and buried the aqueduct in its fall; and the original pavement of the ancient road in the valley itself is now forty-five feet below the present surface formed by the ruins of the ancient walls and houses. Nor is this all. A perfect net-work of subterranean chambers was also disclosed, some of which were probably used for the storage of food, and others as aqueducts and cisterns. And the whole result more than confirms the ideas of Jewish architectural grandeur which the books of the Bible and the pages of Josephus combine to give, but which have hitherto been regarded by many skeptical minds as apocryphal.

Along the southern wall his discoveries were scarcely less interesting. Here he found a double pavement, one twenty-three, the other forty-three feet below the present surface of the ground. Here also he found some curious remains both of Hebrew and of Christian origin. The following description of his explorations at this point, taken from one of his letters written at the time, will afford the reader a more graphic picture of the difficulties and dangers which attended his investigations than can be given by any general description:

"On Friday, having arrived at a depth of seventy-nine feet, the men were breaking up a

80 feet



SHAFT SUNK.

mining operations. Captain Warren's explorations proved this arch to be one of a series forming a viaduct which led from the Temple toward the palace of Herod on the western hill, and constituting perhaps the very bridge across which Jesus was conducted from Pilate to Herod on the day of his trial. The remains of a winding

stone at the bottom of the shaft. Suddenly the ground gave way, down went the stone and the hammer, the men barely saving themselves. They at once rushed up, and told the sergeant they had found the bottomless pit. I went down to the spot and examined it; and, in order that you may have an idea of the extent of

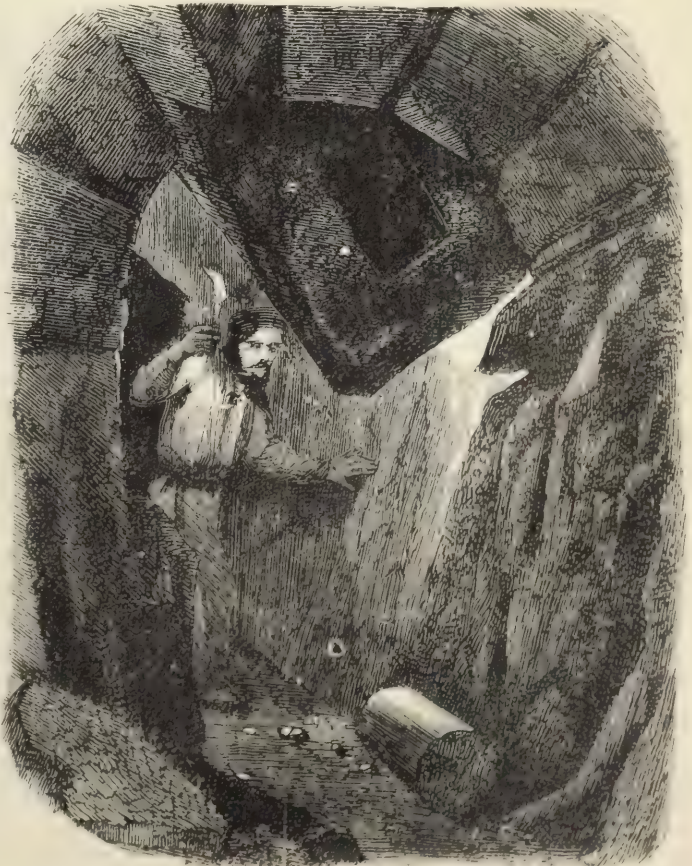


WILSON'S ARCH.

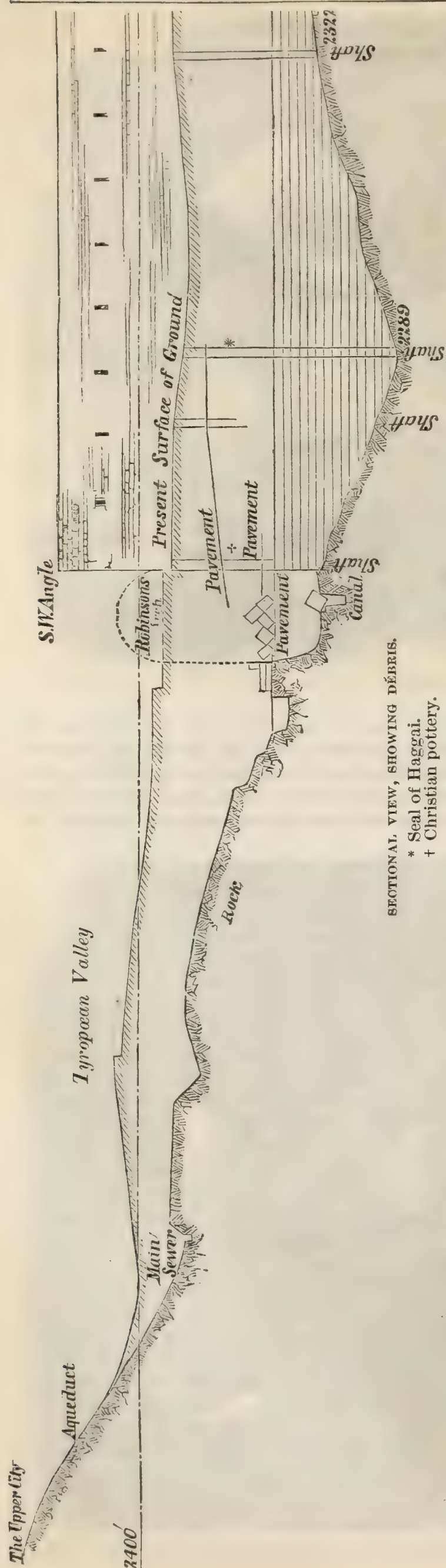
our work, I will give you a description of our descent.

“The shaft mouth is on the south side of the Sanctuary wall, near the southwest angle, among the prickly-pears; beside it, to the east, lying against the Sanctuary wall, is a large mass of rubbish that has been brought up; while over the mouth itself is a triangular gin, with iron wheel attached, with guy, for running up the excavated soil. Looking down the shaft, one sees that it is lined for the first twenty feet with frames four feet six inches in the clear; further down the Sanctuary wall and soil cut through are seen, and a man standing at what appears to be the bottom. An order is given to this man, who repeats it, and then, faintly, is heard a sepulchral voice answering, as it were from another world. Reaching down to the man who is visible is a thirty-four-feet rope-ladder; and, on descending by it, one finds he is standing on a ledge which the ladder does not touch by four feet. This ledge is the top of a wall running north and south, and abutting on the Sanctuary wall; its east face just cuts the centre of the shaft, which has to be canted off about two feet toward the east, just where some large loose stones jut out in the most disagreeable manner. Here five more frames have been fixed to keep these stones steady.

On peering down from this ledge one sees the Sanctuary wall, with its projecting courses, until they are lost in the darkness below; observing also, at the same time, that two sides of the shaft are cut through the soil, and are



VOUSOIR OF AN ARCH FALLEN THROUGH ROOF OF ROCK-CUT CANAL.



self-supporting. Now to descend this second drop the ladder is again required; accordingly, having told the man at the bottom to get under cover, it is lowered to the ledge, from whence it is found that it does not reach to the bottom by several feet. It is therefore lowered to the required distance, and one has to reach it by climbing down hand over hand for about twelve feet. On passing along one notes the marvelous joints of the Sanctuary wall stones, and also, probably, gets a few blows on skull and knuckles from falling pebbles. Just on reaching the bottom one recollects there is still a pit of unknown depth to be explored, and cautiously straddles across it. Then can be seen that one course in the Sanctuary wall, near the bottom, is quite smooth all over, the stone being finely dressed, all other courses being only well-dressed around the drafts; one also sees two stout boards lying against the Sanctuary wall, under which the men retire whenever an accidental shower of stones renders their position dangerous. One is now at a depth of seventy-nine feet from the surface, and from here we commence the exploring of the 'bottomless pit.' After dropping a rope down, we found that it was only six feet deep, though it looked black enough for any thing."

Further explorations disclosed a subterranean passage, perhaps originally constructed to carry off the overflow from the Temple; and the intrepid investigator crawled on his hands and feet 400 feet along this slimy drain through the mud, the passage at times becoming so narrow that he could barely squeeze through, and the air so foul as to threaten suffocation. The difficulty of his position is indicated by the fact that he had to back out 200 feet before he could get to a point where he could turn his head.

On the eastern wall letters in red paint were found upon the stone—paint which easily rubbed off when touched with the wet finger. A curious obstacle stood in the way of Captain Warren's work at this point. The greater portion of the east wall is lined with Mohammedan tombs. They are used as dwelling-places and stables, and are quarried from for building purposes. But to sink a shaft through the cemetery was a desecration not to be permitted, and the only thing to be done was to go 143 feet from the gate, and after sinking a pit, drive in the gallery under-ground.

The explorations along the northern wall of the Haram Area were conducted in a similar manner. They resulted in some interesting discoveries of ancient Phœnician characters upon some of the stones, and of remains of ancient pottery in the débris, as well as of some subterranean passages, but they have not yet been pushed to a satisfactory consummation. Indeed, while these explorations have thrown some light upon disputed questions of topography, their chief value, perhaps, lies in the fact that they indicate how much more remains to be discovered. Enough, however, has been done to indicate the course of the walls; to con-

firm the doubts already entertained by many scholars of the genuineness of the legend which fixes the locality of the crucifixion and the burial-place of Jesus; to show in part what of the remains now existing are Herodian, and what date back to the days of Solomon; to demonstrate that the description given by Josephus of the immense height of the Temple above the valley is not exaggerated; and to give new significance to many of the references which the Scripture contains concerning the Holy City.

We have already referred incidentally to the discovery in the débris of some remains of ancient pottery. Less of such materials was found than had been anticipated, but enough to indicate what a more thorough research might disclose. They are of greater interest to the antiquarian than to the general reader; yet no one can fail to feel an interest in these relics of a civilization whose ruins are buried under the débris of centuries, and in looking, as by the artist's aid he may, upon what is, perhaps, in form, just such a vase as that which the woman broke when about to anoint the feet of Jesus as he sat at meat, and upon lamps which, though of a later date, probably are the exact counterparts of those which Jesus had in mind



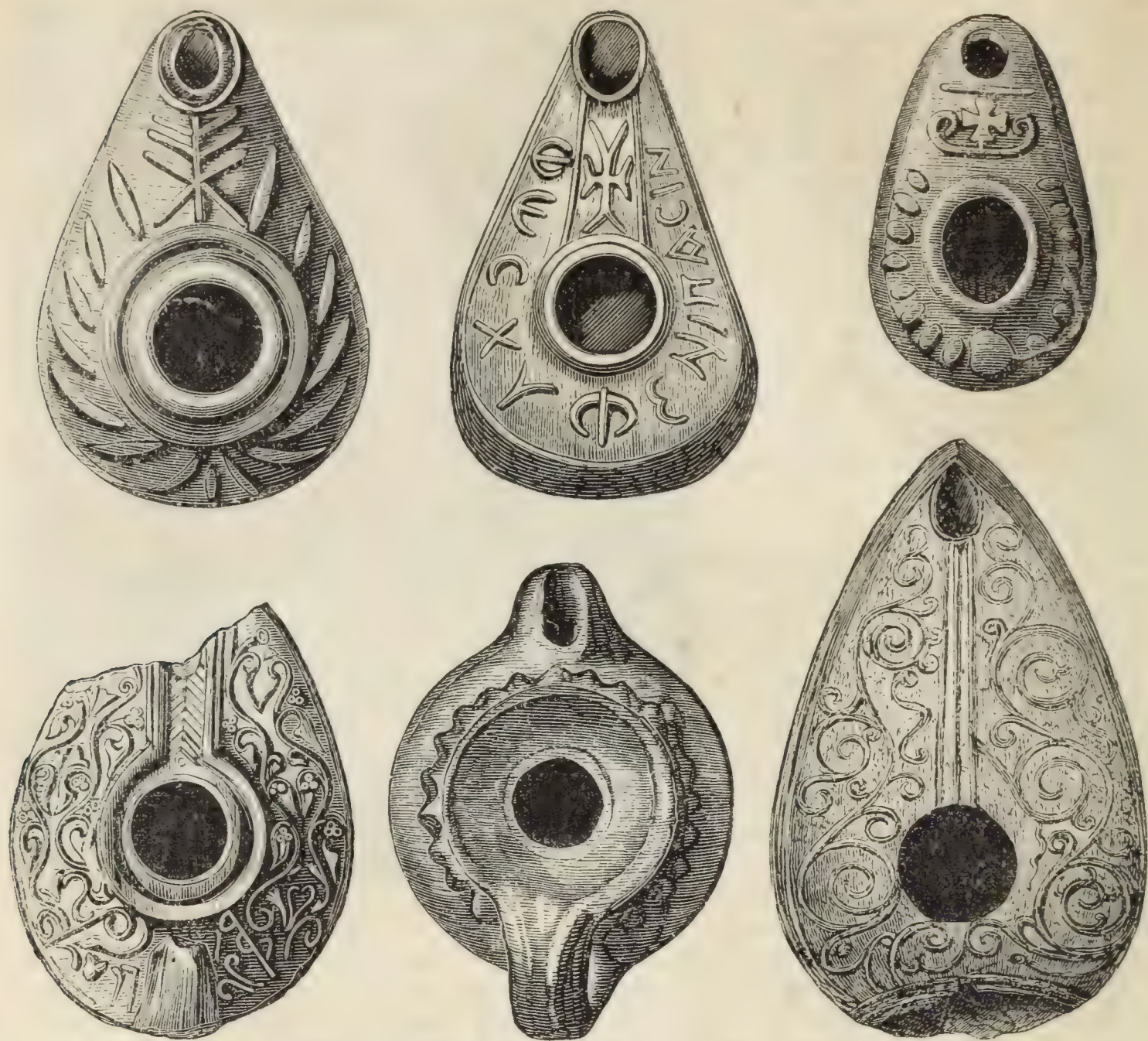
EXAMINING CHARACTERS ON THE WALL.

in the parable of the ten virgins. The vase portrayed in the picture, Fig. 3 (page 205), appears to have been used for the importation or preservation of quicksilver, remains of which have been found in the interior. The marks on the handles of vase, Fig. 1, are Phœnician characters; and the fragments so far discovered belong chiefly to four eras—the Phœnician, the Græco-Phœnician, the Arabic, and the early Christian.

The movement for the exploration of Jerusalem commenced with a benevolent effort by Miss Burdett Coutts to ascertain whether water might not be procured for the city which the Psalmist had described as “the joy of the whole earth,” but which has become one of the most unhealthy places in the world, partly owing to the impurity of the water and the difficulty of obtaining it. Indeed, at certain seasons it is sold at a high price. The result proves that whatever dearth of water there is now, there was formerly no lack of provision. In fact, the whole ground of the Haram Area appears to be honey-combed with a series of remarkable rock-hewn cisterns, in which was stored the water brought by an aqueduct from Solomon's Pool, near Bethlehem. These cisterns appear to have been connected by a system of channels cut out of the rock, so that when one was full the



PASSAGE IN THE WALL OF THE HARAM AREA.



LAMPS BELONGING TO THE EARLY CHRISTIAN ERA.

surplus water ran into the next, and so on, till the final overflow was carried off by a channel into the Kedron. One of the cisterns—that known as the Great Sea—would contain two million gallons, and the total number of gallons which could be stored probably exceeded ten millions. Among these ancient water-works of Jerusalem—some of which certainly date back to the time of Solomon—is the subterranean passage which leads from the Pool of Siloam to the Virgin's Fount, both, as the reader will observe by reference to the plan, on the south side of the city. We can not bring this article to a more appropriate close than by quoting from Captain Warren's thrilling though simple account of his hazardous survey of this aqueduct:*

"I have examined and surveyed the rock-cut passage leading from the Virgin's Fount to Siloam. We entered from the Siloam end, so as to have as much clean work as possible. For the first 350 feet it was very plain sailing, the height of passage sloping down from sixteen feet at entrance to four feet four inches; the width two feet; the direction a wavy line to the east. At 450 feet the height of passage

was reduced to three feet nine inches, and here we found a shaft leading upward apparently to the open air. This might be made use of to great advantage by the owners of the soil overhead. From this shaft the passage takes a northeasterly direction, and at 600 feet is only two feet six inches high. Our difficulties now commenced. Sergeant Birtles, with a fellah, went ahead, measuring with tape, while I followed with compass and field-book. The bottom is a soft silt, with a calcareous crust at top strong enough to bear the human weight, except in a few places, where it lets one in with a flop. Our measurements of height were taken from the top of this crust, as it now forms the bottom of the aqueduct; the mud silt is from fifteen inches to eighteen inches deep. We were now crawling on all fours, and thought we were getting on very pleasantly, the water being only four inches deep, and we were not wet higher than our hips. Presently bits of cabbage stalks came floating by, and we suddenly awoke to the fact that the waters were rising. The Virgin's Fount is used as a sort of scullery to the Tilwân village, the refuse thrown there being carried off down the passage each time the water rises. The rising of the waters had not been anticipated, as they had risen only two hours previous to our en-

* It is necessary to explain that the Pool of Siloam possesses an intermittent character, though the cause of the ebb and flow is a matter of uncertainty.



REMAINS OF ANCIENT POTTERY.

1. Vase Handles—Phoenician Inscriptions.—2. Ancient Jar—probably Phoenician.—3. Vase containing Signs of Quicksilver.—4. Vase or Jar of Glass—Arabic.—5. Ancient Dish.

trance. At 850 feet the height of the channel was reduced to one foot ten inches. The water was running with great violence, one foot in height, and we, crawling full length, were up to our necks in it.

"I was particularly embarrassed: one hand necessarily wet and dirty, the other holding a pencil, compass, and field-book; the candle for the most part in my mouth. Another fifty feet brought us to a place where we had regularly to run the gauntlet of the waters. The passage being only one foot four inches high, we had just four inches breathing space, and had some difficulty in twisting our necks round properly. When observing, my mouth was under water. At 900 feet we came upon two false cuttings, one on each side of the aqueduct. They go in for about two feet each. I could not discover any appearance of their being passages; if they are, and are stopped up for any distance, it will be next to impossible to clear them out in such a place. Just here I involuntarily swallowed a portion of my lead-pencil, nearly choking for a minute or two. We were now going in a zigzag direction to-

ward the northwest, and the height increased to four feet six inches, which gave us a little breathing space; but at 1050 feet we were reduced to two feet six inches, and at 1100 feet we were again crawling with a height of only one foot ten inches. We should probably have suffered more from the cold than we did had not our risible faculties been excited by the sight of our fellah in front, plunging and puffing through the water like a young grampus. At 1150 feet the passage again averaged in height two feet to two feet six inches; at 1400 feet we heard the same sound of water dripping as described by Captain Wilson, the Rev. Dr. Barclay, and others. I carefully looked backward and forward, and at last found a fault in the rock, where the water was gurgling, but whether rushing in or out I could not ascertain. At 1450 feet we commenced turning to the east, and the passage attained the height of six feet; at 1658 feet we came upon our old friend, the passage leading to the Ophel shaft, and, after a further fifty feet, to the Virgin's Fount. Our candles were just becoming exhausted, and the last three angles I could not take very

exactly. There were fifty-seven stations of the compass. When we came out it was dark, and we had to stand shivering for some minutes before our clothes were brought us. We were nearly four hours in the water."

The work which Captain Warren has begun we hope will not be suffered to stop here. We

are glad to see that some efforts are being made in this country to secure co-operation with the Palestine Exploration Fund; and we trust that the science of the nineteenth century may accomplish what the armed piety of the twelfth essayed in vain—the recovery of Jerusalem.

PUT-IN-BAY.



PUT-IN-BAY.

AT break of day one September morning nearly sixty years ago the brig *Lawrence*, flag-ship of Captain Perry's Lake Erie squadron, was riding quietly at anchor in a harbor formed by a group of small islands near the western extremity of the lake. As the heavy shadows which had rested all night long upon the waters of the bay grew less and less dense, and the forms of the surrounding islands began to make their appearance through the morning mists, the usual signs of renewed life became apparent on board the fleet.

The shrill whistle of the boatswain could be heard summoning the crews to their morning duties, the watches upon deck were relieved and allowed to go below, and the hum of voices showed that the sleepers had all been awakened and the business of the day begun.

Suddenly the sailor upon the look-out at the mast-head of the *Lawrence* bent forward and hailed the deck. From the elevated position where he stood carefully scanning the horizon a sight startling but not unexpected had met his view. Beyond the intervening islands, and concealed by their wooded shores from the decks, the lifting shadows now revealed six large vessels slowly moving down from the northwest. This was the British fleet, which,

under command of Captain Barclay, one of Nelson's bravest veterans, had left the Canada shore upon the previous evening with the intention of settling the disputed question of naval supremacy upon the waters of Lake Erie before the sinking of another sun.

The intelligence of its approach was quickly communicated to Perry by the officer of the deck. The promptness with which orders were given for the squadron to get under way, and the activity displayed in their execution, showed that the young commander was not unprepared for the emergency. Anchors were weighed, sails spread, and the small boats lowered and manned with oarsmen prepared to assist the light breeze, which it was feared might not prove strong enough to impel the vessels into the open waters of the lake. As they slowly beat out from the harbor toward the spot where the British fleet lies awaiting them the broad blue battle-flag of the commander, inscribed with the dying words of the lamented *Lawrence*, is run up to the peak of the flag-ship amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the men. These are answered by responsive cheers from the crews of the other vessels, as the ensign floats out upon the breeze, and the inscription is revealed to them by the clear light of the

morning sun. Before nightfall the thunder of the guns had died away, and the hard-earned victory was won. A great naval battle had been fought, and, along with the entire British fleet, the control of the lakes had passed permanently into the hands of the Americans.

The harbor from which Perry set sail at daybreak to meet the foe, and to which he returned after the battle to bury the dead and repair the shattered ships of both squadrons, is formed by a group of about twenty small islands situated near the western extremity of Lake Erie, and has ever since been known by the name of Put-in-Bay. Tradition states that its existence and its superior facilities as an anchorage for the fleet were first pointed out to Perry by a Canadian half-breed, who had volunteered for the cruise in Sandusky. Its advantages for such a purpose in time of war are certainly conspicuous. Lying well out from the shore, though available for vessels drawing twelve feet of water, Put-in-Bay, unlike the other harbors of the lake, has no bar to obstruct its entrance, and is free from dangerous rocks. Its position, too, is an important recommendation. Looking toward the Canada shore, it adjoins the passage into the upper lakes, while at the same time affording a favorable point for the defense of the neighboring coast of Ohio, and the mouths of the many streams which here empty into Lake Erie.

The group of islands encircling the waters of Put-in-Bay has become at the present day a favorite place of summer resort. The opportunities afforded here for boating and fishing are unsurpassed, while the visitor, quite out of sight and hearing of the roar and bustle of the busy world, insensibly forgets its cares, and enjoys the delicious sense of repose which belongs peculiarly to the place.

There is little in the appearance of the islands to suggest the thought of war, or to recall the fierce conflict which once took place in sight of their shores. The echoes of the great guns have died away, and the smoke of battle no longer hangs over the water. No more warlike spectacle is seen there than an occasional revenue-cutter at anchor in the tranquil bosom of the bay. In place of the blood of heroes, with which the waters of the lake were crimsoned, is only the red juice of the grape, which every autumn is produced abundantly upon the numerous islets. Whether owing to the mild climate, or to some peculiarity in the nature of the soil, here seems to be the chosen home of the vine. The Catawba, driven by disease from the neighborhood of Cincinnati, thrives luxuriantly, and never fails to reward the culti-



PERRY'S BATTLE-FLAG.

vator with its ripened clusters. Not all of the islands, however, are under cultivation. Some of them are steep masses of limestone rock rising abruptly from the water, and worn by the action of the weather into fantastic forms. Others are still covered with a growth of forest trees.

The summer idler at Put-in-Bay will often take a boat in the early morning, and repairing to one of these little islets, remain during the heat of the day reading, writing, or reclining under the trees, and looking off over the broad surface of the lake. In such a seclusion he has leisure to listen to the many-keyed voices of nature, which at other times fall unheeded upon the ear. The hum of the bee's wing, the distant song of a bird from some inner recess of the woods, and the rustling of the leaves in the summer breeze, are the only sounds to be heard, and these rather heighten than diminish the feeling of solitude. The cares of life seem as far away as the white wings of the distant ships, which, with hulls invisible, slowly glide along the horizon, and earth's honors and prizes as transitory as yonder gleam in the sunshine where some fish has leaped from the water.

As we turn our gaze toward the neighboring shores the mind insensibly reverts to the scenes of the past. Many of the islands in view still bear the names given to them by Perry. Pebble Island is so called from the smooth white pebbles of which its beach is composed. The one upon which the officers of both squadrons who were killed in the action are interred is called Willow Island, from a sapling planted at the time over their resting-place. This has increased in size with the lapse of years, and is now a stately tree, with a trunk several feet in diameter. Upon it is an inscription giving the names of the six officers, three Americans



THE BURIAL-PLACE.

and three British, who are buried under its shadow.

As we lie in our shady nook, and look across the intervening water, we seem to see the mournful funeral pageant rehearsed.

The day is calm, and the peaceful surface of the lake unruffled by a single breath of air. At anchor in the bay, side by side, ride the vessels so lately engaged in conflict. Yawning holes in their hulls and shattered spars indicate the deadly nature of the ordeal through which they have passed. No sound disturbs the stillness of the scene, till suddenly a puff of smoke shoots from the single remaining gun of the *Lawrence*, followed by a loud report, which echoes from island to island, and finally dies away in the distance. This is succeeded after a brief pause by a similar report from the captured *Queen Charlotte*. These are no longer indications of hostility, but are minute-guns fired over the remains of the brave. Presently boat after boat puts out from the fleet, and moves slowly toward the shore, the measured cadence of their oars keeping time to the mournful music of the drum and fife. The foremost boats contain the bodies of the deceased officers, wrapped in the flags of their respective nations.

Arrived at the beach, the funeral procession forms. The lifeless remains are tenderly lifted from the boats, and borne upon the shoulders of the seamen to their resting-place—a pleasant spot near the margin of the lake. Behind them follow

their late companions—English and Americans alternating, in the reverse order of rank, Perry himself bringing up the rear. Side by side the late antagonists are laid in their graves, the same burial service is read over them, and volleys of musketry conclude the ceremony. The living disperse to their accustomed pursuits; the dead are left to their long slumber, no whit the less peaceful from the proximity of those who had so lately been their mortal foes.

Gibraltar Island, another member of this group, named from the steep and rugged nature of its sides, was often used by Perry as a look-out station. It is now the property of the well-known banker, Jay Cooke, who has crowned its summit with a spacious country house. Upon one of its headlands the corner-stone of a handsome monument was laid in 1858, with impressive ceremonies. Though the original design was not

carried out, a smaller monument, surmounted by a bronze vase, has been erected by the liberality of the present owner. In order to render this island available for cultivation, and to add to its natural beauty, ship-loads of earth were brought from more favored localities and transported up its steep sides. Probably, if economy alone had been consulted, this species of horticulture would not have been found to pay very handsome dividends, in which respect it might, perhaps, bear a faint resemblance to the model farms of some of our city editors and clergymen. However, the care bestowed upon it has rendered the island a very delightful spot, which is probably all that the owner expected. He is accustomed to resort hither at such times as his extensive business will permit, and here he often entertains his friends. In his absence the house is never closed, but remains open for the reception of



PERRY'S LOOK-OUT, GIBRALTAR ISLAND, PUT-IN-BAY.

visitors, of whom there is always an abundance. These are not mere sight-seers, like those who visit the seats of the English nobility in the absence of their owners, and for the sake of a handsome fee, which, if report speaks truly, is sometimes divided between the master of the house and his servants, are shown through the great halls where the ancestral portraits are hung, the chambers which have been occupied by royalty, and the chapels where repose the long line of titled forefathers.

The guests of our American gentleman are chiefly clergymen—members of a denomination more remarkable, as a rule, for faithful labor in the Master's service than for the large salaries paid to its ministers. Many of these gentlemen have never had such a thing as a vacation—a period of rest to be devoted to nothing but enjoyment, in which the powers both of body and mind may recuperate. They can not afford to take such an indulgence themselves, nor do their people understand the necessity of giving it. Many a tired worker has been sudden-

ly surprised at receiving a kind invitation to spend a few days at Put-in-Bay from one who has previously been an entire stranger. A check sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey often accompanies the invitation. Thus it happens that a goodly number of country clergymen can almost always be found at this hospitable residence. Within the house is a library, numbering among its contents some rare books, which have probably been inaccessible to many of them. It would be difficult to decide which they enjoy most—dipping into the contents of some of these volumes, or imitating their brethren, the Baptists, for a time, and disporting in the waters of some secluded cove—the fishing and sailing excursions upon the lake, or the noontide rest upon one of the smaller islands, when

“Over the broad lake shines the sun—
The lake that Perry battled upon—
Striking the upland fields of maize,
That gleam in the soft October haze;
And nature is tracing, with languid hand,
Lessons of peace on lake and land.”

ANTEROS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE,” “SWORD AND GOWN,” “SANS MERCI,”
“BREAKING A BUTTERFLY,” ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ADULL, drowsy place is Porhaix, and never likely to wax much livelier; for there is no reason why the rail should stretch out a side-feeler through a sterile country, poor in minerals; nor is there aught to tempt tourist or antiquarian to turn aside. Even the fisher-errant gives the place a wide berth; for the river—wayward and rapid enough a few leagues higher up—has forgot to ripple before it reaches Porhaix, and none would think of casting fly in the sluggish, turbid flow.

To be sure, few are aware that, in the cellars of an uncouth, churlish-looking hostel there are still stored certain cobwebbed flasks the like of which it would have puzzled Voisin in his palmiest days to produce; ay, or even poor Pascal, with whom be peace! For the ancient hostess, steeped to the lips in the prejudices of *la vieille roche*, would lay the dust of her courtyard with that rare liquor rather than moisten therewith the clay of the *commis voyageur*; though she grudges it not to any traveler able to discourse with her concerning the decadence of *La Bretagne Bretonnante* or the glories of *La Vendée*.

It is not a healthy place either, for it nestles too close against the shoulder of the hill for free circulation of air; and though it lies so near the sea that the rising tide laps languidly against the flood-gates of the little basin, the landward breeze, sweeping over ooze and marsh, loses much of the crispness it caught up from the brine. If you meet a ruddy or bronze face in the narrow, noisome streets, it is almost

sure to be owned by a peasant or sailor; fevers and agues visit Porhaix not rarely, and are apt to linger there.

Late on a close, sultry afternoon a *calèche* dragged heavily up the long ascent leading to the town. It held two travelers: one of whom was Ralph Atherstone; the other—a short, sharp-visaged man—was Askew, the detective, who, warned by telegraph, had met his employer at the last stage. When they reached the first straggling houses of Porhaix, Askew stopped the carriage.

“We’ll get out here, my lord, if you please,” he said, “and let the trap go on to the Lion.”

The detective had found time, as they drove along, to give an account of his proceedings. Since he harbored the fugitives, he had practically never lost sight of the *Fleur-de-lis*—the second best of the three hostels of which Porhaix could boast—where they had taken up their quarters. For, whenever he himself went off duty, he had had the house watched by a stolid native not likely to risk his hire by babbling. One circumstance had rather puzzled Askew; for the last forty-eight hours he was certain that neither Glynne nor his companion had left the inn; and, during such sultry weather, it seemed passing strange that they should have refrained from taking the air after night-fall, even if they feared to go abroad by day.

“It ain’t likely they could have winded us,” Askew observed; “I have taken good care of that. I half suspect there’s illness there. There’s a nasty fever hanging hereabouts, though the towns-folk won’t allow it. For the last few days I’ve noticed that custom is un-

common slack at the Floordeliss, and there are no loafers about the gate-way."

Lord Atherstone's brow contracted, and his lip quivered slightly. He could scarcely endure to hear the woman he had so loved and honored spoken of in a hard, matter-of-fact way like any other criminal; furthermore—does it sound like the folly of dotage?—the impulse that had caused him to cry "God help her!" was plucking at his heart once again, and he shrank from the thought of Lena in suffering; for, if punishment had so soon overtaken either sinner, he did not doubt where it had lighted. But this pang, like the others, he bore silently; and the two men walked on, winding through by-streets, till they emerged into the little *Place*, at an angle of which stood the *Fleur-de-lis*.

As Askew had observed, the house had a desolate look: not a solitary *calèche* stood in the court-yard; the cloth was not even laid in the empty *salle*, the door of which stood ajar; and it was some time before a slatternly handmaid answered the summons of the gate-bell. At Lord Atherstone's question—"Are any English travelers staying in the house?" she stood sulkily helpless, and at last disappeared, muttering something about "seeking madame." After a while she returned to say that an English couple were indeed lodging there, but that they could receive no visit, inasmuch as "*ce monsieur souffrait toujours*."

The dark flush, of which mention has before been made, rose to the Baron's cheek and abode there. So it was not Lena who had been stricken down, but that other, whose life he had thought, in his blindness, belonged to him, Ralph Atherstone, as much as if he had bought it with a price. What if it were, after all, to be taken out of his hand?

He did not notice how Askew shrank backward into the open air, but, thrusting aside the grumbling Josille, strode quickly up the stairs. No need to ask his way, for, as he set foot in the corridor above, a low moan from a chamber over against him told Ralph that his search was ended.

You may wonder what brought the fugitives to Porhaix. It happened in this wise: Glynne had never deceived himself as to the probable consequences of the step he had taken, and guessed how unlikely it was that Ralph Atherstone would leave the avenging of his wrong to law, human or divine. Now men of this stamp have very quaint notions of honor, and Caryl, though he had little right to stand on his dignity, could not bring himself to fly far from the face of his enemy. Nevertheless, he chose to enjoy some brief breathing-space before the storm should break; and if his sin was to cost him his life, he would have just one week of quasi-domestic happiness. Long ago, in his wanderings, he had come across the odd, out-of-the-way old town, and it struck him as being exactly suited for his present purpose.

But the Dead-Sea fruit turned to ashes almost before he had savored it. On the even-

ing of the second day after their arrival Glynne felt a strange lassitude, followed by a dizziness and burning heat; before morning broke, the fever had mastered him, and his brain was wandering. So it had gone on, from bad to worse, till the Porhaix doctors owned that they had exhausted their simple skill, and Lena was fain to realize that she might soon have to "dree her weird" alone.

She deserved it all, of course; and if justice were always done so swiftly and sternly, many perhaps standing on the verge of a sin like hers might be saved through fear; yet even Marian Ashleigh might have pitied the woman, crouching there beside the miserable wreck of her love, and waiting for the end. It was she that had moaned; for during the last two hours only a slow, labored breathing and an occasional twitch of pain had told that Caryl's stupor was not yet death.

In pure weariness—this was the third day of incessant watching—Lena had dropped her aching head on the coverlet, and, when the door opened, she did not stir: she thought it was only the doctor returning to quench her last faint ray of hope. But when no one entered she did look up, and the next instant she had sprung to her feet, with a fresh terror in her hot, tearless eyes.

Surely no errand of mercy or healing had brought him thither who stood on the threshold—tall, grim, and motionless—like a statue of Retribution. And as the gaze of husband and wife met, from a church hard by the *Angelus* began to sound.

It must have been the merest chance; but as Ralph strode a pace forward, a shudder ran through the prostrate figure, and the seal of the heavy lids was broken, and the glazing eyes opened wide. But Caryl Glynne had done with love or hate, with shame or remorse, with submission or defiance; his ears were shut against pleading and menace, against fond and angry words alike. He looked—or seemed to look—now upon the woman whose beauty he had so lusted after, and the man whose gray hairs he had so dishonored, and yet his cheek never flushed, and his fingers never stirred.

A Presence darkened that chamber of which none were aware—a Shape that, pressing one hand on the damp brow, with the other waved off the human avenger, whispering, "Stand back, he is mine!" and on the hither side of the grave the adulterer could not be arraigned. A criminal may be dragged from sanctuary, or slain betwixt the horns of the altar; but though his sin be as scarlet, he is safe under the mantle of Azrael.

Lena, half-distraught already in her despair, forgot all this; with a low, piteous cry, she flung herself forward, holding her paramour half embraced, as though she would have shielded him from a blow.

Alas! for the true, generous heart—misconstrued even to the bitter end. The memory of his great wrong, the thirst for vengeance, and

the sense of shame were all swept away by the flood of pity that welled up in Ralph Atherstone's breast just then, and the stern old soldier stood there, innocent of malice as any "chrisom child." Nay, he found time, even then, to accuse himself of having been unwittingly accessory to all this misery; if he had not set at naught his own presentiments, to say nothing of Lena's warning, it might have fared better with the three; but, lest his life should remain lonely, he risked its being made desolate. Perhaps he was rightly punished. After all, that other had loved Lena *first*; and to love her once was to love her always. Was it so certain that he himself would have withstood a like temptation in his hot youth—ay, or even on the morning when he woke at Kirkfell from those troubled dreams?

A long silence followed, broken only by Lena's frightened sobbing; for the sick man had relapsed into stupor. Then Ralph Atherstone's voice was heard—muffled and hollow, like that of one speaking through a barred helmet,

"You have nothing to fear."

And he went out, closing the door very softly.

Do the words seem to you few and meagre for such a meeting? Well, on the stage there is a good deal of talking or singing, as the case may be, at the climax of the drama; but in real life, as a rule, the strongest "situation" does not entail the longest speeches.

"Brief were the words of stern debate
That spoke the foemen's deadly hate,"

wrote no mean judge of human nature; and the principle holds, be sure, in love not less than in war. Though he was as good a soldier as Christian, it is beyond a doubt that Havelock's fluent oratory rather lessened his credit with his soldiery.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LORD ATHERSTONE found the detective loitering in the *Place*, at a respectful distance from the door. This intrepid officer would have boarded a plague-ship in the discharge of his duty, but he had a great aversion to needless risks; and, among his professional perils, the pestilence that walketh in darkness was perhaps the one he liked the least. So, with manifest satisfaction, he received a liberal largess, and permission to depart.

"A rare good-plucked one," Askew muttered to himself as he walked away. "One of the sort that never flinch till they drop. But he *will* drop before long, if I'm not mistaken. He looks as if he had got a touch of the fever already."

Nevertheless Ralph Atherstone was, in reality, calmer than he had felt since his great sorrow lighted on him. He took pains to ascertain from the inn folk that the sick-chamber lacked not needful tendance, and keener wits

than theirs would have seen nothing suspicious in his manner. Indeed, when he reached the other hotel, where his baggage had been sent, he actually forced himself to partake of food and drink; for he knew there might be still work for him, though not of such a sort as he had come to do. Then he walked forth into the air again and sat down on a stone bench in the *Place* aforesaid, opposite, though not near, the door of the *Fleur-de-lis*.

Night came on apace; and the mist, rolling up from seaward, hid meadow and marsh, and climbed half-way up the hill-side; and the idlers, who had gathered round to inspect and comment on the stranger, dropped off one by one, and lights twinkled in the windows for a while; and then—they keep early hours in those parts—the town grew dark and quiet, and the faint, late moon struggled through the sullen clouds at last; and still Ralph Atherstone sat there, only lifting his head from time to time to watch the house over against him.

Late in the evening a stout, fussy-looking person—evidently the chief mediciner of Porhaix—had entered the *Fleur-de-lis*, and had not since emerged. The windows of the sick-chamber looked toward the court-yard; so it was impossible to guess how things were going there. The dawn was just breaking when the inn door opened, and the doctor appeared on the threshold, speaking to some one behind him. Ralph could not catch the words, but the shrug of the shoulders and the spreading forth of the palms were significant enough: he knew at once that all was quite, quite over. An impulse that he could not himself have defined made him rise to his feet; but he checked himself when he had taken one pace forward, and, sitting down again, resumed his watch.

Perhaps half an hour might have passed—time at such seasons is hard to reckon—when the door was pushed open again, very slowly, and a woman came out. Ralph Atherstone's pulse gave a great leap, and then seemed to stand still. If the light had been thrice as dim, would he not have known that figure and its stately grace among a thousand? Yet he never stirred, though his crossed arms tightened themselves athwart his breast, as if he would have held himself down by main force.

Doubtingly and waveringly, feeling each step as sleep-walkers do, Lena advanced ten paces or so into the *Place*; then she stopped, smoothing the hair on her forehead with both her palms, and gazing all round her in a strange, bewildered way. Her face was very white—white, not with the clearness of wax, but the dullness of ashes—only the lips were crimson-purple; and her great brown eyes, brighter even than their wont, glittered with some nameless fear.

It was full morning now, and Ralph—near enough to note all this—refrained himself no longer. Lena did not seem to notice his approach at first; but, when he came quite close,

she turned toward him—smiling. Better if she had cried aloud in her agony, or cast herself writhing at his feet, than have smiled in such wise.

"So you have come back, Monseigneur," she said, in that wonderful *mezza voce* of hers, which even yet kept its music. "I'm so sorry we quarreled, for you were in the right. It is much best that we two should not meet. But I may write and tell him so? We are such old, old friends."

And her fingers plucked nervously at the waist-cord of her dressing-robe—just as they had done at the fringe of her mantle when she first heard of the Norway plan.

The Baron had looked on some ghastly sights in his time, but never a one of these sent such a chill through his marrow as froze it now. Yet there was nothing strange or unnatural here. The brain-cord, strained by watching and misery, to say nothing of remorse, had snapped in twain, and the fever-fire, smouldering perhaps for many hours past, had broken out—that was all. Any physician in fair practice could quote a score of such cases, no doubt. But it cost Ralph such an effort to speak that his voice sounded harshly.

"You must go in again at once; you are very ill."

Perhaps the stern tone jarred on her ear, or perhaps—the phases of these disorders are very sudden—a flash of light darted through the clouds of her brain; for she started violently, and the terror of her eyes became dreadfully defined.

"Go in?" she repeated, in a shuddering whisper. "In there, where *that* is lying?"

And then the color faded out of her lips too, and she sank slowly down till she crouched at her husband's feet—white and cold.

Never before had this woman looked on death; and it may be that some strange horror attended the passing of a most guilty soul—the Porhaix doctor, when questioned by his fellows, only shrugged his shoulders, muttering "*C'était bien dur. Allez!*"—and into these matters it is not well to pry. But it is certain that, to Lena's other tortures on that night, there was added physical fear.

However, now the tormentors held their hand, and there was granted to her some respite; for it was a senseless body that Ralph Atherstone gathered up and carried in-doors so tenderly; and the long, long swoon was followed by delirium that lasted for days.

While she lay swaying betwixt life and death, Lena never guessed that

"Hands used to grip the sword-hilt hard"

had learned to be light and gentle as a girl's as they bathed her throbbing forehead or smoothed her pillow. But even the sullen inn-folk, who looked upon sickness under their roof as a personal injury, were moved to wonder and pity. They settled the whole story to their own satisfaction: *la moustache grise* was a stern

uncle, or guardian at the least, who had been very wroth at an imprudent marriage; and then, repenting himself, had brought forgiveness too late.

Amidst his watching, Lord Atherstone found time to do the last kindness to his enemy. It was he who by rich largess—to be spent in charity or masses, as the *curé* should will—smoothed away certain clerical scruples; and though he shrank back with a muttered excuse when the hostess prayed him to look once more on the corpse's face—"Il est beau comme un ange," madame whispered, persuasively—Ralph stood by bare-headed, while, with such maimed rite as that Church allows to such as die without her unction, the earth was heaped over Caryl Glynne.

But the cross set up there bears not even an initial. And, surely, it is best that this should be a nameless grave.

Of something else, too, the Baron took care. When Lena opened her eyes, after her first convalescent sleep, they rested upon a figure that they recognized, though they were swimming mistily, and though it was bowed and broken since she saw it last. She was too weak to wonder how her mother came to be sitting there.

Now I am not at all prepared to defend Mrs. Shafton. It was perhaps her bounden duty to wait at least a decent interval before stretching forth her hand to such a sinner, even though it was over her own child's head that the deep waters were rolling. But this unregenerate matron would not look at things in the right light. Though she was still ailing, she hastened to obey Lord Atherstone's summons, and, for the first time in her life, set her son's anger utterly at naught: the tidings of Glynne's death seemed rather to exasperate than pacify Miles.

"It would be very convenient that she should die, of course"—the mother said, with a strange bitterness—"but there is no reason why she should die alone; and if she lives, she shall never be alone while I can help it. You may cast us *both* off if you choose."

Miles, who really was not so hard of heart as he seemed, grumbled a sort of apology; but Mrs. Shafton scarcely listened to this, in her eagerness to depart.

During her journey to Porhaix—she traveled much faster than the trusty Julie thought safe—though her unselfish fears were far the strongest, one dread came uppermost, not seldom, in Isabel Shafton's mind—the dread of meeting Ralph Atherstone; but, when she did meet him, she wondered how she could ever have been afraid. She never remembered his manner so gentle; he seemed only too grateful to her for coming, and never alluded to the past.

"I am assured all danger is over," he said, "and I leave here to-night. But I shall see Miles as soon as I get home, and you will be well taken care of. You would like to go up stairs now"—it was in the court-yard that they were standing. "Good-by."

Isabel Shafton was not given to hero-worship; but a reverence, such as she had never felt for any living creature, filled her heart as she looked into the worn, furrowed face—terribly changed and aged—and saw that even in its sorrow it was not hardened against her. She wrung his hand in her trembling fingers, while her tears flowed fast.

"God in heaven bless you!" she murmured.

"May God forgive us all!" said Ralph Atherstone.

Each understood the other's meaning right well. With no more words, they parted, and met never again.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THOUGH the ill news concerning Templestowe came home to no other Loamshire dwelling as it did to that one house in Heslingford, it created a passable excitement throughout the county: notably, on Erriswell it came like a thunder-clap.

Malcolm's life, though busy and stirring, had been so far uneventful that his nerves had scarcely been tried by any purely uncommercial disaster; and it may fairly be said that this was their rudest shock. His notions of morality, as has been aforesaid, though not austere, were inflexible; and besides this, he highly respected Lord Atherstone: even the asperities of the other's character contrasted favorably, in Robin's eyes, with the polished inanity of certain gilded youths. He felt now as if he could scarcely look any honest man in the face, though he had only been accessory to the crime by innocently harboring the criminal, and though his suspicions, such as they were, had pointed to a widely different quarter. He could not trust himself to speak on the subject even to his wife.

Emily Malcolm's indignation, at first, was to the full as keen, and perhaps her conscience pricked her more sharply; she had been blind, quite blind, it is true, but that very blindness was culpable; and now that it was too late, she bethought herself of more than one incident that ought to have opened her eyes.

Altogether, a great gloom fell upon the cheery house, and a shadow like that of shame.

At Hunsden the intelligence did not create as much commotion as one might have reckoned on. The fair falconer regnant there had for some time past despaired of reclaiming her "haggard;" and though the sense of injury was still hot, she had tried hard to persuade herself that now she cared little where the truant sought perch or prey. However, the blow was sharp, if not altogether unexpected; and furthermore, it was a sore trial to her patience to detect covert gleams of exultation in the Driver's eyes when he brought the news.

Dick was really sorry for Lord Atherstone; but he could not refrain from triumphing a little inwardly over the justification of his antipa-

thy and the avenging of his supplanted comrade.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Devereux's first words were—"Poor Lena!" They were quite honestly spoken, and of the impulse prompting them a better woman might have been proud. The wayward, willful little heart was not yet so hard but that, even when most angered, it could pity any creature doomed thenceforward to trust only to the tender mercies of Caryl Glynne.

Hubert Ashleigh was much grieved and shocked by the catastrophe. To be sure, it might have been stretching his duty to have interfered sooner; and when he did interfere, he had both spoken and acted with unwonted energy. Nevertheless, he did not feel altogether conscience-free, and he was further tormented by a dread lest the dark drama should not be quite played out.

In these last misgivings the parson was not alone. After the first babble of surprise had subsided, there came in Loamshire and elsewhere a kind of hush of expectation, and people began to wonder in what guise Ralph Atherstone's vengeance would descend: that he would seek it not slackly, none doubted who knew the man. Ere long a rumor of the truth oozed out—none could tell whence it came, for Miles Shafton, who alone could have spoken with certainty, kept a dogged silence—and soon it was known that a mightier Avenger had taken one of the criminals into his charge, and had laid upon the other a hand heavy well-nigh unto death.

Then a reaction ensued, and the world—often as unjust in indulgence as in cruelty—spoke far more gently than he had deserved of the seducer; and, strange to say, spared some compassion to his victim.

"They had had great temptations, for they had been lovers long ago; and only money-troubles had kept them apart. The marriage was a forced one, no doubt; and the least that Mrs. Shafton could have done, after getting her way, was to look after her daughter, especially as Lord Atherstone seemed to have lacked both common sense and common prudence. Credulity was all very well in its way; but they could scarcely pity a crabbed old man who left so fair a wife always to her own devices, and absolutely alone at a most critical time. He was almost rightly served."

And then—timid at first, but swelling presently into an audible antiphony—certain voices, chiefly of course sopranis, began to chant Caryl Glynne's dirge—making moan, as they could not bewail his worth, over the beauty he had misused, the talents he had wasted, and the promise he had belied. Finally, perhaps, there was more moistening of filmy kerchiefs than usually follows the announcement of "a great man fallen in Israel."

Of any such weakness one puissant personage was assuredly clear. The Duke of Devorgoil, carrying his nose at an acuter upward angle than ever, snuffed the air triumphantly, as be-

came the champion of virtue and of his order. Perchance, in coming time, if the offender were properly humbled by his chastisement, the finger of clemency might be extended to Ralph Atherstone: at any rate, Grandmanoir was even with Templestowe at last.

The member for Heslingford, for a fortnight or so, fussed and fidgeted beyond his wont; but he did not seem entirely crushed by the family misfortune; though, save when grumbling to two or three special cronies, he had the grace to give the subject a wide berth, and, till the days of wondering had expired, rarely showed in public, except in his place at St. Stephen's.

Marian was even more reserved and reticent. She took no living creature into her counsel, and altogether shrank from society; but the few who were admitted into her presence reported her as looking very anxious and worn, and every body agreed that "of course she took it very much to heart, and that it was very hard upon her"—not specifying the hardship. Altogether this exemplary matron's behavior on this trying occasion added perhaps another leaf to her ample chaplet.

However, Archibald Kerneguy, pondering over these things one afternoon when work was slack, thus expressed himself to his habitual confidants, the whispering elms of the mall—"A clever woman, that cousin of mine—devilish clever, I may say. She won that game with the odds dead against her; though, to the end of time, we shall never know what cards she held, or how she played them. Quite a credit to the family. But"—here Archie smiled sourly—"the Lord deliver us from falling into her hand!"

The town-bred gossips soon fastened on a fresh scandal; but it was long before Loamshire folk ceased to discourse on the tragedy, the earlier scenes of which had been enacted in the midst of them. The blackness of the crime was somewhat toned down by the suddenness of the retribution; and many went so far as to pity Lena, while few spoke even of the dead despitously.

Robin Malcolm, though he said in his own heart that "nothing in his life became Caryl Glynne like the leaving it," could not bring himself to chide, when he saw his wife's tears a-flowing; only by tacit consent that name thenceforth was never uttered by either, and the place of a certain portrait was made void on the wall.

Neither in Dick Devereux's eyes was there a spark of triumph when he brought this news home; and, with more tact than the world gave him credit for, so soon as he had delivered it he left Cissy alone. His suspicions had never advanced beyond vague misgiving, you will remember; but, had they been stronger, he would not, specially at such a season, have stooped to espial.

How do you think she took the catastrophe? It seems to me no *man* can answer that question.

There are recesses in the woman-heart which the luckiest of us have never seen illumined, and windings that the most adventurous have never penetrated. Once or twice there was a flash of light, or perhaps we thought we held the clew, but it was only a flash; and, when the thread snapped suddenly, for a while we felt more helplessly at fault than before.

Remember the words of one who had studied the sex as school-men study palimpsests, and who, if he had kept a record of his evil victories from boyhood upward, might have boasted, "*Nulla dies sine lineâ.*"

"I know now," quoth the wicked, witty old noble, "how little I have known."

He was very near his end then, and mock-modesty was not among his failings.

Cissy Devereux was by no means vindictive: though easily moved to anger, she was almost incapable of lasting malice; and, when her resentment was at the bitterest, had such a chance presented itself, she would probably have shrunk from deeply injuring either her rival or the man who, for his own purposes, had trifled with her so cruelly. Nevertheless, when her first horror had subsided, it may be that she found a dreary satisfaction in the thought that all was over, quite over, now; that even pride need not hinder her from forgiving her enemies; and that, if she could settle matters with her own conscience, the last year might lie buried in the Breton grave-yard. In almost all powerful medicines there is a germ of poison; and perchance the draught that this woman had been forced to drink—so perilously sweet at first, at last so bitter—was wholesome in the end.

She never will be quoted as a domestic model; but no new scandal has since been linked to her name; and though she never stands on her dignity, none of her old "loves" have been reinstated. Even Godfrey Colville, to whom she certainly owed some amends, found her hopelessly friendly; and though he still gives her a lead whenever he is in that country, his privileges extend no farther. At all other times, the Driver, to his great pride and contentment, is allowed to play *chaperon*: indeed, in many ways, at home as well as abroad, Dick has much benefited by the change. Though still willful and outspoken as ever, Cissy has gained much ground in the county since she ceased to shock its proprieties; and, when Swinton Swarbrick avers defiantly that "there never was a grain of harm in her, and he knew it all along," very few think it their duty to argue the point, or, by raking up the past, incense that truculent partisan.

We read of people who in their sleep, or otherwise unwittingly, walk carelessly along the very edge of an abyss; but, on being made aware of the peril they have barely escaped, wax sick and mazed with fear. Just such a terror and trembling fell upon Arthur Corbett when he heard of what had happened beyond sea. Luckily for himself and for others, there

never was in this man the making of a great criminal: if temptation had quite mastered him, he would still have striven to temporize, and to make terms with the world, if not with his own conscience—after the fashion of the old *abbés*, who, in their midnight prowlings, seldom forgot cloak or mask, and handled sin, as it were, with perfumed gloves. It seemed to him as if he had actually, albeit unconsciously, stood within the shadow of death; and he felt like one who, having against all likelihood come scathless out of a plague-stricken city, for a while breathes not freely even in untainted air.

However, soon ensued an agreeable sense of security. Natures like Corbett's are incapable of enduring self-reproach; and while he congratulated himself on his escape, the fount of his domestic affections, that had trickled but slowly of late, gushed forth plenteously. The voices of his children had never sounded so pleasantly in his ears; his wife's homely face was to him more attractive than when he first wooed her; and the shade of the trees in his plaisance had never seemed to him so grateful as when he remembered how often, with a fluttering or aching heart, he had passed under the elms of Templestowe.

Probably, under any circumstances, Arthur's virtuous resolutions would have endured; but this rude shock, doubtless, braced their vigor. And so perchance here, too, there sprang up a good crop where there had been sown worse than tares.

CHAPTER L.

ONLY his lawyer, Miles Shafton, and Sir Charles Wroughton were made aware of Lord Atherstone's return, and none of these interviews—they were of the briefest—deserve to be recorded. He made no attempt to see either Philip or Marian; indeed they did not know he was in England till they heard, casually, that he was at Templestowe.

Marian had not expected to find her father-in-law very tractable under the circumstances, but his strange conduct puzzled her uncomfortably; and, after waiting a decent time, she composed, with infinite care and pains, a cautious little note, wherein she expressed her own and Philip's anxiety to be of service; hazard-ing, moreover, a hope that she at least, ere long, might be wanted in Loamshire. By return of post came the following:

"DEAR MARIAN,—I know your motives are kind; but the only good service I will ask from either you or Philip is absolute silence as to the past. For a very long time I shall prefer being quite alone; indeed, in all your future arrangements, you must leave Templestowe out of the question. It is not likely you will see it again before it becomes your own.

"Affectionately yours,

A."

As she read, Marian bit her lip till the blood started, and the same malign lowering came

over her face as had possessed it when she first heard of the betrothal; but there was added to it now a more marked despondency.

Was it worth while to have schemed, and plotted, and connived—to have trampled under foot all self-esteem—to have been subjected to Hubert Ashleigh's shameful suspicions—worst of all, to have lain detected at her enemy's mercy, and to have owed her safety to the other's scorn—only to find herself farther than ever from reinstatement in that coveted place? There was no more scope for her talents now, for she knew that pleading or argument would not be more wasted on a granite block than on Ralph Atherstone when his purpose was set. So long as the Baron lived—and he was still in the vigor, if not in the prime, of his strength—for any benefit that she or Philip was like to derive from it, Templestowe might as well be owned by a stranger. For years to come she would probably not rule a larger household than they at present owned; and, instead of dispensing liberally, though justly, the goods of another, she would have to practice petty economies, partly on her own account, partly to pacify Philip's avarice. Of course he would fret and grumble more than ever, and, now that its doors were closed against him—utterly ignoring his former prejudices—would hanker after Templestowe like a lost Eden. Furthermore, she was tormented by a doubt whether Ralph would so absolutely have rejected her sympathy, if he had merely desired to be alone. Beyond the death of one of the fugitives and the sore sickness of the other, Marian knew literally nothing of what had happened in Brittany. Was it possible that Lena, either repenting of her clemency, or waxing malicious in her despair, or perchance even wandering in her speech, had, after all, brought up the anonymous letter, though all material proof had been destroyed long ago?

Marian wist right well what manner of fruit the bare suspicion, once planted in the Baron's mind, was likely to produce. Supposing things were so, in all probability she would never be put on her defense; and, even if she were, she sorely mistrusted the effect of special pleading; and she pictured to herself the look that would come into Ralph's eyes when she should allege that "she had done every thing for the best."

Altogether this virtuous lady's frame of mind was by no means enviable; especially as upon these worries came the necessity of sooner or later explaining to her husband that Templestowe must thenceforth be struck out of their visiting-list.

Philip was completely taken aback. It was plain that he, too, had reckoned on resuming his old quarters, and, now that the evil spirits had gone forth, on finding the house ready swept and garnished. Once installed there, he would doubtless have caviled and grumbled, not less persistently than heretofore; but, conversing with him now, a stranger might have fancied that, for Philip, no other "angle of earth"

had real attraction, and might have been tempted to condole with the victim of paternal tyranny.

But Marian was no stranger; and there could not be a stronger proof of her depression than the fact that she listened without a smile to these querulous outbreaks, and without a frown to the frequent taunts as to the result of all her waitings and watchings.

You can guess, perhaps, what made her so silent and submissive. Under the rosy sunset of success, the roughest places on the road behind us look smooth, and a soft haze broods over the morass that well-nigh engulfed us; but, under the cold gray sky of failure, it is not pleasant to look back: nor in truth is there need. Do not the slough-stains on our garments, and the thorn-marks on our flesh, witness by what manner of paths we have come hither?

Now, Marian had failed, if not in the achieving of her immediate purposes, assuredly in the attainment of her final desire; and, to the consciousness of this, there was added something more. Perhaps in few rational bipeds could there be found less of manly dignity and sterling rectitude than in Philip Ashleigh; his moral, like his physical organization, had to a certain extent gone awry. Nevertheless, had he guessed at the work to which Marian had set her hand, I think for a long time to come he would have been afraid, if not ashamed, to lay his head on the same pillow with Marian's. Because she neither deeply loved nor venerated her husband, the consciousness of this stung her not less keenly.

So, even in these early days, she too began to pay off some portion of the heavy account written elsewhere against her name.

Nevertheless, you who are behind the scenes will have divined that the Baron's seeming churlishness arose from no suspicion, however distant, of the truth. The hankering after solitude while a grievous wound rankles, which the meekest of men share with the fiercest brutes, may have had much to do with it. The softer sex sometimes wax more sociable under their pain; but few males, rational or irrational, are exempt from this instinct, though they comport themselves very differently when once *in eremo*. The big round tears of the stricken hart may mingle with the water-brooks; but the dry eyes of the old "tusker" gleam dangerously, as he couches stiff and sore in his lair. Besides this, Ralph was not minded to endure any sight or sound likely to remind him of the recent past. He could not have looked upon Marian's face, or listened to her voice, without remembering how often that cheery presence had dispelled the first light clouds of the gathering storm. It was the more ungracious now to reject her sympathy; but it could not be otherwise, even though she should think him ungrateful to boot.

That he should have shut himself up in Templestowe will not appear strange, if you remember what manner of life Ralph had led there, from his return from India up to Philip's marriage. If he could but fancy the last few years

a blank, it was only falling back on his hermit habits again. But, unhappily, it is easier to wake the dead than to command certain "fancies." We may lock the door fast of a certain chamber, or wall it up forever, but none the less shall we be haunted by the rustling of silks in the desolate corridors—none the less out of a vacant mirror will peer

"The face that was fatally fair"—

none the less a gush of fragrance from the flowers, neglected now, will bring back the subtle, nameless perfume that was wont to set our senses tingling.

However, local influences made things neither better nor worse for Ralph Atherstone. If he had traveled on, never sleeping twice under the same roof, till he broke down from sheer weariness, through all those months his waking and, very often, his sleeping thoughts would still have centred on one object—his false, lost wife. The idea of reconciliation did not once cross his mind. Though she would have been unconscious of the caress, his lips never brushed her brow when he left her at Porhaix; neither would they have done so if on those heavy eyelids there had lain an eternal seal. Ay, and if—being very near his own end—he had heard Lena's voice without, pleading for admission, he would have barred the door against her with the last effort of his strength and will. Their paths in this world must thenceforth be as though they had never blended; and even in another world—if his speculation ranged so far—they were like to be divided.

But the generosity—or whatever else stood him in the stead of Christian charity—that had made Ralph Atherstone accuse himself instead of others, abode with him still. In the old happy time he was not more anxious to fulfill her lightest fancy than he was now to spare Lena all needless shame. The scandal-mongers smacked their lips in anticipation of a *cause célèbre*; but the savory meat was not served; and, after waiting till they were weary, they were fain to fill themselves with less dainty food. Lord Atherstone never asked from the Law even such scanty redress as a "separation" can afford. He intimated as much to Miles Shafton in their first and only interview, and his chief business with his lawyer was the securing to Lady Atherstone a more than sufficient alimony.

When this was noised abroad, Society considered itself decidedly ill-used, and murmured accordingly; for though an enfranchised husband can not too soon exult in his liberty, there are still certain bondmen who can scarcely walk the streets without contempt of the Divorce Court. Some few were of a different opinion; and Sir Charles Wroughton, in converse with one or two intimates—in public he utterly declined to discuss the subject—maintained that his friend had done wisely and well.

"They say a good horse is never dear," the Baronet remarked, allegorically; "but nothing's a bargain to a man who can't ride; and, if

it cost him ever so little, what use is freedom now to Ralph Atherstone?"

What use, indeed? The speaker could better himself have answered the question when, somewhat later—almost forcing the *consigne*—he gained entrance to Templestowe. After the first evening—when, in a dry, matter-of-fact way, he made his comrade aware of what had happened since they parted, and of his own intentions with regard to Lena—the Baron made no allusion to the past, and evidently looked for neither advice nor condolence. But it was a dreary visit for good-natured Charles Wroughton, and it told well for his unselfishness that he should have proposed, at his departure, returning in October.

"I shall be too glad—if you can stand it," Ralph replied.

But there was no gladness in his face; and though it was no longer so drawn and haggard, it seemed as if no emotion, either for weal or woe, was likely thenceforth to ruffle its rigid quietude.

The lease of his Scottish moor expired, as it chanced, that year, and he was, of course, a defaulter at Kirkfell. The party assembled there was not nearly so cheery as usual; for there was not one of the guests that did not sympathize in the sorrow that had lighted on their old comrade, though the matter was seldom broached among them—General Percy himself studiously avoiding it.

How during the next three months it fared with the Baron it would be hard to say, for he saw none but his own immediate dependents, and these only on business. But when Wroughton returned in October, it seemed to him that his friend was outwardly much the same as he had been before his marriage. Ralph's bodily vigor, at any rate, was unimpaired; for his pace over rough or deep ground once more moved the pury Baronet to envy.

The head-keeper watched his master with an admiring wonder. Men of his stamp, however ignorant, can always appreciate hardihood, and—remembering his own anxieties—John Gilbert guessed how much hardihood was needed here. Perchance, too, he sometimes reproached himself for having been so easily hoodwinked on a certain afternoon; and the change in his demeanor was quite as expressive as if he had put sympathy into words.

On the whole, Wroughton's second sojourn at Templestowe was much more satisfactory; and he was greatly encouraged by noticing that Ralph, if he took little interest in other matters, had begun to look carefully into the condition of his stable. Nevertheless, he was not a little surprised when, a month later—shooting a hundred miles away—he heard that the "bruising Baron" had gone, quite in the old form, through the first really fast thing of the season with Knowsley's hounds.

But if one of the Crusaders who lie carven in stone in Heslingford Minster had appeared at the cover-side in full panoply, bestriding a barded *destrier*, Loamshire could not have been much more astonished. With such a tragedy as

had lately been enacted under their eyes, these honest folks had hitherto been acquainted only by hearsay; and that one of the principal actors therein—albeit he was rather sinned against than sinning—should venture so soon to front the public eye, seemed to many a violent breach of decorum; and the sympathy which—in those parts at least—had been entirely on the side of the injured husband, was checked, if not changed, in its channel.

"He was just the same as ever," people said: "though for a while he had seemed to soften on the surface, his heart was always like the nether millstone. Perhaps, after all, there were more excuses for the wife than she had got credit for. She might have been sharply provoked, as well as strongly tempted."

Not a few, no doubt, were kinder and juster in their judgment; but delicacy kept these aloof as much as dislike did the others. And so, on that day, and for many days after, the crowd shrank back a little as Ralph passed through the midst of them; and though all saluted him with studied courtesy, never a one gave him outspoken welcome or wrung his hand.

But the man with whom his trustiest comrade had not ventured to condole was not likely to wince under lack of sympathy from his neighbors. It is doubtful if the Baron even noticed the fashion of his reception. That it did not in anywise gall him is certain. It suited his purpose to seek the only distraction against thought that lay in his power, and from his purpose he never again turned aside to please a friend or appease a foe. While his pulse was quickened with strong exercise, or the occasional excitement of peril, his phantoms left him in peace. They were waiting for him at home, he knew, but what mattered that? He had got used to them—ere long so used, that he would have been almost sorry had they been exorcised forever.

Thenceforth the tenor of Ralph Atherstone's life did not vary. Society—in the general sense of the word—knew him no more. But when he paid his rare, brief visits to London, he did not affect to avoid his acquaintances at his clubs or elsewhere; nor was he much more reserved or taciturn than usual. He seldom neglected to call on the Ashleighs, who had established themselves in a modest house on the Belgravian frontier; and at these times his manner was sufficiently kind, if not precisely cordial. But he never hinted that their presence would be even tolerated at home; and Marian—though she more than once determined to risk it—never quite ventured to broach the subject. Twice or thrice in each autumn and winter Wroughton and a few intimates of the same standing came to stay at Templestowe; but, with the exception of Hubert Ashleigh, the doors were open to no other visitor. Ralph always rode into Heslingford when he had occasion to confer with Corbett, and the latter much preferred this method of transacting their business. Nothing short of absolute necessity would have in-

duced Arthur to trust himself again under the shadow of those fatal elms.

Also the Baron was occasionally seen at purely bachelor shooting-parties, without as well as within the borders of Loamshire; but one thing was noticeable—he never set his foot north of the Humber. How—living utterly alone, with no ostensible distraction—Ralph managed to get through the late spring and summer, was a puzzle to all who troubled themselves to consider the matter. He had always been a negligent, though not a hard landlord, and he did not seem to take more interest than heretofore in his estates. Indeed, at this season, except when he went out for his daily ride—he never omitted this, however foul the weather—he was seldom seen out-of-doors.

Once, when the Chairmanship of the Quarter Sessions was to be decided, Lord Atherstone appeared in the magistrates' room at Heslingford. There he met the Duke of Devorgoil. The intentions of this potentate were pacific, not to say conciliatory. He came prepared to condone by-gone offenses, and never doubted but that he would be met half-way; for he considered that by his conduct in the Park he had rather espoused the husband's cause. So, when Ralph came near, his Grace leaned forward in his seat with a formal smile, stretching forth a half-reluctant hand.

With no more ceremony than the Duke himself would have shown to a vagrant craving for alms, the other passed on; but the fell gleam of the gray eyes sent a shiver through the marrow of Lupus Fitz-Roland's bones. He had not often erred on the side of charity toward his fellow-men; and, while he lived, did not again so compromise himself.

Only He to whom all hearts are open knows whether Ralph Atherstone's was as tough as the world believed it; and whether length of pain brought numbness at last, this much is certain—his sorrow, however deep and enduring, left few outward traces. That journey homeward from Norway had aged his face, as you know; but succeeding years brought few, if any, more ravages. He never looked bent or broken, and his marvelous bodily energy continued unabated.

A gusty morning had been followed by a wilder noon; but, in spite of wind and sleet, the hounds and their patient master had stuck resolutely to their fox till they killed him, barely within the limits of their country. The Baron had never gone more "bruisingly;" and more than one Loamshire "hard"—none other saw the finish—looked after him admiringly as he rode away, alone as usual, through the twilight.

That same evening Lord Atherstone, having done fair justice to his meal, sat in his favorite place—a deep arm-chair drawn up in front of the hearth. His attitude did not betoken weariness, and his eyes looked rather wakeful than drowsy as they peered into the blaze. It was blowing more than a half-gale outside, and the great avenue elms creaked and groaned, much as they had done on that luckless evening when

the bride was brought home. Did Ralph remember this? Possibly: for, as he pondered, his brow grew more furrowed and his cheeks perceptibly paler. At last his breathing waxed labored and heavy, till there came a sound like a quick gasping sob; and then—silence.

And the fire sank lower and lower, till the big logs smouldered into heaps of ashes—dusky red at first, gray-white at last—and the lamp flickered and went out. But Ralph Atherstone sat there, still as a statue; and so they found him sitting just after the break of the dawn.

He had been dead some hours—of heart-disease, the doctors averred. His countenance showed no signs of pain—indeed, it looked gentler and softer than it had often looked in life.

If this were so, can you not divine what was the latest vision he saw in the fire?

CHAPTER LI.

Now it behooves us to go back and take up one more thread before we roll up warp and woof.

Though Lord Atherstone had rightly believed all danger to be past when he departed from Porhaix, Lena's recovery was very slow, and it was weeks before her strength sufficed for travel. If she did not mend quicker, it was not for lack of tender nursing.

It is possible that, in her heart, the mother never quite forgave, but not a single taunt or reproach then or afterward passed her lips; and, outwardly, they seemed drawn closer together than they had been in the old times. In the spirit, not less than in the letter, she carried out her promise that, "While she lived, Lena should not be alone." But she never, thenceforth, attempted to thwart or control her. When Lena went out by herself on the day preceding their departure from Porhaix, Mrs. Shafton did not remonstrate against the imprudence or offer her company, though she guessed—as you perchance may guess—whither her daughter was going.

Slowly, but traveling always by the least-frequented ways, the two crept back to Blytheswold. Though the light of early autumn was upon them, the fells had never looked more desolate, or the house more dreary: yet both felt a certain respite and relief. It was home, at all events; and from that refuge neither again was likely to emerge.

Troubles, ere long, beside those of their own making—Isabel never quite absolved herself as to the past—came upon them there; for Miles's downward career, which had seemed checked for a while, was renewed with terrible rapidity. The sale of his commission, which was soon forced upon him, scarcely stayed for a moment the baying of the ravenous law-hounds; and, to avert more family dishonor, the mother was called on for fresh sacrifices. She had no spirit left for anger, and she was too weary to complain. She knew that the world made

excuses for the prodigal, saying "that he had never been utterly reckless till after his sister's shame." There might be a grain of truth in this; but if not, what mattered it? She had tried hard to do the best for both her children; and, if every thing had gone bitterly wrong, it could never now be mended. In her own weak—perhaps you may call it wicked—way she loved them both to the very last; and when she bade them good-by, you would never have guessed that she had any thing to forgive.

For Isabel Shafton's troubles, though they ended not speedily, are ended now; and if no high praise or reward awaited her beyond the Dark River, let us hope in charity that she at least found—rest.

And Lena?

Many may think that it would have been more merciful if in Porhaix grave-yard there had been laid another coffin; but wiser and holier folk than any who are like to scan these pages have held that it is well with those who are permitted to balance some part—however small—of their debt to Divine Justice before they pass hence to be no more seen. If such tenets be true, this woman was, perhaps, dealt with more graciously than she deserved; for her remorse, if unavailing, was after the measure of her guilt and the strength of her nature.

She was none of those comfortable penitents who scourge themselves with silken cords, and fast on dainty loaves and fishes, and who, after they deem they have made sufficing atonement, count themselves among the Elect, and finally almost exult in past guilt, contrasting it with present sanctity. If the doctrine of Penance had entered into her creed, she would probably have wrought it out to the uttermost; and because it had no such outlet, her repentance was not the less poignant. It was keen enough to overbear other sorrows—ay, and even the evil love that had drawn all her life awry.

Her thoughts traveled toward Templestowe to the full as often as toward Porhaix; and though in her dreams she still sometimes saw Caryl Glynne's face—not as she had seen it last, but dangerously beautiful as of yore—she saw more frequently yet another face, out of which the deep gray eyes looked rather sadly than wrathfully.

Her loneliness after her mother's death it would be hard to exaggerate. For letters were almost as rare as visitors at Blytheswold: even Grace Moreland, who, in a stealthy, shame-faced way, still clung to her old allegiance, wrote not more than twice or thrice in the year. Yet what was this loneliness to that which had fallen on the brave, generous heart that had trusted her to the very end, and, after the end had come, had pitied and forborne?

When in the fullness of time the news of her widowhood arrived, her tears flowed faster than on that afternoon when she printed a farewell kiss on the scarce-knit turf of Caryl Glynne's grave.

It is impossible that, amidst the ceaseless troubles and privations of her life, Lena should

not have sometimes remembered the home where her caprices were law, and were often divined before they were outspoken. But though she might have secured affluence by one stroke of her pen, she never used that power. Neither before nor after Lord Atherstone's death—though his lawyers pressed the point urgently and repeatedly—could she be induced to touch a penny of the liberal alimony left to her beyond the interest of her own scanty portion.

Strange as this may seem, it was stranger yet that Miles should have taken the same view of the case. At the very hardest of their straits, it probably never occurred to him to look for relief in that quarter. Certainly the suggestion never passed his lips. He did but follow the fashion of his race. From cruelty, or tyranny, or rapine, the Shaftons of Blytheswold had seldom withheld their hand, but small meannesses were not in the blood. However, his scruples began and ended here. It would be difficult to conceive greater mortifying of the flesh and spirit than that which must have been laid on any woman doomed to live under the same roof with that unlucky spendthrift. There were excuses for him, to be sure. Throughout all time disbanded soldiers have been proverbially prone to discontent, especially when, like our poor ex-hussar, they have neither amusement, occupation, nor resources. Though he had never followed it up with much zeal or diligence, Miles was really fond of his profession. It had its small hardships, of course; but, on the whole, barrack-life suited him wonderfully well. His appetite was always better at mess than elsewhere, and the anteroom chaff was quite intellectual enough for him. As he sat drinking moodily, he would recall some of those roistering guest-nights, and fancy how the old set were "carrying on" just now, until he ground his teeth with rage. The shooting and hunting within reach were both indifferent, and he could not afford to follow up either satisfactorily. Also, if he had had the inclination, he would have lacked the means to mingle with such of the neighbors as would have made him welcome, and a remnant of pride made him shrink from carouses in a tavern or by a farm-house ingle. Perhaps it was only natural that his temper, always unamiable, should wax savage in solitude. He generally refrained, in Lena's presence, from violence of word or gesture, but his sullenness was almost harder to bear; and as he sat glowering from under his bent brows, she could easily guess that he was adding up, over and over again, the sum of rack and ruin, for which he held her chiefly accountable. Sometimes, when his mood was at the worst, he was tempted to bid her seek shelter elsewhere; but though brotherly affection had been slain within him, he could not quite bring himself to turn Lena adrift; and, besides, he was haunted by certain words spoken by their mother when very near her end. She at least had never done him wrong, and for her sake Miles practiced forbearance.

But such forbearance as it was! To any that had known Lena in the old times, her patience and self-restraint would have seemed incredible. She was never provoked to retort, and her great brown eyes—her sole remnant of beauty now—if sometimes pleading, were never reproachful; and, though she never got a word of thanks, she did not weary in her efforts to smooth matters both within and without doors. On one point only she would have her own way. Despite his grumbling, she persisted in devoting to charity what Miles considered an utterly unreasonable proportion of her pittance. The poor were very poor in those parts, and at certain seasons there was much distress—albeit little murmuring. Such help as Lena could give was really valuable, and scarcely any weather kept her from carrying food and raiment where they were most needed. Those errands were her sole distraction; perhaps she was selfish in clinging to it.

Nevertheless, if such an institution as a Sisterhood had been known there, Lena would not have enrolled herself therein; for one of its chief duties she could not have performed. Howsoever sore the need, she has never yet ventured to read a prayer to the sick or dying. A sense of her own unworthiness may partly account for this; but, truth to speak, she is still no devotee. Despite the sincerity of her repentance, it is still tinged with a kind of heathenism, and it may be doubted whether it has thus far brought her nearer to Heaven.

A dreary picture—is it not? Yet it must stand so.

As we walk through the great forest, beyond which lies the Silent Land, our path is lined with flourishing bay-trees that have sprung from evil germs; but deeper in the thicket there stand or lie prone trunks so withered, warped, and broken that it is hard to fancy they once bourgeoned no less freshly than their fellows.

The lips of Sin are as tempting, her cheek as rosy, her locks as golden, as they were before Paradise was lost. But under her glistening robes may still be discovered the loathly snake-coils; and she has never shaken off the grim comrade who shared her watch at the gate of Hell.

It may perhaps be a refreshing contrast to turn to Templestowe. No remorse, you may be sure, troubles the complacency of the exemplary dame regnant there. Yet is her triumph not quite complete. The happiness even of great and good people is marred sometimes by absurd trifles. Endowed with the universal respect of all Loamshire, why should Marian Atherstone fret over the consciousness that by one of her neighbors she is heartily despised? One would think that the *châtelaine* of Templestowe might afford to ignore the fact, that even in society Hubert Ashleigh has always contrived to evade touching her hand, and that, beyond the necessary forms of courtesy, he has never addressed to her a word. Besides this, Philip has grown so much more fretful and unreason-

able of late, that it can only be accounted for by his failing health, and Marian can not always repel a disagreeable misgiving that her tenure of dignity may be brief, after all. It will be a poor return for all her pains and skill, if she is doomed to subside into early dowagerhood.

However, a sere leaf or two does not much impair the splendor of such a garland as binds her brows; and her sense of self-approval, at all events, will remain unabated to the end. And yet perhaps not to the very end; for I suppose she will have to appear, like the rest of us, in a certain Court where there will be no pleading of privilege, and it remains to be seen how she will then fare.

That day will witness some strange surprises, no doubt; but on these does it become us to speculate, to whom even the written Apocalypse is an unfathomed mystery?

Yet this much I do believe: When, among those who have sinned open-eyed, his false wife is arraigned, there will be sorrow, rather than triumph, on one spirit's face; and, if his voice may not be heard on her behalf, Ralph Atherstone will keep silence there—as here.

THE END.

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

WHEN stars pursue their solemn flight,
Oft in the middle of the night,
A strain of music visits me,
Hushed in a moment silverly—
Such rich and rapturous strains as make
The very soul of silence ache
With longing for the melody.

Or lovers in the distant dusk
Of summer gardens, sweet as musk,
Pouring the blissful burden out,
The breaking joy, the dying doubt;
Or revelers—all flown with wine,
And in a madness half divine,
Beating the broken tune about.

Or else the rude and rolling notes
That leave some strolling sailors' throats,
Hoarse with the salt sprays, it may be,
Of many a mile of rushing sea;
Or some high-minded dreamer strays
Late through the solitary ways,
Nor heeds the listening night, nor me.

Or how or whence those tones be heard,
Hearing, the slumbering soul is stirred,
As when a swiftly passing light
Startles the shadows into flight,
While one remembrance suddenly
Thrills through the melting melody—
A strain of music in the night.

Out of the darkness bursts the song,
Into the darkness moves along;
Only a chord of memory jars,
Only an old wound burns its scars,
As the wild sweetness of the strain
Smites the heart with passionate pain,
And vanishes among the stars.

THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"HE SAVED MY LIFE."

"I CAN'T bear this any longer!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby. "Here you are getting into all sorts of difficulties, each one worse than the other. I'm sure I don't see why you should. You're very quiet, Minnie dearest, but you have more unpleasant adventures than any person I ever heard of. You're run away with on horseback, you're shipwrecked, you're swept down a precipice by an avalanche, and you fall into the crater of a burning volcano. Every time there is some horrid man who saves you, and then proposes. As for you, you accept them all with equal readiness, one after another, and what is worse, you won't give any of them up. I've asked you explicitly which of them you'll give up, and you actually refuse to say. My dear child, what are you thinking of? You can't have them all. You can't have any of them. None of them are agreeable to your family. They're horrid. What are you going to do? Oh, how I wish you had dear mamma to take care of you! But she is in a better world. And here is poor dear papa who can't come. How shocked he would be if he knew all. What is worst, here is that dreadful American savage, who is gradually killing me. He certainly will be my death. What *am* I to do, dear? Can't you possibly show a little sense yourself—only a little, dear—and have some consideration for your poor sister? Even Ethel worries about you, though she has troubles of her own, poor darling; and aunty is really quite ill with anxiety. What *are* we going to do? I know one thing. *I'm* not going to put up with it. My mind is made up. I'll leave Rome at once, and go home and tell papa."

"Well, you needn't scold so," said Minnie. "It's my trouble. I can't help it. They would come. I'm sure *I* don't know what to do."

"Well, you needn't be so awfully kind to them all. That's what encourages them so. It's no use for me to try to keep them away if you make them all so welcome. Now there's that dreadful Italian. I'm positive he's going to get up some unpleasant plot. These Italians are so very revengeful. And he thinks you're so fond of him, and I'm so opposed. And he's right, too. You always act as if you're fond of him, and all the rest. As to that terrible American savage, I'm afraid to think of him; I positively am."

"Well, you needn't be so awfully unkind to him. He saved my life."

"That's no reason why he should deprive me of mine, which he will do if he goes on so much longer."

"You were very, very rude to him, Kitty,"

said Minnie, severely, "and very, very unkind—"

"I intended to be so."

"I really felt like crying, and running out and explaining things."

"I know you did, and ran back and locked the door. Oh, you wretched little silly goose, what *am* I *ever* to do with such a child as you are! You're really not a bit better than a baby."

This conversation took place on the day following the Baron's last eventful call. Poor Mrs. Willoughby was driven to desperation, and lay awake all night, trying to think of some plan to baffle the enemy, but was unsuccessful; and so she tried once more to have some influence over Minnie by a remonstrance as sharp as she could give.

"He's an American savage. I believe he's an Indian."

"I'm sure I don't see any thing savage in him. He's as gentle and as kind as he can be. And he's so *awfully* fond of me."

"Think how he burst in here, forcing his way in, and taking possession of the house. And then poor dear aunty! Oh, how she *was* shocked and horrified!"

"It's because he is so *awfully* fond of me, and was so perfectly *crazy* to see me."

"And then, just as I was beginning to persuade him to go away quietly, to think of you coming down!"

"Well, I couldn't bear to have him so sad, when he saved my life, and so I just thought I'd show myself, so as to put him at ease."

"A pretty way to show yourself—to let a great, horrid man treat you so."

"Well, that's what they *all* do," said Minnie, plaintively. "I'm sure *I* can't help it."

"Oh dear! was there ever such a child! Why, Minnie darling, you must know that such things are very, very ill-bred, and very, very indelicate and unrefined. And then, think how he came forcing himself upon us when we were driving. Couldn't he see that he wasn't wanted? No, he's a savage. And then, how he kept giving us all a history of his life. Every body could hear him, and people stared so that it was really quite shocking."

"Oh, that's because he is so very, very frank. He has none of the deceit of society, you know, Kitty darling."

"Deceit of society! I should think not. Only think how he acted yesterday—forcing his way in and rushing up stairs. Why, it's actually quite frightful. He's like a madman. We will have to keep all the doors locked, and send for the police. Why, do you know, Ethel says that he was here before, running about and shouting in the same way: 'Min!' 'Min!' 'Min!'—that's what the horrid wretch calls you—'Min! it's me.' 'Come, Min!'"

At this Minnie burst into a peal of merry, musical laughter, and laughed on till the tears came to her eyes. Her sister looked more disgusted than ever.

"He's such a boy," said Minnie; "he's just like a boy. He's so *awfully* funny. If I'm a child, he's a big boy, and the awfulest, funniest boy I ever saw. And then he's so fond of me. Why, he worships me. Oh, it's awfully nice."

"A boy! A beast, you mean—a horrid savage. What *can* I do? I must send for a policeman. I'll certainly have the doors all locked. And then we'll all be prisoners."

"Well, then, it'll all be your own fault, for I don't want to have any doors locked."

"Oh dear!" sighed her sister.

"Well, I don't. And I think you're very unkind."

"Why, you silly child, he'd come here some day, carry you off, and make you marry him."

"Well, I do wish he would," said Minnie, gravely. "I wish somebody would, for then it would put a stop to all this worry, and I really don't know what else ever will. Do *you*, now, Kitty darling?"

Mrs. Willoughby turned away with a gesture of despair.

An hour or two after some letters were brought in, one of which was addressed to

MISS FAY,
Poste Restante,
Roma.

Minnie opened this, and looked over it with a troubled air. Then she spoke to her sister, and they both went off to Minnie's room.

"Who do you think this is from?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know! Of course it's some more trouble."

"It's from Captain Kirby."

"Oh, of course! And of course he's here in Rome?"

"No, he isn't."

"What! Not yet?"

"No; but he wrote this from London. He has been to the house, and learned that we had gone to Italy. He says he has sent off letters to me, directed to every city in Italy, so that I may be sure to get it. Isn't that good of him?"

"Well?" asked Mrs. Willoughby, repressing an exclamation of vexation.

"Well, he says that in three days he will leave, and go first to Rome, as he thinks we will be most likely to be there this season. And so, you see, he's coming on; and he will be here in three days, you know."

"Minnie," said her sister, after some moments' solemn thought.

"Well, Kitty darling?"

"Do you ever think?"

"I don't know."

"Would you like one of these gentlemen of yours to blow one of the others' brains out, or stab him, or any thing of that sort?"

"How shocking you are, Kitty dear! What a dreadful question!"

"Well, understand me now. One of them *will* do that. There will be trouble, and your name will be associated with it."

"Well," said Minnie, "I know who *won't* be shot."

"Who?"

"Why, Rufus K. Gunn," said she, in the funny, prim way in which she always pronounced that name. "If he finds it out, he'll drive all the others away."

"And would you like that?"

"Well, you know, he's awfully fond of me, and he's so like a boy: and if I'm such a child, I could do better with a man, you know, that's like a boy, you know, than—than—"

"Nonsense! He's a madman, and you're a simpleton, you little goose."

"Well, then, we must be well suited to one another," said Minnie.

"Now, child, listen," said Mrs. Willoughby, firmly. "I intend to put a stop to this. I have made up my mind positively to leave Rome, and take you home to papa. I'll tell him all about it, put you under his care, and have no more responsibility with you. I think he'd better send you back to school. I've been too gentle. You need a firm hand. I'll be firm for a few days, till you can go to papa. You need not begin to cry. It's for your own good. If you're indulged any more, you'll simply go to ruin."

Mrs. Willoughby's tone was different from usual, and Minnie was impressed by it. She saw that her sister was resolved. So she stole up to her and twined her arms about her and kissed her.

"There, there," said her sister, kissing her again, "don't look so sad, Minnie darling. It's for your own good. We must go away, or else you'll have another of those dreadful people. You must trust to me now, dearest, and not interfere with me in any way."

"Well, well, you mustn't be unkind to poor Rufus K. Gunn," said Minnie.

"Unkind? Why, we won't be any thing to him at all."

"And am I never to—to—see him again?"

"No!" said her sister, firmly.

Minnie started, and looked at Mrs. Willoughby, and saw in her face a fixed resolution.

"No, never!" repeated Mrs. Willoughby. "I am going to take you back to England. I'm afraid to take any railroad or steamboat. I'll hire a carriage, and we'll all go in a quiet way to Florence. Then we can take the railroad to Leghorn, and go home by the way of Marseilles. No one will know that we've gone away. They'll think we have gone on an excursion. Now we'll go out driving this morning, and this afternoon we must keep the outer door locked, and not let any one in. I suppose there is no danger of meeting him in the morning. He must be on duty then."

"But mayn't I see him at all before we go?"

"No!"

"Just once—only once?"

"No, not once. You've seen that horrid man for the last time."

Minnie again looked at her sister, and again read her resolution in her face. She turned away, her head dropped, a sob escaped from her, and then she burst into tears.

Mrs. Willoughby left the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

JEALOUSY.

LORD HAWBURY had come to Rome for the sole purpose of watching over his friend Scone Dacres. But he had not found it so easy to do so. His friend kept by himself more than he used to, and for several days Hawbury had seen nothing of him. Once while with the ladies he had met him, and noticed the sadness and the gloom of his brow. He saw by this that he was still a prey to those feelings the exhibition of which had alarmed him at Naples, and made him resolve to accompany him here.

A few days afterward, while Hawbury was in his room, his friend entered. Hawbury arose and greeted him with unfeigned joy.

"Well, old man," he said, "you've kept yourself close, too. What have you been doing with yourself? I've only had one glimpse of you for an age. Doing Rome, hey? Antiquities, arts, churches, palaces, and all that sort of thing, I suppose. Come now, old boy, sit down and give an account of yourself. Have a weed? Here's Bass in prime order. Light up, my dear fellow, and let me look at you as you compose your manly form for a friendly smoke. And don't speak till you feel inclined."

Dacres took his seat with a melancholy smile, and selecting a cigar, lighted it, and smoked in silence for some time.

"Who was that Zouave fellow?" he asked at length: "the fellow that I saw riding by the carriage the other day?"

"That—oh, an old friend of mine. He's an American named Gunn. He's joined the Papal Zouaves from some whim, and a deuced good thing it is for them to get hold of such a man. I happened to call one day, and found him with the ladies."

"The ladies—ah!" and Dacres's eyes lighted up with a bad, hard light. "I suppose he's another of those precious cavaliers—the scum of all lands—that dance attendance on my charming wife."

"Oh, see here now, my dear fellow, really now," said Hawbury, "none of that, you know. This fellow is a friend of *mine*, and one of the best fellows I ever saw. You'd like him, old chap. He'd suit you."

"Yes, and suit my wife better," said Dacres, bitterly.

"Oh, come now, really, my dear boy, you're completely out. He don't know your wife at all. It's the other one, you know. Don't be jealous, now, if I tell you."

"Jealous!"

"Yes. I know your weakness, you know; but this is an old affair. I don't want to violate confidence, but—"

Dacres looked hard at his friend and breathed heavily. He was evidently much excited.

"But what?" he said, hoarsely.

"Well, you know, it's an old affair. It's the young one, you know—Miss Fay. He rather affects her, you know. That's about it."

"Miss Fay?"

"Yes; your child-angel, you know. But it's an older affair than yours; it is, really; so don't be giving way, man. Besides, his claims on her are as great as yours; yes, greater too. By Jove!"

"Miss Fay! Oh, is that all?" said Dacres, who, with a sigh of infinite relief, shook off all his late excitement, and became cool once more.

Hawbury noted this very thoughtfully.

"You see," said Dacres, "that terrible wife of mine is so cursedly beautiful and fascinating, and so infernally fond of admiration, that she keeps no end of fellows tagging at her heels. And so I didn't know but that this was some new admirer. Oh, she's a deep one! Her new style, which she has been cultivating for ten years, has made her look like an angel of light. Why, there's the very light of heaven in her eyes, and in her face there is nothing, I swear, but gentleness and purity and peace. Oh, had she but been what she now seems! Oh, if even now I could but believe this, I would even now fling my memories to the winds, and I'd lie down in the dust and let her trample on me, if she would only give me that tender and gentle love that now lurks in her face. Good Heavens! can such a change be possible? No; it's impossible! It can't be! Don't I know her? Can't I remember her? Is my memory all a dream? No, it's real; and it's marked deep by this scar that I wear. Never till that scar is obliterated can that woman change."

Dacres had been speaking, as he often did now, half to himself; and as he ended he rubbed his hand over the place where the scar lay, as though to soothe the inflammation that arose from the rush of angry blood to his head.

"Well, dear boy, I can only say I wish from my heart that her nature was like her face. She's no favorite of mine, for your story has made me look on her with your eyes, and I never have spoken to her except in the most distant way; but I must say I think her face has in it a good deal of that gentleness which you mention. Miss Fay treats her quite like an elder sister, and is deuced fond of her, too. I can see that. So she can't be very fiendish to her. Like loves like, you know, and the one that the child-angel loves ought to be a little of an angel herself, oughtn't she?"

Dacres was silent for a long time.

"There's that confounded Italian," said he, "dangling forever at her heels—the devil that saved her life. He must be her accepted lover,

you know. He goes out riding beside the carriage."

"Well, really, my dear fellow, she doesn't seem overjoyed by his attentions."

"Oh, that's her art. She's so infernally deep. Do you think she'd let the world see her feelings? Never. Slimy, Sir, and cold and subtle and venomous and treacherous—a beautiful serpent. Aha! isn't that the way to hit her off? Yes, a beautiful, malignant, venomous serpent, with fascination in her eyes, and death and anguish in her bite. But she shall find out yet that others are not without power. Confound her!"

"Well, now, by Jove! old boy, I think the very best thing you can do is to go away somewhere, and get rid of these troubles."

"Go away! Can I go away from my own thoughts? Hawbury, the trouble is in my own heart. I must keep near her. There's that Italian devil. He shall not have her. I'll watch them, as I have watched them, till I find a chance for revenge."

"You have watched them, then?" asked Hawbury, in great surprise.

"Yes, both of them. I've seen the Italian prowling about where she lives. I've seen her on her balcony, evidently watching for him."

"But have you seen any thing more? This is only your fancy."

"Fancy! Didn't I see her herself standing on the balcony looking down. I was concealed by the shadow of a fountain, and she couldn't see me. She turned her face, and I saw it in that soft, sweet, gentle beauty which she has cultivated so wonderfully. I swear it seemed like the face of an angel, and I could have worshiped it. If she could have seen my face in that thick shadow she would have thought I was an adorer of hers, like the Italian—ha, ha!—instead of a pursuer, and an enemy."

"Well, I'll be hanged if I can tell myself which you are, old boy; but, at any rate, I'm glad to be able to state that your trouble will soon be over."

"How's that?"

"She's going away."

"Going away!"

"Yes."

"She! going away! where?"

"Back to England."

"Back to England! why, she's just come here. What's that for?"

"I don't know. I only know they're all going home. Well, you know, holy week's over, and there is no object for them to stay longer."

"Going away! going away!" replied Dacres, slowly. "Who told you?"

"Miss Fay."

"Oh, I don't believe it."

"There's no doubt about it, my dear boy. Miss Fay told me explicitly. She said they were going in a carriage by the way of Civita Castellana."

"What are they going that way for? What nonsense! I don't believe it."

"Oh, it's a fact. Besides, they evidently don't want it to be known."

"What's that?" asked Dacres, eagerly.

"I say they don't seem to want it to be known. Miss Fay told me in her childish way, and I saw that Mrs. Willoughby looked vexed, and tried to stop her."

"Tried to stop her! Ah! Who were there? Were you calling?"

"Oh no—it was yesterday morning. I was riding, and, to my surprise, met them. They were driving—Mrs. Willoughby and Miss Fay, you know—so I chatted with them a few moments, or rather with Miss Fay, and hoped I would see them again soon, at some *fête* or other, when she told me this."

"And my wife tried to stop her?"

"Yes."

"And looked vexed?"

"Yes."

"Then it was some secret of hers. She has some reason for keeping dark. The other has none. Aha! don't I understand her? She wants to keep it from me. She knows you're my friend, and was vexed that you should know. Aha! she dreads my presence. She knows I'm on her track. She wants to get away with her Italian—away from my sight. Aha! the tables are turned at last. Aha! my lady. Now we'll see. Now take your Italian and fly, and see how far you can get away from me. Take him, and see if you can hold him. Aha! my angel face, my mild, soft eyes of love, but devil's heart—can not I understand it all? I see through it. I've watched you. Wait till you see Scone Dacres on your track!"

"What's that? You don't really mean it?" cried Hawbury.

"Yes, I do."

"Will you follow her?"

"Yes, I will."

"What for? For a vague fancy of your jealous mind?"

"It isn't a fancy; it's a certainty. I've seen the Italian dogging her, dodging about her house, and riding with her. I've seen her looking very much as if she were expecting him at her balcony. Is all that nothing? She's seen me, and feels conscience-stricken, and longs to get away where she may be free from the terror of my presence. But I'll track her. I'll strike at her—at her heart, too; for I will strike through the Italian."

"By Jove!"

"I will, I swear!" cried Dacres, gloomily.

"You're mad, Dacres. You imagine all this. You're like a madman in a dream."

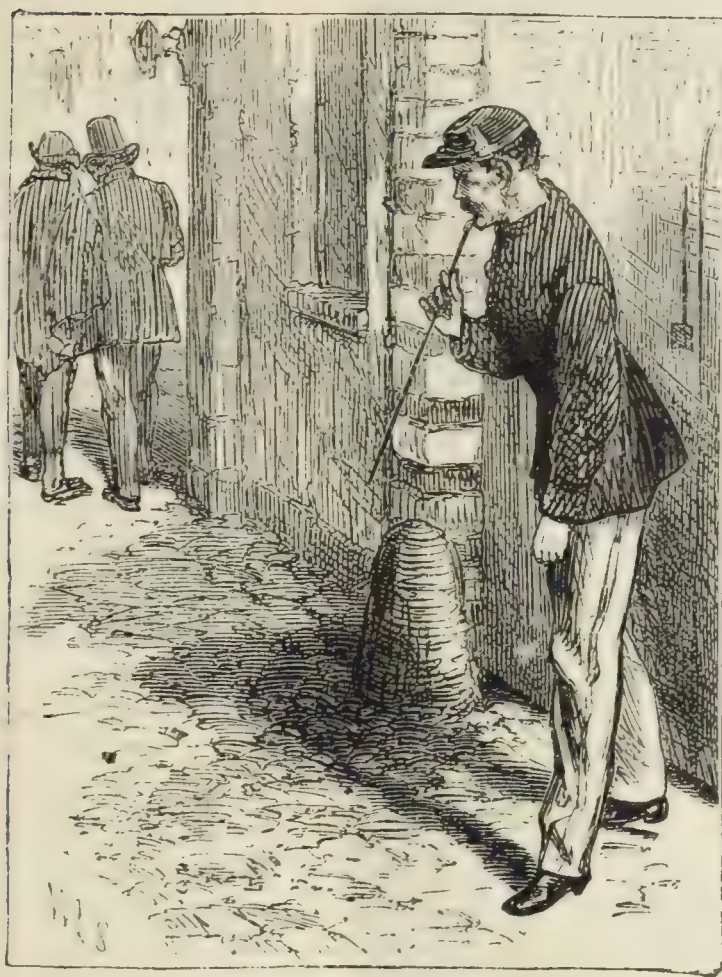
"It's no dream. I'll follow her. I'll track her."

"Then, by Jove, you'll have to take me with you, old boy! I see you're not fit to take care of yourself. I'll have to go and keep you from harm."

"You won't keep me from harm, old chap,"

said Dacres, more gently; "but I'd be glad if you would go. So come along."

"I will, by Jove!"



"I WATCHED HIM."

CHAPTER XX.

THE BARON'S WOES.

DACRES was not the only excited visitor that Hawbury had that day. Before its close another made his appearance in the person of the Baron.

"Well, my noble friend," cried Hawbury—"my Baron bold—how goes it? But, by Jove! what's the matter, my boy? Your brow deep scars of thunder have intrenched, and care sits on your faded cheek. Pour forth the mournful tale. I'll sympathize."

"I swear it's too almighty bad!" cried the Baron.

"What?"

"The way I'm getting humbugged."

"Humbugged! Who's been humbugging you?"

"Darn me if I know; and that's the worst of it by a thundering sight."

"Well, my dear fellow, if I can help you, you'd better let me know what it's all about."

"Why, Minnie; that's the row. 'There ain't another thing on this green earth that would trouble me for five seconds."

"Minnie? Oh! And what has happened—a lover's quarrel?"

"Not a quarrel. *She's* all right."

"What is it, then?"

"Why, she's disappeared."

"Disappeared! What do you mean by that?"

"Darn me if I know. I only know this,

that they keep their place bolted and barred, and they've muffled the bell, and there's no servant to be seen, and I can't find out any thing about them. And it's too almighty bad. Now isn't it?"

"It's deuced odd, too—queer, by Jove! I don't understand. Are you sure they're all locked up?"

"Course I am."

"And no servants?"

"Not a darned servant."

"Did you ask the concierge?"

"Course I did; and crossed his palm, too. But he didn't give me any satisfaction."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he said they were at home, for they had been out in the morning, and had got back again. Well, after that I went back and nearly knocked the door down. And that was no good; I didn't get a word. The concierge swore they were in, and they wouldn't so much as answer me. Now I call that too almighty hard, and I'd like to know what in thunder they all mean by it."

"By Jove! odd, too."

"Well, you know, I thought after a while that it would be all explained the next day; so I went home and waited, and came back the next afternoon. I tried it over again. Same result. I spoke to the concierge again, and he swore again that they were all in. They had been out in the morning, he said, and looked well. They had come home by noon, and had gone to their rooms. Well, I really did start the door that time, but didn't get any answer for my pains."

"By Jove!"

"Well, I was pretty hard up, I tell you. But I wasn't going to give up. So I staid there, and began a siege. I crossed the concierge's palm again, and was in and out all night. Toward morning I took a nap in his chair. He thought it was some government business or other, and assisted me all he could. I didn't see any thing at all, though, except an infernal Italian—a fellow that came calling the first day I was there, and worked himself in between me and Min. He was prowling about there, with another fellow, and stared hard at me. I watched him, and said nothing, for I wanted to find out his little game. He's up to something, I swear. When he saw I was on the ground, though, he beat a retreat."

"Well, I staid all night, and the next morning watched again. I didn't knock. It wasn't a bit of use—not a darned bit."

"Well, about nine o'clock the door opened, and I saw some one looking out very cautiously. In a minute I was standing before her, and held out my hand to shake hers. It was the old lady. But she didn't shake hands. She looked at me quite coolly."

"'Good-morning, ma'am,' said I, in quite a winning voice. 'Good-morning, ma'am.'"

"'Good-morning,' she said."

"'I come to see Minnie,' said I."



"BUT I SAVED HER LIFE."

"To see Minnie!" said she; and then she told me she wasn't up.

"Ain't up?" said I; "and it so bright and early! Why, what's got her? Well, you just go and tell her *I'm* here, and I'll just step inside and wait till she comes down," said I.

"But the old lady didn't budge.

"I'm not a servant," she said, very stiff; "I'm her aunt, and her guardian, and I allow no messages to pass between her and strange gentlemen."

"Strange gentlemen!" I cried. "Why, ain't I engaged to her?"

"I don't know you," says she.

"Wasn't I introduced to you?" says I.

"No," says she; "I don't know you."

"But I'm engaged to Minnie," says I.

"I don't recognize you," says she. "The family know nothing about you; and my niece is a silly girl, who is going back to her father, who will probably send her to school."

"But I saved her life," says I.

"That's very possible," says she; "many persons have done so; yet that gives you no right to annoy her; and you shall *not* annoy

her. Your engagement is an absurdity. The child herself is an absurdity. *You* are an absurdity. Was it not you who was creating such a frightful disturbance here yesterday? Let me inform you, Sir, that if you repeat it, you will be handed over to the police. The police would certainly have been called yesterday had we not wished to avoid hurting your feelings. We now find that you have no feelings to hurt."

"Very well, ma'am," says I; "these are your views; but as you are not Minnie, I don't accept them. I won't retire from the field till I hear a command to that effect from Minnie herself. I allow no relatives to stand between me and my love. Show me Minnie, and let me hear what she has to say. That's all I ask, and that's fair and square."

"You shall not see her at all," says the old lady, quite mild; "not at all. You must not come again, for you will not be admitted. Police will be here to put you out if you attempt to force an entrance as you did before."

"Force an entrance!" I cried.

"Yes," she said, "force an entrance. You did so, and you filled the whole house with your shouts. Is that to be borne? Not by us, Sir. And now go, and don't disturb us any more."

"Well, I'll be darned if I ever felt so cut up in my life. The old lady was perfectly calm and cool; wasn't a bit scared—though there was no reason why she should be. She just gave it to me that way. But when she accused me of forcing an entrance and kicking up a row, I was struck all of a heap and couldn't say a word. *Me* force an entrance! *Me* kick up a row! And in Minnie's house! Why, the old woman's mad!"

"Well, the old lady shut the door in my face, and I walked off; and I've been ever since trying to understand it, but I'll be darned if I can make head or tail of it. The only

thing I see is that they're all keeping Minnie locked up away from me. They don't like me, though why they don't I can't see; for I'm as good as any body, and I've been particular about being civil to all of them. Still they don't like me, and they see that Minnie does, and they're trying to break up the engagement. But by the living jingo!" and the Baron clinched a good-sized and very sinewy fist, which he brought down hard on the table—"by the living jingo, they'll find they can't come it over me! No, Sir!"

"Is she fond of you—Miss Fay, I mean?"

"Fond! Course she is. She dotes on me."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! As sure as I am of my own existence. Why, the way she looks at me is enough! She has a look of helpless trust, an innocent confidence, a tender, child-like faith and love, and a beseeching, pleading, imploring way that tells me she is mine through and through."

Hawbury was a little surprised. He thought he had heard something like that before.

"Oh, well," said he, "that's the chief thing, you know. If you're sure of the girl's affections, the battle's half won."

"Half won! Ain't it all won?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, with us English, there are ever so many considerations."

"But with us Americans there is only one consideration, and that is, Do you love me? Still, if her relatives are particular about dollars, I can foot up as many thousands as her old man, I dare say; and then, if they care for rank, why, I'm a Baron!"

"And what's more, old boy," said Hawbury, earnestly, "if they wanted a valiant, stout, true, honest, loyal soul, they needn't go further than Rufus K. Gunn, Baron de Atramonte."

The Baron's face flushed.

"Hawbury," said he, "that's good in you. We've tried one another, haven't we? You're a brick! And I don't need *you* to tell *me* what you think of me. But if you could get a word into the ear of that cantankerous old lady, and just let her know what *you* know about me, it might move her. You see you're after her style, and I'm not; and she can't see any thing but a man's manner, which, after all, varies in all countries. Now if you could speak a word for me, Hawbury—"

"By Jove! my dear fellow, I'd be glad to do so—I swear I would; but you don't appear to know that I won't have the chance. They're all going to leave Rome to-morrow morning."

The Baron started as though he had been shot.

"What!" he cried, hoarsely. "What's that? Leave Rome?"

"Yes."

"And to-morrow morning?"

"Yes; Miss Fay told me herself—"

"Miss Fay told you herself! By Heaven! What do they mean by that?" And the Baron sat trembling with excitement.

"Well, the holy week's over."

"Darn it all, that's got nothing to do with it! It's me! They're trying to get her from me! How are they going? Do you know?"

"They are going in a carriage by the way of Civita Castellana."

"In a carriage by the way of Civita Castellana! Darn that old idiot of a woman! what's she up to now? If she's running away from me, she'll wish herself back before she gets far on that road. Why, there's an infernal nest of brigands there that call themselves Garibaldians; and, by thunder, the woman's crazy! They'll be seized and held to ransom—perhaps worse. Heavens! I'll go mad! I'll run and tell them. But no; they won't see me. What'll I do? And Minnie! I can't give her up. She can't give me up. She's a poor, trembling little creature; her whole life hangs on mine. Separation from me would kill her. Poor little girl! Separation! By thunder, they shall never separate us! What devil makes the old woman go by that infernal road? Brigands all the way! But I'll go after them; I'll follow them. They'll find it almighty hard work to keep her from me! I'll see her, by thunder! and I'll get her out of their clutches! I swear I will! I'll bring her back here to Rome, and I'll get the Pope himself to bind her to me with a knot that all the old women under heaven can never loosen!"

"What! You're going? By Jove! that's odd, for I'm going with a friend on the same road."

"Good again! Three cheers! And you'll see the old woman, and speak a good word for me?"

"If I see her and get a chance, I certainly will, by Jove!"

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

ON the day following two carriages rolled out of Rome, and took the road toward Florence by the way of Civita Castellana. One carriage held four ladies; the other one was occupied by four lady's-maids and the luggage of the party.

It was early morning, and over the wide Campagna there still hung mists, which were dissipated gradually as the sun arose. As they went on the day advanced, and with the departing mists there opened up a wide view. On either side extended the desolate Campagna, over which passed lines of ruined aqueducts on their way from the hills to the city. Here and there crumbling ruins arose above the plain—some ancient, others medieval, none modern. Before them, in the distance, arose the Apennines, among which were, here and there, visible the white outlines of some villa or hamlet.

For mile after mile they drove on; and the drive soon proved very monotonous. It was nothing but one long and unvarying plain, with



THE PROCESSION ACROSS THE OAMPAGNA.

this only change, that every mile brought them nearer to the mountains. As the mountains were their only hope, they all looked forward eagerly to the time when they would arrive there and wind along the road among them.

Formerly Mrs. Willoughby alone had been the confidante of Minnie's secret, but the events of the past few days had disclosed most of her troubles to the other ladies also, at least as far as the general outlines were concerned. The consequence was, that they all knew perfectly well the reason why they were traveling in this way, and Minnie knew that they all knew it. Yet this unpleasant consciousness did not in the least interfere with the sweetness of her temper and the gentleness of her manner. She sat there, with a meek smile and a resigned air, as though the only part now left her in life was the patient endurance of her unmerited wrongs. She blamed no one; she made no complaint; yet there was in her attitude something so touching, so clinging, so pathetic, so forlorn, and in her face something so sweet, so sad, so reproachful, and so piteous, that she enforced sympathy; and each one began to have a half-guilty fear that Minnie had been wronged by her. Especially did Mrs. Willoughby feel this. She feared that she had neglected the artless and simple-minded child; she feared that she had not been sufficiently thoughtful about her; and now longed to do something to make amends for this imaginary neglect. So she sought to make the journey as pleasant as possible by cheerful remarks and lively observations. None of these things, however, produced any effect upon the attitude of Minnie. She sat there, with unalterable sweetness and unvarying patience, just like a holy martyr, who freely forgave all her enemies, and was praying for those who had despitefully used her.

The exciting events consequent upon the Baron's appearance, and his sudden revelation in the rôle of Minnie's lover, had exercised a strong and varied effect upon all; but upon one its result was wholly beneficial, and this was Ethel.

It was so startling and so unexpected that it had roused her from her gloom, and given her something to think of. The Baron's début in their parlor had been narrated to her over and over by each of the three who had witnessed it, and each gave the narrative her own coloring. Lady Dalrymple's account was humorous; Mrs. Willoughby's indignant; Minnie's sentimental. Out of all these Ethel gained a fourth idea, compounded of these three, which again blended with another, and an original one of her own, gained from a personal observation of the Baron, whose appearance on the stairs and impatient summons for "Min" were very vividly impressed on her memory. In addition to this there was the memory of that day on which they endeavored to fight off the enemy.

That was, indeed, a memorable day, and was now alluded to by them all as the day of the siege. It was not without difficulty that they had withstood Minnie's earnest protestations, and intrenched themselves. But Mrs. Willoughby was obdurate, and Minnie's tears, which flowed freely, were unavailing.

Then there came the first knock of the impatient and aggressive visitor, followed by others in swift succession, and in ever-increasing power. Every knock went to Minnie's heart. It excited an unlimited amount of sympathy for the one who had saved her life, and was now excluded from her door. But as the knocks grew violent and imperative, and Minnie grew sad and pitiful, the other ladies grew indignant. Lady Dalrymple was on the point of sending off for the police, and only Minnie's frantic entreaties prevented this. At last the door seemed almost beaten in, and their feelings underwent a change. They were convinced that he was mad, or else intoxicated. Of the madness of love they did not think. Once convinced that he was mad, they became terrified. The maids all hid themselves. None of them now would venture out even to call the police. They expected that the concierge would interpose, but in vain. The concierge was bribed.

After a very eventful day night came. They heard footsteps pacing up and down, and knew that it was their tormentor. Minnie's heart again melted with tender pity for the man whose love for her had turned his head, and she begged to be allowed to speak to him. But this was not permitted. So she went to bed and fell asleep. So, in process of time, did the others, and the night passed without any trouble. Then morning came, and there was a debate as to who should confront the enemy. There was no noise, but they knew that he was there. At last Lady Dalrymple summoned up her energies, and went forth to do battle. The result has already been described in the words of the bold Baron himself.

But even this great victory did not reassure the ladies. Dreading another visit, they hurried away to a hotel, leaving the maids to follow with the luggage as soon as possible. On the following morning they had left the city.

Events so very exciting as these had produced a very natural effect upon the mind of Ethel. They had thrown her thoughts out of their old groove, and fixed them in a new one. Besides, the fact that she was actually leaving the man who had caused her so much sorrow was already a partial relief. She had dreaded meeting him so much that she had been forced to keep herself a prisoner. A deep grief still remained in her heart; but, at any rate, there was now some pleasure to be felt, if only of a superficial kind.

As for Mrs. Willoughby, in spite of her self-reproach about her purely imaginary neglect of Minnie, she felt such an extraordinary relief that it affected all her nature. The others might feel fatigue from the journey. Not she. She was willing to continue the journey for an indefinite period, so long as she had the sweet consciousness that she was bearing Minnie farther and farther away from the grasp of "that horrid man." The consequence was, that she was lively, lovely, brilliant, cheerful, and altogether delightful. She was as tender to Minnie as a mother could be. She was lavish in her promises of what she would do for her. She chatted gayly with Ethel about a thousand things, and was delighted to find that Ethel reciprocated. She rallied Lady Dalrymple on her silence, and congratulated her over and over, in spite of Minnie's frowns, on the success of her generalship. And so at last the weary Campagna was traversed, and the two carriages began to ascend among the mountains.

Several other travelers were passing over that Campagna road, and in the same direction. They were not near enough for their faces to be discerned, but the ladies could look back and see the signs of their presence. First there was a carriage with two men, and about two miles behind another carriage with two other men; while behind these, again, there rode a solitary horseman, who was gradually gaining on the other travelers.

Now, if it had been possible for Mrs. Wil-

loughby to look back and discern the faces of the travelers who were moving along the road behind her, what a sudden overturn there would have been in her feelings, and what a blight would have fallen upon her spirits! But Mrs. Willoughby remained in the most blissful ignorance of the persons of these travelers, and so was able to maintain the sunshine of her soul.

At length there came over that sunny soul the first cloud.

The solitary horseman, who had been riding behind, had overtaken the different carriages.

The first carriage contained Lord Hawbury and Scone Dacres. As the horseman passed, he recognized them with a careless nod and smile.

Scone Dacres grasped Lord Hawbury's arm.

"Did you see him?" he cried. "The Italian! I thought so! What do you say now? Wasn't I right?"

"By Jove!" cried Lord Hawbury.

Whereupon Dacres relapsed into silence, sitting upright, glaring after the horseman, cherishing in his gloomy soul the darkest and most vengeful thoughts.

The horseman rode on further, and overtook the next carriage. In this there were two men, one in the uniform of the Papal Zouaves, the other in rusty black. He turned toward these, and greeted them with the same nod and smile.

"Do you see that man, parson?" said the Baron to his companion. "Do you recognize him?"

"No."

"Well, you saw him at Minnie's house. He came in."

"No, he didn't."

"Didn't he? No. By thunder, it wasn't that time. Well, at any rate, that man, I believe, is at the bottom of the row. It's my belief that he's trying to cut me out, and he'll find he's got a hard row to hoe before he succeeds in that project."

And with these words the Baron sat glaring after the Italian, with something in his eye that resembled faintly the fierce glance of Scone Dacres.

The Italian rode on. A few miles further were the two carriages. Minnie and her sister were sitting on the front seats, and saw the stranger as he advanced. He soon came near enough to be distinguished, and Mrs. Willoughby recognized Girasole.

Her surprise was so great that she uttered an exclamation of terror, which startled the other ladies, and made them all look in that direction.

"How very odd!" said Ethel, thoughtfully.

"And now I suppose you'll all go and say that I brought *him* too," said Minnie. "That's *always* the way you do. You *never* seem to think that I may be innocent. You *always* blame me for every little mite of a thing that may happen."

No one made any remark, and there was silence in the carriage as the stranger approached. The ladies bowed somewhat coolly, except Minnie, who threw upon him the most imploring look that could possibly be sent from human eyes, and the Italian's impressible nature thrilled before those beseeching, pleading, earnest, unfathomable, tender, helpless, innocent orbs. Removing his hat, he bowed low.

"I haf not been awara," he said, politely, in his broken English, "that youar ladysippa's bin intend to travalla. Ees eet not subito intenzion?"

Mrs. Willoughby made a polite response of a general character, the Italian paused a moment to drink in deep draughts from Minnie's great beseeching eyes that were fixed upon his, and then, with a low bow, he passed on.

"I believe I'm losing my senses," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"Why, Kitty darling?" asked Minnie.

"I don't know how it is, but I actually trembled when that man came up, and I haven't got over it yet."

"I'm sure I don't see why," said Minnie. "You're *always* imagining things, though. Now *isn't* she, Ethel dearest?"

"Well, really, I don't see much in the Count to make one tremble. I suppose poor dear Kitty has been too much agitated lately, and it's her poor nerves."

"I have my lavender, Kitty dear," said Lady Dalrymple. "Won't you take it? Or would you prefer valerian?"

"Thanks, much, but I do not need it," said Mrs. Willoughby. "I suppose it will pass off."

"I'm sure the poor Count never did any body any harm," said Minnie, plaintively; "so you needn't all abuse him so—unless you're all angry at him for saving my life. I remember a time when you all thought very differently, and all praised him up, no end."

"Really, Minnie darling, I have nothing against the Count, only once he was a little too intrusive; but he seems to have got over that; and if he'll only be nice and quiet and proper, I'm sure I've nothing to say against him."

They drove on for some time, and at length reached Civita Castellana. Here they drove up to the hotel, and the ladies got out and went up to their apartments. They had three rooms up stairs, two of which looked out into the street, while the third was in the rear. At the front windows was a balcony.

The ladies now disrobed themselves, and their maids assisted them to perform the duties of a very simple toilet. Mrs. Willoughby's was first finished. So she walked over to the window, and looked out into the street.

It was not a very interesting place, nor was there much to be seen; but she took a lazy, languid interest in the sight which met her eyes.

There were the two carriages. The horses were being led to water. Around the carriages was a motley crowd, composed of the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind, forming that realm

of beggars which from immemorial ages has flourished in Italy. With these was intermingled a crowd of ducks, geese, goats, pigs, and ill-looking, mangy, snarling curs.

Upon these Mrs. Willoughby looked for some time, when at length her ears were arrested by the roll of wheels down the street. A carriage was approaching, in which there were two travelers. One hasty glance sufficed, and she turned her attention once more to the ducks, geese, goats, dogs, and beggars. In a few minutes the crowd was scattered by the newly-arrived carriage. It stopped. A man jumped out. For a moment he looked up, staring hard at the windows. That moment was enough. Mrs. Willoughby had recognized him.

She rushed away from the windows. Lady Dalrymple and Ethel were in this room, and Minnie in the one beyond. All were startled by Mrs. Willoughby's exclamation, and still more by her looks.

"Oh!" she cried.

"What?" cried they. "What is it?"

"*He's* there! *He's* there!"

"Who? who?" they cried, in alarm.

"That horrid man!"

Lady Dalrymple and Ethel looked at one another in utter horror.

As for Minnie, she burst into the room, peeped out of the windows, saw "that horrid man," then ran back, then sat down, then jumped up, and then burst into a peal of the merriest laughter that ever was heard from her.

"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "Oh, it's so *awfully* funny. Oh, I'm so glad! Oh, Kitty darling, don't, please don't, look so cross. Oh, ple-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e don't, Kitty darling. You make me laugh worse. It's so *awfully* funny!"

But while Minnie laughed thus, the others looked at each other in still greater consternation, and for some time there was not one of them who knew what to say.

But Lady Dalrymple again threw herself in the gap.

"You need not feel at all nervous, my dears," said she, gravely. "I do not think that this person can give us any trouble. He certainly can not intrude upon us in these apartments, and on the highway, you know, it will be quite as difficult for him to hold any communication with us. So I really don't see any cause for alarm on your part, nor do I see why dear Minnie should exhibit such delight."

These words brought comfort to Ethel and Mrs. Willoughby. They at once perceived their truth. To force himself into their presence in a public hotel was of course impossible, even for one so reckless as he seemed to be; and on the road he could not trouble them in any way, since he would have to drive before them or behind them.

At Lady Dalrymple's reference to herself, Minnie looked up with a bright smile.

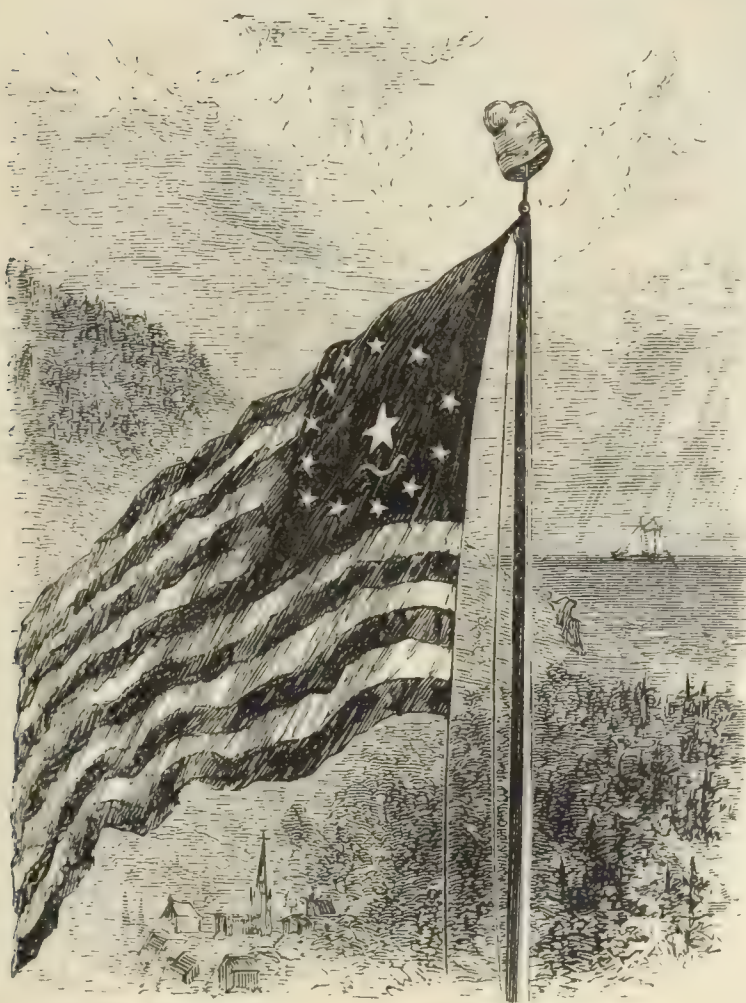
"You're awfully cross with me, aunty dar-

ling," she said; "but I forgive you. Only I can't help laughing, you know, to see how frightened you all are at poor Rufus K. Gunn. And, Kitty dearest, oh how you *did* run away from the window! It was *awfully* funny, you know."

Not long after the arrival of the Baron and his friends another carriage drove up. None of the ladies were at the window, and so they did not see the easy nonchalance of Hawbury as he lounged into the house, or the stern face of Scone Dacres as he strode before him.

WHEN THIS OLD FLAG WAS NEW.

BY R. H. STODDARD.



WHEN this old flag was new,
The manners and the men
That are so petty now
Methinks were better then.
The straits that we were in,
The work there was to do,
All hearts and hands made strong,
When this old flag was new.

Five long, long years we fought
Against the British Crown;
For George the Third would put
His rebel subjects down:
Many were our defeats,
Our victories were few,
And yet we lost not hope,
When this old flag was new.

Its hour of triumph came—
'Twas ninety years ago—
When out of Yorktown marched,
With solemn step and slow,
The beaten English host,
That cursed, yet dreaded too,
The sight they saw that day,
When this old flag was new.

Along the dusty road,
Drawn up in bright array,
They saw the gallant French,
Whose bands began to play;
They saw the Yankee troops—
A ragged, motley crew—
Who looked the men they were
When this old flag was new.

Through these, with shouldered arms
And colors cased, they went;
Low beat their drums the while,
But loud their discontent:
Sullenly on the ground
Their captured guns they threw,
Thinking of England's flag,
When this old flag was new.

The long war left us poor,
But left us strong and free,
What we determined best
Thenceforth to do and be:
To mould the State at will,
Make laws, and break them too—
No master but ourselves,
When this old flag was new.

A brave old race they were
Who peopled then the land,
No man of them ashamed
To show his horny hand:—
Hands that had grasped the sword
Now drew the furrow true;
For honored was the plow
When this old flag was new.

The farmer tilled the ground
His father tilled before;
If it supplied his wants
He asked for nothing more.
Thankful for what he had,
On Sunday, in his pew,
He sang a hymn of praise,
When this old flag was new.

He wore a homespun suit
His wife and daughters made;
'Twas dyed with butternuts,
And, likely, old and frayed:



FIVE LONG, LONG YEARS WE FOUGHT."

They dressed in calicoes,
 And looked right pretty too;
 Women, not clothes were loved
 When this old flag was new.
 Men married women then
 Who kept their healthful bloom
 By working at the churn,
 And at the wheel and loom;

Who could their stockings knit,
 And darn, and bake, and brew—
 A housewife in each house,
 When this old flag was new.
 And women married men
 Who did not shrink from toil,
 But wrung with sweat their bread
 From out the stubborn soil;



"WHEN OUT OF YORKTOWN MARCHED, WITH SOLEMN STEP AND SLOW."



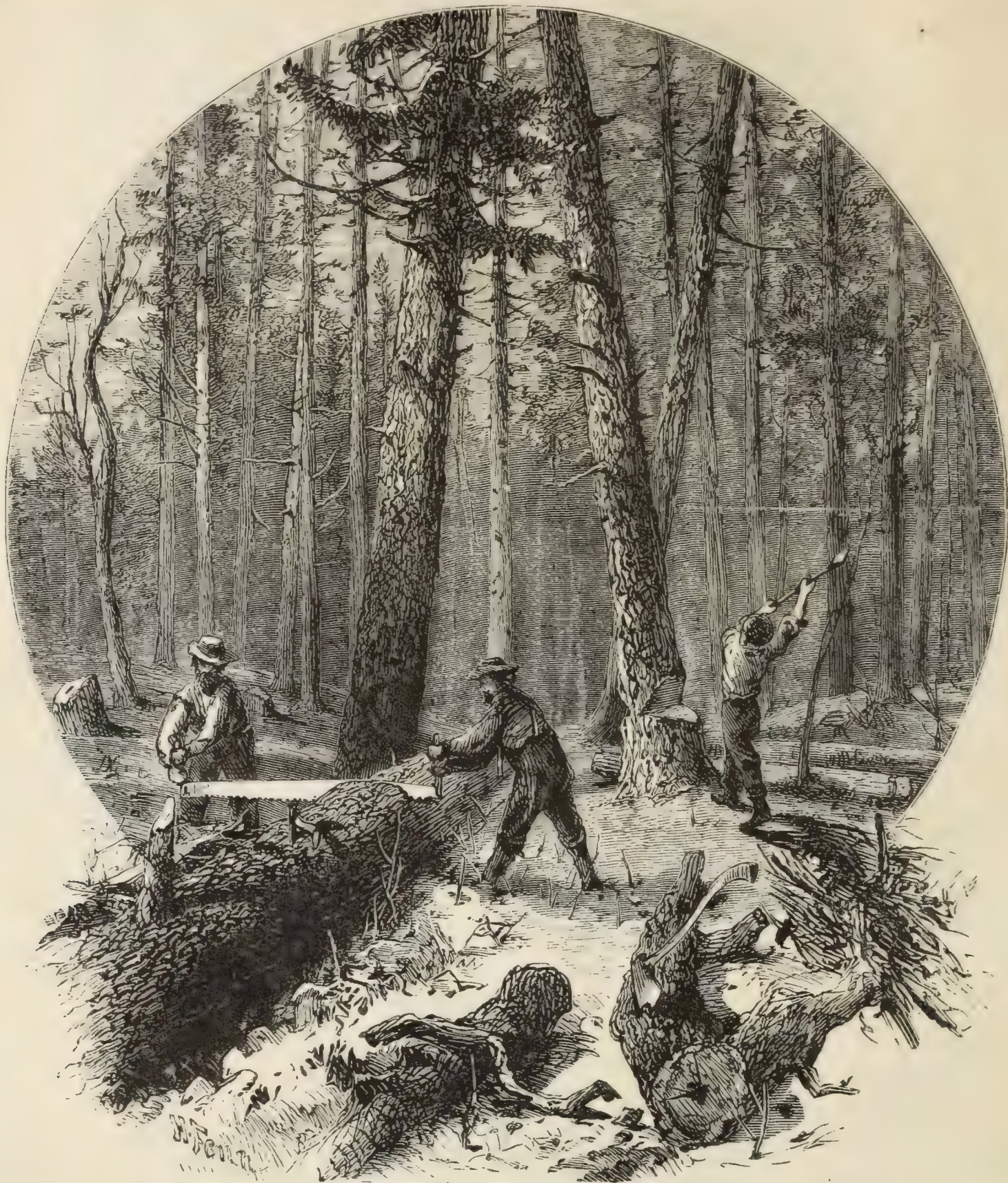
"MEN MARRIED WOMEN THEN."

Whose axes felled the wood,
And where so late it grew
Did straightway build their homes,
When this old flag was new.

The school-house and the church
Were raised the self-same day;
For who would learn to read,
Should learn, they thought, to pray.



"AND GENERAL MUSTER-DAY."



"BENEATH WHOSE STURDY BLOWS."

They read the Bible then,
And all believed it true;
For they were simple folk
When this old flag was new.

They lived their homely lives
The plain, old-fashioned way:
Thanksgiving once a year,
And general Muster-day;
Town-meeting in the spring—
Their holidays were few,
And very gravely kept,
When this old flag was new.

A hardy, patient race,
Their growth was sure, if slow;
Happy in this—they had
A world wherein to grow,

Where kings and priests were not,
Nor peoples to subdue—
A Continent their own—
When this old flag was new.

From where their hearth-fires burned,
And where their dead were laid,
Through woods, till then untrod,
That slept in endless shade,
Up mighty streams and lakes,
By many a still bayou,
North, south, they drove their way,
When this old flag was new.

The forests of the North,
Dense, dark with pines, knew well
Beneath whose sturdy blows
Their grand old monarchs fell:



"AND KEELS WERE LAID, WHICH SOON
TO GOODLY VESSELS GREW."

Before whose deadly shots
The wild deer, crashing, flew,
And the great, frightened moose,
When this old flag was new.

The swollen floods of March
Brought down, with thundering spray,
Great logs, that choked the streams,
From clearings far away;
Day after day long rafts,
Each with its stalwart crew,
Like islands came and went,
When this old flag was new.

And all along their way
Huge saw-mills drew them in,
With grating iron teeth
That made a ceaseless din;

And keels were laid, which soon
To goodly vessels grew:
The Forest sought the Sea
When this old flag was new.

Southward, with steady sails,
Along our rugged shore,
Around the dangerous capes
Where stormy billows roar;
Beyond the coral reefs,
To waters calm and blue,
Where shone no flag so proud,
When this old flag was new.

Among the summer isles
That stud the Spanish Main,
Where bloom the orange groves,
And grows the sugar-cane;



"WHERE BLOOM THE ORANGE GROVES,
AND GROWS THE SUGAR-CANE."



"AND THIN THE SCHOOLS OF COD."

Where Santa Cruz is made,
And other spirits too—
The rum our fathers loved
When this old flag was new.

And northward to the Banks,
Where through the mists they drift,
And thin the schools of cod;
And where the icebergs lift

Their glittering, dreadful peaks
The polar whale pursue:
No sailors were so bold
When this old flag was new.

And westward evermore,
As if they fled the sea,
Whose waves their brothers plowed,
Whose islands held in fee,



"BEHIND THE SLOW OX-CARTS."



"THEY BUILT A HOUSE OF LOGS."

The farmers of the North,
Whose harvests scantier grew,
Went pushing through the woods,
When this old flag was new.

Behind the slow ox-carts,
Which held their household stuff,
Whereon the children sat
When the long roads were rough,



"WHEN NEAR THE INDIAN DREW."

With muskets in their hands,
And pluck to use them too,
They plodded on and on,
When this old flag was new.

Some broad, bright river's bank
Became their dwelling-place;
They built a house of logs,
And cleared the woods apace;
Planted a patch with corn,
Which soon the sun and dew
Matured in plenteous crops,
When this old flag was new.

And westward, westward still,
They pushed the forests back;
And where they went the flag
Did follow on their track;
For only where it waved,
When near the Indian drew,
Was man or woman safe,
When this old flag was new.

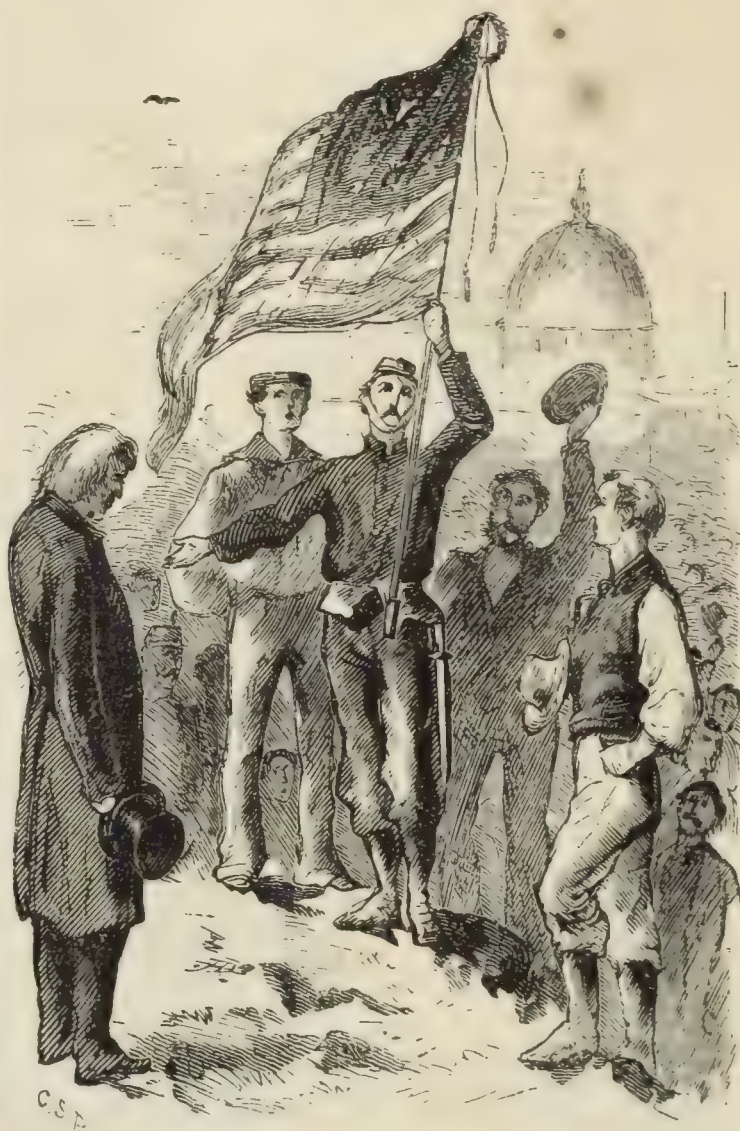
Its stripes of rising day,
Its clustering stars of night—
They saw them burn afar,
And blessed their growing light;
For lo! as years went by,
Within its sky of blue,
Star after star arose,
When this old flag was new!

Hail to the brave old flag!
Wherever it has flown
The State has gone before
And made its greatness known;
It found us torn with war,
It found us weak and few—
We even had a king
When this old flag was new!

To-day the world in arms,
With all its banded kings

Invincible in war,
And in the woe it brings—
Though over all the land
Their conquering eagles flew,
Would know their sun went down
When this old flag was new!

God bless the dear old flag!
The nation's hope and pride,
For which our fathers fought,
For which our children died;
And, long as there shall beat
A heart to freedom true,
Preserve the rights we won
When this old flag was new!



"GOD BLESS THE DEAR OLD FLAG."

THE SADDEST OF ALL IS LOVING.

I.

"HE'S angry with me." Spoken by Miss Randall, with the slight drawl and indifferent manner which had from the first proved so attractive to Richard Franklin. Quite her match in nonchalance, however, Dick merely glanced at his pretty partner and said:

"Shall we go back to the ball-room and try that waltz again? It is not always one can dance after Strauss music, and perhaps we are hardly wise to lose so many moments."

"Aren't you sorry for me? He was in a dreadful passion."

"Who?"

"Why, Barry Harwood."

"Was he?" They were whirling away in the giddy dance. Dick—always too fond of waltzing to think of much else with such a partner and such music—at this particular time was so absorbed in the fascinations of the dip, which he had but recently accomplished, that he did not notice the upturned face, with its sweet eyes and mouth, asking sympathy and interest as plainly as though the lips had spoken. It did not, however, pass unobserved. Across the room stood Barry Harwood, frowning upon the young naval officer who for the past few weeks had won many of the smiles he had thought all his own. Louise Randall felt

her heart grow cold as she saw the look he cast upon Dick, and clung closer to her companion's arm as they left the ball-room, walked down the stairs into the parlor, through the long windows out on to the wide piazza which overlooks the Rapids of our grand old Niagara.

Many of the dancers had taken refuge here, and the piazza was crowded with faces, young and old. Light-hearted girls laughed and talked merrily with handsome men; mammas conversed in low tones with one another; lovers quarreled and cooed in corners; some walked uneasily up and down, while others, weary of the gay scene in which they had no share, sought the billiard-rooms below. All were finding what enjoyment can be found in such a place, and, while few were entirely happy, perhaps none were altogether miserable.

Louise was restless and ill at ease. Her evening with Richard had been at best unsatisfactory, and her lover was angry with her.

"Delicious waltz," said Franklin. "I hope Miss Louise enjoyed it as much as I did."

"I sometimes think you are not capable of any kind of enjoyment."

"Because I have failed to appreciate Miss Randall's society? Surely you are unjust."

"I don't want to be unjust. You did seem to enjoy it, and to me it is the one waltz ever to be remembered, for"—her voice fell—"it is the last. I promised Barry I wouldn't dance with you again."

"Nonsense, Miss Louise, how absurd! Barry doesn't mind me."

"He minds my dancing with any one but him."

They were leaning over the railing now.

"I never thought Harwood an exacting man. I shall express my opinion of him to himself, however, in the morning. A duel on a small scale might furnish excitement for you people. Even the Falls themselves must have grown tame to those of you who have spent the summer here."

She laughed a faint laugh, which quite died away as Harwood's form emerged from the darkness, and Harwood's voice said:

"I have been hunting you every where Miss Louise. Madame Mamma wants you, and I am sent to escort you to her, or"—with an attempt at hauteur—"I should not claim that privilege."

Left to himself, Richard stood leaning against a pillar with folded arms. He was thinking over the last few weeks and the evening he had just spent. He had but recently returned from a voyage in the Mediterranean, and, having a leave of two or three months, he had come to Niagara, expecting there to meet some old and valued friends from the South, who had intended there to take up their abode for the summer months.

He learned that his friends, the Heaton, had changed their plans, and gone instead to a more quiet place in the northern part of New

York State, where the mother, a delicate woman, could breathe the fresh air from the mountains, and be more secluded than at Niagara.

The night of his arrival he chanced to fall in with Barry Harwood, whom he had known some years before, and was persuaded by him to stay over just long enough "to see the sights, you know."

Harwood was a good kind of a fellow, and pleased to find so congenial a companion as Dick. Next morning, after presenting him to his beautiful fiancée, Miss Randall and her mother insisted upon his giving up his rooms at the International, coming to their hotel, and considering himself one of their party.

How pleasantly the days had passed since then! Was it any wonder that in the society of Miss Randall he forgot all else? Forgot the summer he had promised himself with Ruth Heaton—dear little Ruth!—the ideal of his boyish days, whom he had thought of so fondly all the long years away from her? Forgot even Barry Harwood, and stayed on and on, unmindful that the bright days were slipping away, and of the little heart up in the mountains that longed so earnestly for his coming?

To-night, for the first time, it all came back upon him, and he was too honest not to admit to himself that to stay longer where he was would be worse than folly.

He was not a vain man. Nature had, indeed, liberally endowed him in mind and person. One seldom looked upon his length of limb and breadth of shoulder without feeling that there must be a corresponding strength and beauty of heart and soul. But, though not given to overrating his own charms, he could not fail to discover, by the light of to-night's revelation, that Louise's preference for himself was as positive as though she had been free to confess or he willing to ask it, and was compelled to acknowledge that he had been unpardonably blundering, stupid, and blind.

He could no longer think unreasonable the gloomy fits of jealousy in which Barry had of late so frequently indulged. His eyes were opened now, and from his heart he despised himself and pitied Barry, who, through him, had lost all that made the world brightest. Unwittingly he had done him the deepest injury—a poor return, indeed, for all Barry's friendship from one whose pride lay in his appreciation of and gratitude for a kind act; and now he felt that when on the morrow he should meet him face to face his punishment would be indeed begun.

Dick was a true-hearted fellow, with more refinement and delicacy of feeling than fall to the lot of most men; and as the conviction that Louise looked upon him with partial eyes stole over him with increasing force, he resolved that after to-morrow he would go away out of her life, cost what it might.

After all, the sacrifice would not be great; for, as his thoughts went back to Ruth—a journey they took but rarely in these days—he

could tell himself frankly that, though charmed with Louise, he did not love her.

There was a fascination about the girl before which most men bowed. The far-off look in her eyes, the coquettish mouth, and the very touch of her hand had brought sad days into the lives of other women, and seemed likely now to ruin the happiness of Ruth Heaton. Yet Louise was not heartless, and seemed half unconscious of the power she held. She was flattered and courted long before her school-days were over, and knew not what it was to have men pass her by unnoticed. Nearly a year before, she had engaged herself to Barry Harwood, because he was considered a desirable *parti*, and she liked no one better. Until she met Franklin she had worn her engagement lightly; but for the past few weeks not only had Harwood's society been a bore to her, but his very presence an annoyance. She did not ask herself why this was, nor did she seek to have it otherwise, but allowed herself to float along in a delicious dream, contented with the fact that each day found the tall figure by her side, and the blue eyes looking down into hers with undisguised admiration.

Yes, day after to-morrow Dick would leave them. To-night he would write to Ruth and tell her of his coming; his heart beat quicker at the very thought. To-morrow the remittance he had been daily expecting must come, and he could no longer have that excuse for delay. If not, Barry would, no doubt, be glad to furnish him with any sum requisite to his departure. This was Tuesday, and he should not stay a day longer than Thursday. Having come to this determination, he shook himself, as if to get rid of his perplexing thoughts, and walked back through the deserted parlors and off to his rooms, resolving not to write the letter, after all, but to give Ruth a surprise.

II.

Meanwhile a scene had been going on between the lovers which neither had anticipated, but which events had predicted must take place as the consequence of an engagement entered into with a spirit of mere convenience on the one side and a mad infatuation on the other.

Turning away from Franklin, Barry said,

"It requires very little penetration, Louise, to discover that you find Franklin a very pleasant companion."

"Well, I don't know why I should eternally talk to you, Barry, simply because we are engaged. I had always hoped I might be spared from marrying a jealous man."

"Jealous man! That's quite a joke! As repeatedly as I've been called 'a fool' for allowing so many flirtations to go on without a single prohibition. Upon my soul, Louise, this is hard!"

"What but jealousy, or some other equally small virtue, could induce you to bore mamma with complaints of my coldness, and all that sort of thing, in the tiresome way you have for the last two or three days?"

"Has Mrs. Randall complained of my being 'tiresome?' She seemed to agree with me in all that I said, and even to add a few remarks herself, in disapproval of this latest affair of yours."

"Well, I don't know that mamma herself was particularly bored, but I know I was when she talked to me about it." She finished this sentence with a yawn, and added,

"Come, take me up stairs now."

"Not until you have answered me, Louise. Has your mother been wearing one face to me and another to you? Is she not still my friend?"

"Of course she's your friend, Barry, and so am I. Only don't be stupid, or make a quarrel with me, or get mamma put out with me, as you certainly will if you tell her any more tales of my perfidy."

"Now you are trifling."

"Oh, well, call it that if you will. Only let me go to bed, for I am unconscionably sleepy."

Barry stopped suddenly. His short, rather thickset figure grew quite majestic as he straightened it to its full height, and, with a determination which scarcely ever marked his appearance or manner when Louise was by, said:

"Louise, are you cold and heartless, or are you what I have loved to think you—what I will think you yet, if you will let me? Perhaps you do not care to hear all I have suffered since you met Franklin?"

Louise's heart pronounced her guilty, and she longed to ease her conscience by one of those concessions which never failed to soften her lover, and which none knew better than she how to make. Laying her hand upon his arm, she said, softly,

"Forgive me, Barry, that I have made you suffer. It is the same old story of my thoughtlessness and love of variety. Shall I ever make the good fiancée I ought to be? Will you forgive me this once, Barry?"

"That I will, Louise, and love you the better for having asked it of me. And now I will take you to your room; but first let me have your promise that this state of things is at an end, that I may once more lie down in peace."

"What state of things do you mean?" withdrawing her hand, which he had taken into his own.

"This flirtation with Franklin. I don't like to use harsh terms, but you compel me to do so by purposely misunderstanding what I say."

"It is not a flirtation, Barry, and I don't like you to say such things to me."

"Then, I swear it is something more;" and his voice grew low and husky as he added, "And, on my soul, I believe you are the unprincipled flirt I have tried not to think you."

"Barry!" imploringly.

"And what am I but one of the poor, miserable dupes who have followed in your path! Franklin comes next in order, and may the Lord pity him, for he will find no mercy at your hands."

"That will do. You have said enough." His lips moved.

"No appeal is necessary. You have insulted the woman you professed to love; and whether she has a heart or not, she has the sensibility to be deeply wounded by your words, and the strength to tell you that all claim to her affection or regard ceases from this moment."

"Louise, darling—"

"Hush! You have no longer the right to address me so. I shall never forget what you have said to-night. Here is the ring I have worn for your sake, and whatever else you may have given me shall be as faithfully returned. Good-night!" And without the slightest falter in her voice, or tremor in her frame, she swept by the stunned Barry, and left him to look his trouble in the face, and fight it out alone.

He never knew how the night passed. Something brought conviction to his heart that all was over, and that any thought of reconciliation was hopeless. But not till long after did he realize that it was not alone her anger at him, but her love for Richard, which had made the step she had taken so easy for her.

When Louise, upon reaching her room, had replaced her white dress by her soft blue wrapper, she threw herself into a low chair by the window, and began to think over what she had done. She had liked Barry well enough, and nothing had been further from her thoughts than to dismiss him as she had done to-night. She had been contented—yes, quite happy—in the thought that some day she should be sole mistress of Harwood's home, and the wife of a man whom all men esteemed. Her mother had desired nothing better for her daughter. Her friends were warm in their congratulations, and the envy she saw on many sides added to the enjoyment of her triumph.

Until Franklin crossed her path all had been well; but how could she see him day after day and be the one woman to fail to acknowledge his superiority? She was sorry for Barry, and sorry for herself too, and could not give up without a pang all her plans for the future, when she should be the wife of a man rich enough to gratify every desire of her heart. But her cheeks burned as the insulting words he had used to-night came back to her, and she clinched her hands in indignation that a man should dare speak to her as Barry had done.

Then her thoughts turned to Franklin. Suddenly the fact that it was him she loved, and not Barry, came upon her with a startling conviction that sent the blood into her fair face, dyeing it with crimson blushes.

She had a hard struggle with herself that night; but before she slept came the resolve to make it all right with Barry the next day.

III.

It was with well-assumed indifference that Franklin entered the breakfast-room next morning; and he saw, with some surprise, that

Louise was not in her accustomed place, and that Mrs. Randall had been breakfasting alone.

Rising as he approached the table, she greeted him with a volley of questions:

"Where is Barry Harwood, Mr. Franklin? Why has he gone away? Have you seen Louise this morning? Did she know last night that he was going? It is very strange, and I can not at all understand it."

"Barry hasn't gone? It must be something very sudden. He had no such intention last night."

"Well, I must find Louise immediately, and see what light she can throw upon this peculiar step of his."

In a thoroughly uncomfortable frame of mind Dick took his breakfast hastily, left the hotel, and walked down the road toward the bridge.

As he pursued his way alone he tried to put out of his mind the recollections of last night, and the unpleasant discovery of Barry's departure this morning. So he swung his cane, whistled, and even contrived to get up a cheerful expression of countenance as he thought that in a few days he would be with Ruth, where the remembrance of the last four weeks would soon fade away.

His friends, the Sterlings, were at the Clifton House, and he had promised—he didn't care to think how long ago—that he would see them in a few days. He was almost ashamed to go now, even to carry the excuse she was so well versed in creating; but he put a bold face on the matter, and, on reaching the hotel, met Mrs. Sterling and her three daughters with the air of an old friend whose visits had been frequent.

Here he remained all the morning, and was wonderfully entertained by a whole bevy of girls, who were altogether too nice to have been neglected all this time, without endeavoring in some measure to make up for it by staying just long enough to make the younger ones hope they should see him again, and the older ones secretly wish they had never met him at all. Back at the "Cataract" once more, he was passing through one of the halls, on his way to his rooms, when he caught sight of Louise, and stopped.

"*Bon jour*, Miss Louise! You are looking for something. Can I help you?"

"Thank you; yes. A ball from my coral is missing, and I think I must have lost it here last night after I left you."

"It could not be lost in a worse place." Her eyes had never worn so sad a look, and it was evident she had been crying. So he studiously avoided looking at her, or seeming to notice in any way her altered appearance. He succeeded even in controlling his manner, which he feared might be too sympathetic, as he stooped to pick up the coral ball which his keen eyes had at last discovered, saying,

"Harwood didn't tell me he should go so early this morning. I was quite depending on him to assist me in getting away from this enchanted spot. My banker still fails to honor

my draft. Good Heavens, Miss Louise!" As he placed the coral in her extended hand he missed the diamond circlet from her finger, and the solemn truth of what he had only surmised flashed upon him. "It can not be you who have sent Barry away?"

"I—I don't know what I have done. I—I didn't know that he was going. I only meant—oh! I don't know what I did mean."

"I take it you have had a quarrel. All lovers quarrel. At least that's the way it is in books. He'll come back again, Miss Louise. Don't look so unhappy. That's where it hurts me."

Why couldn't he have held his tongue about its hurting him? So far he had tried, for his heart went out in honest sorrow after Barry, to be true to his friend, true to his own heart, and true to the woman whose happiness, he now felt, lay in his power. But his pity had triumphed over his judgment at last, and his words were poorly chosen. They expressed too much, and he was not long in finding this out.

She was standing in the door-way, and he leaning against the wall, facing her, with his arms folded. Looking steadily into his eyes, Louise said, slowly,

"Barry Harwood will never come back."

"Poor fellow! From my soul I pity him." He drew a long breath and shook his head. "Is there nothing I can do to bring about a reconciliation?"

This was too much. Since Barry's note had been handed her this morning, and she had read his own words, calmly written—"I go away because I can see that your love never was mine, and that I never could win it; I go, not because you have sent me, but because I do not care to stay, and I release you freely and fully"—her wild, untutored heart had gone out with such a wealth of affection as none would have ascribed to her after this man, who, of all others, should be the last to say, "I will bring your lover back."

Still retaining that perfect control of voice which was natural to her in any emergency, she said:

"You bring Barry Harwood back?"

Her red eyes fell beneath his earnest gaze, and her lips half whispered, "God help me!"

She had staked every thing; and now she stood before Franklin, not as the proud woman he had known, but as the gentle, loving girl, to whom his chivalry, at least, must render that homage of the heart which her very weakness now claimed. Impulsive as his nature was, Dick was spared, at this moment, from expressing one of the many tender thoughts which, at the sight of her sorrowful attitude, had risen to his lips.

A small boy rushed past Louise with such force as to push her aside quite violently, as he announced that he was "going to fire an arrow at that there boy out on the porch."

The sudden revulsion of feeling which this

episode induced was too much for Dick. His keen sense of the ludicrous overcame every thing else, and bursting into a laugh, he pulled the youngster's ear, and, turning to Louise, said, "Get your hat, please, and go for a walk."

In a few moments they were on their way. Dick, discoursing enthusiastically on his morning at the Clifton; which girl had beat at ten-pins, and which had shown the least temper; who had looked the prettiest in the group the photographer had taken of them all, and who had made the wittiest speeches to keep them all laughing; what a nice old lady Mrs. Sterling was; and, finally, he was in for an elaborate genealogy of the Sterling family and its connection with his own, when it occurred to him that Louise was paying little attention to what he was saying. He therefore broke in upon her thoughts, as though, with a woman's intuition, he had divined them, with,

"Come, Miss Louise, since I have somehow stumbled into your confidence, will you not allow me to talk over your trouble with you frankly, as your friend? Forgive me for saying that I know Harwood better than you do. I have seen the man go through such fires as would wither the heart of most men. You have heard of his sister's sad affair; but you can't know, as I do, what it was to him. He stands to-day, Miss Louise, a man among men; and I know of no one to whom I would more proudly give the hand of my sister, were she living, than to Barry Harwood."

Her voice was quite steady. "What good can this pleading do now?"

"He loves you, and would make the devoted husband you deserve, and which too few of us men know how to be."

"He doesn't wish to marry me now." They were verging on dangerous ground again.

"That I can't believe." This he said looking down at her and smiling. Then, as he turned his head, he saw the sky in the west, and, in an ecstasy of delight, made her stand still for a moment to drink in its full beauty, while he pretended to trace in one bright cloud after another her life in all its changes.

"You see the end will be cloudless, Miss Louise." A soft purple light was pervading both sky and air, and the stars were coming out as they walked slowly back to the hotel.

That night there were more arrivals. All the young men who came and could be presented to Miss Randall were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity. So the evening passed, as far as she was concerned, with strangers. Dick talked to Mrs. Randall in such a way of love-affairs in general, though he said nothing of the case before them, as to leave the good lady entirely convinced that he was not responsible for the frustration of her cherished plans.

Next day, Louise's pride being once more enthroned, and Dick's sense of honor being still his helmsman, they were much apart.

To her that day, as she looked back upon it,

always recalled a form passing and repassing her wherever she might chance to be—unmindful of her, yet filling more than ever her mental vision to the exclusion of all the world. To him, as his thoughts reverted to that day, for a long time Louise was sure to appear as a perfect type of earthly loveliness; and both felt they could better have sacrificed themselves at any other time.

The night of that day neither of them could ever efface from memory.

As the time drew near for his leave-takings, Dick asked for one more short walk, one more talk about the Rapids—they meant so many things to him—and one more long look from their favorite stand-point.

“And now good-night, and good-by.”

Louise gave him her hand. “I wish I could feel it was just a little hard for you to go.”

“It is hard, Louise,” unconsciously using her name thus for the first time. “I have never known a woman at whose side I would rather linger. It will be hard to put you out of my thoughts when I am gone. I wish you would tell me I need not try.”

“I should be very miserable if I thought you would forget me. Now I know you will not. Oh, what a month this has been!”

There was silence for a few moments. Then, releasing her hand, which she had given him in farewell, Dick said:

“Good-bys are horrid things. Let’s play I am not going away at all, and part with our usual good-night. I shall be off in the morning long before you are up.”

Was her happiness, so nearly completed, to be taken from her in this way? She could not have it so. She must understand him more fully before he left; so she spoke:

“I like good-bys. One’s whole heart goes out in them, and one is left with sweet memories to live upon during the dreadful separation that follows.”

Bending down, he imprinted one kiss upon her lips.

“Good-by, darling!”

And then, drawing her arm hastily through his, without another word, took her back to the brilliantly lighted parlors; and, having said a few words of parting and thanks for her kindness to Mrs. Randall, he left them.

IV.

Up in the northern part of New York the village of Wells lies nestled among its many hills, as beautiful a spot as the most romantic lover of nature could desire.

Here it was that Ruth Heaton had come, with her father and mother, to spend the summer months. They had taken one of the three pretty cottages that lie along the shore of the lake, which forms the chief attraction of the place, and is the most frequented by the summer visitors. It is a perfect piece of water, scarce four miles around, with its shaded banks, its island in the centre, and, at the further end,

the bay filled from early spring with white water-lilies.

Very happy had Ruth been, with her own heart and her own thoughts for companions; and when, in the quiet of the long summer days, she would row her boat into some shady spot, and lie back upon its soft cushions to give herself up to thinking of Dick, and wondering how it would be when he came, she sometimes doubted if she could be more contented when he really should be with her. To be sure, within the last few weeks she had often grown restless and tired of waiting, and thought, with a pang, that the beautiful summer was slipping away, and he had not come to her. It was strange, too, that he did not write. His last letter had contained the promise of another in a few days, and had declared his intention of making his visit at Niagara a short one. Was he not impatient to see her once more? He had said so, and she was only too glad to believe any thing to which her own heart responded so fondly. She had waited very patiently all the three years of his absence, living on his letters, which came with regularity, and were fond, though never lover-like. Playmates from their youngest days, they had been taught to believe that as they grew to manhood and womanhood their lives were to be dependent upon each other; and, though no engagement had been entered upon, each knew that such was the dearest wish of both families, between whom there had ever been the strongest intimacy and friendship.

Three years before, Ruth, then little more than a child, had said good-by to Dick with her arms about his neck and her voice choked with sobs; and when he made one final effort, and rushed from her, she could not see the brave young midshipman’s retreating form for the blinding tears that filled her eyes. Since then her studies and her play had always been more improving or amusing, according to the amount of interest Dick had seemed to take in her written accounts of each. And her loving ambition had been to become such a woman as he would most desire to have her.

While she longs to see him once more, she never asks herself why he does not come, and not one reproachful thought does she have.

It was a lovely evening. Mr. Heaton had just returned from the village, and had called out “No,” in answer to Ruth’s upraised hand, as she stood in her boat to signal “Any letters?” when he felt a touch upon his arm, and heard a voice say,

“Mr. Heaton, you have not forgotten Dick?”

Turning, he beheld Richard Franklin, older by three years than when he last saw him, more pleasing in his maturer beauty, and very fair to look upon.

“Dick, my dear boy, you have come at last! Taller and bigger than ever, aren’t you? I don’t believe Ruth will know you.”

“Shall I see Ruth if I go into the house?”

"No; there she is, out on the lake. You had better stay here until she turns to come in, when you can meet her down by the boat-house, and give her as great a surprise as you did me; or, if you choose, you can take one of the boats and row out to her."

"I think I will see Mrs. Heaton first, Sir."

But he had only a few moments for a warm greeting from that quarter, when Mr. Heaton called out from the porch:

"Run, my good fellow; she is near the boat-house." And he reached there in time to find her just coming in.

"Sha'n't I help you?"

Her back was toward him. "No, thank you, Sir." She had only partially turned her head, and had evidently taken him for a stranger.

Dick watched the lithe form swaying and bending, as she guided the boat carefully to its moorings, secured it fast, leaped on to the steps, and mounted to the platform.

"By Jove! This is a pretty welcome to give a fellow!"

"Oh! why, Dick!"

As her musical voice once more fell on his ear her words seemed like a chord from some old half-forgotten strain, the three notes expressing surprise and joy and complete satisfaction.

She gave him her hand and looked down upon the ground, and Dick did not dare claim a more affectionate salutation. In an instant, however, her eyes flashed up at him, and her saucy lips looked very tempting as she began to rattle on about her not expecting him—how changed he was—how blue his eyes had grown—was it being at sea made them so?—how glad mamma would be—

"I have been to the house, Siebling."

"Not before you had seen me, Raed? How could you?"

"How was I to know you weren't there? Mother doesn't look a bit sick." He watched the quiet smile creep around her mouth. The affection between himself and her mother was beautiful, not only in her eyes but to all who ever saw them together.

"I think she will soon be right well now." The last word was emphasized by look and tone as she folded her right hand over her left, which already rested on his arm.

"Isn't this a sweet place to live in for weeks and weeks? How could you wait so long at Niagara, when we weren't there?" Little dreaming that he had chosen to stay away, the unconscious child did not catch the slight shadow of his frown as she continued to chirp along at his side, too happy to think of any thing else than that Dick was hers, and she was Dick's, and that they both belonged to papa and mamma.

They had taken the long way back to the cottage, which they reached at last, and found Mr. Heaton still waiting at the door, to see, as he told them, "whether Ruth would come back in her right mind or not."

"I thought you looked a little dazed, daughter."

"So I was, papa, for a few moments at least," she said, with a caress; "and now for tea. Dick is very hungry, and so am I."

The evening was a pleasant one. They all sat out on the porch, and Dick, leaning back in his chair, with Ruth on a low seat at his feet, looking shyly into his face, talked in his own easy way of his life at sea, and his travels and adventures in foreign lands.

Later, Ruth slipped away from them, and presently through the open window came the soft tones of the piano.

Ruth was too fond of her music to be kept long from it, even by Dick, and, besides, she wanted to get away by herself, where she was not dazzled by the sight of him, and think for a few moments how happy she was. She actually clapped her hands, and screwed her mouth into comical little shapes—her favorite mode of expressing the intense delight which just then was dancing in her eyes.

As for Dick, long before the evening was over, he fell to wondering how he could have staid so long from her side, and, except when his farewell to Louise would force itself into his mind, he was very happy and contented; and when at last the little party separated for the night, he could not fail to see that his coming had brightened the three faces that were as dear to him as any in the world.

Next morning Ruth wanted to take Dick out in her boat, that he might see how well she managed her oars, and was impatient because Mrs. Heaton could not spare him till she had had a motherly talk with him, and had asked the many questions which her affection and interest prompted.

It was the first of many days spent upon the lake. Dick grew to look eagerly each morning for the hour when the graceful figure, clad in a boating dress of dark blue, should call to him to prepare himself for his row; and often, as their boat glided across the water, he teaching her to keep time with his longer and more even strokes, he would catch sight of the face half turned to his for approval, of the sunny head, with its pretty braids, and think, with a feeling of fond pride, that no other woman was ever just like her, and none ever so lovely. She had a half-playful way, all her own, of beguiling the hours for him, and was so full of vivacity and change that he had never a chance to grow weary. Each day found him more in love with Ruth, and the knowledge of this brought him the purest happiness he had ever known.

Their relations to each other did not require that he should ask her hand in a formal way; and so, one day, soon after his coming, as they walked together, he spoke a few simple words, and Ruth gave herself into his keeping.

Of his visit at Niagara he said little; and, in fact, but little remained in his memory. He had spoken of Louise; and once, as he lay on the grass at Ruth's feet, puffing out great clouds

of smoke from his pipe—Barry Harwood's gift—he had said:

"She was very beautiful, and had it not been for somebody far prettier, she might have worked my destruction, as she has many another man's."

Ruth smiled and said, but not as though speaking of the subject in hand,

"I don't think, Dick, that you could be charmed by a simply beautiful woman. She must be good, too."

"I fear, Ruth, I should have been quite like other men, and done a score of foolish things, had it not been for your memory, which is always before me."

He could say these things now, for only when alone was he troubled with thoughts of Louise. With Ruth his whole mind and being were absorbed; and the past, save the parts in which she had some share, seemed never to be remembered.

Once in a while he did ask himself if away from her dear presence he should always be true to her, always feel that she was the one being on earth to whom his heart would turn with that unswerving allegiance which characterized it now.

One day, toward the last of August, there came an order not altogether unexpected, but none the less unwelcome. Dick was to go to Portsmouth; and while Mr. Heaton felt sanguine of having him ordered to Washington, where they were all to pass the winter, yet the quiet, blissful times were over, and they felt that Dick was, after all, subject to the government he served, and not to the warm hearts whose loving behests he loved to obey.

"In these few months at Portsmouth I shall learn to do without you when I go on a cruise again, darling, and you shall find, in your gay winter at Washington, whether I am, indeed, the best man for you."

"Oh, Dick, I can't bear to think of your going to sea again, and what sort of a winter can Washington give me if you are not there?"

Parting thus, Ruth took up her life where she had left it when Dick came. Father and mother saw no change in face or temper, which were always bright and gay; and if there was any difference in her winning ways, they were only more tender and more unselfish. Dick, on the other hand, evinced unwonted restlessness and discontent in every one of his daily letters; and, in fact, he was as amazed as he was delighted to find that his loneliness was even greater than he had anticipated, and he fairly reveled in the consciousness of being as thoroughly miserable as any one of the devoted lovers he had known aboard ship. Nothing pleased him more than to have his old comrades, who had known so well how fickle he used to be, nag him about his dullness when they were around, or his obtuseness when pretty girls were discussed, and declare that it must all be owing to the fact that he was anchored somewhere at last.

He paid a few official calls, and the rest of

his time—when he was not sleeping or dining, or occupied with his duties, which were almost nominal—was absorbed in smoking and thinking of Ruth, or impatiently stroking his mustache, and writing to her.

V.

But this state of affairs was not of long duration.

October found them once more together.

Mr. Heaton had gone to Washington, not only to see about a house fit for entertaining, but as much to see about Dick's orders as any thing else, and had secured, besides a removal to the Observatory at Washington, a delay of two weeks, "to be disposed of as you like," he wrote to Dick; "but I would suggest that two dear women are still at Wells, without a man to look after them. No slur upon our faithful old servant, Mose; but I flatter myself you or I would be a trifle more acceptable. I can't go for ten days at least."

And Dick had not been slow to take the hint. He met Ruth with,

"I have only learned that I can't do without you at all, Ruth; and the probability is, mother," turning to Mrs. Heaton, "that I shall resign when an order comes to go to sea."

One week of the precious leave had already gone, when there came a day into the life of each which neither ever forgot.

Ruth and Dick had had a pleasant ramble that morning over some of the neighboring hills, and had returned with their arms laden with flowers, which were to decorate Mrs. Heaton's room. As they entered the parlor, Ruth saw upon the table a letter addressed to Dick, and snatching it hastily, asked, with a merry laugh, if she might be the first to read it. Dick, who had thrown his flowers down upon the sofa, and was lighting his cigar, said,

"Yes; but if it is an unpaid bill, don't scold."

"If you have any such things you have been sailing under false colors." How her thoughtless speech came back to her in after-days. She was slowly breaking the seal.

Presently Dick started as a cold, unnatural voice half whispered,

"Take your letter, Dick. I can't read it. I don't understand it."

And turning, he saw Ruth very pale, with a strange, bewildered look upon her face. With a dread presentiment he took the letter from her hands, and read the words:

"Am I to live forever on the memory of those few weeks? You are very cruel not to come to me when you must know how utterly miserable I am, with all kinds of jealous fears taking possession of me. Why should that other woman keep you from my side? You can not be to her what you are to me. And oh, Richard, is it not enough that I love you!"

"LOUISE RANDALL."

Dick's strength had never been put to such a test as when he, with apparent calmness, folded the note, put it carefully into its envelope, and, turning to Ruth, said:

"How far did you read, dear? I wish I might have spared you this."

"I—I am sure I am very stupid, for I can not think what she means"—putting her hand to her forehead, as though trying to comprehend it all. "What is it about being miserable without you?"

"Ruth, this is something I can not explain. Another's honor is at stake, and you must trust me."

"'Must trust' you! 'Another's honor at stake!' Do you mean that Miss Randall would not wish me to know? It can't be that you—that she— Oh, Dick, I'm afraid I am beginning to understand."

"Would to Heaven you had never seen this!"

His voice and words seemed to bring her back to herself.

"But I have seen it, and have read enough to know that I am not the only woman who claims your love. I know too, now, that you lingered weeks with her at Niagara when you might have been with me, and perhaps gave her every right to send such words to you as she has."

"If you were not greatly excited you could not say that. Try to listen calmly to what I have to say."

He led her to the sofa, and Ruth never forgot how tender his voice sounded as he stood before her and said,

"You are the only woman I have ever loved, and no other has power to take me from you. Miss Randall is a beautiful, fascinating girl whom I met for a few weeks, and whose society I enjoyed at the time, but to whom I have given scarcely a thought since."

"How does she dare, then, write you as she has, knowing, too, that you are here with me, your promised wife! Dick, have you never spoken one word of love to her; one word to lead her to write as she has?"

He could not lie to the truthful face before him. He felt that a confession must be made, which was becoming every moment more difficult, and so he told her all—withholding nothing, and throwing no blame where he felt that it was not deserved. As he finished with the scene on the piazza the night before he left, she shuddered slightly. Then she spoke calmly:

"Thank you for being frank enough to tell me the whole truth. Further concealment could have done no good. It would have been better for both had I known it from the first. Very little need be said now, and we must speak no words that we shall regret hereafter. Of course it is all over between us. You have no right to expect any thing else."

She had risen proudly as she finished.

Dick's voice startled her as he exclaimed,

"Ruth, you can't mean that this is to separate us!"

"I think it can hardly be otherwise after what you have told me. At least, in your calmer moments, you will not doubt the course I shall take."

She had been unnaturally quiet thus far. It

had cost but little effort to maintain perfect control of voice and manner, for pride had sustained her throughout. But now as she looked up at Dick, standing pale and motionless, with a hopeless, helpless woe in his face, all his devotion to her and all her love for him rushed over her, and, in an agony she had never known before, she threw herself upon the sofa and burst into tears.

Perhaps it was best for Dick that he should turn comforter, and thus lose in some degree a sense of his own grief. Kneeling by her, he folded the little figure in his arms, and whispered words of love and comfort until Ruth almost smiled through her tears. Her mood had changed, and wounded pride and indignation had given way to better feelings. A deep yearning took possession of her as she held out her hands, with the cry,

"Oh, Dick! you have been mine so long, how can I give you up?"

"Ruth, I shall not go away from you. You told me once I might always stay."

"But then I did not know how that could make another suffer. Oh, Dick! if she loves you as I do—but she can not."

"No, darling, she can not. And I do not love her. If you send me away from you, I shall not go to her."

"Not if I ask it?"

"When our engagement is broken, you will have no right to ask any thing; least of all, this."

"Oh, Dick! I fear I am doing wrong in listening to you. I am not doing as I would be done by—I can't tell—am I?"

Her weary, puzzled look and tear-stained face touched him beyond expression. He had been pacing the floor. Now he sat down by her, and his tone was grave and earnest, as he continued to urge.

"Ruth, you know what your influence has done for me, and I tell you now that that woman will rouse the seven demons in my heart. I *won't* go back to her. Oh, Ruth! keep me good and pure by letting me go on loving you."

And what was the poor tired child's answer, but to clasp her arms tightly about his neck and whisper,

"You may stay."

The next day Dick's manner with Ruth was more than ever tender. Not alone because soon he must leave her for a while and go back to his lonely life, but because his eyes never once turned toward her that he did not think how very, very near he had come to losing her altogether. Louise's note he had tossed aside, thinking more of the harm it had done than of the answer it required. He did not dream that, having performed its mission, it was soon to be followed by another, which would complete what the first had begun.

Two days after Louise's note reached him came one from Mrs. Randall, which, on opening, he took at once to Ruth.

"I fear this means more trouble, and I have

come to my good angel to ask her to meet it with me."

Together they read the singular communication:

"BOSTON, October 18.

"MY DEAR MR. FRANKLIN,—It is only lately I have learned you were my daughter's accepted lover. She has hitherto concealed it from me in the strangest way. I write to inform you that she is very ill, and if you can possibly come to her it certainly is your duty to do so; though I acknowledge I had hoped you would never cross our pathway again.

"You may have seen the accounts of the heroic way in which Barry Harwood lost his life in rescuing a child from a burning building. One paper actually alluded to his having had an affair of the heart which had made him desperate, and this was the one which my poor child read before I could prevent its falling into her hands. That night this high fever came on, which has been raging ever since. In her delirium she calls piteously for you. And, much as I dread seeing you, I must beg you to come. L. LE L. RANDALL."

"Had you heard of Mr. Harwood's death before, Dick?" Ruth asked, with something of precision in her tone.

He looked at her inquiringly. Was this the only thought she had in this moment of acute anguish to himself? He could not know the lesson she had learned in the suffering of two days before. She comprehended now very quickly what her own duty was, and as quickly determined to go about it in the best way that she might help Dick faithfully to perform his.

Her firm, quiet manner and reassuring look made him answer as directly.

"No. Poor Barry! Love never brought him much happiness, and he is away from the misery of it now. I am glad he died that way."

This was a man's view of it. Ruth told him so, and added,

"I want you to go to-night, Raed. Papa will come back to-morrow, and we shall not be alone."

"Go where?"

"To this poor mother who wants you. You can solve this mystery—"

He interrupted her by covering his eyes with his hand, and muttering,

"I can not see that woman. It will be more than I can bear to witness her suffering."

"You mean—"

"I mean Louise. Ruth, my courage is not equal to this. My darling, can not I write to Mrs. Randall?"

"Dick, I must ask even this of you."

She was still so completely her old self—talking just as if she were urging him merely to go to the village against his will—that he looked down at her and tried to smile. But he could not. Turning from her, he walked to the window, and tried to stifle the sobs that shook his frame. Ruth could hardly refrain from going to him then, and clinging to him, and beseeching him only to stop, and she would concede every thing. But she sat down and waited for a few moments.

"Dick, if this were your sister you would go to her."

"But she is not my sister, and the woman loves me."

Again she feared her calmness might leave her. "Raed, will you come and sit down by me? There—so."

He had thrown himself on an ottoman at her feet, and she had taken his face in her two hands, and was looking down at him, as he ever afterward loved to remember, with a blessing of peace in her eyes.

"If I, your own Ruth, can ask you to go, is it too hard for you?"

He took her hands in his, rose to his feet, and with something of his natural tone of voice, said,

"I will go now and get ready. I do this simply because you ask it, though I confess I should be ashamed that, as a man, my sympathy and honor are no more aroused by the appeal of this letter. Your words have inspired me with both."

"Mamma must not know what has called you away, Dick." She was stowing some lunch away in his bag.

"This will be the first time we have deceived her, Ruth."

"Don't call it deceiving." She looked at him reproachfully. "She hasn't known about Miss Randall, and it would be useless to worry her now. I think you could be back before your leave is out."

Mrs. Heaton pitied him, but wished him *bon voyage*, and bade him hurry back.

"I shall go to the station, mamma," Ruth called from the foot of the stairs, "and Mose will see that I come back all right."

They hadn't much time before the train came, and "it only stopped the shortest minute," Ruth said. Their good-by was in the carriage.

"I go for your sake, Ruth."

"Oh, Dick, you ought to go for your own!"

How she trusted him now! A smile of satisfaction broke over his face at the thought of it. As the train whizzed off he caught one glimpse of a sunny face at the carriage window, and could not tell whether she had thrown a kiss to him or had held out her hand in benediction.

VI.

Dick had been gone three days, when a telegram came addressed to Ruth. It ran thus:

"I am ordered to sea at once. Sail from Boston in the *Constitution* on Saturday. Will try to come to say good-by. R. F."

Ruth was frightened, and read it aloud.

"I should like to know," cried Mr. Heaton, "if this is the way they keep their promises at the Navy Department?"

"Oh, papa—"

The grief in her face and in her voice recalled the fact that any amount of present indignation could not postpone Dick's departure now, and the old gentleman gave vent to his feelings in an expression which sounded very much like "By thunder!"

"Don't papa." It was almost like a wail.

"Ruth, my own darling little Ruth." He had taken her on to his knee, and laid her head upon his shoulder. "Tell me now, sweet, why did the boy go away before his leave was out, anyhow? I've thought it a little strange all along."

She was tired out with worrying all these days alone, and this, with the thought of that other woman so near him now, made her tell in broken sobs the whole story.

"This is a grievous case, daughter," he said, as she came to the end. "Father must manage it for you."

"You don't blame Dick, father?" She lifted her head from his shoulder.

"He can't come back into my heart, my child; and if he has not already gone out of yours, so much the worse for us all."

He carried her up stairs to her mother's room, and went off to telegraph Dick not to come, even if he had time, and then wrote him why.

Franklin had found Mrs. Randall eagerly looking for him, and the torrent of abuse from that good lady's lips was not less than he had expected. Louise's delirium was over, and her physician and old friend, knowing well the true cause of her illness, felt that it was better she should see Franklin at once; and on being told by Dick how the matter really stood, he had said, with almost a father's tenderness,

"My good fellow, she ought to have known this long ago. Tell her now, in the fewest words possible, and leave the rest to me."

So their interview had been very short. As Dick came down stairs the doctor met him, and, grasping his hand, was about to speak, when Dick interrupted him:

"Gracious Heavens, doctor! That woman's face will haunt me to my dying day. Tell me before I go that I have not killed her."

"No, my lad; bless you—no, no."

Dick wrung his hand, and went quickly out of the house to breast a driving storm of wind and rain back to his hotel.

Here he met one of his Portsmouth friends, who told him of his orders, which were probably traveling around after him. Next morning he telegraphed to the Navy Department to know what they were, and sent the substance of the message when it came to Ruth.

Mr. Heaton had wisely calculated on Dick's having to go to Portsmouth, and there his letter found him.

And so Dick, with no time to go to Wells, and a command from Mr. Heaton not to communicate with Ruth in any way, left the country which had become so dear to him in these summer months, because it was hers, without one word of farewell.

Exiled from home and from the one heart he would have given all the world to have had place in, he took a sad pleasure now in thinking that the little hand from the carriage window had been extended in blessing, and his young, buoyant nature responded to every suggestion his fancy could make of a blissful going home and being forgiven.

Louise, as health returned, became the hardened woman one dreads to meet. Every softer feeling seemed dead forever, and only the harm she did lived on.

Ruth, in the busy round of gayety at the nation's capital, watched for Dick in her heart, and for all naval officers with her eyes, while papa believed she was forgetting the past in the brilliant triumphs of the present.

There were night-watches at sea, when the old tars, if they had cared to listen, might have heard a song which sometimes ran this way:

"And thus forever, throughout this wide world,
Is love a sorrow proving;
There are still many sorrowful things in life,
But the saddest of all is loving."

ANNE FURNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE,"
"VERONICA," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

ANOTHER "painting on the wall" of one of those secret chambers in the brain which preserve their memories with such diverse and capricious degrees of vividness—another picture out of my past life grows distinct to the mind's eye as I sit musing at my desk. Memory, as one who carries a flickering torch, flits from spot to spot, and holds her light now here, now there, illuminating the long-unseen pictures with scant, wandering rays. But at length she pauses, and stands still before one special scene; and the flame of the torch grows steady, and the picture clear.

A cold, white world. A dove-colored sky, fretted with the black tracery of some delicate

branches whence the snow has melted, although on the ground it is still lying in a smooth sheet that wraps the earth softly, and rounds every outline that it covers, giving even the angular garden seat a new aspect. On the surface of the snow many tracks made by tiny claws, and one bold robin nimbly pecking at some bread crumbs that look a dark stone-color by contrast with the dazzling white they lie on, and affronting with his confident red breast and black diamond eyes the perilous observation of two watchful bipeds at a window—a tall window that opens to the ground, and whose bright panes reflect to the watchful eyes which the robin braves so jauntily ruby gleams and flashes of fire-light. In the air, that *snow-silence* which precedes a fall; for the dove-colored sky is

brooding softly, and there are furled-up folds of cloud with pale-lined edges, whence the feathery flakes will float earthward by-and-by.

Within the room whose window opens to the ground are three persons. Two—a young woman and a little child—are watching the robin. On a sofa drawn near to the blazing fire lies a figure covered with a crimson shawl. One arm is thrown outside the shawl, and is clad in black. A pale face, with gray, softly waving hair, is relieved against a cushion covered with damask, that once was red, but has now faded into a sombre brownish tint. It has been mellowed by time, as the colors of every thing in the room seem to have been—of the Turkey carpet, of the curtains, the morocco-covered chairs, and the shining, almost black, surface of the mahogany table. The face on the pillow is very wan and thin. The eyelids are closed, and surrounded by dark hollows; the slightly parted lips drawn down at the corners, and the forehead is marked by strong wrinkles. The lines on the forehead are mostly horizontal, and are strongest above the eyebrows, giving a peculiar expression of painful weariness to the whole countenance. A dog lies stretched on the hearth-rug. His shaggy hair covers his eyes; but he blinks from beneath it with a half sleepy, half watchful glance directed toward the figure on the sofa. Within the room, absolute silence. Without there is silence also, as I have said, save for the faint sound of bells chiming from a distant belfry—musical, melancholy bells, whose tones are dear and familiar to me, and float through all my memories of the place wherein I now am listening to them. For I am at Mortlands, and the bells are pealing to church, and it is Christmas morning.

Presently Mrs. Abram steals into the room, dressed in a new black bombazine gown, the dye of which sends forth an odor more powerful than pleasant. She has on a black straw bonnet, and a black merino shawl, embroidered at the corners with stiff groups of flowers worked in black silk. The two flat loops of hair lie on her forehead as of old. She is altogether very little altered within my knowledge of her. To-day she is attired in her best, and her hands are covered with black woolen gloves; the touch of which has the property of setting my teeth strongly on edge, as I remember was the case even from my childish days, when my sensitive little finger-nails used to be ruthlessly brought in contact with the interior of woolen mufflers.

Moreover, to shield her hands from the December cold, Mrs. Abram wears a muff of her own manufacture; a knitted muff of white worsted, with dots of black worsted scattered over its surface. "Imitation ermine," Mrs. Abram calls this fabric.

"Is Jane ready?" asks Mrs. Abram, in a low voice, approaching the child at the window; whereupon Jane turns round with her finger on her lip, and a frown of warning severity on her brow, and hisses out, "Hus-s-s!" and points to

the figure on the sofa, and shakes her absurd little head with solemnity.

"Oh, I won't wake her, love," answers Mrs. Abram; lowering her voice, however, still more than at first. "Is Jane ready to come to church with me?"

Jane is ready. She is enveloped in warm knitted garments, wherein it is not difficult to recognize Mrs. Abram's style and touch. There is more of the "imitation ermine" about the little red jacket she wears. Her tiny legs are encased in white ribbed stockings of the softest lamb's-wool. She has a muff like Mrs. Abram's tied round her middle by a cord and tassel—(how I remember my own inaccessible pocket-handkerchief as I behold this arrangement!)—and wears a little bonnet with a net frill inside it, framing her face; and the net frill is adorned with many bows of narrow blue satin ribbon. Well and warmly clad is little Jane from top to toe. And there are no patches on the small leather shoes she is noiselessly tapping one against the other.

"Are you not going, Anne love?" asks Mrs. Abram, so inarticulately that I rather guess at her words than hear them, for she keeps her mouth half open while she speaks them.

"No; I will stay with mother. Grandfather was sent for, just now, to poor old Betsy Lee. They say she is dying, poor old soul. I don't know when he will be able to get back. So I will stay with mother."

"Don't whisper; I am not asleep," says a faint voice from the sofa. Mother opens her eyes and looks at us all for a moment, then closes them again and gives a long quivering sigh.

"Does your head ache, dear mother?" I ask, bending over her.

"Not ache—no. But there is such a weight on it. You see I can't bear—"

She points, with a little feeble motion, to a widow's cap that lies on the pillow beside her head. She has tried to wear it constantly. But there are many times when the crape is too heavy a burden for her weary brain, and she is forced to leave her hair—still softly waving, but now quite, quite gray—uncovered. But she will always have the cap at hand. She will never entirely relinquish it. Grandfather has once tried to persuade her to give it up; but he never repeated the attempt. He said to me, after having made it, "How every year that passes over my head teaches me toleration! I am ashamed to think, little Nancy, how often I have been too hard on the poor women that cling to that superstitious bit of crape head-gear. I judged them with my head, and not with my heart."

Mrs. Abram and little Jane go away together to church. As they are disappearing through the door-way, mother says, without opening her eyes, "Pray for me!" and turns her head on the pillow away from the light.

Roger Bacon has sat up on his haunches to watch little Jane's departure; has perceived—

by what means I know not, but I am sure of the fact—that on this morning it behooves him to make no attempt to accompany her, and, when the door is fairly closed behind her, lies down again luxuriously in the shine of the fire.

Silence again. Perfect silence, for now even the distant bells have ceased. I sit down on a low stool by the hearth—my favorite seat, and one I always occupy when grandfather is not present. He does not love to see me in that place. It reminds him too vividly of a certain autumn evening long ago, when he saw two young heads, one dark, the other golden-fair, side by side in the light of the red flame upon that very hearth. Grandfather has never told me this; but I—I know it.

As I sit there alone to all intents—for mother, if she be not sleeping, feigns to sleep, in order that I may not talk to her—I look back musingly on the past three months. My musings follow no constant course, but they all tend backward, although ever and anon leaping from one point to another, and leaving a gap between; or, on the other hand, lingering wistfully around some sunnier spot, unwearily going over its minutest details.

Let me gather up somewhat the strands that made the thread of my narrative, since that awful day which I can not yet bear to write of—and it lies long years behind me; but from which, on that Christmas morning, all my thoughts started and fled away, like a flock of terrified birds. No! Let my retrospective musings be what they might, there was a point—the grim entrance to that black valley of the shadow of death—at which the spirit stopped shuddering, as one shudders who, with averted head, passes some scene of remembered horror, shutting eyes and ears lest the recollection, which is not dead but sleepeth at the bottom of his heart, should wake and stir, and cry aloud, and pierce him with new agony.

We were brought to Mortlands. After our arrival there, my mother lay three weeks in an illness which threatened her life. Great part of the time was passed in alternations of delirium, with terrible periods of consciousness and memory, during which she cried almost incessantly. At last the fever left her; left her as colorless and nearly as lifeless as the ashes of a burned-out fire. Grandfather heaved a long breath one day at her bedside, and, turning to me, whispered, “She will live!” I had scarcely realized until then how near we had been to losing her.

Then, when the peril had ceased, I began to look around and contemplate our position. During the worst time of mother’s illness neither grandfather nor I had, as it were, lifted our eyes from her. I do not believe that any inmate of the house had thought much about any thing outside the four walls of her sick-room. Only when she began to get better had we leisure to remember that there was a busy moving world without, and that we, too, con-

sciously or unconsciously, were being carried onward “in earth’s diurnal course.”

We were quite penniless. There was nothing in the world that we could call our own. Grandfather, as soon as we could speak together on the subject, made me understand that his home must thenceforward be our home. He had nearly relinquished all lucrative practice of his profession, attending chiefly poor patients, from whom he would take no fee. But now, he said, he meant to resume his practice. “That is,” he said, “if it will resume me. When a man falls out of his place in the ranks, the gap he leaves is quickly closed up. There is enough—not much, but enough—for us all to live on as it is. Whatever I earn will be put by for you after I am gone, because when Lucy”—he broke off and put his hand over his eyes for a moment, then resumed—“because some three or four and twenty years ago I sank the greater part of what I possessed in an annuity. There is a little pittance secured to poor Judith, and there is this house and garden.”

He went on planning what he would do, and what immediate steps he would take to obtain active employment in his profession. He was now close upon seventy years old; but I thought, as I looked at him, that I had rarely seen a face and figure more instinct with vivacity and energy than his. His eyes shone with a radiance that seemed to warm one’s heart. I thought him very noble and admirable in his courage and hopefulness and contempt of his own ease, the dear, unselfish, fine-natured old man!

Mother was not spoken to about his plans. It was long before she could bear the sound of any voice but his or mine; and if we uttered a word of tenderness, or said any thing beyond the merest bald commonplaces which were necessary in daily intercourse, she would go off into convulsive hysterical fits of weeping which entirely prostrated her strength. When she began slowly, slowly, to get better, it befell that poor Mrs. Abram grew to be a sort of comfort to her. Mrs. Abram was quiet and melancholy and *dull*—very willing to be talked to, not unwilling to talk, and equally willing to sit by mother’s bedside or sofa knitting away in silence. She had been warned so strenuously and severely as to frighten her into implicit obedience, not to broach any of her peculiarly lugubrious religious views to my mother. When speech on this subject was forbidden her, very few topics remained for the exercise of her loquacity, which, in truth, was never excessive. One topic, however, she had—my grandfather’s goodness. His perfections, his learning, and his talents were an unfailing theme with poor Judith. And to her sincere, if unskillful, praises mother would endure to listen by the hour together. Often, it is most likely, her thoughts wandered away far enough from the present. But Mrs. Abram had no idea of taking offense at any manifestations of inattention. She was so thoroughly humble-minded

that she was grateful for being admitted to mother's companionship on any terms.

Mother could say things to her which it would have overcome her to say to me or to grandfather. For instance, as soon as she was able to be moved from her bed to a couch in the dining-room, and had put on the black garments provided for her, she commissioned Mrs. Abram to get her a widow's cap. Mrs. Abram faithfully fulfilled her trust. And grandfather and I, understanding that mother desired not to be spoken to on the subject, made no remark when we first saw her in that dreary head-gear. Afterward, as I have said, grandfather tried once, but once only, to dissuade her from wearing it.

There was another person whose society mother gradually came to endure, and even to take something like pleasure in. This was little Jane Arkwright.

When the misfortunes I have formerly mentioned fell upon Mr. Arkwright—the execution in his house, the sale of his scanty furniture, and the turning into the street of himself, his wife, and children—he found kindness in more than one direction. The five children were sheltered at Mortlands. He and his wife were pressing invited by Alice Kitchen and her father to take up their abode for a time in the tiny house in Burton's Gardens. Alice was just about to be married, and her father was to leave Horsingham for Brookfield immediately after the wedding. But for the few days that remained of their occupancy of the house Alice begged the Arkwrights to come and stay there. "Until they could turn themselves round," as she phrased it. Mr. Arkwright was at first unwilling to accept this offer, fearing to cause ill feeling between Matthew Kitchen and his relations. "Our trouble is bad enough," he had said, in his gentle way. "Heaven forbid that we should do any thing to cause a family quarrel to grow out of it."

But Alice had energetically assured him that he need not fret himself about *that*, inasmuch as her brother was already estranged from her on account of her intended marriage, and was also deeply angered by the fact of his father's leaving his workshop. In short, she persuaded him to accept her offer. "You can come as lodgers, of course, if you like it," Alice had said, in her blunt way; "but if you'll put up with our ways for a few days without talk of pay, why, you shall be as welcome as the flowers in May."

All this I learned from Mrs. Arkwright herself. As soon as I was able to see any one she begged to be admitted to speak with me. She was powerfully affected. I never saw any one so overcome. She tried to say a few words about the calamity that had fallen on us, and then she attempted to ask forgiveness for the harsh words she had spoken in her own misery and wrath. "If your mother would see me I'd go down on my knees to her to beg her to forgive me. I little thought when I spoke as I did

—oh, Miss Furness, if you knew how bitterly I have repented my angry words, you would feel for me; and they did not come from the bottom of my heart either. But there's *one* pardon I shall never get in this world—" And Mrs. Arkwright fell to weeping silently, and with strong gasps, more like the weeping of a man than a woman.

After a while I was able to tell her that the pardon she spoke of had been freely granted to her. "He knew how misfortune puts bitter words into men's mouths, and he never blamed you—never."

She caught my hand and squeezed it so hard that she hurt me. "God bless you!" she said. "You take a thorn out of my heart."

Then she told me how she had come to Mortlands every day—sometimes twice a day—to ask for my mother; and how thankful she and her husband had been to hear at length that she was recovering. Of their own affairs she had better accounts to give than could have been expected. Their prospects were brightening. People had been very kind, understanding that Mr. Arkwright had been hardly treated, and that he was an honorable man who desired to do his duty. His rector had expressed no intention of dismissing him from his curacy.

"Edwin had almost expected that," said Mrs. Arkwright, "because he says that his case was in a measure a *scandal* for the Church. But I don't see how Christian people can look upon poverty as a scandal if they read their New Testament."

"At all events, Mr. Arkwright's rector has not done so."

"No; he—oh yes! he has been very kind. He lectured Edwin a little, but—yes, we have met with a great deal of kindness."

Mr. and Mrs. Arkwright had taken the little house in Burton's Gardens. It was very small, but the rent was low, and they took such portions of Mr. Kitchen's furniture as he did not require in his new abode at Brookfield. He had consented to be paid for it by installments. Sir Peter Bunny had made himself answerable for the schooling of the four elder children during the next six months. Several articles which Mrs. Arkwright peculiarly prized had been bought in at the sale on her behalf, and sent to her anonymously. But she knew, she said, whose hand had done them this kindness. It was Mr. Donald Ayrle, God bless him! and he had even—think of that—sent little Jane the coral necklace!

Mrs. Abram begged so hard that Jane might be allowed to remain yet a while longer at Mortlands, that Mrs. Arkwright had been fain to consent. She was much softened in these days. And though it was plain that she suffered many a jealous pang in leaving her little one to the care of strangers who would pet and caress her, and whom she would learn to love, the poor woman endured them in silence.

Thus little Jane was an inmate of Mortlands.

We had feared that the sight of her and the sound of her name might distress my mother; for on an attempt I made (at Mrs. Arkwright's urgent entreaty) to deliver a message from her to mother, begging to be allowed to see her, my mother fell into a violent hysterical fit, which so alarmed us that we did not dare to recur to the mention of the Arkwrights' name afterward. But in the course of two or three weeks mother voluntarily spoke of them to Mrs. Abram. "Tell Anne," she said, "that I have no rancor in my heart against the woman. I *had*—God forgive me! But I have prayed and tried to cast it out. *He* forgave her. He spoke of her to me on that—that last night. But I *can not* see her. Some day it may be; but now I feel as though the sound of her voice would kill me."

Therefore, for some time little Jane was carefully kept out of mother's sight. The little creature herself was so impressed with awe and compassion for the "sick lady," as she called her, and so conscious that for some mysterious reason she must on no account intrude into her presence, that when she heard the slow, feeble footsteps which announced the invalid's descent down the stairs she would noiselessly steal away and hide herself; and once, after a long search, we found her sitting on the grass in a secluded corner of the garden, with her little pinafore over her head and face.

But by degrees we found that my mother was aware of the child's presence in the house, and she asked to see her; and gradually quite a friendship arose between them. Little Jane admired and idolized my mother much as Mrs. Abram admired and idolized *her*. Mother was always gentle with the child. I think she had some feeling which prompted her to force herself to endure Jane's presence as a sort of *expiation* for her refusal to see Jane's mother; but she was never affectionate, still less caressing, in her ways with her. Nevertheless, little Jane would sit for hours as quiet as a mouse, gazing up into mother's face with her solemn gray eyes, quite content to be allowed to remain by her side unnoticed.

And so our lives glided away with a sober sadness, but yet with growing peace; as river waters that have escaped, all torn and tormented and foaming, from the jagged rocks of a cataract flow onward toward the great sea, still shuddering from the awful shock; and with whirling eddies here and there, and wildly scattered foam-flakes on their surface, which tell of the mad turmoil, the horrible roar of the rapids they have passed.

CHAPTER XLI.

WHEN my mother began to be able to walk out into the garden—with the assistance of an arm to lean on, for she was weaker than an infant—grandfather said that she ought to go away to the sea-side for a while. There were

sea-side places which were frequented by invalids even in the winter-time; and the air of one of these places would be at once milder and more invigorating than that of Mortlands. He would go with her, and see her settled in some quiet lodging. And she should have either Keturah or Eliza to remain with her during the whole time of her stay. Mother chose Eliza. She rather shrank from Keturah, although that good creature was thoroughly devoted to her. But I believe mother could not get over certain sharp speeches Keturah had been in the habit of making—long ago—to the effect that "Miss Lucy" might have done better—and that *she* didn't consider that any body in the world was too good for "master's daughter." No slight, or taunt, or insult to herself could have affected her like the least disparagement of my father. If she had been happy she would have thought no more of Keturah's words; in truth, they sprang from no worse feeling than the old servant's jealous pride in, and fondness for, her master's only child; but in her deep affliction, and in the peculiar anguish (far beyond that of most bereaved wives) which attended the circumstances of it, trifles became magnified, and passing annoyances intensified into serious pain.

I was to stay at Mortlands. Firstly, my health required no such change as was necessary for my mother. Secondly, the increased expense of my accompanying her was a burden I was most averse to putting on my grandfather's already heavily-laden shoulders. Thirdly, I knew, although he said not a word to that effect, that it would be some comfort for grandfather to have me with him at Mortlands when he should have returned from taking mother to the sea. His house was very lonely now since—since Donald had gone away.

As for mother, she expressed no desire to have me with her. Her absence would be short, and it was well that I should stay with grandfather, she said. She was very passive and listless, save on a few points. The fact was, her strength to suffer as well as to enjoy was nearly exhausted. Grandfather, however, had great hopes that the projected change would do her good.

"I should like to remain, and watch her progress day by day," he said; "but it is not absolutely necessary. And I ought not to be absent from Horsingham longer than I must."

He had already secured a few patients of the paying class. And had girt himself up to this work with a vigor and resolution which filled me with ever-new admiration.

The night before he and mother went away I sat up late with him talking. For the first time he spoke to me of Donald. I have said that during the worst time of my mother's illness we had neither of us looked beyond the walls of her sick-room. Now grandfather opened his heart to me.

He had always, he said, had a hope and a plan of marrying me to Donald, even from the days

when we had been children together. It had failed—as such plans mostly did fail! Well, thank Heaven, he had not made or meddled importunately between us. Nor had he ever breathed a hint to Donald more than to me of the hope now frustrated.

I hid my face on his knees and cried. “Oh, grandfather,” I said, scarcely knowing why I said it—the words seemed to fall involuntarily from my lips—“it is better for him as it is. But it is for you I am sorry. I have cost you the companionship, that was so dear to you, of your old friend’s son. I wish I had not been such a disappointment to you!”

“Not *altogether* a disappointment, little Nancy,” said my grandfather, stroking my hair as he had used to do when I was a child, and smiling a little.

“But, grandfather, I do think it was not right of Donald to leave you as he did. After all you had done for him.”

“I have had a letter from him.”

“A letter from Donald?”

“Yes; it came at a moment when I had no thoughts to spare from my poor suffering Lucy. But I was looking it over again this morning, and—on the whole, I can’t be angry with Donald, though he was rash.”

“I can scarcely fancy Donald being rash!”

“Can you not? A most impetuous nature, little Nancy, especially where his affections are concerned. Gentle withal, and not greatly demonstrative. Ah! Well—he did not mean to desert his old friend altogether. He speaks of coming back at some future day, when he feels himself able to see the old place with more calmness, and when—”

Grandfather made so long a pause that I repeated, interrogatively, “And when?”

“‘When Anne is married and gone away,’ he says.”

There was a silence, which neither of us broke for a long time. At length grandfather resumed:

“The letter was written two days after Donald’s arrival in London. He went straight to London.”

“Then he had not heard—”

“No, no,” said grandfather, quickly. “No; he had heard nothing from Horsingham when he wrote. And he met with an adventure on his journey. He was robbed.”

“Robbed!”

“And at the house of an acquaintance of yours. At the Royal Oak public-house, near Diggleston’s End, on the London Road.”

“At Dodd’s house? Oh, poor man; how sorry he will be! He is such a steady, honest fellow himself. Was the thief discovered?”

“No; it seems not. Donald, I fancy, would not delay his journey. He hurried on as best he could. He does not give me the particulars of the case, except that he says the man on whom suspicion bears heavily was a fellow who passed himself for a Methodist preacher. In all likelihood he was not one really. He

must have had some dishonest object in view, for he was regularly disguised. Left a wig and some other things behind him at the Royal Oak. I believe that Dodd came here once or twice to try to speak to me, but I could not see him. It was during the time that your mother’s fever was at its height.”

“Has—has Donald given you no address where you can write to him?”

“Yes; at one of the great London hospitals.”

“When he has passed the necessary examinations to enable him to practice his profession, will he come back here to you, grandfather?”

“So it was planned and hoped. But now I should not like—I could scarcely urge him to do it.”

I understood why but too well. It would have been impossible for grandfather to importune Donald to return to Mortlands now that I was there. If Donald had been rejected in the days before our utter calamity and ruin, it could not be that grandfather should urge him to come among us *now*. I felt this too; it could not be; but I was inexpressibly pained to feel it, for my grandfather’s sake. Yes, honestly and sincerely I protest from my heart there was at least no selfishness in my regret. If I could have purchased for my grandfather the happiness of Donald’s society at the cost of never more looking on Donald’s face myself, I would have done it *then* without a murmur. I faltered out some broken words to this effect; but grandfather took me in his arms, and soothed me tenderly, and said—I will not repeat all his words, for I well know that he beheld me, as it were, transfigured in the light of his own love and goodness; but he said—

“Anne, dear as Donald is to me, you are far, far dearer. No human being, not even your dear mother, holds the place in my heart that you hold. My beloved child, I have never summoned courage to say a word to you about the sacrifice you made— There, there! cry, my child, if it eases your heart! These are not bitter tears. If I had been consulted about it beforehand I should have opposed your giving up your fortune. And you and your mother felt that, and therefore did not consult me. Yes, yes—I understand it all. But you were right, Anne. I should have been harder and more worldly, and less wise. Now the past holds that sacrifice safe forever. It is yours, and can not be taken from you. And what earthly compensation, what worldly ease and prosperity, could bring a balm to your heart *now*, like the consciousness that you did not hold back grudgingly—that you gave your utmost with a free, loving hand? God bless thee, child! I have said what it has been in my mind to say for some time past. And now go to rest and sleep!”

The next morning my mother and grandfather and Eliza set off by the mail-coach for S——, a beautifully situated town on the seacoast. It was a small place then, but has since

grown year by year into an important fashionable watering-place.

Keturah, Jane, and Mrs. Abram—I have placed them in the order of their relative importance in the household—were left with me at Mortlands. And a very secluded, nun-like, sort of life we four led in the old house together.

For myself, I did not once leave its precincts during grandfather's absence. I spent whole days in the garden despite the cold, raw, wintry weather. Keturah insisted that I should not sit out-of-doors as I had been inclined to do, sensibly protesting that the notion was a quite crazy one, and that grandfather would think her as crazy as I was, if she permitted such imprudences. But I walked about the garden and shrubbery for hours; walked until I was fain to come in-doors from pure weariness. And I found that the silence and the solitude and the air did me good, and soothed me inexpressibly. In the evenings I read while Mrs. Abram knitted, and little Jane gravely received instruction in the mysteries of words of two syllables, or learned to work a sampler with colored worsteds. Mrs. Abram gave the lesson without abandoning her knitting, which indeed she could do without looking at it.

The sampler might have been the identical square of canvas on which my inexpert little fingers had been exercised so many years ago. It had the same queer patterns in brick-red and olive-green, ranged in two rows at the top as models to copy from. Also there were the letters of the alphabet, and the Roman and Arabic numerals.

Little Jane was not indocile, and was, moreover, very deft and quick with those morsels of waxen fingers. She succeeded with the sampler far better than I had ever done, and was immensely proud of it. It was a sight to which I quite looked forward every evening to behold her gray eyes solemnly dilate, and her mouth compress itself severely lest the lips should part in a smile of exultation, and the delicate pink color flush into her cheeks, as she slowly, after nearly every stitch, held out the wonderful sampler at arm's-length to gaze upon its beauties. This grave enthusiasm somewhat interfered with the progress of the work, of course. But it was finished at last. And the date, and Jane's initials—J. L. A.—worked in all the colors of the rainbow at the bottom of it. Her joy was speechless! She took the sampler to bed with her, and fell asleep with it on her pillow. I am inclined to believe that life held no subsequent triumphs for little Jane so unalloyed as the completion of that piece of work.

I was not deserted by my friends. But I had not as yet gained courage enough to see any of them. Lady Bunny had called frequently to inquire for my mother; had asked leave to send her a few bottles of some very fine old wine from Sir Peter's cellars—"wine," as she said in a few words written in pencil on her visiting card, and addressed to me, "that

you can't get for money in Horsingham; do allow me the pleasure, my dear Miss Furness, it is considered so strengthening."

My old school-mistress, Mrs. Lane, who had long ago made a competency and given up teaching, and whom we had quite lost sight of for many years, made daily journeys in her little pony carriage from the village where she lived, to ask, with her own lips, how Mrs. Furness was, and to hear the answer with her own ears.

The general feeling in the town was, I afterward learned, one of unmixed sympathy with my mother. Even the trades-people, who had lost all chance of recovering their money, showed kindness and compassion in various ways.

And as to our kindred—I received a very unexpected letter from Mr. Cudberry the week before mother went away to the sea. I communicated its contents to grandfather, who agreed that we should say nothing about it to my mother for the present; and agreed with me also in the general sense of the answer which I should write to Uncle Cudberry.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

AN HOUR WITH AN OCTOGENARIAN.

NOVEMBER 20, 1870.—The door has just closed upon his retiring figure, and I haste to gather into a sheaf the stalks of ripened grain he has scattered around me during the last hour. An American gentleman of unblemished reputation and strict integrity is an honored guest at any fireside; but when to these noble graces is added the dignity of eighty years' varied experiences, and a memory as clear and sharp as the blue-black eyes which sparkle under his gray, shaggy brows, he is a gem of a visitor, as rare as valuable.

Such was mine. And his talk—like the mirage of the desert, which reflects from the beautifully tinted sky back again to one's eye the pomp, circumstance, and host of the caravan gone beyond the horizon of vision—brought up almost into active life some of the scenes and incidents of near a century ago through the clear lens of his unclouded recollections. It seems a long time since Charles Carroll of Carrollton died; and still longer since, with one bold stroke of his pen, he affixed his signature and the name of his estate to that great document which, had England conquered, would have been the recorded evidence of his treason, and the cause of the loss of millions.

"Yet I knew him well," said my visitor, Mr. Hendon. "In my native town of Frederick, Maryland, many times, when I was a boy, I have seen him—an old man, with hair white as the silver knob of his cane, walking slowly. We boys would step aside when he approached us, with the deference due a king. He was a little man, his figure bent, his frame slight and muscular, and his manner the gentlest and most courteous—well, child, there are no such

gentlemen as when I was a boy." And the old man's gaze seemed introverted as, with the end of his cane, he traced cabalistic figures upon the carpet, to the meaning of which his memory alone had the key.

"Does that time seem very far off, Sir?" I ventured, by way of bringing his thoughts back.

"No; it scarcely seems longer than last Christmas since a parcel of us boys were playing before Medtard's tavern, when we saw a procession coming up town. Some men were on horseback, and their knee-buckles shone like glass; others, in their best new leather breeches and blue coats, marched behind; the drum and fife were playing; and every body looked excited but old Medtard, who stood on the door-sill, smoking his pipe, and looking monstrous contemptuous.

"What's coming, Mr. Medtard?" we asked.

"Only a green man, down the Lancaster Road."

"Away we went, like a pack of hounds, in that direction, to meet a coach drawn by four black horses, with liveried footmen hanging on to the tassels behind, and surrounded by a large troop of military as an escort. Inside the coach sat President John Adams—a portly gentleman, dressed in pearl-colored broadcloth and large powdered wig, who, with his suit, was traveling from Philadelphia to Washington, on the occasion of the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to that place. We followed the procession until the President alighted at Mrs. Kimball's tavern—the sign of the Golden Fleece—where Major-General Henry Lee received him."

"And why was Mr. Medtard so indifferent to the approach of his President?"

"Umph! Politics change, but human nature never. John Adams was a Federalist, and poor Medtard a Republican, which made a big difference those days. Yes, that happened seventy years ago this very month, but it don't seem longer than the span of my hand."

"Yet you have lived to see great changes."

"Yes, in degree, but not much in quality. Folks worked and suffered and died for ideas then, same as now. As poor Frank Key used to say,

"No need after novelties ever to run,
There is nothing that's new beneath the sun."

"And you knew Francis Key?" I eagerly asked, fired to know something of a *real* poet who dared appropriate such an old-fashioned quotation.

"Knew him! Why he lived but a few doors above my father's house. There were once two brothers, John Ross and Philip Barton Key. Philip was an officer in the British army during the Revolutionary war, while John was in that of the United States. John lived on Pipe's Creek, near Taneytown, Frederick County, Maryland, where Francis and his sister Anna, John's only children, were born. There was an exiled Scotchman, Mr. Bruce—said to have been heir

to the throne of Scotland—who had built a mill on Pipe's Creek, and there, in the company of this noble old aristocrat, Frank spent his very early boyhood. The brothers, Philip and John, were large, manly looking fellows, but Frank and Anna were of much smaller mould. Anna Key was a beautiful little girl, with the cheerfulest face and most pleasant smile I ever saw. When they moved into town, near my father's, Frank was half grown, and ready to enter as a law student with Roger B. Taney, then at the head of the Frederick bar. Roger was a tall, gaunt fellow, as lean, they used to say, as a Potomac herring, and as shrewd as the shrewdest. He married bright little Anna. It was like the union of a hawk with a sky-lark; but she lived to be the wife of a Chief Justice of the United States, and I never heard that either repented of their marriage. Mr. Taney was a strict Catholic, and Frank an Episcopalian, not considered very zealous and sharp in his profession, and much given to dreaming. He went to Virginia, and brought home a wife much larger and taller than himself, went to housekeeping on Market Street, and had a couple of little children when I left home in 1809 to seek my fortune in Lancaster, Pennsylvania."

"Then you little thought you had been daily seeing the man whose inspired song would become the national anthem of America?" I asked.

"No more than Abraham was aware that he was entertaining angels. Yet the war cloud, through which the light of his genius was to burst upon us, was even then gathering. You have read about the embargo which was declared in 1806, when England, jealous of the naval power of the States, fired into the United States ship *Chesapeake*, and behaved otherwise so rudely we were compelled to close our ports against her vessels and imports. Those were the days"—and here the old gentleman involuntarily drew up his bowed form—"when even the proudest city belles were wooed and won in homespun rather than be dependent on foreign finery. I have danced with many an elegant woman in linsey-woolsey and tow frock those times, and well remember that Governor Simon Snyder, at his inauguration in 1808, wore a suit of broadcloth manufactured in a loom in the borough of Lancaster. Patriotism was strong when it could conquer even woman's vanity."

I forgave the malicious twinkle of his eyes at that last "hit" out of honest reverence to our grandmothers, who inspired it.

"Well," he continued, "England kept growing more insulting, the whole country was clamorous to punish her, and war was declared on the 18th of July, 1812. I had gone down in the stage to Baltimore to buy some type-metal for my father, who was an astronomical-instrument maker, and witnessed one of those outbreaks of popular feeling, growing out of the state of the times, which gave that patriotic but impulsive city the temporary title of 'Mob Town.'

"A newspaper called the *Federal Republican*, which had been published in Georgetown by a party of rebels to the administration, was removed to Baltimore, where its issues contained violent articles in opposition to the war, the government, and loyal citizens of Baltimore. The people determined they would not stand it. So they hurriedly got up a procession, in which they were joined by a number of sailors from off the Bay, who, drawing after them a huge cable, encircled the printing-office, and pulled it down. The rebel party procured new material, and, removing into a large brick building, defied the mob, and continued their publication. Anticipating another attack, they wrote to Roger B. Taney, at Frederick town—who belonged to their party—to come down to their assistance, bringing with him lathing-hatchets, pitchforks, and any other implements of warfare he could obtain. Roger was a sober citizen, who thought discretion was the better part of valor, and staid at home. The Baltimoreans renewed their attack upon the building, from which many of them were fired on and killed. Governor Winder then ordered the military to rout the mob, which they did; and the sheriff entering the house, the offenders surrendered to him, and were put in the jail for their protection. All seemed quiet until the following night, when the populace re-assembled, broke into the jail, killed a General Ligan, in the door-way, and cruelly beat and wounded many others. They then threatened the post-office, in which several of the obnoxious papers were said to be deposited, but the civil and military authorities again interfering, they were finally quelled. Thus you see how history reproduces itself.

"You have heard of Admiral Cockburn, who commanded the British fleet? The atrocious scoundrel! Words can never paint the miserable coward and boaster in his true colors. After his depredations along the Eastern Shore of Maryland, there followed the sacking of Washington, the battle of North Point, and the attempt of the enemy to take the city of Baltimore by water, as they had failed to do it by land. You know all about the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, September 13, 1814. I have gone over it again, in fancy, hundreds of times, and I'll tell you Frank Key, patriotic as he was to his heart's core, could not help composing that poem. It was *forced* out of him. Just think. He was a prisoner on the fleet, which was anchored two miles from Fort M'Henry, the city's main defense. He could watch all the enemy's preparations, and he knew the danger they foreboded. Through the terrific cannonading of that midnight fight, while the sky was lit up with the fiery courses of the flying bombs, do you think he could sleep? As the struggle ceased upon the coming morning, and he looked through the dim twilight for the flag of his country, his heart sick with fear and doubt, could he help the grand outburst of that first verse? And then, as through 'the mists

of the deep' the banner loomed dimly in the morning sun's first rays, and he exclaimed,

"'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!"

it was prayer and praise all in one; and there has never been any thing like it since."

Mr. Hendon stopped to wipe his sweating face with his red bandana handkerchief, and take a few rapid strides across the floor. He had forgotten his cane and the weight of his eighty years in this reminiscence of his strong young manhood; and if Admiral Cockburn had that moment stood before him, in the flesh-and-blood insolence of his real self, I would have been the chronicler of his fate.

"Where were you during all that excitement, Sir?" I asked, to waken him out of his reverie.

"Chafing like a caged tiger because I was not in it. The first day of August, that same year, I, with a hundred and thirteen others, volunteer militia, were the first to leave Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in defense of Baltimore. Our rendezvous was York, Pennsylvania, where we expected to meet General Watson, of Lancaster, commander of our division."

"How were you uniformed, Sir?"

"In blue cloth coats turned up with red, blue pants, white vests, shoes with cloth gaiters over them, fur hats, and high leather stocks with the United States coat of arms stamped upon them. I engraved the impression for those stocks in type-metal for our company, and a proud day's work it was. Every man found his own uniform; and of the many thousand Pennsylvanians I have seen march from Camp Curtin within these last ten years, none felt bolder to protect our country than we. When we reached York, where General Watson was to meet us with new Harper's Ferry muskets and tents, he was not on hand, so we were quartered at first in the court-house. Hearing our camp equipage was at the Carlisle Barracks, a squad of us got wagons, went after it, and brought it to the York jail, whence each man drew his musket, cross-belt, and cartridge-box. We were on duty there several weeks before the division of five thousand men was organized. We grew dreadfully impatient. Telegrams were not dreamed of those days, and daily newspapers were almost as scarce as roses in winter. One morning some of our guard went out to gather wood, and hearing a dull, rumbling noise, they laid their ears to the ground and listened. The sound of cannon was distinctly heard, and they hurried to camp with the news. Soon wagons, outwardly filled with hay, but containing the specie from the banks in Baltimore, came in for protection, followed by every kind of vehicle, packed with flying Baltimoreans. Then, in tremendous haste, we were filed into ranks and marched to the seat of war, three days after the battle had been fought. General Armstrong had an Irish broth-

er-in-law, Kennedy, who was appointed colonel of our regiment. He knew as much about military tactics as a bear does of mathematics. An old-fashioned country school-master, with scarcely an idea above the common spelling-book of that period, and vain and tyrannical in proportion as he was ignorant, he was illy fitted to control as spirited and independent a set of Pennsylvania Dutchmen as ever trod American soil. He rode an immense fat black horse, with a back nearly as broad as an elephant's; and the only change he had made for the occasion from his usual citizen's dress was a cockade stuck in his hat, and a short sword buckled around his thick waist.

"The captain of our company, Mr. Walker, who was every inch a man, and who, by reason of his superiority, should have been our colonel, needed to exercise all his influence with the regiment to preserve any kind of discipline. It was a long three days' march to Baltimore. We were fourteen thousand strong, and eager to meet and punish our British invaders; but a succession of heavy thunder-storms and the fatigue of long marches through the mud almost exhausted us. 'Push along, men; ye're walkin' dreadful slow,' was the colonel's command, issued every fifteen minutes. The second day some of the men fainted from the heat and fatigue. Nearing a pump along the road-side, we halted to drink, but the colonel angrily urged us forward. An orchard near by, hanging full of harvest apples, tempted some of the thirstier ones, who broke ranks and rushed for the fruit. This excited the colonel greatly. Riding up to the rails and brandishing his sword, he shouted, 'Ye blackguards! would ye be afther laving the ranks for the palthry stum of an apple?'

"This expression of his indignation grew into a by-word, thanks to the powers of mimicry of two of our company, Charles and Ferdinand Durang. They, with their father, were strolling play-actors (natives of Lancaster, I think), who, when their winter engagements in city theatres were over, would entertain us in town and country with their varied accomplishments. The brothers were such genial, brave fellows, and mirthful, so full of rollicking fun, they kept us alive, soul and body, by compelling us to laugh. Well, when we reached an old encampment near Baltimore, on the York Road, just alongside what was known as Howard's Woods, the citizens came to meet us, hauling drays on which were hogsheads of hot coffee, most delicious. I can never forget that coffee, nor how it revived us. The city was in a blaze of excitement still, and news came that the British were hovering about, and we must go to Elkridge's Landing to oppose them. As we marched through the streets they were crowded with women, weeping, and crying, 'Oh, those poor fellows will never all come back again!' But we did; for the very next day, as we were drawn into line ready to march into Bladensburg, an officer came dashing up, his horse covered with foam, with the order for our imme-

diately return to the city, as an hourly attack was expected from the fleet, still lying in the bay. We were not sorry; for Colonel Kennedy having failed to furnish us provision, and the Elkridge people all being Quakers, who would neither sell nor give us food to eat nor straw to lie upon, we were compelled to do without either, or buy for ourselves from the only one little grocery in the place.

"The occasion of our return was also that of the colonel's first compliment to us. 'Boys,' he said, brandishing his little sword, 'ye behaved like *vetereans*!'

"We got back that evening, and encamped upon Gallows Hill, near a rope-walk, where for three months we remained, daily waiting for an enemy that never came. Then, for the first since leaving York, we took breathing-time, and looked about for amusement.

"'Have you heard Francis Key's poem?' said one of our mess, coming in one evening, as we lay scattered over the green hill near the captain's marquee. It was a rude copy, and written in a scrawl which Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He read it aloud, once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence. An idea seized Ferd Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in somebody's tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One, called 'Anacreon in Heaven' (I have played it often, for it was in my book that he found it), struck his fancy and riveted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips until, with a leap and shout, he exclaimed, 'Boys, I've hit it!' and fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the *first time* the song of the 'Star-spangled Banner.' How the men shouted and clapped, for never was there a wedding of poetry to music made under such inspiring influences! Getting a brief furlough, the brothers sang it on the stage of Holiday Street Theatre soon after. It was caught up in the camps, and sang around our bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets, and, when peace was declared, and we scattered to our homes, carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious relic of the war of 1812. Ferdinand Durang died—I do not know where—and Frank Key's bones lie in the cemetery at Frederick town; but I guess that song will live as long as there is an American boy to sing it."

"Was that the only incident of the campaign, Mr. Hendon?" He was getting restless as a child, and I only the more eager for his stories of old times.

"Very little beside. Our principal hardship was a want of good bread. That furnished us was so old and sour it contained worms an inch long. Our rations of beef and rum were abundant. Of rum there was enough served daily for us to swim in if we had wanted. General Watson was appealed to; but there was bad management somewhere, and things grew no better. 'All rum and no bread' became the

sullen motto of the entire camp. The Maryland encampment, a mile from ours, held a mock court-martial, and made of theirs a daily bonfire. I remember one day that General Watson, with his negro servant riding behind him, was about entering the city. The guard, instead of presenting arms, saluted him with 'All rum and no bread!' 'At him, Pomp!' shouted the indignant officer. The guard fled, the negro pursuing in vain; and it was said he never stopped running until he reached his home in Berks County."

THE SPECTRE FROM ELBA.

WHEN Napoleon the Great, at Elba, heard of the surging discontents in France, under the rule of the restored Bourbons, he said to Sir Neil Campbell, "Another revolution is at hand. When it breaks forth the sovereigns of Europe will find it necessary, for their own repose, to call on *me* to tranquilize matters."

When, at the vernal equinox of this year of grace, Napoleon the Less arrived in London, from his delightful prison retirement in Prussia, he said to a friend (so the newspapers report), "My return to France is only a question of time. Sooner or later she will summon *me* to save her from incapable men." This was one of his feeble imitations of his uncle.

But is such a summons unlikely? It may be heard before these lines meet the public eye, for the voice of the French people has ever been, like Echo, daughter of Air, ready to respond in concord to whatever, for the moment, may awaken it.

How huzzas of delight rang throughout the kingdom when Louis Capet and the beautiful Archduchess of Austria ascended the throne, which a vulgar debauchee, at whose feet the French people had poured oblations of flattery for more than fifty years, had just left! How huzzas rang throughout the kingdom when the heads of that amiable sovereign and the beautiful archduchess, his queen, fell into the basket of the guillotine! How huzzas rang throughout the republic when the Corsican adventurer overthrew popular liberty in France, and made her chair, emblazoned all over with the words *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*, the throne of a modern Cæsar, and the necks of the people his footstool! How huzzas rang throughout the empire when that Corsican went in humiliation to Elba, in sight of the Italy he had wronged, and a "hated Bourbon" became the god of the political idolatry of the French! How huzzas rang throughout the kingdom when the exiled Corsican came suddenly from his island thrall, and appeared to all Europe as a terrible spectre, heralding war and woe among the nations! How huzzas rang throughout the empire when, at the end of a hundred days, that spectre disappeared among the mists that shrouded a rock in the South Atlantic Ocean, and the fat old Bourbon once more waddled into the seat of kingly rule! How huzzas rang throughout the

kingdom when an Orleans prince, at the call of the people, took the seat of the Bourbon! How huzzas rang throughout the kingdom when that Orleans prince was made to fly for his life from France, at midnight, leaving his wig behind as a trophy for the *sans-culottes* of Paris! How huzzas rang throughout the kingdom when the republic was murdered by the nephew of the great Corsican, who proclaimed himself the head of an empire, and the votes of six million Frenchmen said Amen! How huzzas rang out above the din of war when the empress-regent, her husband a prisoner at Sedan, fled for her life in the darkness, after a half-finished supper, before a howling Paris mob, to the shelter of an American's home, and with only a single attendant crossed the stormy Channel, for safety from the French people, in England! When we consider these revelations of history, does it seem unlikely that we shall hear the huzzas of the French people ringing throughout the inchoate republic as Louis Napoleon once more enters the Tuileries, summoned thither to save France from "incapable men?"

What of the spectre from Elba? Marvelous as any of the thousand-and-one stories told by Shahrazád to her jealous lord is the story of that spectre and concomitant events. It is an old story to the student of history, which assumes new interest and fascination when read in the light of to-day; for it shows how history repeats itself, though sometimes with the feebleness of shadowy coincidences. It is the story of a brilliant, dramatic ending of a great empire, two generations ago, feebly repeated, with conspicuous littleness, in our day. We give it in sketchy outline.

Ten years Napoleon the Great had been Emperor of the French. Battle after battle, and seizure after seizure of kingdoms and principalities, had made him king of kings, the disposer of crowns, coronets, and mitres, the terror and admiration of Europe, and the idol of the French people; for he represented the deity of their political worship—military glory. He had talked to sovereigns and peoples as a master would talk to his dependents. "I will see," he had said to representatives of Poland, when on the borders of that country with three hundred thousand men, "whether you deserve to be a nation." When, in the imperial palace at Vienna, he heard how, at the battle of Trafalgar, the power of the French navy had been destroyed, and the French flag had been swept from the ocean, he had said: "Heaven has given the empire of the sea to England, but to us Fate has decreed the dominion of the land." To the Roman pontiff he had said, "Make war on England, or I will lay your temporal power in the dust." The pontiff refused, when the emperor proclaimed that, "whereas the donation of Charlemagne, our illustrious predecessor, to the patrimony of St. Peter of the countries which formed the Holy See was for the good of Christianity, and not for the enemies of our holy religion, we therefore decree that the duch-

ies of Urbino, Ancona, Marcerata, and Camarino be forever united to the kingdom of Italy." A little later he declared the temporal power of the pope to be ended, and that Rome was the second imperial city of France. Pius VII., who had crowned the emperor in that city, now hurled a bull of excommunication against the usurper. The emperor smiled at the impotent thunder, and shocked the whole body of the Romish Church by carrying off the pontiff from the banks of the Tiber, to pass several years as a prisoner at the charming rural retreat of Fontainebleau. So it was that Napoleon had arrayed against himself the church and state of a continent and the adjacent islands. He was feared and hated every where in Europe out of old France between the Rhine and the Alps and the Pyrenees. He had made a fatal mistake.

Dazzled by the brilliant vision of universal empire, and impatient to achieve it, Napoleon, contrary to the advice of all counselors, entered upon the fearful winter campaign in Russia, in which France and her auxiliaries lost four hundred and fifty thousand men. The blow was terrible. The French nation was disheartened and disaffected, and a conspiracy to overthrow the emperor nearly succeeded. When, late at night, at the middle of December, 1812, the great leader reached the Tuileries, there was gloom every where. But when, at dawn the next morning, his presence was announced, the mists of doubt and despondency cleared away like vapor before the rising sun. Paris was wild with enthusiasm, and shouts of "Long live the emperor!" went up from every street and lane of the great city. And when, almost immediately, a decree went forth for a new conscription, to continue the war, the enthusiasm spread to the provinces. Applause, congratulations, and expressions of confidence came to the emperor from all quarters. No magician's wand of Eastern fable was ever more potent than his trumpet call to arms. It seemed as if soldiers sprang out of the earth; for in the course of a few weeks the great conqueror was at the head of three hundred and fifty thousand men, sweeping across the Rhine into Germany, notwithstanding England, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Spain had coalesced for the purpose of crushing him. He won battle after battle, yet not with very decisive results, during the summer and autumn of 1813.

But Napoleon now found that he was not fighting dynasties and the representatives of dilapidated monarchies alone, but the *people* of the Teutonic races. His German allies awoke as from a dream, and deserted him; for the German people, as in the late war with the emperor's imperial nephew, felt that it was a *Freiheitskrieg*—a war for their independence—and the prestige of popular sympathy was no longer with the great conqueror. The battle at Dresden taught him some unpleasant truths, which were confirmed by the battle at Leipsic, in October, when he was compelled to turn the flight

of his imperial eagles toward France instead of toward the Baltic. His retreat was disastrous, and he recrossed the Rhine with less than eighty thousand men of all that splendid army that followed him out of France. It was believed that the power of the Scourge was absolutely broken, and there was joy and exultation every where among the enemies of the emperor. England blazed with bonfires and illuminations. Oratory, song, satire, and caricature met the eye and ear at every turn; and the now venerable George Cruikshank, then only twenty years of age, whose caustic pencil was a worthy successor of that of Gilray, expressed the popular belief in a caricature called "Snuffing out Boney."



SNUFFING OUT BONEY.

When the emperor reached Paris, early in November, he found the people discontented, murmurous, and moody, for the glory of France was evidently passing into the umbra of an eclipse. Already two hundred thousand soldiers—representatives of full forty nations—were approaching the frontiers proper of France, and menacing ancient French territory. The armies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria were swarming toward the Rhine. Wellington had crossed the Pyrenees, and laid siege to Bayonne. King Bernadotte of Sweden, a kinsman and former companion-in-arms of the emperor, was swooping down from the north with one hundred thousand men; and Murat, the emperor's brother-in-law, had entered into a secret treaty with Austria for the expulsion of the French from Italy. It was a royal hunt for a wild-boar from the wood that had trodden down their pleasant vineyards.

What a crisis! Common men would have folded their arms in sullen submission to Fate—a lower idea of Providence. But the great

Corsican was no common man. He was a demi-god among men, such as the Greek poets loved to chant about. Known dangers always intensified his energy. Where most men feel despair, he felt exaltation. He went to the Senate and demanded three hundred thousand men. He sat by the chair of the president, and waited for an answer. A conscription was ordered to be levied upon the young men who had escaped former calls because they were boys. Then a deep silence pervaded the grave assembly for a moment. It was broken by the low voice of a Senator, who ventured to object to the clause of the decree which stated that the invasion of the frontier was the cause of this large levy, as it seemed to be calculated to spread alarm.

This suggestion uncapped the volcano of Napoleon's passion. He sprang to his feet, and, with all the vehemence and fierceness of the Scandinavian Thor when summoning his legions to battle, he exclaimed, "Wherefore should not the whole truth be told? Wellington has entered the south; the Russians menace the northern frontier; the Prussians, Austrians, and Bavarians threaten the east. Shame! Wellington is in France, and we have not risen in mass to drive him back. All my allies have deserted me; the Bavarians have betrayed me; they threw themselves on my rear, to cut off my retreat. But they have been slaughtered for their pains. No peace—none till we have burned Munich. A triumvirate is formed in the north—the same which made a partition of Poland. I demand of France three hundred thousand men. I will form a camp of one hundred thousand at Bordeaux; another at Metz; another at Lyons. With the present levy, and what remains of the last, I will have a million of men. But I must have grown men, not these boy conscripts, to encumber the hospitals, and die of fatigue upon the highways. I can reckon upon no soldiers now save those of France itself."

"That ancient France," said a Senator, significantly, "must remain to us inviolate."

Then Napoleon's fiery ambition blazed out. "And Holland!" he exclaimed, with fierce vehemence. "Abandon Holland? Sooner cut its dikes, and yield it back to the sea. Counselors! there must be an impulse given—all must march—the nation must move. You are fathers of families, the heads of the nation; it is for you to set the example."

The autocrat found his Senate less obsequious than formerly. It seemed disposed to assert its dignity as the representative of the people; and through a committee it prepared a report in the form of an address to the emperor on the state of the nation, in which it was respectfully intimated that the sovereign would act wisely if he should no more indulge in schemes of empire outside of France, and secure the integrity of its territory and the happiness of its people by making an honorable peace.

Fierce was the resentment felt by the emperor toward these "friends," who, like those of the patriarch of Uz, offered him reproachful and unasked advice. He dissolved the Assembly, closed the doors of their chamber upon them, and guarded them with soldiers. Then he summoned the Senators before his throne for admonition. He told them that their report was seditious. "Eleven parts of you," he said, "are good citizens, but the twelfth consists of rebels, and your committee are of the number. Lainé corresponds with the Prince Regent of England; the others are hot-headed fools, desirous of anarchy, like the Girondists, whom such opinions led to the scaffold. Is it when the enemy are on the frontiers that you demand an alteration of the Constitution? Rather follow the example of Alsace and Franche Comté, where the inhabitants ask for leaders and arms to drive the invaders back." He told them that they were not the representatives of the people, and reproached them for drawing a distinction between the sovereign and the people. "I—I am the only representative of the people," he exclaimed. "Which of you can support such a burden? The throne is merely a piece of carved wood covered with velvet. I—I alone hold the place of the people.....Your address is unworthy of the legislative body and of me. Be gone to your homes. I will cause your address to be published in the *Moniteur*, with such notes as I shall furnish. Even if I had done wrong, you ought not to have reproached me with it thus publicly. People do not wash their dirty linen before the world. France has more need of me than I have of France."

In the spirit of these last words the wonderful magician waved his wand, and very soon three hundred thousand new conscripts—men—were in camps. His emissaries were all over France arousing the people. The *Moniteur* told of armies that had no existence; of enthusiasm that no one saw; of the immense power of France for defensive or offensive war, which every body yet believed. But there was one man in France who was not deceived. It was the emperor. He was conscious of great danger. It was evinced by his calling out and arming the National Guard of Paris. It was his last resource in case of inevitable necessity. On the morning of the 23d of January, 1814, he assembled the officers of that Guard, nine hundred in number, in the *Salon of the Marshals*, in the palace of the Tuileries. Wherefore they knew not. At length the emperor entered, followed by the Empress Maria Louisa and the Countess Montesquiuo, carrying in her arms their little son, the King of Rome. "Messieurs," said Napoleon to the wondering warriors, "France is invaded. I go to put myself at the head of the army; and, with God's help and their valor, I hope soon to drive the enemy beyond the frontier." Then, taking the empress by one hand and bearing his son with the other, he continued, with a

faltering voice, "But if the foe should approach the capital, I confide to the National Guard the empress and the King of Rome—my wife and child." The hearts of the officers were touched with deep emotion, and stern men wept, mingling their tears with those of the alarmed and sorrowing empress. Compared with this scene, in which a truly great man was a sincere and chief actor, how ridiculous appears the dispatch of the imperial nephew from the front, after a skirmish, about "Louis and I" having a "baptism of fire," when they had not been within the reach of bullets—a pitiful trick, intended to kindle enthusiasm in the hearts of Frenchmen for a charlatan and a dynasty which all intelligent men secretly despised!

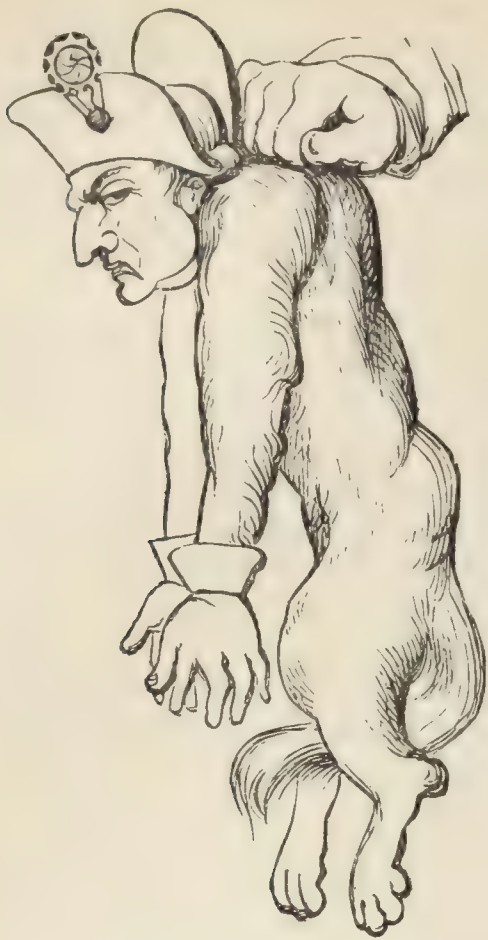
On the following day Napoleon, in falling snow, reviewed his troops in the court-yard of the palace, and early the next morning he left the city for the army, having made the empress Regent of the Empire, and his brother Joseph Chief of the Council of State, or Prime Minister. For many weeks he fought the invading allies with wonderful energy, and disputed their passage toward his capital, inch by inch, with a tenacity that was marvelous. If ever human energy seemed to deserve success, it was there.

But the French troops were slowly pushed back toward Paris, and the gardens, vineyards, and grain fields of the country over which the armies moved became such a desolation that, as French writers tell us, wolves roamed over the solitary wastes and howled around the camps. Numbers, as well as moral power, were now against the emperor, and the allies soon reached the outward defenses of the capital—that capital which for so many years had dictated law to all other capitals. Like Gambetta of our day, Joseph Bonaparte encouraged the people with exaggerated accounts of the successes of the imperial troops, and the strength of the defenses of Paris. But when the roving bands of Uhlans and Cossacks were at the gates, and the guns of the allies were trained upon the really weak defenses, the empress-regent fled, with her boy, along the guarded road toward Tours, and the civil authorities soon followed. The Emperor of Russia and Lord Wellington entered the city, and the czar took up his abode in the house of Talleyrand, the prince of unscrupulous demagogues, who was ever ready to betray the weaker into the hands of the stronger for personal gain. While yet acting as a member of the Imperial Council, he had urged the wavering allies to hasten on to Paris. But for him, Alexander would have turned back and recrossed the Rhine. The Senate, too, the hitherto ever-willing instrument of Napoleon's ambition, now assuming the functions of a provisional government, under the presidency of Talleyrand, declared that the emperor had forfeited the throne "by arbitrary acts and violations of the Constitution," and that the French people were absolved from their allegiance to him. The elo-

quent Châteaubriand hastened to print his famous pamphlet "On Bonaparte and the Bourbons," the manuscript of which his wife had carried in her bosom for a month waiting for the catastrophe, and for which the author was rewarded by the restored Bourbon king with office, emoluments, and the honor of being made a peer of France.

Distracted, wearied, exhausted France shouted "Long live the king!" and displayed the white cockade of the Bourbons. Napoleon struggled no longer against fate. With his Imperial Guard, and some marshals and ministers, he retired to Fontainebleau, where he was speedily surrounded and watched by a cordon of the regiments of the allies. He was, in fact, a prisoner, and compelled to hear the unaccustomed words of dictation. The allies had agreed not to treat with him, but to insist upon his unconditional abdication. Several of his marshals who went to Paris returned with the demand that he should abdicate the thrones of France and Italy for himself and family. "Is this the advice of the generals?" the emperor asked. "Yes, Sire." "Is it the wish of the army?" "Yes, Sire." He immediately retired and signed his abdication, but made a reservation in favor of his son and the empress. It was disallowed. At the suggestion of the Emperor of Russia he was offered the privilege of retaining the title of emperor, with the island of Elba, off the coast of Tuscany, as his empire, where he might keep a navy commensurate with its extent, a body-guard, and all the pageantry of an imperial court; for the maintenance of which he was to receive, in quarterly installments, an annuity of over a million dollars, to be paid by the French government, and also the revenues of the island. To these conditions the powerless emperor was compelled to assent, and he prepared to take possession of his Lilliputian empire, whose area was ninety-seven square miles, and its population twelve thousand!

How little the allies comprehended the man, this ridiculous farce reveals. Was he worthy of the retained dignities and promised income? If so, he was worthy of the throne of France. Did they expect to imprison an eagle in the cage of a canary-bird? Europe seemed to think so. Men every where breathed freer with a sense of security, and the peace-doves were not afraid of the war-hawks. England was specially jubilant and confident; and George Cruikshank, who, to use his own words, now "lived upon the great usurper, Bonaparte," again expressed the popular belief in a caricature called "Extracting the groan of abdication from the Corsican blood-hound." It was not an expiring groan. There was deep significance in the words of the imperial exile on his voyage to Elba. He appears to have contemplated playing the Roman at Fontainebleau by suicide. On that voyage he said, "If Marius had slain himself in the marshes of Minturnæ he would never have enjoyed his seventh consulate." The sig-



CORSIKAN BLOOD-HOUND.

nificance of these words was made manifest a few months afterward.

On the 20th of April the emperor left Fontainebleau for Elba, after a tearful parting with most of the remnant of the Imperial Guard. "Comrades!" he said, "all Europe has armed against me. France herself has deserted me, and chosen another dynasty. I might, with you, have maintained a civil war for years, but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful to the new sovereign your country has chosen. Do not lament my fate. I shall always be happy while I know that you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier—but I will always follow the path of honor. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. Farewell!"

With four envoys—one from each of the great powers, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia—seven hundred of his best soldiers, one hundred and fifty of his Old Guard, and Marshal Bertrand, friends, and servants, Napoleon moved toward the port of Frejus, where he had landed on his return from Egypt, and began his marvelous career as a ruler. It was to him a journey so terrible that the impression long haunted him. As the route tended more and more southward, the people, especially in Provence, were more and more unfriendly. He was grossly insulted by words and gestures. At one place his own effigy, dabbled with blood, was held up before him by a mob. At a château on the way he had an interview with his sister Pauline, and soon after that he was compelled to disguise himself in the dress of a menial to escape destruction.

At Frejus a French man-of-war was in readiness to carry Napoleon to Elba. The Bourbon flag was at her peak, and he chose the British ship *Undaunted* for the voyage. The Austrian

and British envoys accompanied him, and the latter (Sir Neil Campbell) remained at Elba, under instructions, afterward given, not to leave it until the Congress called at Vienna to settle the affairs of Europe should be dissolved. He appears to have been a sort of official reporter and spy. Napoleon comprehended his mission, and so long as it suited the emperor's purpose, and no longer, he treated Sir Neil with marked courtesy.

The Elbans received their sovereign with demonstrations of joy, for they expected great advantages for themselves to be derived from the new order of things. This reception, which it was supposed would be cold because of the known hatred of the Bonapartes by the Elbans, gave occasion for numerous lampoons, with pen and pencil, in England—a method of attack and ridicule then confined almost wholly to that country and ours. For years Napoleon, as first consul and emperor, had been greatly annoyed by the English caricatures of himself and family, for he was very sensitive to ridicule; and now, on the voyage, he spoke of the admirable ones that the present movement would bring out in London. And so it did. I give a portion of one in Rowlandson's vulgar but vigorous style, entitled "Nap dreading his doleful doom, or his grand entry in the Isle of Elba." The exile is just landed, and receives unpleasant impressions from the coarse faces and manners of the inhabitants, who rush from the hills in crowds to welcome him. Sadly dejected, he exclaims, "Ah! woe is me; seeing what I have, and seeing what I see!" A beauty of the island offers him consolation in the shape of a pipe, saying, "Come, cheer up, my little Nicky, I'll be your empress."

With admirable tact Napoleon simulated acquiescence and contentment. He arranged his household upon an imperial plan, in miniature,



RECEPTION AT ELBA.

built palaces in town and country, rode over his tiny domain with cheerfulness, and projected and began many and vast improvements. His mother and his sister Pauline joined him. People flocked to Elba from all quarters to see the enthralled hero, as people flock to a menagerie to see a caged lion. The port of Ferrajo was crowded with vessels bringing people, and food for the people; and very soon that mart had a right to its modified ancient name, which Napoleon had changed from Cosmo to Cosmopoli—the city of all nations.

The emperor now professed to have no other ambition than to make Elba the seat of a splendid little empire. "I think," he said to Sir Neil, "of nothing beyond the verge of my little isle. I am now a politically deceased person, occupied with my family, my house, my cows, and my poultry. Here I will pass my days in peace, engaged in the pleasures of literature and science, and the world may forget me if it likes." Sir Neil believed; but Baron Kohler, the Austrian envoy, could not be deceived by Napoleon's duplicity. When he left Elba, in May, the emperor embraced him warmly, with expressions of love. "What were you thinking of, baron," an English gentleman afterward asked the envoy, "while locked in the emperor's embrace?" "Of Judas Iscariot!" was the answer.

The summer and autumn passed away. Europe believed that Napoleon was amusing himself with Euclid and Napier, and writing the story of the deeds of himself and his Old Guard, as he had promised he would at Fontainebleau. The indolent King of France ate his soup and took his siesta *sans souci*, content to leave the management of his kingdom, at first, to Talleyrand, who, as Pembroke said, was "born of the willow, and not of the oak." The French people, charmed with repose, dreamed sweetly of peace and prosperity, and to the eye of the superficial observer the political atmosphere of Europe was as pure and serene as an evening sky after a terrific thunder-storm, when the representatives of the eight powers—Austria, Spain, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden (four from each)—began to assemble in congress at Vienna, at the beginning of 1815, to readjust the boundaries of shattered kingdoms and determine their future policy. But the dreams and the placidity were delusive. Napoleon had been solving in his own mind at Elba other problems than those of Euclid, and had been preparing to *make* history rather than to *write* it. Indeed, he had not been a month in Elba when he began a secret and active correspondence with his friends in France and Italy concerning his dynasty. He was satisfied that the terms of his abdication would not be fulfilled by France, for he was well acquainted with Bourbon perfidy and the fickleness of the French people. He learned with satisfaction that the temper of his soldiers who returned from captivity in the north gave evidence of their dissatisfaction

with the new order of things, and that he was yet the idol of his old armies. He furloughed many of his attendant Old Guard, who went as emissaries of their master among their comrades in arms in France, and inspired them with earnest desires to once more follow their great leader and his imperial eagles.

Inquietude was every where visible in France. The incapacity of the king to profit by the great lessons of the hour; the haughty pretensions and greed of the royalists, who excluded men of the people from offices of trust and profit; the efforts of the clergy—whose establishments Bonaparte had not violently suppressed but starved—to reinstate the Romish Church in all its vigor, or to establish laws enforcing religious observances, and to place under the ban of excommunication all theatrical performers, disappointed and disgusted the people, who had been promised political and religious freedom if they would accept the Bourbon as king. The principles of the old revolution were yet potential throughout the kingdom, and were powerfully fostered by Carnot and the infamous Fouché, who for long years had served Napoleon in works of darkness, but who, the emperor said, was "a miscreant of all colors—a priest and terrorist," whom he used, but never esteemed nor trusted. These principles were cherished and spread by the friends of Napoleon, and the army was made to believe, what was doubtless true, that the royalists intended to extinguish it and create a new one, because, having been a supporter of the empire, it could not be relied upon as a supporter of the new dynasty. And the pride of the French nation was touched with mortification by the reproach constantly uttered that it had received the restored monarch at the dictation of foreigners. Finally, the muzzling of the press, and the evident intention to re-establish Bourbon rule, after the pattern before 1789, kindled the slumbering volcano of revolution into active flame. The Jacobins and Imperialists coalesced, and Fouché, who had, by sheer impudence, made his way into the French cabinet, seems to have acted as the traitorous high-priest at the nuptials. At the same time he pointed out to that cabinet (what was true) that the tranquillity of the countries and sovereigns of Europe could never be secured while Napoleon remained in his present condition, for his residence on Elba was to France what Vesuvius was to Naples.

Conspiracy in favor of Napoleon soon took definite shape in France. Affiliations and points of rendezvous of conspirators were arranged. The Duchess of St. Leu (ex-Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon the Third) was chief of the feminine conspirators, who were active, skillful, and numerous. The police of Paris were thoroughly indoctrinated with the revolutionary spirit, and under their connivance it assumed a more open and daring aspect. As the plots thickened, and the rumblings of the volcano became more and more audible, desires for the return of Napoleon were intensified and

wide-spread. To express their hopes that the event would occur in the spring, his partisans adopted as their emblem the early vernal flower, and they called Bonaparte "Corporal Violet." The flower and the color were publicly worn as a party distinction before the court took the alarm; and the health of the exile, under the name of Corporal Violet, was pledged by many a royalist, who did not suspect its concealed meaning. So bold did the conspirators become, and so stupid seemed the royal officials, that treasonable correspondence was carried on through the post-office, and the king's seal covered letters bearing political explosives that were carried by public messengers wearing his livery!

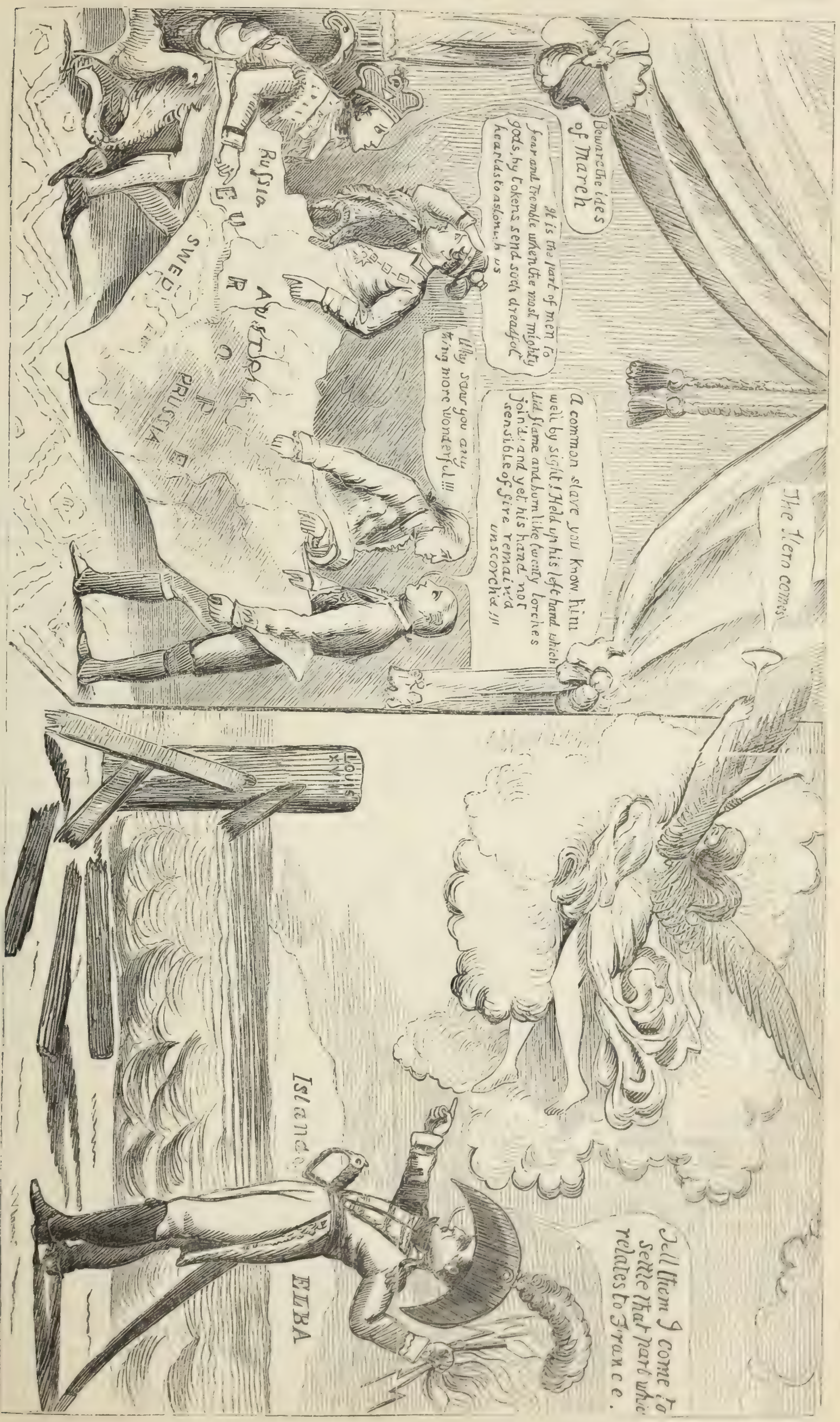
Outside of France there was calmness in courts and passivity among the people. The international Congress assembled at Vienna. Talleyrand was there to act for France, Wellington (now made duke) was there to speak for England, and the Emperors of Russia and Austria were present to speak for themselves. With the map of Europe spread before them, they deliberated how this and that line of territory, and this and that line of policy, should be adjusted so as to best suit royal families and dynasties, but without for a moment considering the wishes of the people whose nationalities they were ready to change. Elba and Napoleon seemed too insignificant for consideration. So certainly seemed the peace of Europe to be secured that many of Wellington's veterans had been sent to this country to invade Northern New York, burn Washington, and capture New Orleans, for the United States and Great Britain were at war; and the British Parliament had proceeded to settle the home and foreign policy of the realm as if no more armies would be called to the field in Europe. It was the usual calm before the tempest.

As Napoleon expected, the treaty wrung from him at Fontainebleau had been violated. No part of his stipulated annuity had been paid to him by the French ministry, and he was pressed by poverty under heavy expenses, for he could draw but little money from the Elbans. Sir Neil Campbell warned his government that this violation of the treaty would justify the exile in any attempt to repossess himself of the throne of France. He reported how strangers—suspicious characters—appeared and disappeared without affording any trace of their journey or object; how the emperor had become sullen, and excluded the British envoy and other foreigners from his court; how public works had been discontinued, and all the interest of the emperor in his little domain appeared to have died out. But his warnings were not heeded, for they were taken to be the words of an alarmist, such as had at times frightened England from her propriety.

Napoleon justly felt himself absolved from the bonds of the treaty at Fontainebleau. He was assured that the fruit of conspiracies in his favor in France was fully ripe, and that he had only to stretch forth his hand to pluck and en-

joy it. He proceeded to do so. On the evening of the 26th of February his sister Pauline gave a sumptuous entertainment to the officers of the little Elban army; and just after midnight the emperor and suit, with these and eight hundred troops, embarked for France. Sir Neil Campbell had been told at Leghorn that the exile was surely on the point of departure from Elba. He hastened to Ferrajo in the *Partridge*. The sovereign had gone. His mother and sister seemed to be in an agony of anxiety about the fate of the fugitive. They professed to know nothing of his movements excepting that he had sailed toward the coast of Barbary. The *Partridge* made chase, but not in that direction. It was too late. When Sir Neil came in sight of the port of Cannes, near Ferrajo, he saw the Elban flotilla at anchor, but Napoleon and his followers had landed, and were on their way toward Paris.

It was on the 1st of March—a delightful spring day, when the violets were all in bloom—that the exiled emperor again set his foot upon the soil of France, from which he had been expelled more than ten months before. Instead of insults, the people now offered him homage. After passing Provence into Dauphiny, he was received with acclamations of joy all along his pathway toward the capital. The gates of Grenoble were thrown open to him by the young royalist commander, and the troops gathered around the emperor with joyous shouts. There his little army of eight hundred men had become seven thousand strong. He pressed on down the mountains of Dauphiny toward Lyons, the capital of Celtic Gaul, and birth-place of four Roman emperors, when the army stationed there joined his standard. There he resumed the administration of the empire. "Soldiers!" he said to his old troops, "take again the eagles you followed at Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, and Montmirail. Victory shall march at every charging step. The eagles, with the national colors, shall fly from steeple to steeple, on to the towers of Notre Dame!" Then he pressed onward, issuing proclamation after proclamation, that electrified France, and found his march to be a continued ovation as he passed through village after village. On the night of the 19th he slept at Fontainebleau, and on the following evening, in fog and rain, he entered Paris, and was borne upon the shoulders of Parisians to the magnificent *salon* of the Tuileries, then filled with a brilliant assemblage of his friends—the beautiful and the brave—and from which Louis the Eighteenth had fled only a few hours before. The acclamations of immense crowds in the streets filled the air until long after midnight; and until dawn the cannons that had thundered in battle at Austerlitz, Marengo, and Dresden shook the brilliantly illuminated city. And so the empire was re-established, and the tricolored flag was unfurled all over France. Before the close of May more than three hundred thousand soldiers, most of them veterans,



THE CONGRESS AT VIENNA IN GREAT CONSTERNATION,

besides an Imperial Guard of forty thousand, were ready to follow the emperor whithersoever he might choose to lead.

Awful to the vision of astonished Europe was that seeming spectre of the Scourge coming from Elba. To the senses bewildered by fear the apparition seemed, at first, more like a phantom than a reality, for was not Napoleon dead? The French court smiled when the story ran through the Tuileries that the exiled emperor had landed at Cannes with a few hundred followers—Frenchmen, Elbans, and Corsicans; and the duped king went to the theatre that night, as usual, with perfect unconcern. When little Talleyrand, one chilly March evening, burst into the chamber of the congress at Vienna, where sovereigns and diplomats were warmly disputing over the map of Europe, and told them the startling news, he was greeted with loud laughter, as if he were a child that had been frightened by a ghost. But when tidings reached Paris that the emperor's march was unimpeded even by a voice—that Marshal Ney, who a few days before had kissed the king's hand in token of his fidelity, and promised to bring Napoleon to Paris in an iron cage within a week, had joined the invader with all his troops, and that royal regiments were transformed by the magic of Bonaparte's presence into imperial followers—in a word, that the army had deserted the Bourbons—the king, satisfied that conspiracy had undermined his throne, "took French leave," and fled to Belgium. When the same facts were made known to the congress at Vienna, the monarchs and diplomats were filled with consternation. They folded up the map of Europe in haste, for they were now more concerned about thrones than boundaries. Debate changed to consultation. A coalition was quickly formed for driving the common enemy out of France. The congress signed a proclamation which declared that Napoleon Bonaparte was an outlaw, a violator of treaties, and a disturber of the peace of the world; and they gave license to every assassin to kill him, by formally delivering him over to public vengeance. Then the congress, and the generals of all nations in Vienna, called upon Wellington to assist in drawing up a grand plan of military operations; and by a treaty made on the 23d of March the governments that were a party thereto agreed to act in perfect concord until their work should be accomplished.

In all these events toward the close of the empire Americans were deeply interested. The French Revolution had given rise to the violently opposing parties here known as Federalists and Republicans (or Democrats). The latter, mistaking the French Jacobinism for democracy such as the American Revolution had displayed, sympathized with the revolutionists abroad, and were ever bitterly hostile to England. The Federalists were conservative, and preserved a dignified neutrality. "English party" and "French party" were the catch-words

of demagogues. The Democrats plunged the country into war with England in 1812, in spite of the opposition of the Federalists. When Napoleon won, the Democrats rejoiced; when he lost, the Federalists were jubilant. When he was banished to Elba the latter celebrated the event, and at public tables such toasts as these were given: "*The Royal Family of France*—Our friends in adversity, we rejoice in their prosperity." "*The Democratic Party of America*—If not satisfied with their own country, they may seek an asylum in the island of Elba."

It was now the turn of the Democrats to rejoice, and they did so heartily, with public demonstrations. Song and satire marked their jubilations. William Charles, a caricaturist of Philadelphia, issued a print entitled "*The Congress at Vienna in Consternation*." The members—sovereigns and diplomats—have risen to their feet, excepting the Emperor of Russia. Before them is the map of Europe. Napoleon is seen on the sea-shore, fully armed, with Elba in the distance. He carries the fiery thunderbolts of war in one hand, and with the other points to a winged messenger proclaiming his approach, saying, "Tell them I come to settle that part which relates to France." The members of the congress gave various utterances indicative of astonishment and alarm; the Emperor of Austria saying, while holding upon his head his disturbed crown, "It is the part of men to fear and tremble when the most mighty gods, by tokens, send such dreadful heralds to astonish us."

The rest of the story may be soon told. Belgium, as of old, became the battle-field. There the giants fought desperately. On Sunday, the 18th of June, after a tempestuous night, one hundred and fifty thousand men under Wellington and Napoleon struggled for the mastery for many hours on the field of Waterloo. Wellington won, Napoleon lost. The empire vanished. The Bourbon was re-enthroned, and the great emperor, fallen to rise no more, was carried by a British ship far below the equator, and chained for life to the volcanic rock of St. Helena, in the wild Atlantic, more than a thousand miles from any continent. So the annals of England were indelibly stained.

The exile of Napoleon gave occasion for much and sharp comment upon the policy of England, saying nothing about the moral aspect of the case; and those persons in France who had been instrumental in accomplishing the final downfall of the emperor, by treachery to his cause, were very severely handled, not only by grave publicists, but by satirists even of England. That exile also gave occasion for one of the best caricatures ever issued by Charles, of Philadelphia, entitled "*Louis XVIII. climbing the Mât de Cocagne*"—a long pole, well soaped or greased, on the top of which, in public sports, some prize is hung, and he who succeeds in climbing up to it wins it. A copy of Charles's caricature is here given. In it Châteaubriand comes in for a large share of casti-



LOUIS XVIII. CLIMBING THE MÂT DE COUAGNE.

gation. He is seen standing on one side of the picture, with a dagger in one hand and a pen and cross in the other, a rosary hanging from his waist, and his pamphlet, "Bonaparte and the Bourbons," protruding from his pocket. He says, "Call me Châteaubriand, or Shatterbrain, or what you will—charge any thing upon me but truth and soberness, I who am the greatest and most eloquent humbug in Europe, and the first poetical and church militant statesman in France." Behind him, in the distance, is seen Napoleon on St. Helena, calmly surveying the scramble for the crown on the top of the soaped pole. He is surrounded by armed men, with cannon on an eminence pointed at his head.

He says, "I climbed up twice without any help." A little to the left of Châteaubriand are seen Talleyrand and Fouché. The former is pointing toward Châteaubriand, and says, "My dear Fouché, that charlatan has jockeyed us both." Fouché, who is carrying a bag on one arm marked "Louis," and another on the other arm marked "Boney," says nothing, but looks like the personification of intrigue.

In front is the ex-Empress Maria Louisa, weeping, and sobbing this parody :

“Oh where, and oh where is my dear Napoleon gone?
He is gone to St. Helena, and my son has lost his
throne.”

Her little son is just before her, wearing the

great chapeau of his father, and pulling at the skirts of the Emperor of Austria, who, resting his hands and knees upon bags marked "English subsidies," is supporting the several persons who are assisting Louis XVIII. to win the prize of the crown at the top of the pole. The little son says, "Do, mamma, make grandpapa leave all these folks to themselves." The emperor, with Alexander of Russia astride his neck, says, "If I *leave* them they will fall upon me." The Emperor of Russia, holding in his hand a scroll marked "Maritime Ascendency," says, with a look of great satisfaction, "Behold my work!" On the shoulders of the Russian stands the King of Prussia, who says, "I'll take what I can get." Upon his bent back is Wellington, with a drawn sword, from whose pocket protrudes a paper with the words, "Plans for campaign for 1816-1817." Upon his shoulder sits fat old Louis, reaching up and touching the crown, and crying out, "Support me, or I fall!" He carries on his back a cross, a bottle of holy water, a bull of absolution, and a huge bag marked "Claims of the emigrants," or the royalists who had been compelled to leave France during the revolution and the empire. From Louis is flying the imperial eagle, signifying the army of France leaving the king.

Near the foot of the pole stands the Duke of Orleans and his wife. The latter says, "Ah! you will never get the crown, or an heir to it." A little in the background stands John Bull, with money-bags, saying, "Come, take my money; that's what all this fun means. Well, that Mounseer Shatterbrain pleases me most. He seems maddest of 'em all; and well he may, for he keeps Louis's conscience." Further to the left, in front, is a French and an English diplomatist in accord; and in the distance is seen the pope on a high pole, swinging his tiara in great glee, and paraphrasing the words at the execution of Louis XVI., "Son of Louis, ascend to heaven;" and adds, "You can do no good upon earth." Below are scenes of martyrdom; fires, and the St. Bartholomew massacre. This print was privately circulated in Paris.

When Napoleon was secured at St. Helena Europe drew a long breath of relief, and enjoyed a long day of tranquillity. Yet it continued to have troubled dreams, for the Spectre from Elba—the Ghost of Napoleon the Great—haunted France and the courts of other kingdoms for many years. The nephew can not imitate the uncle in this. Even the corporeity of Napoleon the Less in exile does not disturb any body's repose.

Napoleon the Great gave France order, strength, beauty, and solid renown. Napoleon the Less, aspiring to imitate him even in details, corrupted, disordered, and weakened France, and dimmed her military glory. The first empire will always be remembered with admiration; the second empire will be contemplated with pity for its victim, the French nation.

THE STORY OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

WERE they husband and wife, or brother and sister?

It was certain that he looked quite young for a married man, and that she looked altogether too young for a married woman. Moreover, there was a frolicsomeness in their manner to each other, a child-like gayety in the way they chased along the beach and splashed each other with pebbles, which all failed to accord with our grave Anglo-American notions of matrimonial modes of felicity.

On the other hand, he was blonde and she was brunette, he was tall and she was little. The people at the Pequot House (New London, Connecticut) could not tell what to make of this couple until they had examined the hotel register, and found them set down as "Mr. and Mrs. Fred Van Curler, New York city."

Meantime Mr. and Mrs. Fred Van Curler went on frolicking without regard to the scrutiny to which they were subjected, or to any thing but the getting as much fun as possible out of their summer play-spell. At last, tired with romping, they seated themselves on a rock by the sea-shore and commenced a jovial prattle.

"Oh dear! I wish I was rich," cried this little dot of a Mrs. Van Curler, throwing back her ringlets from her round, hot face. "I wish I had fifty thousand dollars."

Fred laughed at the smallness of the sum, so disproportioned to New York ideas of what constitutes wealth, and so indicative of his wife's country simplicity.

"And what would you do, Mrs. Van, if you had fifty thousand dollars?" he asked. "Buy the United States and adjacent oceans?"

"I was going to say I would keep this up all the year round. But I wouldn't. I would just keep house. I would have my own house, and keep it. What better can a woman do? But come, Master Freddy, what would you do?"

"Oh, I would write a big book. I would commence my history of Venice."

Here he tipped her jockey hat over her eyes, and she retorted by pulling his hair.

"By Jove!" almost groaned an old bachelor who surveyed these antics, "that girl isn't precisely handsome, but she's awfully taking. I wish I had such a one in *my* hair."

Here he thought of the bald spot on his crown, drew a decent sigh over the memories of perished days, took a cigar-case from his pocket, and soothed himself with a smoke.

It is a jolly thing to be only twenty-four, and not to look more than twenty-one. It must also be a jolly thing to have a pretty, good-tempered, gay little wife of twenty-one, who does not look more than eighteen. Perhaps it is not quite so gleesome to be a humble member of the New York press, writing odd scraps here and there for a precarious living, and vainly wishing one had time to work on a history or a novel.

Fred Van Curler, as improvident as the majority of the scribbling race (but not, perhaps, more so than the worshipful human race at large), had married a girl as poor as himself, and so had made life "one demnition grind." Fortunate was it for him that he had chosen this girl from among the simple, unambitious, housekeeping, home-loving Dutch girls of his native county on the North River. His wife's sole grievance was that she could not keep house and do house-work. His sole grievance was that he could not give her a house, and write the history of Venice in it while she washed the dishes. To a couple who demand so little of this world let us wish all possible good fortune.

After a delicious day, the first day that Fanny had ever passed by the sea-side, and therefore full of wonders to her—after this memorable day had gone brightly and sweetly to its sunset—came a whimsical and tormenting adventure, which proved to be pregnant with results. Fred Van Curler had only been asleep an hour or so when he was awakened by a malady to which he was subject. We will not name it; medical nomenclature is as disagreeable as medical potions. The Sairy Gamp mind must be satisfied with a hint or two. He was in a good deal of pain and in a little danger.

Now this cheerful, serviceable dot of a Dutch wife was just the wife for such an emergency. Her little heart full of anxiety, but her little head as clear and ready as might be the biggest head that was ever modeled in plaster. She was slippered and dressing-gowned almost as soon as she was awake, and ready to fly over the world for remedies. The bell wouldn't ring; no use calling for servants down the dark entry. She looked out of the window, and saw a light in the kitchen wing; she would skip down there and make a mustard poultice with her own hands.

"Oh, darling, promise me not to die before I get back!" she said, candle in hand. "Oh, darling, how it distresses me to see you suffer so! I'll only be gone a minute."

She went; she reached the kitchen; she joyed in making the poultice; she wrapped it in one of her own old handkerchiefs; she was on her return, when the candle went out, leaving her in darkness. Never mind; she thought she knew the way to her room; moreover, every minute was precious while her husband was suffering. She groped and stumbled up stairways and along passages.

A partially open door, and a faint, very faint, suffusion of light from a window within, showed her at last that she had reached her goal. Tossing the hot poultice from hand to hand, she rushed in, flew to the bedside of the patient, and with dextrous, nursing rapidity applied the medicament, saying, "There, darling! now you will be easier."

To her amazement this wifely attention was responded to by a loud yell, while at the same time the poultice was snatched off and violently

hurled against the ceiling. She heard the sharp slap of it as it struck aloft, and the soft thud of it as it fell back on the carpeted floor. The culmination of horror was reached when, in response to her palpitating question, "Oh, darling, was it too hot?" an unfamiliar bass voice—some abominable strange man's voice—shouted, "What the deuce does this mean?"

The awful truth flashed upon Fanny. She had poulticed somebody else's husband; she was in the wrong room. It was no place nor time for apologizing, nor even for shrieking. She flew into the passage and back to the stairway, her heart beating as if it would jump on to the floor and run away by itself, and the speed of her slippers hastened by the sound of a door furiously banged behind her. Of a sudden she guessed the cause of her error. She had not gone high enough by one story.

"Oh, darling, what shall I do?" she exclaimed, as she at last rustled into her own room, slammed the door to, and locked it.

"What is the matter?" asked Fred, wrestling with his spasm.

Then came the story. Fred could not resist it. It was better than a ton of mustard poultices. Before he had done laughing at it he was cured by it. He shrieked and choked with laughter, pulling up in pure exhaustion and then commencing again.

"You shabby thing!" protested Fanny, in one of her sweet-tempered pouts. "How can you laugh so when I was frightened to death, and there's no poultice, and the kitchen shut up?"

"I don't want any," sobbed Fred. "I'm well. It's enough to cure any body. It would raise the dead."

"You mean, shabby thing!" repeated Fanny; but as she was a mere trifle hysterical, she too presently fell a-laughing. The story was told over again, and these two children laughed themselves to sleep.

In the morning Fanny's first words were: "Oh dear! he'll find it out. My name was on the handkerchief."

"Oh! was it?" answered the boy-husband, and went off in a fresh paroxysm of merriment. "I wonder what he thinks of his treatment. I wonder if he's better."

"Don't be silly," implored Fanny. "Do hurry! We must get away from this place before breakfast. Come, Fred, we must. I won't ask you another favor for a year."

"Very well," assented Fred. "We'll go to the next bathing-place. I dare say it will be nice enough."

In an hour the two were on their way to the railroad station, the husband shaking occasionally with suppressed giggles, and the wife slyly punishing him with pinches.

Meanwhile things went thus at the Pequot House: About eight o'clock a middle-aged, pursy, red-faced, eager-eyed gentleman made his appearance at the office, holding in his hand what looked like a wad of stained linen.

"I should like to know what sort of a house you keep here," he said, in a wrathful voice, to the "gentlemanly proprietor."

"Why, we keep a respectable house, I hope," returned that personage, with a natural stare of inquiry.

"I don't see it, Sir," declared the stout gentleman. "Here's a pretty trick to be played on a boarder. Last night somebody got into my room and clapped a red-hot mustard poultice on to me. And there it is," he concluded, sternly holding out the wad of moist linen.

"I don't know what the dickens it means," asseverated the amazed landlord, putting on his spectacles and staring at the poultice. "I—I—I'll see to it, Sir," he added, retreating a little as the mess was thrust nearer his nose. "If I can find out who did it I'll turn him out, Sir. By-the-way, let me look at that. Isn't it a handkerchief? Certainly it is—a lady's handkerchief. And here's a name."

"Lady's name?" quickly demanded the stout gentleman. "Let me have that poultice!"

"Fanny Van Curler," read the landlord aloud, as he handed back the wad.

"Fanny Van Curler—so it is," repeated the stout gentleman. "Who the deuce is Fanny Van Curler, and why the dickens did she mustard-poultice *me*?"

"Some mistake, I reckon," suggested the host, beginning to grin. "Some mistake about the room, probably."

The stout man glared at him. As he glared he seemed to grow incredulous and indignant. As last he said, "I don't see it in that light; I don't see it, Sir."

"I don't know what else to make of it," meekly urged the landlord.

"I do," insisted the stout gentleman. "I understand it now. That's the way they always go on, Sir. They're always after a fellow. It's a most delicate little attention; that's what it is, Sir. Who is Fanny Van Curler? I'll hunt her up if it takes me till doomsday."

All this was uttered with such a curious air of eagerness that it was hard to say whether he were in jest or earnest, preposterous as were his suppositions and declarations. Resuming a quieter look presently, he turned over the hotel register until he found the entry, "Mr. and Mrs. Fred Van Curler, New York city."

"Who's that?" he demanded, sharply.

The landlord reflected a moment, and decided that there was no harm in telling what he knew, it amounted to so little.

"A young man and his wife who came here yesterday," he answered.

"What's the style of the lady?"

"About eighteen, small, dark, dark eyes, black ringlets."

"I've seen her," said the stout man, with three or four satisfied nods. "I've noticed her, and she's noticed me. Are they at breakfast?"

The landlord was being questioned too much. He looked exultant as he replied, "They have gone."

"Gone! You don't mean to say—gone! Gone where?"

"How should I know? They drove to the station in time for the eight-o'clock train west."

"Let me have my bill," gasped the stout gentleman. "There's the name—James F. Willard. Include the breakfast, Sir. No, Sir; never mind, Sir. I'll wait till the eight-o'clock train to-morrow morning."

"Ah! means to question the conductor," thought the landlord; but he made no remarks whatever, governed by the wise reticence of his class.

Mr. James F. Willard was certainly a singular gentleman. He set a value upon that mustard poultice which was far beyond its commercial worth, and which might lead one to suppose that either he meant to extract some capital joke out of it, or else that he labored under delusions concerning it. During the day he kept it in his pocket, feeling of it occasionally to make sure it was there. Toward night it became somewhat stale. His neighbors at the supper-table perceived the fact. There were sniffing queries as to "that peculiar odor."

Consequently he carried the handkerchief to the laundress of the hotel, and asked her to wash it. But so fearful was he of losing it that he staid by her during the whole process of rinsing, drying, and ironing. When it was handed to him, nicely folded, with the name of Fanny Van Curler on the outside corner, he solemnly placed it in an inner breast pocket, next his heart, and conferred upon the laundress the disproportionate reward of two dollars.

"This is the most honored day of your life," he said, in a way which made Bridget grin and take him for a "funny ould gentleman."

On the eight-o'clock train west was he next morning, furnished with a ticket through to New York. His only baggage was a very small traveling sachel, and an oblong box which evidently contained a guitar. It is to be supposed that he found the right conductor, and obtained some guiding information from him, for he left the cars at the sea-coast town of Guilford, and took the stage down to the Guilford Point House.

Meanwhile our two child-like and frolicsome Knickerbockers, far from suspecting the trouble that was journeying toward them, were having a jolly time. To people of their gay and contented natures one place furnished about as much happiness as another. Fred Van Curler could have but one vacation a year, and he was determined to get the utmost possible fun out of it; and his kitten of a wife was thoroughly like-minded. I doubt whether any two Anglo-Saxons of American raising could have plucked half as much joy from trifles as these two American Hollanders.

Of course the remembrance of the nocturnal adventure helped along the merriment. It affected Fred Van Curler much like a dose of laughing-gas. It threw him every now and

then into a spasm of giggling; it laid him out on the grass, and tickled him roundly. He laughed over it until his wife got impatient, and pouted out good-natured protests.

"You shabby thing!" she exclaimed. "I wish you wouldn't go on so about that horrid blunder. It was the clumsiest, ugliest, wretchedest scrape that ever I got into. I think it's awfully mean in you to keep giggling at it."

Even as they talked thus Mr. James F. Willard was gazing at them. It must be remembered that they did not know him from Adam. Not even Fanny Van Curler could suspect that here was the man whom she had medicated. He passed and repassed them unnoticed; he halted near them, and stared at them intently; he got behind Fanny, and winked, one might say, vociferously. He was certainly a very curiously behaved gentleman, considering his respectable years and stoutness.

That night the moon was lovely. Fred and Fanny, dazzled with the to them novel beauties of the sea-side, sat late at their window looking out upon the gleaming waters. It was nearly midnight, and all was still in the grounds of the hotel, when, from the shadow of a tree beneath the window, rose an unmelodious bass voice, accompanied by a caterwaulish twanging upon a guitar.

"Oh!" cried Fanny, always as pleased as a child with a new incident, even if it was only a new noise. "Oh! a serenade! Somebody is being serenaded. Fred, come to the window, quick! Oh, such a funny voice!"

Here the words became audible. The funny voice brayed forth as follows:

"O loving flame! O heavenly fire!
Elysium of untold desire:
I ask no sweeter, happier lot
Than mustard poultice piping hot."

Imagine Fanny's dismay at the last line; she absolutely made a grimace like a scared child. Fred looked at her with the air of a man whose first impulse is to laugh, but whose next thought is that a joke is being carried too far, and that he is justly called upon to be indignant. Too much astonished to utter a word, they were still staring at each other when the singer roared into this felicitous chorus—a marvel of poetical perspicuity:

"Round and round we go and blow;
Back and forth we dance and prance;
Here's the high and there's the low;
Let the jack and game advance."

While this dulcet strain was tickling the heavy ear of night they could distinctly see a stout figure capering slowly in the shadow and swinging some object, which was probably a guitar.

"Oh, isn't it mean? isn't it hateful?" chattered Fanny, with a quick, sharp, pattering utterance, very unlike New England talk, or the generality of Anglo-Saxon talk, but frequently enough heard among our North River Hollanders.

Fred also was annoyed. Like the race from

which he sprang, he was good-natured, jovial, fond of jokes, and not grimly fastidious as to their nature. Had not his wife's feelings been hurt he would not have cared how wildly the musical unknown enjoyed himself, and would, indeed, have laughed convulsively at this extravagant song and this absurd dance. But Fanny being outraged, he also—an affectionate husband—felt himself outraged. Being, however, slow to kindle into active pugnacity, he had not yet decided what to do, and was only looking about vaguely for a convenient missile, when the jig ceased and the solo recommenced.

"O heaven on earth! O joyful lot!
I'll tie the lover's gordian knot:
I have my spirit's full desire—
A mustard poultice hot as fire."

Which was followed immediately by another walk around and the chorus—

"Round and round we go and blow;
Back and forth we dance and prance;
Here's the high and there's the low;
Let the jack and game advance."

We are sorry to say that at this point of the entertainment Fred seized the water-pitcher, with the intention of letting fly, pottery and all, at the head of the terpsichorean melodist.

"Oh, don't!" implored Fanny, to whom, as to every good wife, her husband's wrath was terrible. "Ah, don't kill him! Tell him to go away."

Mollified by a half embrace of a round arm, Fred contented himself with calling out of the window: "Here, you Sir! I, for one, don't like your music! Won't you have the kindness to stop it?"

"Don't you like it?" answered the voice, in a tone of wonder. "What do you think of the words?"

"I think they are very impertinent," replied Fred, who was not as angry as he supposed he ought to be, being considerably puzzled by the absurd good faith and simplicity of the serenade.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the voice. "They are my own."

A moment's consideration of this statement brought Fred's wrath once more to pitcher-throwing point.

"Now see here!" he shouted, grasping the pluvius missile—surely a fine combination of the moist and the solid, a means of attack fitted to dismay the most antagonistic temperaments—"now see here! If you don't clear out I'll smash your skull open—and water your brains!" he could not help adding, with half a smile.

In reply to this complicated threat there was a rush of stumbling steps from beneath the window, and the man of song and dance disappeared with a haste which seemed like a pre-arranged item of the performance, reminding one of the flying exit of a "nigger minstrel" at the close of his special sensation.

Next morning, nervous from a bad night's sleep, and bristling down his entire spine with

a sense of insult, Fred made search for his tormentor. No use; nobody had seen any body else harnessed to a guitar. As for Mr. James F. Willard, his appearance, if noticed at all, was irreproachable: no one could suspect such an abdomen of serenading or any other light-minded performance. How could any sane man suggest to himself that a sedate person of fifty odd, with a girth of four feet or more about the waistband, would go squalling and galloping about o' nights like a juvenile tom-cat?

Fanny wanted to make one more flight to evade her ungrateful patient. But Fred remonstrated: they could not afford to use up their little money and time on railroads; they must, he insisted, try it where they were for at least one more day.

During the morning they repaired to some rocks on the shore to watch the sunny rippling and swashing of the incoming tide. Discovering that she had left her parasol in the hotel, Fanny jumped up to go in search of it herself, after the self-helpful fashion of wives in our North River Dutchland. But Fred caught her, pulled her back, laughing, to her seat, and ran off after the missing necessary. Scarcely had he disappeared ere she was approached by an elderly gentleman with a ruby visage and a projecting waistcoat, who, for aught she knew, was the President of the United States, but who, as we are aware, was Mr. James F. Willard. Fanny's impression of him was that he was a fatherly old personage, a successful and perhaps retired merchant or other man of business, who wanted to prattle with her about seaside scenery, and with whom there would be no harm in prattling. For the moment, possessed by the beauty of ocean, she had forgotten her mysterious tormentor.

"I beg pardon, madame," said the stranger; "is this Mrs. Van Curler?"

She had been so little time married that she was still in a state of mind to be flattered by the sound of her matrimonial name and by the title of madame. She looked up with a small smile of pleasure, and said, in her simple, kitenish way, "Yes, Sir."

"Then, madame," he continued, "I may have the satisfaction of believing that this is your property?"

He held up the very handkerchief—the well-remembered, detested handkerchief—the little, old, ragged handkerchief—which had contained the poultice.

If Fanny did not suffer as many agonies as a dying dolphin, she turned as many colors. At first she stared, speechless; then she weakly stammered out, "No;" then she recovered her spunk and said, sharply, "Yes, Sir; give it to me."

"Ah, madame, allow me to keep it," implored the stout gentleman, kissing the bit of linen. "It is to me a precious memento. Never shall I forget your attention. I am your slave forever."

Then he kissed the handkerchief again, and tucked it away gently in his breast pocket.

"I didn't mean it for you," burst out Fanny, as simply as an angered child, which, indeed, was what she was. "My husband was sick. I was taking care of him. I have nothing to do with you, Sir. I wish you would leave me."

"Oh, don't say it wasn't for me!" gasped Mr. Willard, laying his fat poultice of a hand on his distressed bosom. "It was the most delicate little attention that I ever received in my life. It went straight to my heart. Oh, don't say it wasn't for me!"

"Go away, Sir!" ordered Mrs. Van Curler, a little puzzled, but thoroughly outraged. "I won't talk to you."

Instead of departing he turned and stared at Fred, who was now approaching.

"Is that your husband?" he asked, dropping his voice to an awful bass, as if he had let it down into a sepulchre.

"Yes," answered Fanny, hoping to frighten him away.

"He's as mad as a March hare," continued Mr. Willard, still in the same impressive bass.

Fanny looked up in surprise, querying for the first time whether the stranger were out of his wits, for up to this moment the idea had been predominant with her that she was being causelessly insulted.

"Don't be alarmed!" exhorted the officious Willard. "He shan't hurt a hair of your precious head. I'll protect you."

Fanny's sole answer was to run to Fred, catch him by the arm, and drag him away. But the young fellow had learned from a waiter that this was the man with the guitar, and his marital soul was bent on vengeance.

"Look here, Sir!" he called, breaking away from Fanny and advancing on the stranger. "I want a word with you. You are the person who sang an impertinent song under my window."

"Impertinent! No, Sir!" declared the stout gentleman. "I wrote it myself. I wrote it in praise of that lady. I owe her a debt of gratitude, Sir. I *will* pay it. I am hers, Sir; hers, body and soul. You can't prove the contrary. I defy you."

As Mr. Willard here fell to dancing and snapping his fingers, Fred ceased his threatening advance, and muttered, "The man is mad."

At this moment another personage joined in the dialogue. From behind a bowling-alley, which stood conveniently at hand, glided a stout young fellow in a coarse morning suit, who softly approached the stout gentleman and touched him on the shoulder. The latter turned short, stared at the new-comer, grinned in a sheepish style, and said, "Go way!"

"Well, Mr. Willard, are you ready to go back?" was the smiling reply of assured authority.

"No, I'm not quite ready," urged Mr. Willard. "Here's a lady who requires my protection. I'm under the greatest obligations to her. I don't want to leave her."

"Let me speak to her about it," said the stranger. He came up to Van Curler and whispered, "This gent has escaped from the Bloomingdale hospital for the insane. I am one of the keepers, and am here to take him back.

"It's all arranged, Mr. Willard," he continued, returning to the stout gentleman. "The lady is willing you should go. Come."

It was quite curious to see how sane in appearance the old fellow became the moment his back was turned upon Mrs. Van Curler, and he felt his arm in that of his legal mentor. He walked off with an air of placid respectability which would have gained him entry into any hotel in Christendom, or induced a bank cashier who did not know him to cash his note.

"There goes your patient," smiled Fred. "You didn't effect much of a cure. You should have clapped the mustard on his head."

"You shabby thing!" pouted Fanny. "It was all for your sake that I got into that trouble. You sha'n't bring it up again. Oh dear!" she added.

"What is the matter?"

"He's gone off with my handkerchief, and it has my name on it."

"Too late," answered Fred. "There he goes, whipping off for the train. Well, he's only a lunatic; let him have it. We sha'n't hear of it again."

A year or so after this adventure Van Curler had obtained a permanent position on a leading journal, which, together with his other sources of literary gain, enabled him to risk the costly experiment of housekeeping. Too poor to sport a brown-stone front, or any thing like it, he took a "flat," or suit of apartments, consisting of parlor, bedroom, servant's room, kitchen, and store-room. His wife, a girl of the by-gone period, as we have already hinted, got along with a cook merely, and did her own bed-making, sweeping, and dusting—a gay, contented, healthy little speck of a housewife, as busy and chirrupy as a robin building her nest.

One Sunday, hardly a week after the opening of this paradise, she rushed in upon her husband with a cluck of alarm: "Oh, Fred! who do you think I've seen in the passage?"

"Giant Despair?" inquired Fred, who, like many husbands, was inclined to make fun of his wife's excitements.

"The man who plagued us so; the madman with the guitar!"

"Oh! Your patient? Has he got out again? Did he say any thing? Did he renew his declarations?"

"Ain't you ashamed, Fred? No. He didn't speak. He didn't even look at me in any particular way."

"He's recovered his reason," observed the husband, with a grin; but the joke was lost on Fanny, who failed to laugh and say, "You mean thing!" Thus disappointed of his usual reward for a witticism on his wife, Fred developed a certain amount of pugnacity, proposing

to look up Mr. Willard and turn him out of the house, or, perhaps, capture him and take him back to the asylum. These absurd projects being overruled by Fanny, he consented to go to Central Park for a walk.

At the Park a new adventure—sudden thunder-storm and no umbrella—hasty run for an unfinished building. Fanny would have got thoroughly soaked had not a stout, red-faced gentleman dropped out of the clouds of accident to cover her with his umbrella during the scamper. Arrived under shelter, she looked at her preserver, and recognized the nocturnal melodist. Fred knew him also, and the lunatic apparently knew them; he had, at least, enough of his wits about him for that purpose. Here was a situation; no running away possible; one might as well have it out.

"Well, Sir!" began Fred, judging that as he was sane, he ought to speak first.

"Sir?" inquired Mr. Willard, who at that moment did not appear very crazy.

"Don't you know that you ought not to be here?" continued Fred, sternly.

"May I beg to know where I ought to be?" answered the other, in quite a rational, self-possessed, and gentlemanly manner.

Now to tell a decently behaved person that he ought to be in a mad-house is certainly awkward, and possibly unsafe. After a moment's consideration, Fred observed, more blandly than before, "Perhaps I am mistaken in the person. If so, I beg pardon."

"No excuse is necessary," replied the stout gentleman, with admirable good nature and courtesy.

Fred was excessively puzzled, and, moreover, his curiosity was roused. He was pretty sure of his man, but, at the same time, he was not sure that the man was now out of his head, and he presently decided to test him with a little conversation.

"I mistook you for a—I beg your pardon for the blunder—but I really took you for an insane individual whom I once met," he began. "By-the-way, it is a very interesting subject, that of insanity—the more interesting because it can not always be distinguished from sanity."

"You are right, Sir," replied the stout gentlemen. "The boundary between the two conditions has never been properly defined, and probably never will be. The truth is that they run into each other and overlap each other at a thousand points. Take a man, for instance, who is tormented with dyspepsia, and who, under its irritation, makes mountains out of mole-hills. He is sane before dinner, and insane after dinner. He is sane on the larger subjects of life, where he must absolutely bring his reason into play, and insane with regard to the little household worries which drive him into fits of storming and swearing. He is sane before strangers, and insane in the circle of his family. Again, take a young man who is led by passion to commit a crime which in his cool-

er moments he abhors: he will confess, 'I was mad when I did it;' and I question whether he does not speak the exact truth. Do you say that insanity is permanent? Remember that the mad have their fits, just like the dyspeptic, just like the wild youth. There are women in good society who are permanently irrational on dress. There are men in large business who are permanently irrational on speculations. People are sane on one subject and insane on others, or they are sane at one time and insane at others. Depend upon it, that if all who are ever at any time mad should he shut up for life, very few human beings would remain outside of asylums. If the whole world is not crazy, it is, at least, skipping back and forth across the borders of craziness."

Fred was amazed at the logic of a discourse which flattered him by agreeing with his own theories. While seeming to listen, he took occasion to stroll near his wife, and whispered, "It can't be the man."

"It is, it is!" whispered Fanny, who, woman-like, trusted to her senses rather than to intellectual deductions. "Do keep away from him!"

The stranger may have heard her remarks. At all events he answered appropriately.

"I believe that you remember me," he said, with a smile in which there was both pathos and dignity. "I may as well confess that I am the person whom you take me for. Can you accept the apologies of a sane man for the vagaries of a lunatic?"

Tableau: Fanny staring and retreating. Fred staring and looking foolish.

"It is asking a great deal," acknowledged Mr. Willard, humbly.

"Oh, certainly not," mumbled Fred. "No, indeed. Very happy, I'm sure."

"Very possibly you doubt my cure," continued Willard. "I can show you letters from my doctor admitting it, if you care to see them. Not that they signify much. The very experts continually blunder. They walk in a blind-man's-buff. But if you will deign to accept of my acquaintance, I believe I can satisfy you that I am as sane as most of the people who are at large. We live, I find, in the same building. It will be a great favor to me if you will allow me to at least bow to you in passing."

Suspicious as Fred and Fanny still were, there was nothing for it but to grant this humble request.

"But how came you to remember us?" inquired the young man presently.

"Oh, my keeper learned some of the incidents of my escapade, and told me of them after my recovery. As for your name, I first got that from a handkerchief; I haven't the least idea how it came into my possession; perhaps you can tell me."

Fred, the irrepressibly jolly Fred, could not help bursting into a shriek of laughter at sight of Fanny's discomposed face.

"No, Sir; we can't tell you that," he said, as soon as he could speak. "At least, *I* dare not."

"Well, I found the name on the handkerchief," continued Willard, "and I subsequently saw it on your wife's trunk when you removed to our lodging-house. I very naturally inferred that you might be the persons whom I annoyed at Guilford Point; and my old keeper, who called on me three days since, and caught sight of you, assured me of the identity. Of course I was anxious to apologize for my misdemeanors. I am very grateful to you for allowing me to do so."

The result of this interview was an acquaintance between the Van Curlers and their whilom serenader; but an acquaintance which was for some time of the "good-morning" sort. Fanny had her special reason for not recollecting him with pleasure, and, moreover, she doubted the sincerity of his reformation in the matter of sanity, believing that he might turn up crazy at any moment if the fancy took him. But Mr. Willard held on so firmly to his wits, he was so forbearing in regard to pressing an intimacy, he was so respectfully courteous when he chanced to meet her, that he gradually won her confidence. It was evident, too, that he admired her; and, perhaps, no one's admiration is quite disagreeable.

"Are you aware that you have a wonderful wife?" he one day remarked to Van Curler. "I did not suppose, before I saw her, that there was such a lady in New York. To see her going to market, sweeping her rooms, cooking, if the cook runs away, doing her own housework, in short, and doing it capably and cheerfully—it is beautiful. You perceive that I keep myself informed about her. My servants bring me these pretty stories, and I can't help listening. It is like hearing about a millennium already in progress. Do they raise many such wives in your Dutch counties? But, alas! it is too late for me."

Fred was touched in the softest spot of his heart. Praise his wife—especially praise her for her wifely qualities—and you had him.

"You don't know her yet," he replied, proudly. "You must call on us."

And so Willard called, and there was a delightful friendship, even Fanny giving her hand to it.

"Do you know, Mrs. Van Curler," said the old gentleman, "that there is an impression upon me as if I had known and admired you in some former state of existence? I dare say it is nothing but a vague recollection of my mania at Guilford. But it seems to me like a trace, a reflection, of some old and long friendship. I believe that I must adopt you as a relative, say as a niece."

Fanny agreeing to this with one of her sunshiny smiles, Mr. Willard became known to her thereafter as Uncle James, a title which clearly went to the old fellow's heart. He seemed as devoted to the young wife as if he were really

an uncle, or rather a father. Every thing that she did was lovely in his eyes; he admired her house-work and sewing-work and knitting; he went into ecstasies over her economy. When she romped with her husband, tickling ribs or playing knock off hats, he cackled out a red-faced, short-breathed laughter, and beamed the love of forty ordinary uncles. Indeed, he was so addled with his admiration for this little chicken that whenever she challenged him to a scuffling match, and sent his best beaver flying across the room, he roared with a delight which threatened immediate apoplexy.

Only once during these times were the old crazy days alluded to.

"Uncle James," said Fanny, "are you never going to give me back my handkerchief?"

"Not while I am alive," was the answer, "unless you tell me how I came by it."

"That you never shall know," she declared, making up a little defiant face at him.

But at last the old ragged bit of linen came into her possession. One sombre day, after Uncle James had been found dead in his elbow-chair, the handkerchief was also found, and in it his will. By this document Fanny and her husband inherited a property sufficient to make them comfortable for life.

"Out of my admiration and respect for the character of Frederick Van Curler, and for the womanly virtues, the industry, economy, and cheerful content of his wife, Fanny Van Curler, I give and bequeath," etc., etc., etc., declared this exceedingly sane testator.

Let us hope that his admirable example may be widely followed by rich old bachelors and childless widowers.

The housewifely virtues, it is currently reported, are not so common but that it might be well to occasionally reward one who exhibits them, *pour encourager les autres*.

CLIMATE OF THE LAKE REGION.

CLIMATE is constituted chiefly of temperature, humidity, and winds. Under average conditions, temperature is by far the most important of the three. So far as our bodily organs are concerned, it is chiefly the sensible temperature which is affected by changes in the humidity and movements of the atmosphere. In warm weather an increase of humidity is equivalent to an increase of heat; in cold weather it produces the sensible effects of a diminution of heat. The extremes of temperature are, consequently, most felt in humid climates.

Winds, by promoting evaporation, and a consequent drying of the soil, though they tend primarily to the production of humidity, result speedily in a partial exhaustion of the sources of moisture, and a consequent aridity of the atmosphere, which diminishes the sensible effects of temperature. Their *direct* influence upon sensible temperature is far greater. A movement of the atmosphere is always cooling,

even though the temperature be nearly that of the blood. This effect is produced largely by the promotion of evaporation from the skin. In cold weather it is due partly to the penetration of our clothing by portions of air impelled through every pore by the pressure of other portions behind them. At all temperatures winds also exert an *actual* cooling influence by the promotion of evaporation, during which large quantities of heat pass into the "latent" state. In treating, consequently, of the climate of the lake region it is the temperature element to which we invite especial attention.

The climate of the lake region presents some peculiarities of extreme interest. They originate in the presence of vast bodies of water in the midst of a wide continental area. The great lakes of the interior have long been recognized as exerting a certain climatic influence. Allusion has been made to this in the meteorological papers of Secretary Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, by Blodget, in his great work on the "Climatology of the United States," and, at an earlier period, by Humboldt, and by others. This knowledge, however, has heretofore been little more than a deductive conclusion or presumption. In all the isothermal charts of the United States which have been constructed the isothermal lines are seen to be but slightly deflected in the region of the great lakes, even in those seasons when their influence is most sensibly felt. In fact, the data have not heretofore been in existence for tracing these lines in all their remarkable sinuosities, or for giving adequate expression to the amount of influence exerted by these great inland seas. These data are now accumulated to a very considerable extent. Besides the observations of the Army Medical Bureau, and those taken under the Smithsonian system down to the date of Blodget's "Climatology," we have now the Smithsonian series of observations continued to the present date, and the full and accurate observations made in connection with the Lake Survey for a period of about ten years, and many other observations furnished from private sources and not hitherto reported for publication. Having had occasion to collect and elaborate this vast body of statistics, we have proposed to offer the most striking of the results for the information of the public.

The temperature of the earth's surface, and all those incidents of climate conditioned by temperature, are determined by the solar energy. It is, indeed, true that the earth's interior exists in a highly heated condition, and we must probably admit that the central portion still remains a molten mass. Nevertheless, very exact experiments seem to have proved that the central heat is escaping to the surface with such extreme slowness that the superficial temperature is affected to a barely appreciable extent from this cause.

The total amount of heat received by the earth from the sun varies with the distance between the two bodies. As the form of the earth's

orbit is an ellipse instead of a circle, while the sun occupies one of the centres or foci, the earth approaches considerably nearer the sun in one extremity of its orbit than in the other. The difference in the distances is about three millions of miles, while the mean distance, according to the late determinations, is ninety-two millions of miles. In consequence of the diminished distance of the earth from the sun at perihelion the intensity of the sun's rays is three and one-third per cent. greater than the mean intensity. At aphelion his intensity is three and one-third per cent. less than the mean.

It is an interesting fact, and one of momentous consequences to our race, that the annual period of greatest intensity occurs during the *winter* of the northern hemisphere, and the period of least intensity during our summer. The effect must be to mitigate the extremes of both seasons. As the southern hemisphere experiences the refrigerating effect of diminished distance during its winter, the limits of the uncultivable and uninhabitable zone would be removed considerably further from the south pole than they are from the north pole were it not for the fact that the larger proportion of watery surface in the southern hemisphere prevents that hemisphere from accumulating or losing heat as rapidly as the broad continental surfaces of the northern hemisphere. In the course of some thousands of years, however, all this will be reversed. The effects of such a cosmic change of climate upon the populations of the northern hemisphere must be literally of a revolutionary character.

The foregoing considerations concern only the aggregate amount of heat and light received by the earth as a whole. The actual heating and illuminating effects of the sun at any particular spot on the earth's surface vary also with the angle at which the solar rays strike that spot. This angle varies with the seasons and the hours of the day. From whatever cause a variation in the altitude of the sun is produced, his heating power is always proportional to the perpendicular let fall from the sun upon the horizon.

Every one knows that the mid-day sun is less vertical in winter than in summer. There is always some latitude, however, at which the mid-day sun is exactly in the zenith. About the 21st of June it is the tropic of Cancer. From this time the sun recedes toward the south, becoming vertical at the equator about the 21st of September, and reaching the tropic of Capricorn about the 21st of December; pouring his vertical rays upon that tropic at about the time when, from our increased proximity to the sun, they possess the greatest inherent intensity. The equator, being the half-way station in the annual journey of the sun from tropic to tropic and back again, enjoys a greater average verticality of the solar rays than any other parallel. The mean heat produced at the equator by the sun's influence has been ascer-

tained to be about 82° . The mean temperature at any parallel of latitude north or south of the equator is proportional to the diameter of that parallel; or, in the language of science, it is proportional to the co-sine of the latitude. From this law we calculate that the normal annual temperature of New York is 62.51° ; that of Chicago is 61.5° ; and that of Mackinac is 57.12° .

The altitude of the sun varies also with the hour of the day, and the solar intensity varies accordingly. From sunrise to mid-day the intensity continually increases, and from mid-day to sunset it diminishes. The total heat of the day is the sum of all the intensities from instant to instant between sunrise and sunset. The value of this total depends both on the magnitude and, as we may express it, the number of the intensities during the day. In other words, the total amount of heat received during a day is determined both by the intensity of the solar rays and the length of the day. At the equator the length of the day is always twelve hours. In consequence of this, the total daily heat received at the equator is less than the total daily heat received at places in the northern hemisphere, where, though the solar intensity is less, the day is much longer. On the 15th of June, for instance, the diurnal intensity at the equator is 72° , while in the latitude of forty degrees it is 90.1° . At the north pole, where the day may be regarded as twenty-four hours long, the daily intensity on the 15th of June is 97.6° . The amount of heat received at the pole is in excess of that received at a point on the equator from May 10 to August 3—a period of eighty-five days. On the parallel of forty degrees the excess of diurnal heat extends from the 24th of April to the 20th of August—an interval of one hundred and eighteen days.

These contrasts, however, it must be remarked, apply only to the upper stratum of the atmosphere. The sun's intensity at the earth's surface is materially diminished by atmospheric absorption, and this effect is peculiarly experienced by the slanting rays of the polar regions.

So far we have considered the temperature of a locality only in its relation to astronomical conditions. The normal astronomical temperature is almost always disguised by numerous perturbing influences of a local character. The influence of winds and moisture upon sensible, and also upon actual, temperature has already been mentioned. There are other local conditions, however, which exert a permanent and more important influence. The most efficient of these are altitude above the sea level and proximity to great bodies of water. It is well understood that the temperature falls as we ascend above the level of the ocean. The rate of diminution of temperature varies with the hour of the day, the season, and the latitude. In temperate latitudes it may be taken at one degree for every 333 feet of ascent. Lake Superior, being 627 feet higher than the

Atlantic, must experience a diminution of temperature of nearly two degrees. At the level of Lake Michigan, whose altitude is 587 feet, the temperature should be one and three-fourths degrees less than at the sea-level. As the mean height of the lower peninsula of Michigan is about 750 feet above the sea-level, its mean temperature is diminished two and one-fourth degrees.

Of all local influences affecting climate none are more efficient or more interesting to study than the relations of a locality to extensive continental areas, to oceanic currents, and to large bodies of water. The ocean is the great equalizer of temperatures. By a Providential arrangement, watery surfaces absorb and radiate solar heat less rapidly than land surfaces. Continental areas, consequently, become more heated in summer and in tropical latitudes, and more refrigerated in winter and in arctic latitudes, than the oceanic areas in the same seasons and latitudes. These unequal temperatures affect unequally the superincumbent masses of atmospheric air. From this source arise movements of the air, which, combined with the rotation of the earth on its axis, generate trade-winds and the other prevailing winds of different regions. Prevailing winds moving over the surface of the sea set its waters in motion. Thus ocean currents are established, which, reflected northward and southward by continental shores, serve to transfer tropical warmth to the polar regions, and polar cold to the tropical regions. From these causes it happens that in tropical latitudes the open sea is cooler than the land, while in polar latitudes it is warmer than the land. In the temperate zones the temperature of the sea exceeds that of the land in winter, and falls below it in summer. Winds blowing from the sea upon the land carry with them somewhat of the temperature of the water. At Boston, consequently, or at New York, or Savannah, a sea-breeze exerts a cooling influence in summer and a warming one in winter.

The amount of equalizing influence exerted by the ocean must obviously depend on the proximity of the water, and the relative amount of wind blowing from the water over the land. The interior of large land areas, like North America, Europe, or Australia, must preserve nearly the temperatures due to the common astronomical conditions, and the capacity of the land alone to absorb and radiate solar heat. Hence the British Islands have a more equable climate than Russia. The winters of New York are less severe than those of St. Louis, though the latter is nearly two degrees further south; and the summers are also less excessive. But the direction of the prevailing wind is a circumstance of the utmost importance. A location by the ocean's shore would experience extremely little of the equalizing influence of water, if the movement of the atmosphere were always from the land. Now it results from the rotation of the earth that the prevailing winds in the temperate

zone are westerly. Those localities, therefore, which lie upon the eastern shores of the oceans experience more the ameliorating influence of situation than those upon western shores. The climate of Western Europe is accordingly less subject to extremes than that of Eastern North America. Western Europe is more equable than Central and Eastern Europe; as our Pacific shores possess a less rigorous climate than our Atlantic States in the same latitudes.

Were we to run a line westward from New York through all the places which have the same mean winter temperature as that city, we should find that in receding from the coast it would gradually deflect southward. Toward the centre of the continent the amount of the deflection would be considerable; but in approaching the Pacific coast we should observe a very remarkable deflection toward the north. In the elevated regions of the Alleghany and Rocky mountains would, indeed, interpose the disturbing effects of increased altitude, so that our isothermal line would be abruptly deflected southward in passing both these mountainous belts, but would turn northward again to its normal position after passing them. The winter isothermal of 30° passes through New Haven in latitude $41^{\circ} 18'$. In Kansas this isothermal is as far south as Fort Riley (39°), whence it bends northward to beyond the latitude of Fort Laramie ($42^{\circ} 40'$). Experiencing then a sudden southward flexure to Santa Fé ($35^{\circ} 30'$), in crossing the Rocky Mountains, it then resumes its northward trend upon the Pacific slope, and reaches the Pacific shore only within the limits of Alaska.

The climatic influences of vast bodies of salt-water, like the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, have long been understood. The effect of small inland bodies of fresh-water in averting early autumnal frosts has also been generally remarked. But, as before intimated, meteorologists do not seem to have observed, till recently, that great lakes, like Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, exert an influence in deflecting the isothermal lines which is quite comparable with that exerted by the great oceans themselves.

These lakes, in truth, are no inconsiderable representatives of the ocean. Lake Superior is 460 miles long and 160 broad, with a mean depth of 988 feet. It has a superficial area of 32,000 square miles. The State of Massachusetts might stretch herself out at full length and bathe in its waters. Even then there would be room enough for Rhode Island at her feet and Connecticut at her head, with Vermont stretched along her right and New Hampshire on her left. You may take all New England, excepting Maine, and hide it bodily beneath the waters of this single lake. Lake Michigan is 360 miles long and 108 broad, with a mean depth of 900 feet and a superficial area of 20,000 square miles. You could sink in this lake the three States of New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. Lake Huron, with a length of 270 miles and a breadth equal to that of Lake

Superior, has a mean depth of 300 feet, a superficial extent equal to that of Lake Michigan, and would swallow up the whole kingdom of Denmark, including the duchies.

You may embark upon a sea-worthy steamer at Chicago and travel for thirty hours without a sight of land; and after having passed the Straits of Mackinac, and entered Lake Superior, you may steam for two days more without reaching Superior City or Duluth. The voyage from Buffalo to Chicago around the lakes is a thousand miles; from Buffalo to Duluth is eleven hundred miles, or three-fifths the distance from Newfoundland to Ireland.

The majesty of the tempest is little less on the lakes than on the Atlantic, and the low perpetual moan of the breaking waves along the beach transports the imaginative listener to Long Branch or Nahant. During a summer day they breathe, like the ocean, a cooling atmosphere on every shore, while at night the direction of the breeze is frequently reversed. These are our interior land and sea breezes. To complete the analogy our great inland seas exhibit the fluctuations of a diminutive but genuine lunar tide.

It is impossible that such enormous masses of water should be materially elevated above the mean temperature of the year by three months of summer weather, or depressed materially below it by three months of winter. The land surfaces in the same latitudes attain far greater extremes of cold and heat than the lakes. Two reasons exist for this: First, watery surfaces absorb and radiate more slowly; and secondly, the continued stirring of the waters by the winds mixes the surface temperature through a depth of several hundred feet, while, on the land, the entire effect is confined to a superficial zone of about seventy to ninety feet. The normal mean annual temperature of the land in the neighborhood of Milwaukee is 44° , and this should be about the mean temperature of the water of Lake Michigan. In summer the Milwaukee mean rises to 67° , while in winter it sinks to 22° . The water of the lake, meanwhile, rises in summer only to 46° , and sinks in winter only to 40° . Winds from the lake, therefore, partaking largely of the temperature of the water, must exert a material influence in equalizing the land temperatures of summer and winter. Still more, in cases of extreme weather, when the land temperature rises to 95° or sinks to 30° below zero, must the ameliorating influence of such a vast body of water, holding itself steadily at a somewhat uniform temperature, be most conspicuously and most beneficently experienced.

There is one cause of the mild temperature of deep lake waters during the cold season, which, probably, has been very little considered. Lakes Michigan and Superior are nearly a thousand feet in depth. They reach down toward the internal fires a distance which, if measured through the solid crust of the earth,

would bring us a very considerable increase of warmth. Upon the land the influence of climatic changes does not extend, on the average, to a greater depth than eighty feet. Beneath this we experience an increase of temperature amounting to one degree for every forty-five feet of descent. According to this law the terrestrial temperature at the bottom of Lake Michigan should be increased eighteen degrees. Were there no mingling of the deeper and shallower strata of the water this increase would exist. This amount of heat, nevertheless—with some abatement to which it is not necessary to refer—distributed through the entire depth of the water, must produce no inconsiderable elevation of temperature in the general mass.

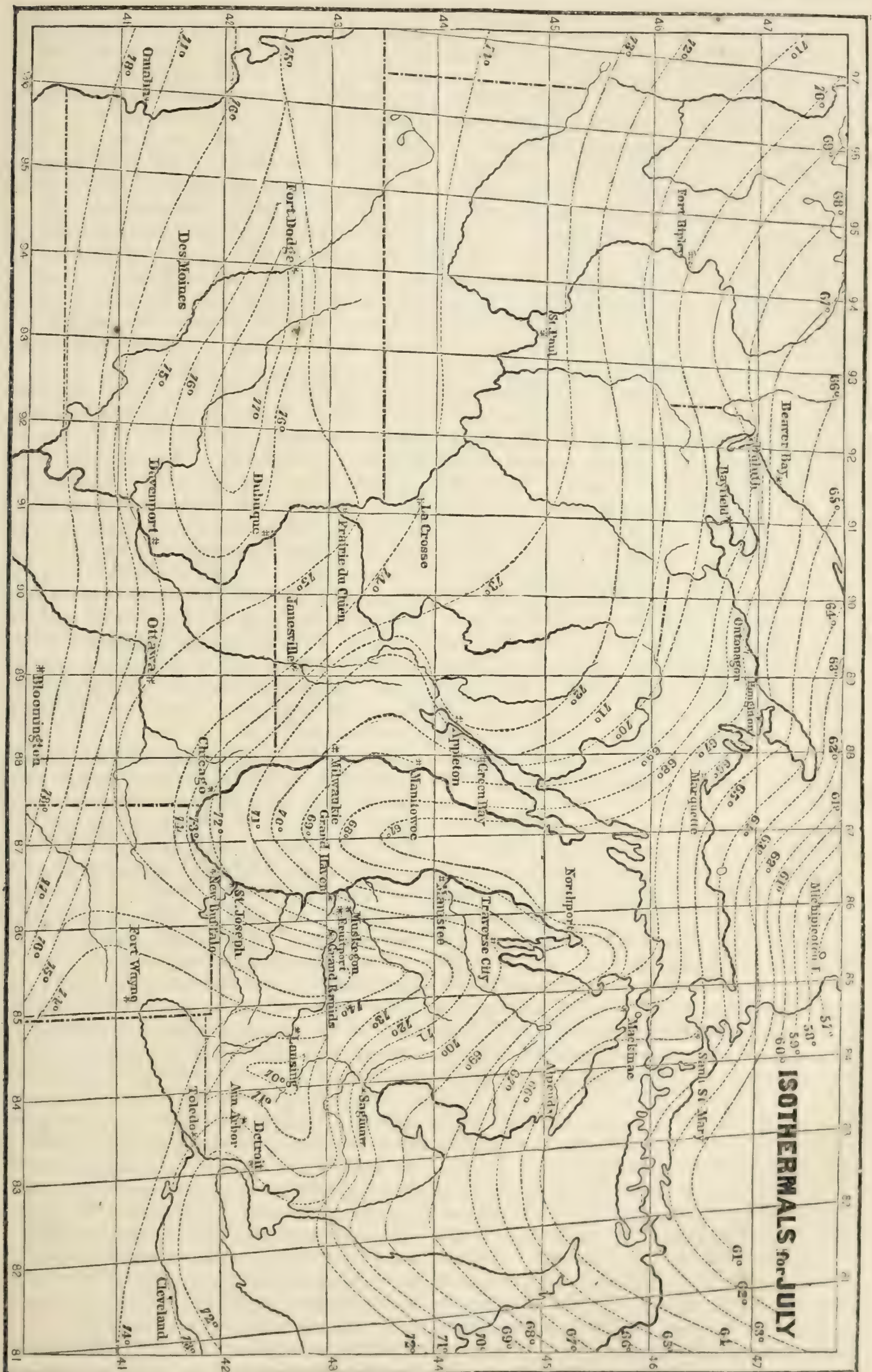
During the winter, therefore, Lake Michigan may be regarded as a great natural stove holding and slowly radiating the heat absorbed during summer from the solar fires, eked out by an unfailing accession of heat from beneath yielded by the reservoir of igneous force imprisoned within the earth. When, on a stinging wintry morning, we behold the steam ascending from the whole surface of the placid lake, we witness an analogy to the vessel of water steaming over our household fires, which is more literal and more striking than we had dared to imagine.

Such vast and efficient compensators of climatic extremes, situated in the interior of continents, rescuing broad areas from the waste supremacy of summer heats and wintry frosts, seem like interpositions of Providence to adapt the world to the bodily necessities of its inhabitants. Such beneficent equalizers are all great lakes; and such, not less strikingly, are those vast seas strewn through the midst of the lands which were the home of the earliest representatives of our race—the Mediterranean, the Black, and Caspian seas.

It will interest the reader to understand more definitely and more in detail what is the precise effect of our great lakes upon the climate of the regions contiguous to them. With the view of furnishing these details we have constructed a series of isothermal charts, two of which are here reproduced on a diminished scale. These charts have recently been constructed from a new and original discussion of meteorological data, most of which have never heretofore been employed in any such attempt.

For the purpose of exhibiting the climatic effects of the great lakes in a striking light we have selected for presentation the charts of isothermals for January and July. These being generally the coldest and warmest months of the year, the contrasts between the land and water temperatures are greater during those months than at any other periods. The isothermal lines, therefore, must suffer in January and July the greatest deflections from their general course.

Turning our attention first to the chart of isothermals for July, we witness a series of



lines drawn through localities of equal mean temperatures, within the limits of the region affected by lake influence, and extending westward far enough to reach the general conti-

mental conditions. The first thing which impresses us is the extreme southward deflection of all the lines in the vicinity of Lake Michigan, and a similar, though less abrupt, deflection in

the vicinity of Lake Huron. Tracing, for instance, the line of 70° , we find it entering the limits of the chart on the 48th parallel of latitude. Its course is southeast as far as Fort Ripley, in Minnesota, whence it passes nearly eastward to the valley of the Menomonee River. Here it comes under the decided influence of Lake Michigan, and rapidly bends southward, passing through Green Bay and Milwaukee, in Wisconsin. Reappearing at Grand Haven, in the lower peninsula of Michigan, it trends almost directly northward to Traverse City, whence it arches across the peninsula till, coming within the influence of Lake Huron, it bends southward again and passes into Canada near the southern extremity of that lake. It passes thence in a northeasterly direction to Penetanguishene, on Georgian Bay. This isothermal is deflected, through the influence of the lakes, to the extent of five degrees of latitude, or 350 miles in a straight line. The general course of all the isothermals from 67° to 75° is extremely similar to that just traced.

It follows, from these indications, that an almost identical July temperature stretches along the two shores of Lake Michigan from Chicago to Mackinac. It appears, however, that the immediate western shore is somewhat more cooled than the immediate eastern. This results, as a careful investigation has shown, from a slight preponderance of winds, in July, from points east of the meridian. At Chicago this preponderance is as 60 to 33; at Milwaukee, as 48 to 37. But at Milwaukee and northward, northerly and even northwesterly winds feel the influence of Green Bay.

Further inspection of these isothermals discloses the fact that the July temperature of the lower peninsula of Michigan is about the same as that of the interior of Wisconsin in the same latitudes; but the heat of the Mackinac region is considerably less than that of Wisconsin and Minnesota on the same parallels. This accounts for the popularity of Mackinac as a place of healthful summer resort. On the contrary, the heat of the central and southern portions of the peninsula is equal to that experienced through the northern half of the States of Indiana and Ohio, two or three degrees further south. The July temperature of Marietta, Ohio, is $73\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, which is the same as that of Flint, and less than that of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Another effect of the perturbing influence of the lakes, reacting upon topographical and continental relations, is to cause certain isothermals to divide and, by reuniting, to inclose detached areas, which stand like islands of cold or heat. An example of the former is seen in the lower peninsula of Michigan, and one of the latter in Iowa. The greater part of Ohio, however, seems to constitute an island of uniform temperature in July, since from Cleveland to Marietta and Portsmouth the mean is not far from $73\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$.

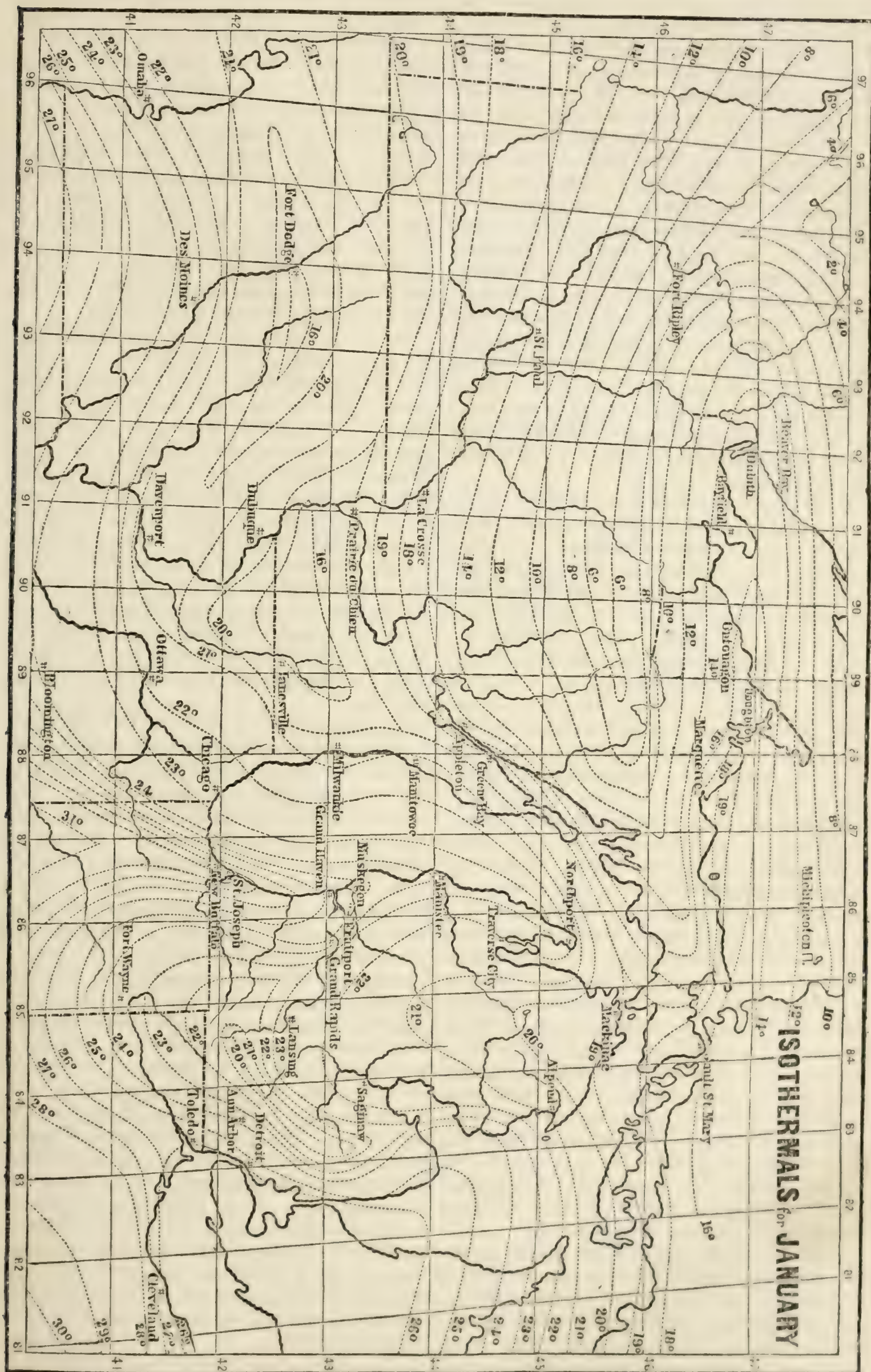
The distribution of the January isothermals possesses still greater interest. It is the sever-

ity of our winter climate, rather than that of summer, which conditions the growth and health of most of our perennial exotics, as peaches, apples, and grapes. Glancing at the chart of January isothermals, the eye is first arrested by the general *northward* deflection of the lines in the vicinity of Lakes Michigan and Huron. This direction is the reverse of the July inflection. The isothermal of 23° , for instance, which passes through Peoria, Illinois, enters the southern extremity of Lake Michigan and passes directly to Northport, at the mouth of Grand Traverse Bay. It thence sweeps southward to Lansing, when it returns northward, under the influence of Lake Huron, to Thunder Bay Island, and finally bends eastward, passing forty miles south of Penetanguishene, in Canada.

Similarly, the isotherm of 27° sweeps from Southwestern Michigan through Springfield, Illinois, and thence to Fort Riley, in Kansas, near the latitude of 39° . Eastward, the same isotherm strikes through Central Indiana and Ohio. The January climate of New Buffalo is as mild as that of Cincinnati. Traverse City corresponds in this respect with Omaha, Muscatine, Ottawa, and Aurora. Mackinac and Marquette compare with Green Bay, Fort Winnebago, and Prairie du Chien. The isotherm of 22° is deflected by the influence of Lake Michigan over a belt of four and a half degrees. This is more than 300 miles in a straight line, and is equal to the distance from Mackinac to Fort Wayne.

Another fact strikingly exhibited is the difference between the January temperatures along the opposite sides of Lake Michigan. The mean at Chicago is $22\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, while that of New Buffalo, directly opposite, is 30° . The mean of Milwaukee is $20\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, while that of its *vis-à-vis*, Grand Haven, is 25° . The mean of Green Bay is 19° , and that of Appleton $15\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, while that of Traverse City is 22° . Greatly as the January climate along the western shore is ameliorated by the influence of the lake, that along the eastern shore is still further ameliorated to the extent of four to seven degrees. This contrast results from the prevailing direction of the cold winds, which, in the Northwestern States, is from the west and southwest. A careful investigation of the data accumulated by observations, aggregating eleven years at Chicago, shows that, in January, the winds from the west of the meridian are to those from the east as 72 to 5. At Milwaukee, for thirteen years, the westerly winds are to the easterly as 60 to 18. At Manitowoc, for eleven years, the westerly winds are to the easterly as 67 to 11. These results embody all January winds except those directly from the north or south.

At the same time the January climate along the eastern border of the lower peninsula of Michigan is not much more severe than that along the western, though the prevailing winds along the eastern shore, as in Wisconsin and Illinois, are from the west of the meridian, and carry the influence of Lake Huron away from



the land. This state of things is accounted for by three considerations. First, the influence of Lake Michigan is distinctly felt across the entire peninsula. The mean of Flint, for in-

stance, is four degrees above that of Prairie du Chien, on the same parallel. The narrowing of the peninsula northward emphasizes this consideration. Secondly, Lake Huron exerts its

proper influence upon the western shore, which reinforces that brought from Lake Michigan. Thirdly, the intrusion of Saginaw Bay into the interior throws a large area to the east and southeast of this body of water. It may also be mentioned that the position of this bay, and the peculiar bend of Lake Huron toward the west, are such that even north winds must come somewhat tempered by these great natural stoves. It is certainly a singular circumstance that, while Manitowoc, Milwaukee, and Chicago, on the west shore of Lake Michigan, have lake winds during January—represented by the numbers 11, 18, and 7, respectively—Thunder Bay Island, Ottawa Point, and Fort Gratiot, on the west shore of Lake Huron, have winds from that lake during January—represented by the numbers 51, 86, and 35. These numbers embrace north winds at Chicago and the points on Lake Huron, and southwest winds at Ottawa Point, as these sweep along the axis of Saginaw Bay.

It will be noticed that in the region south and southwest of Lake Superior the isothermals exhibit a series of remarkable loops. The great isotherm of 14° , for instance, coming down past the head waters of the Minnesota River, passing near St. Paul, and continuing southeastward to the 44th parallel, begins to feel the influence of Lake Michigan, and bends northeast through the region west of Green Bay to the narrow peninsula north of Lake Michigan, where, under the influence of Lake Superior, it loops west again, passing south of Marquette and Ontonagon to Bayfield and Duluth, whence, bending east a second time, it passes near Beaver Bay, in Minnesota, and, crossing Keweenaw Point, emerges upon Canadian soil some forty miles to the north of Sault St. Marie. The loop which opens westward denotes the position of a zone of cold located along the elevated district which forms the water-shed between Lake Superior and the Mississippi. The axis of this zone, instead of lying along the head waters of the streams flowing north and south, is crowded southward, apparently, by the influence of Lake Superior. The other loop which opens eastward is a zone of warmth stretching along the south shore of Lake Superior from Ontonagon to the Sault St. Marie. An island of cold seems to be located in the southeastern portion of the lower peninsula of Michigan, and another in Northern Iowa. An area of uniform temperature stretches across Middle Ohio, as we have already seen to be the case also in July.

These two charts serve to illustrate the nature and extent of the summer and winter effects of the great lakes—especially of Lake Michigan—in equalizing the temperatures throughout the lake region. Were we to reproduce here the chart of isothermals for the entire season of summer we should witness the same general characteristics as upon the July chart, though somewhat less pronounced. For example, the isotherm of 72° , which comes from the vicinity of Lake Winnipeg, passes near Dubuque, Iowa,

and Ottawa, Illinois, and thence sweeps northward into the centre of Michigan, and, returning, passes south of Flint, east of Romeo, west of Ann Arbor, and thence directly south through Western Ohio to the vicinity of Cincinnati, whence it trends eastward, passing south of Marietta into the mountain climate of West Virginia. The chart of winter isothermals likewise would be found fairly represented by that of the January isotherms to which we have just referred. The winter isotherm of 24° , which strikes the shore of Lake Michigan a little north of Chicago, intercepts the Michigan shore in the neighborhood of Traverse City, three degrees of latitude further north.

As to the spring and autumn isothermals, they approximate the isothermals for the year, as might be expected. The land temperature during these seasons approaches that of the water. Nevertheless, we find that in spring Lake Michigan exerts a perceptible cooling influence, especially upon the west side. This contrast upon the opposite shores is produced, as in July, by the predominance of winds, especially in May, from points to the east of the meridian. Thus at Manitowoc the winds from the east and west of the meridian are in May as 37 to 26. At Milwaukee they are as 62 to 24, and in April as 52 to 33. At Chicago—including north winds, which are here lake winds—the ratio of lake and land winds in May is as 44 to 40.

In autumn the mean effect of Lake Michigan upon the west side is scarcely perceptible; but on the east side it exerts a decidedly warming influence, especially toward the north. The isotherm of 48° , which passes just north of Milwaukee, loops around the Beaver Islands (near Mackinac), and strikes eastward but a few miles to the south of Mackinac. The autumn isotherm of 50° , which passes near Omaha, crosses the lower peninsula of Michigan between the 42d and 43d parallels. This restriction of the warming influence to the east side is caused evidently by the great preponderance of winds from the west of the meridian during each of the autumn months. This preponderance is shown for Chicago by the ratio of 151 to 70; for Milwaukee, by the ratio of 147 to 94; and for Manitowoc, by the ratio of 160 to 60. This marked autumnal influence on the east side of the lake possesses inestimable importance in delaying the advent of severe autumnal frosts. As a consequence vegetation retains its vigor, from Northport to St. Joseph, until about the first of November—and sometimes much later—which is three weeks later than the occurrence of killing frosts upon the west shore, or even in Central and Southern Indiana and Ohio.

The chart of isothermals for the year might be expected to show a complete neutralization of the warming and cooling influences of the lakes. If this were so, we should see them crossing the lake region without perceptible inflections. This, however, is not the case. It appears,

somewhat unexpectedly, that the resultant of the warming and cooling effects is a perceptible warming effect exerted on the Michigan side of Lake Michigan. On the 43d parallel, for example, the annual mean of Fort Atkinson and Milwaukee is about 45° ; while, on the other side of the lake, the annual mean of Grand Haven and Grand Rapids is $47\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$. This difference of two and one-fourth degrees can be occasioned in no other way than by the excess of the mean warmth of the lake over that of the land in the same latitude. As there are no warm currents setting through Lake Michigan, as in the case of the North Atlantic, and as no considerable rivers from the south impart to any perceptible extent the temperature proper to a more southern region, we are led to suggest that this obvious excess of lake warmth may indicate the measure of that influence transmitted from the earth's interior to which we have already alluded, and which we had concluded, on *a priori* grounds, must be felt by the waters of the lake. These certainly are interesting facts, and the proposed explanation will be found worthy of consideration.

There is yet another point of view for the consideration of the isothermal lines of the lake region, which will place the influence of the great lakes in a still more vivid light. As their warming effects are more apparent during the coldest month than during the coldest season, so they are still more apparent on occasion of the coldest day or night. In fact, with reference to agricultural and horticultural adaptations, it is vastly more important to study the extremes than the means of the wintry season. The mean temperature of the winter may not be severe; while on one or more occasions, as at St. Louis or Janesville, the thermometer may sink to the point of destructive severity. It is precisely on such occasions that the ameliorating influence of the lakes, especially of Lake Michigan, is most largely exerted.

There are two senses in which to consider minimum winter extremes. Every locality experiences, each winter, an occasion of greatest cold for that winter, which we designate the *minimum* of the winter. During the period of ten or twenty years, the thermometer will sink once or twice to a point lower than that reached on any other occasion. This lowest point we designate the *extreme minimum* for such series of years, while the *mean minimum* is the average of the yearly minima for a series of years.

We have constructed two charts of isothermals, showing respectively the places which experience the same *mean minimum* and the same *extreme minimum*. These charts exhibit, in a surprising manner, the agency of Lake Michigan in averting destructive extremes of cold. As the wind is almost always from the west of the meridian on occasions of extreme cold, it is evident that the ameliorating effect must be awarded chiefly to the Michigan side of the lake.

Looking at the isothermal chart for *mean minima*, we find the lines running literally north

and south along the shores of Lake Michigan. The isotherm of the mean minimum of *minus* 15° passes from Fort Riley, in Kansas, to New Buffalo, in the southwestern corner of Michigan; thence to Manitowoc and the vicinity of Mackinac. A very long series of observations at the latter place—aggregating 28 years—demonstrates that the coldest days of winter are, on the average, no more rigorous than those of Peoria, Illinois, or of Northern Missouri. If we add to these equal quantities of cold the amount of *wind* proper to each region, it is at once apparent that the balance of sensible and damaging cold turns promptly against the more southern localities. There is no point along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan where the mean minimum is lower than *minus* 6° . The chart is full of suggestions of this kind.

One can not help remarking, in this connection, the important bearing of the facts disclosed upon the great enterprise of Hon. Edgar Conkling, in reference to the founding and endowment of a national university at Mackinac. They furnish the exact and inductive basis of the reputation for salubrity which has long been enjoyed, to some extent, by the region of the northern lakes. They demonstrate that Mackinac possesses, both in its summer and its winter climate, those conditions of comfortable equability of temperature, freedom from violent winds, and entire exemption from malarious influences, which constitute the medical man's ideal of a resort for invalids, and a region suited to the rearing of vigorous, strong-bodied, and strong-minded men and women.

Turning our attention to the chart for *extreme minima*, we see the lake influence exerted under its most exaggerated and astonishing aspects. The line of extreme minimum of *minus* 25° strikes from Leavenworth, in Kansas, to Ottawa and the vicinity of Chicago; thence along Lake Michigan, a few miles east of Milwaukee, to the immediate vicinity of Mackinac. The isotherm of *minus* 24° strikes St. Louis and passes thence through Central Illinois and Indiana, and thence, northward, through Michigan at the distance of 35 or 40 miles from the lake shore, to the latitude of Thunder Bay, whence it descends along the eastern slope of the peninsula, and continues south even to the Ohio River! *There is no point along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan which has experienced an extreme minimum lower than minus* 16° .

These climatic peculiarities of the eastern shore of Lake Michigan sustain most important relations to its agricultural and pomological capabilities. Fruit trees and shrubs which escape destruction through the winters of Central Illinois and Missouri are found to enjoy equal immunity all the way from New Buffalo to Northport—a distance of 225 miles in a right line. During the period of verdure, the genial influence of the lake secures them from the early and late frosts, which are not unfrequently felt as far south as Missouri and Kentucky. The growing season is consequently as long, and



A BROOD OF LAKELETS.

very nearly as warm, as that of Central Illinois. The equability of the climate is considerably greater; while the persistent and chilling and destructive winds which characterize the southwest are comparatively unknown. At the same time the soil of the entire belt, from Indiana to Grand Traverse Bay, is worthy of the climate. Though decidedly sandy, and, at first view, uninviting, it is proven, both by investigation and experience, to abound in those alkaline substances requisite for the highest luxuriance of ordinary vegetation.

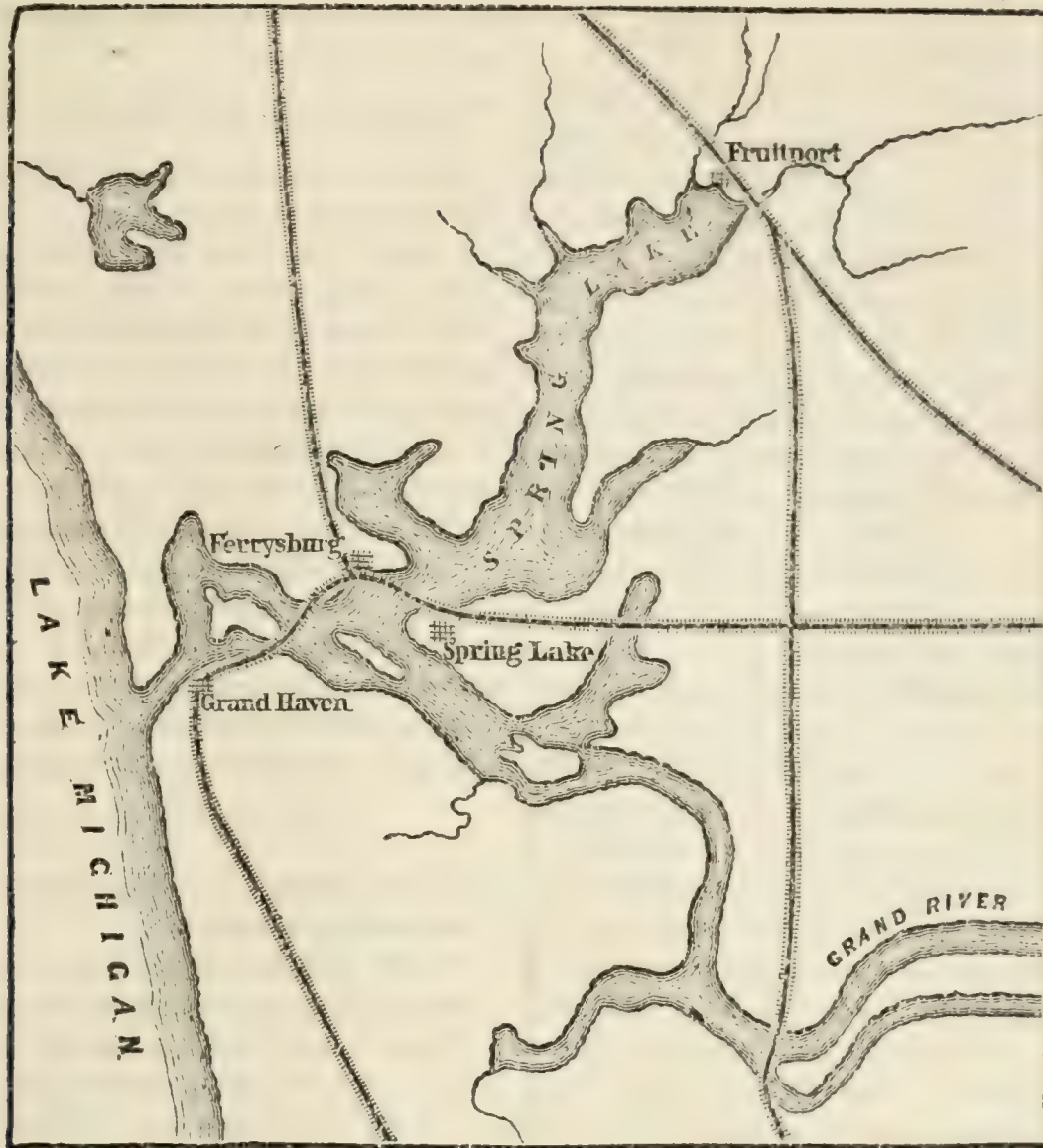
In accordance with these conditions, the entire lake shore, for a breadth of twenty to forty miles, is becoming rapidly converted into orchards and plantations for the rearing of all the different fruits known in the temperate zones.

It yet remains to mention a singular, and, one could almost believe, a Providential conformation of the lake shore which greatly enhances its ameliorating influence on climate, and, at the same time, creates important facilities for shipment and transportation of the products of the soil. Any one, looking at an ordinary map of Lake Michigan, would at once conclude that the rigid continuity of the coast-line excluded the possibility of all harbor accommodations from Chicago to Grand Traverse Bay. It is true that we find few harbors in a state of preparation for occupancy; but it is a singular and interesting and most important fact, that there is not a stream, however small, emptying into Lake Michigan from the east, which does not first discharge its waters into a small lake which communicates almost immediately with Lake Michigan. Looking at a representation of this hydrographic singularity, one can hardly resist the fancy that we have here a real litter of lakelets nestling alongside of the great maternal lake. These baby lakes are bodies of clear water with clean sandy shores, and abound in delicate fish. Toward the north they contain the "speckled trout" in abundance. There are a dozen of these lakelets which furnish depth of water sufficient for the largest steamers.

The climatic effect of these numerous smaller bodies of fresh water—stretched like a fringe of pearls along the skirt of the peninsula—is to widen the belt of lake influence, and to temper the cold approaching from almost every direction. They also multiply many fold the length of coast-line, and furnish innumerable sites enjoying a water aspect. As the banks of all these lakes are elevated and dry, this lengthening of the line of lake-side situations is a circumstance of very great moment.

It is worthy of remark that, when we look along the *western* shore of Lake Michigan for the counterpart of this string of lakelets, it is not there! The eastern shore monopolizes again all the advantages. Blessed be the west wind! which, though it pinches the squatter on the prairie, and by the hands of its servants, the waves, digs down the eastern borders of Wisconsin, heaves up piles of sand upon the shore of Michigan, making unwearied additions to the land, and building up the terraces of our crystal lakelets to furnish a "lake view" for every homestead along the border of the "beautiful peninsula."

At the same time there are few natural harbors along the coast. Grand Traverse Bay, with its two arms and considerable indentations, furnishes magnificent harbors; but the en-



A NEARER VIEW.

trances to all the small lakes southward, with a single exception, were originally more or less obstructed by sand-bars. These, at several localities, have been dredged out, so that some of the finest harbors in the world are now accessible.

Only one of these lakelets possesses a natural outlet of sufficient depth to float large vessels. This is Spring Lake—a gem of a lake, five miles long and half a mile wide—which opens into the broad and deep estuary of the Grand River, near Grand Haven. We present an enlarged view of this fine lake and of the contiguous region to the mouth of Grand River. The great steamers running in connection with the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway, between Grand Haven and Milwaukee, find abundant water to Fruitport at the head of the lake. The banks of Spring Lake are elevated twenty to forty feet above the water. The soil is a fine sandy loam, and all the physical conditions of the contiguous country are most complete for the purposes of fruit production.

It is worthy of remark that this region, so singularly endowed with facilities commercial, climatic, and pomological, should have lain almost unobserved until about two years since, when Captain E. L. Craw, now of Fruitport, took possession of it, and brought it into notice. The shores of this little lake are now alive with the activities of clearing, planting, and building, as in two years more they will be with those of harvesting and shipping. The village of Fruitport has risen like an exhalation from the

soil. Here the favorite temple of Pomona will be reared. Just at the foot of this charming body of water is the village of Spring Lake, notorious as the site of one of those new wonders of Michigan, the famed “magnetic wells.”

MY TWO LIME-TREES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”

ONE stretches out under my window

Its arms to the sunshine bright;

Yearly grows taller, stronger,

More vocal with green delight.

The other beneath a church tower

Sings in as dulcet tones,

While its roots creep tenderly downward

Into the buried bones.

One—all night long through its branches

Steal tremulous murmurs deep,

And I think, “Now the other whispers

As softly o’er them that sleep.”

When one is alive with humming

Of bees in its blossoms brave,

I know that the other is dropping

Sweet honey-scents over the grave.

Far in the distant future

Both of my limes I see,

The one as a garden glory,

The other a church-yard tree.

But each will praise God, tree-fashion,

As on the centuries roll:

And I? I shall praise Him also,

With my dead—as a living soul.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

LOUISE AUGUSTA WILHELMINA AMELIA, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, wife of Frederick William III. of Prussia, and mother of the present King William, who has recently been crowned Emperor of Germany, is one of the noblest characters in the history of her sex. She was descended from a high, princely house, numbering among her ancestors Henry le Lion, Duke of Saxony, who first conquered that country from its savage inhabitants. Her father, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was brother to Queen Charlotte of England. At the time of the Princess Louisa's birth he was Governor-General of Hanover, and also held a marshal's baton in that service.

Early left motherless, the Princess Louise and her younger sister, Frederika, were committed to the care of their maternal grandmother—a wise, judicious lady, and one in every way fitted to conduct their education.

In the year 1792 the young princesses, accompanied by their grandmother, went to pay a visit to their married sister, Charlotte, Duchess of Hildburghausen, stopping on the way at Frankfort to visit Goethe's mother. Louise was then sixteen, Frederika fourteen years of age. The two girls were full of life and frolic, and, to the great horror of the strict *Hofmeisterin* who attended them, amused themselves by pumping water in the back yard! For this offense the horrified court lady locked them up in the house, and good Frau Goethe, grieved that the merry young things were not allowed to have their play out, consoled them with cakes and salad, "of which," says a reliable chronicler, "they did not leave a single crumb."

As New Strelitz had become the theatre of war, the young princesses remained for some time with their sister. On the way home, in April, 1793, they were invited by their relative, the Landgrave of Hesse, to visit the camp before Mainz, then the head-quarters of the royal army, and be introduced to the king. Goethe, writing from the camp, says, "Amidst the tumult of war these two young ladies might have been taken for heavenly visions. The impression they made on me will never be effaced."

This brief visit led to the most important results; for the next month, at Frankfort, Louise and Frederika were formally betrothed to the two elder sons of the king—Louise to the crown prince, Frederika to his brother Louis.

Louisa was at that time in the first bloom of that exquisite beauty afterward so celebrated throughout Europe. Her features were faultless, her complexion transparently fair and brilliant, her eyes deep and blue as the midnight heavens, and her hair of that golden-auburn shade old painters loved so well. Tall and slender as a young birch-tree, there was a nameless grace in all her movements, a charm and fascination about her whole personality, that could

not be traced to mere loveliness of form and feature. It was

"The mind, the music breathing through her face."

Old and young, simple and gentle, were alike attracted to this young girl. Even the matter-of-fact Ritter von Long becomes sentimental in speaking of her. He says in his memoirs: "She floated before me like an unearthly being of angelic form and honeyed eloquence, by means of which she threw a magic spell around all who approached her. She was a complete enchantress, if ever I saw one."

The crown prince at once yielded his heart to this fair enchantress; he loved her at first sight. Years after, in one of those rare moments when he ventured to speak of her so dearly loved, so early lost, he said to Eylert, "When I first saw my Louise I mentally exclaimed, in the words of Schiller,

"'Tis she, or none on earth!"

and I felt that he had truly described the emotions of that moment."

Prince Louis was in the same way struck with the younger sister, Frederika.

Four sisters of this family made pure love-matches—a lot quite unusual among princesses. Jean Paul dedicates his "Titan" to these "four fair and blooming sisters on a throne," and, in his quaint, poetic way, styles them Aphrodite, Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia, who, weary of ever-bright, cold Olympus, wished themselves on earth, where the soul loves more because it suffers more, and where it is sadder but warmer. "And so they became human, and were called Louise, Charlotte, Theresa, and Frederika."

The wedding of the crown prince was to take place on Christmas-eve, and on the 23d of December the two princesses made their state entrance into Berlin. Passing through a triumphal arch, the cortège proceeded to the old palace and the Dom Kirche, where blooming flowers and orange and citron trees in fruit and blossom made one forget the icy sway of winter. When the Princess Louise appeared fifty little girls, dressed in white and wreathed with garlands, strewed flowers in her path, while one recited a poem bidding her welcome. Louise caught the child in her arms and kissed her again and again, to the horror of the mistress of court ceremonies, Frau Von Voss. "O Heaven!" she cried, "what is your Royal Highness doing? That is contrary to all sense and etiquette." "I do not see how I could do less," replied Louise.

But the citizens were not horrified. They saw that the loving heart of their crown princess would not be led astray by court ceremonies or royal etiquette; and the kiss which in this supreme hour of her life Louise pressed upon the lips of that burgher child made a way for her straight to the hearts of the people, and there, amidst all the sorrows and humiliations of her after life, when an exile from the throne and a fugitive from the capital that to-day de-

lighted to do her honor, she still reigned a queen.

The wedding of the crown prince and Louise took place on Christmas-eve in the White Hall of the palace; that of Prince Louis and Frederika the day after Christmas. Never had Berlin been the scene of such festivities. The brides were young and beautiful; the bridegrooms—also in their first youth—were brave and popular, and not at all addicted to the vices which had stained their father's name and laid such heavy burdens on the nation.

Eylert says: "Never was there a marriage more made in heaven than this of the noble-hearted Crown Prince of Prussia with the angel-fair and angel-good Louise. He was grave, she was lively; he was concise, she loved to dilate; he was anxious, she was cheerful; he was thoughtful, she sympathetic; he was wholly man, she wholly woman, full of love and gentleness; both were of one heart and soul."

The beautiful domestic life of this young pair was a model for the whole land, and yet they paid slight heed to those rigid laws of etiquette which since the time of Louis XIV. have held sway in all European courts. "They would call each other *thou*, just like peasants," said Frau Von Voss, who every day became more and more shocked at their unlawful deeds. And the crown prince, even when he became king, would insist on entering his wife's presence unannounced: "a thing never before heard of at the royal court of Berlin," moaned Frau Von Voss—"the old finch," as the crown prince was wont, jestingly, to call her. "You see," said he, as the aggrieved lady was once remonstrating with him, and imploring a more strict adherence to established court forms—"you see, my wife and I must claim the privilege of speaking together as often as we like. You are an excellent mistress of ceremonies, but we are a pair of good, Christian married people."

Another sore grievance of Frau Von Voss was that the crown prince and princess would insist on riding out in a simple open wagon without attendants; but the poor lady's prayers, and even her tears, were of no avail; the young royal pair *would* forget their royalty and its attendant dignities whenever circumstances allowed such happy oblivion; and even on state occasions Frau Von Voss often found cause to lament that they had so little sense of

"That divinity which doth hedge a king."

Once, after their return from a formal reception at the royal palace, the crown prince, taking both Louise's hands, and gazing into her blue eyes, said, "Thank God, you are once more my wife!"

"And am I not always your wife?" she asked.

"Alas! no; you must so often be only the crown princess."

They absented themselves as much as possible from the court. Prince Frederick William was of a retiring disposition; but, above all, he

wished to keep his young wife from the corrupting influences of that profligate court circle where his own mother was ignored, and the vile Countess Lichtenau, his father's all-powerful mistress, reigned supreme.

The naturally fine intellect of the crown prince had been dwarfed by want of education. In early youth his inclinations had been constantly thwarted by the petty economy of his uncle, Frederick the Great, and his position became even worse when his father ascended the throne; for Frederick William II. was so much absorbed in his own unworthy pursuits and pleasures as to be indifferent to his sons, keeping them upon the shortest allowance, and paying slight heed to their mental or moral training.

Shy and embarrassed in public, the crown prince withdrew as much as possible from society; and the wife, though brilliant and much admired, fell in with her husband's tastes; and, happy in her immediate home circle, often graced by the presence of Prince Louis and Frederika, cared little for any other. The affection of these four young people was beautiful to see. Both his daughters-in-law were great favorites with the king, who used to call Louisa "the princess of princesses." Their mother-in-law also, the slighted queen, loved them very dearly; and the aged queen-dowager, Elizabeth Christine, at once took the fair young creatures to her warm, tender heart.

When Louise was eighteen years old her first birthday as crown princess was celebrated with great festivity. All seemed to vie in showering favors upon the young bride, and her royal father-in-law presented her the castle of Oranienburg, with the lovely gardens adjoining it. The castle had been renovated and splendidly furnished expressly for her. The king, remarking the almost speechless surprise with which she received the princely gift, asked if she had any other wish.

"Yes; a whole handful of gold for the poor," was her reply.

"And how large would the birthday child like the handful to be?" asked the king.

"As large as the heart of the kindest of kings," was her ready answer; and the king, more than ever delighted with his charming daughter-in-law, granted this wish also.

The first two years of Louise's married life passed mostly in the elysium of Oranienburg, far from the rush and tumult of the great world. During this time the crown prince had purchased the small estate of Paretz. Here he built a modest house, no better than those occupied by the ordinary country gentry; and here, even after he ascended the throne, his family was in the habit of passing the summer months.

War broke out in Poland, and the crown prince and his brother Louis left for the field. Both princes showed great bravery in this campaign, which, like that of two years before, proved a failure. In the second year of her marriage the crown princess gave birth to a son. The

widow of Frederick the Great, then in her eighty-first year, was present at the christening, and gave her blessing to the new-born heir.

A year of almost unalloyed happiness, passed for the most part on the humble estate of Paretz, followed; but the "days of darkness," which with this young prince and princess were to be many, were close at hand. In the third year of his marriage Prince Louis died, leaving Frederika widowed and desolate at the early age of eighteen. The deaths of the king and the queen-dowager, Elizabeth Christine, also occurred the same year—1796.

The crown prince now ascended the throne as Frederick William III. "Call me Frederick William," he said; "Frederick is unattainable for me." Always distrustful of himself, he, as well as others, knew that he could never attempt to play the rôle of the great Frederick. Louise bore her new honors meekly; her greatest ambition seemed to be to take the place of the lamented and pious Elizabeth Christine, and become an almoner to the poor. "I am now queen," she said, "and what most gratifies me is the hope that I may not have to reckon my charities so anxiously as before." "I will not always inquire whether people deserve aid," she said at another time. "How does God deal with us when he grants us such rich gifts? Is it not all pity and grace?"

The king and queen looked forward with delight to the summer months, when they could retire to their dear little country estate of Paretz. The king used to call himself the Justice of Paretz, and the queen rejoiced in the name of Frau Von Paretz. Here, laying aside the pomp and ceremony of the palace, this royal pair enjoyed the peaceful delights of a country life. The queen used often to dance with the peasants at the out-door rural fêtes, and in all their sorrows and their joys she was ever ready to bear a part. Her charities were bounded only by her means of giving. "I find it exceedingly pleasant to be Lady Bountiful of Paretz," she said.

She was in the habit of visiting the Berlin yearly fair on foot; and, smiling and affable to all, she would walk around leaning on her husband's arm. At such times she took great delight in buying baskets of cakes and distributing them among the poor, while young and old would cry out, "Give me some, Frau Queen!"

King Frederick William II. had lived unloved and died unlamented. At the time of his death one of his subjects wrote, "Well for him, well for us, that he is no more." "The state," says Alison, "was near its dissolution. He left behind him a demoralized nation, a corrupt cabinet, and an exhausted treasury."

If a man like Frederick the Great had been at the helm of affairs, he might have evoked order from this chaos. The new king was unlearned in state-craft, and, though full of good intentions himself, he lent a too ready ear to evil counsels. He was hesitating and dilatory in the execution of even the best measures, and

his lack of decision at the most important crisis of its history proved almost fatal to the nation.

The French armies, under their daring young commander, were gaining fresh victories, and now, for the second time, threatened the existence of the Austrian empire. Austria turned to Prussia for aid; but the king was opposed to granting it for fear of plunging the country into war, and his ministers had a secret leaning toward Napoleon. Prussia by her neutrality at this crisis prepared the way for her own downfall; for she provoked the displeasure of the other powers and the contempt of Napoleon. Prince Louis Ferdinand said, bitterly, "For the very love of peace Prussia takes a hostile attitude toward all the other powers, and will hereafter be mercilessly overthrown by one of them. Then we shall fall without support, perhaps without honor."

Party strife ran high. At the head of the war party stood the queen and the brilliant and chivalrous Prince Louis Ferdinand, son of the youngest brother of Frederick the Great, and perhaps the most gifted man in Prussia. He saw that Napoleon was bent on the subjugation of Europe, and thought that now was the time to strike that united blow which would check his onward career; and both Prince Louis and the queen urged the king to unite with the other Continental powers against Napoleon.

At an early stage of hostilities Russia had asked for a passage of its troops through the Prussian dominions. The request had been refused, and Russia had respected the wishes of its neutral neighbor. But soon after, in utter disregard of the neutrality of Prussia, Bernadotte, acting under the orders of Napoleon, had marched sixty thousand men through the Prussian state of Anspach.

This outrage, after Prussia had for ten years been trying to conciliate France, awoke the king and cabinet to a sense of their real position. They saw that Napoleon had sought the alliance of Prussia from no idea of equality, but only to promote his own selfish ends, that, his other conquests finished, she too might fall a prey to his insatiate ambition. With indignation was blent a feeling of shame at the unworthy part Prussia had chosen—neutrality at a crisis when the neighboring powers were uniting in a life-and-death struggle against Napoleon.

The aggressions of Napoleon might well cause alarm. He had conquered Holland, and placed his brother Louis on the throne; had made his brother Joseph King of the two Sicilies; and from the ceded districts of Italy he had erected three military fiefs, which he had conferred on his favorite marshals. Unless the usurper was checked in his victorious career, Prussia felt that her turn soon would come, and the war party gained strength every hour.

While the public excitement was at its height the Russian emperor, Alexander, arrived in Berlin, and with all the force of his eloquence urged the king to join in the common warfare against Napoleon.

The ardent and poetical mind of the queen had conceived the idea of bringing the two sovereigns together at the grave of the great Frederick, that they might here ratify the solemn alliance they had formed. At midnight they stood before his tomb. The emperor kissed the pall; then he and Frederick William joined hands, and made a vow of alliance and eternal friendship.

War having been decided upon, Prussia made the most vigorous preparations. An army in three divisions, and numbering 130,000 men, was speedily formed, and Prussia, who, selfishly hoping to profit by the disasters of her neighbors, and perhaps through Napoleon's favor to gain the Electorate of Hanover, now rushed precipitately into action.

The king opened the campaign with imprudent haste, and the queen accompanied him to the field—not from any love of adventure, but because her presence was an inspiration to her husband and the soldiers. Napoleon, in one of his bulletins, thus speaks of her:

"The Queen of Prussia is with the army, dressed like an Amazon, wearing the uniform of her dragoons"—she wore a sort of military spencer with the national colors—"writing twenty letters a day to spread conflagration in all directions. We seem to see an Armida, in her madness setting fire to her palace."

The gallant Prince Louis Ferdinand was killed at the outset of the campaign in the disastrous rout of Saalfeld, October 10, 1806. "Brilliant in talent, noble and generous in disposition, gifted with an intellect to which all knowledge and science were easy, beautiful as a young god, stately in bearing, with fair curling hair and frank blue eyes," he was the idol of the nation. If he had ascended the throne in place of his cousin, Prussia might have had a different destiny. But his splendid talents were for long years wasted in inaction, and just as the hour for action came he died.

As, on the morning of October 14, the first booming of cannon announced that the battle of Jena had begun, Queen Louise left the camp for Berlin. Her last words to the soldiers were, "My children, fight like Prussians!"

Scarce had she reached the city gates when a messenger came bringing the fearful tidings that all was lost—that she and her children must flee to Stettin. At the battles of Jena and Auerstädt, fought the same day, Prussia had received her death-blow, while France had won a splendid victory.

When the royal family reached Bärwäldé their horses were nearly exhausted, and the inhabitants, doubtless bribed by the French, refused to furnish them with fresh ones; so they passed slowly on to Küstrin, where they were joined by the king. On the 26th they fled to Königsberg, almost the last outpost of the kingdom, where they thought they could remain while Frederick William was master of any portion of Prussian soil; but before leaving Küstrin they learned that Leipsic, Witten-

berg, and even Berlin were in the hands of the French.

One stronghold fell after another. Blücher surrendered on the 7th of November, and Magdeburg, the strongest fortress in the kingdom, on the 8th. Before winter was over all the Silesian fortresses were in the hands of the enemy, and the little border town of Memel was the only one the king could call his own.

Thus, in a campaign of not more than ten days, Prussia was humbled in the dust, and as a nation blotted from the map of Europe, The kingdom founded by the great elector, and raised to such a height of glory by Frederick the Great—the power that during the Seven Years' War had defied all Europe—now vanished like "the baseless fabric of a vision." Napoleon followed up the victories of Auerstädt and Jena with his wonted promptness and vigor, and, as usual, made a harsh, ungenerous use of his triumph.

Louise was the only obstacle to Napoleon's entire success. When all others counseled the king to surrender she urged resistance, and her courage seemed to rise with misfortune. Napoleon was well aware of the queen's great influence over her husband, of her popularity with the people, and he pursued her with the basest calumnies. A daily paper published in Berlin under his supervision was filled with abuse of her. In an official bulletin issued just after the battle of Jena he accuses the queen of being the author of all the calamities which had befallen Prussia. These are his words: "After her ridiculous journey to Erfurt and Weimar the queen entered Berlin a fugitive—alone. Among the standards we have taken are those embroidered by the hand of this princess, whose beauty has been as fatal to her people as that of Helen was to the citizens of Troy."

"Is it not enough," said Louise, weeping, "that Napoleon should rob the king of his crown? Must the honor of his wife be also sacrificed because the emperor is base enough to circulate the vilest calumnies about me?"

On the 25th of October, 1806, Marshal Davoust, with the van-guard of the French army, entered Berlin with all the pomp of war. The same day the strong fortress of Spandau surrendered without firing a shot, and the next Napoleon made his triumphal entry into the capital. Nothing that could enhance his own triumph or still more humiliate his conquered foe was omitted by him. He took delight in lacerating the feelings of the Prussians, and showing them how completely he was their master. Upward of three hundred Prussian standards taken in the late battles were paraded through the streets of Berlin, while the captured officers, most of them high-born, high-spirited young men, were marched as a public spectacle through the city. Paris to-day in her humiliation is but drinking the bitter cup which Berlin sixty-five years ago drained to the dregs.

Prussia's fortunes were now at the lowest

ebb. Dantzic had fallen; and with the battle of Friedland all hope from the Russian alliance had vanished. The Emperor Alexander, dazzled by Napoleon's successes, and cajoled by his flatteries, had proved faithless to Prussia. "If you give me a finger's length, I will give you an arm's length," the wily despot had said to him; and the two emperors very likely planned together the subjugation of Europe. They met, with embraces and lavish promises, and agreed upon an armistice without reference to Prussia. When, early in July, 1807, they held an interview on a raft in the Niemen for the purpose of arranging terms of peace, Alexander said, "I hate the English as much as you do!" and Napoleon replied, "If that is so, peace is concluded."

Alexander wished that the King of Prussia should be summoned to take part in their further deliberations. As an act of great condescension Napoleon consented to admit Frederick William to an audience; but when the king entered his august presence in a plain soldier's uniform, he took no other notice of him than to ask the usher if he was aware that the military shako and mustache were not parts of the dress prescribed for those admitted to an audience with the Emperor of the French. Though galled to the soul by the usurper's insolence, Frederick William never for a moment forgot his self-respect, or lost his dignity of bearing.

The king's position was most humiliating and painful, yet he remained for some days at Tilsit with the two emperors, hoping to gain something for Prussia—at least to win back Magdeburg; but Napoleon would abate nothing from his exorbitant demands.

By the terms of the treaty submitted by Napoleon, Prussia was to lose half her territory and population, and be subject to a war tax of six hundred million francs. All her fortresses were to remain in the hands of the French as security for the payment of this enormous sum, while the Prussians were to support 20,000 French soldiers, who should be stationed at Dantzic, and a military road directly across the kingdom was to afford free passage for Napoleon's armies. Prussia's Polish provinces were to be erected into a principality, to be called the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and to be given to Saxony; all but one, which was to be ceded to Russia. Thus Prussia received a righteous retribution for her crime in the partition of Poland fourteen years before.

From the ceded provinces on the left bank of the Elbe a new kingdom was to be erected—the kingdom of Westphalia—and only as a particular mark of his regard for Alexander would Napoleon agree to restore to Prussia Silesia and most of the German territory on the right bank of the Elbe.

"There shall be no King of Prussia—not even a Margrave of Brandenburg," said Napoleon, in his arrogance. At these words even Alexander's plastic conscience took alarm, and

he tried to obtain some better terms for Prussia. But Napoleon's demands rose rather than abated. Instead of one military road through the kingdom he demanded five, and made other increased exactions.

Well aware of the queen's beauty and fascinations, Alexander thought she might perhaps have some influence over the French emperor, and persuaded her to meet him at Tilsit. Though Louise could never speak of this man, the author of all her country's misfortunes, without a shudder, still, for Prussia's sake, she was willing to sacrifice her own personal feelings and dignity. It was a sore trial to this refined, sensitive woman to meet as a suppliant the despot who had driven her husband from the throne, and cast the foulest aspersions on her honor. Louise says in her diary, "What struggles it has cost me God only knows; for, if I do not hate this man, I look upon him as the one who has caused the misfortunes of the king and the country."

She made two visits to the haughty conqueror. Napoleon acknowledged that the Queen of Prussia was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he declared that whatever topic of conversation he broached, she managed, with the most admirable tact and delicacy, to come back to her one theme—*Prussia*. She implored Napoleon to prove himself indeed a hero by showing mercy to a fallen foe, and, if he would make no other concession, at least to restore Magdeburg. Just before dinner Napoleon gave her a rose; she at first refused it, then accepting it with an arch smile, she said, "Yes, but at least with Magdeburg."

"I must observe to your majesty," said Napoleon, gruffly, "that it is *I* who give, and you only who must receive."

The king was present, silent and dejected at the sight of his wife's unavailing sacrifice.

As soon as the queen retired, Napoleon sent for Talleyrand and the Russian minister, and concluded the treaty on the basis before laid down.

"After all," said he, "a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state."

At the earnest request of the Russian emperor, Louise paid a second visit to Napoleon—unsuccessful as the first.

As, at the conclusion of this visit, Napoleon was conducting her down the stairs, the queen paused, and, pressing the emperor's hand as he bade her farewell, said, "Is it possible that after having had the good fortune to be so near the hero of the age he has not left me the satisfaction of being able to say that he has attached me to him for life?"

"Madame," replied the emperor, "I lament if it is so; it is the effect of my evil destiny."

The royal pair returned to Memel, their only refuge upon Prussian soil. "Let us be patient and steady, and wait, and God will help us," said the pious king, greater even in his humiliation and weakness than the atheistic Fred-

erick the Great at the height of his fame and power.

Napoleon carried things with a high hand. As he confiscated one great estate after another he would say, "I will make the noblesse of Prussia so poor they will have to beg their bread."

The greatest sacrifices were necessary to meet the exactions of Napoleon—the gold service of Frederick the Great was melted down, and the royal family was so reduced as to be obliged to accept contributions from the people to meet their household expenses. Many a citizen of Memel lived better than the king.

At the queen's earnest solicitation, the once banished prime minister Stein, "the diamond and foundation-stone of the Prussian state," was recalled, and under his wise conduct things began to wear a brighter aspect. But, humbled in the dust as she was, Prussia's "*passion-time*" was to continue long and bitter years.

In her retirement at Memel the queen devoted herself to the education of her children, six in number. The crown prince, Frederick William, was then twelve years of age, and a boy of much promise. She sought to animate him with her own patriotic spirit and love of country. "You see me weep," she said to him after the battle of Jena. "I weep for the downfall of my house and country. Recall these unhappy hours when I am no more, and weep such tears for me as I now weep for my country. But do not be satisfied with tears: act, develop your strength. Perhaps you may be destined to deliver your country. Do not let yourself be carried away by the degeneracy of the age. Be a *man*! Court the fame of a general, of a hero; and if you can not raise your fallen country, then seek death, as Prince Louis Ferdinand has done!"

This son lived to see his country great among the nations of the earth; but to the second son, William, it has been given to repay, with interest, the ignominy heaped upon Prussia by Napoleon—to avenge the wrongs of Germany's loveliest and best-beloved but most unhappy queen.

Louise's sister Frederika had formed a second marriage, and was now the Princess of Salms. She shared the exile of the royal household; and among the most intimate friends of the family was Scheffner, an old officer who had served in the armies of Frederick the Great. He was a man of considerable literary culture, and a writer of some note. He describes the Princess Frederika as very charming in person and manner, with a spice of coquetry, and a most musical voice; but of the queen he speaks as of a superior being, declaring that, with the utmost loveliness of person, she possessed every grace of mind and heart.

As months passed on some faint gleams of hope arose amidst the utter darkness that had settled round the Prussian state. The overwhelming defeat of Napoleon in the battle of Eylau had caused him to be somewhat more

moderate in his demands, and disasters in Spain at length rendered necessary the recall of the French soldiers stationed in Prussia. Reports also came from Berlin that the people were sullen and discontented, impatient of the foreign yoke, yet kept silent through fear. Napoleon declared his wish to reorganize as speedily as possible the Prussian monarchy, "whose intermediate position was necessary for the tranquillity of Europe."

In November, 1809, the French evacuated the whole country except the garrisons and fortresses on the Oder, and on the 3d of December the royal family returned to Berlin amidst great rejoicings. Sixteen years before, in this same month of December, Louise had made her triumphal entry into Berlin as a bride.

That night at the theatre, in presence of an immense assembly, "God bless the king!" was sung amidst the wildest enthusiasm.

The king was greatly elated at being once more in his capital, but the queen was oppressed with an unwonted sadness. Her health was somewhat shaken; but as the spring advanced she became better and more cheerful. In the beautiful spring weather the royal family sought their charming retreat at Potsdam, and on Easter-Sunday Louise received the sacrament from the hands of her beloved pastor, Doctor Ribbeck.

The king had made his wife a birthday promise that, as soon as official engagements permitted, they would both visit her father and her aged grandmother. June was fixed upon as the time for the visit. On the 24th the queen set out for Mecklenburg; the king was soon to follow. At Fürstenburg she was met by her father, her sister Frederika, and two brothers; at New Strelitz her grandmother stood on the palace steps to receive her. One of the ladies present chanced to remark upon the beauty of a set of pearl ornaments worn by the queen. "Yes," said she, "I am fond of these ornaments; I kept them when I had to part with my other jewels. Pearls suit me: they are emblems of tears, and I have shed so many."

On the 28th the king arrived. As the queen had a slight cold, she remained in the house with her brother George while the rest of the party went to inspect some alterations in the chapel. She said to her brother, "Dear George, now I am quite happy;" and then, seating herself at her father's escritoire, she wrote:

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I am very happy to-day as your daughter and the wife of the best of husbands.

"LOUISE.

"NEW STRELITZ, 28th June, 1810."

These were the last words she ever wrote.

On the 29th the whole party went to the ducal castle of Hohenzieritz, and here Louise grew rapidly worse. She was seized with spasms and difficulty of breathing, and the king was obliged to leave without her. He promised to return as soon as possible, but fell ill on the way back, and was laid up at Charlottenburg.

After a week's illness the queen became better; but one morning, as the papers containing news of Bonaparte's abdication were being read to her, she was again seized with difficulty of breathing, and could only gasp, "Air! air!" The king was sent for, but urgent business matters prevented his setting out at once.

"All this time," says Eylert, "Louise lay, looking like an angel, repeating hymns she had learned in childhood, thankful for every thing, and fearful lest her attendants might become weary with watching. On Wednesday at midnight she was again seized with spasms. Her father was called at three o'clock. 'Lord, Thy ways are not our ways,' said the old man, solemnly. 'It would be hard if I should die,' said Louise: 'think of the king and the children!'"

"She kept growing weaker and weaker. At four o'clock on the morning of the 19th the king arrived, and read the evil tidings in the faces that met his anxious inquiries. The physician told him that the queen's disease was a confirmed affection of the heart, and that, humanly speaking, there was no hope." The king's face became so distorted with agony that no one would have recognized him. When he entered the queen's apartment he could not speak, and she was greatly alarmed at his extreme agitation.

"Dear friend," she said, "why are you so sad? Am I in such great danger?"

He gave an evasive answer, and added, "God be thanked that I am here!"

"Who came with you?" asked the queen.

"Fritz and Wilhelm," replied the king.

"Oh, what a delight!" Louise exclaimed.

Frederick William could endure this no longer. He went out under pretense of seeking his sons. When he had left the room Louise said, "It has shaken me to see him; his embrace was so passionate, as if he was bidding me farewell—as if I must die!"

The crown prince and William (the present Emperor of Germany) now came to her. She repeated several times, "My Fritz! my Wilhelm!" and looked at them long and wistfully. They soon left the room, and the king, now outwardly calm, returned. He put one arm around the dying queen, and held her hand. The spasms became more and more violent. "Lord Jesus, make it short!" she said, gave one low, deep sigh, and so departed. She died in the *Lustschloss* (pleasure-castle) of Hohenzieritz, on the 19th of July, 1810.

"She died in the pleasure-castle where she was born," says Jean Paul. "If it must lose its happy name, call it a temple, she died in it so holy and so fair."

"But death had no power over that high beauty; a holy peace rested on those noble features," said one who gazed upon that lovely face, transfigured and glorified by the light of that other life which we call death.

For a time all were silent; no words must break that holy calm. At length Frederick

William rose, kissed and closed the dear eyes, and stood gazing, mute and tearless, at the heavenly repose of that beautiful face; then, a man stricken by a woe never to be healed on earth, he sought his two sons, and led them up to take a last look at their mother. While they knelt and sobbed by the dear, lifeless form the king paced up and down with a look of despair on his face which none who saw it could ever forget. "If she had not been mine, she would not have died!" he said in his first agony and desolation; then he shut his grief within his own breast, and became more silent and reserved than ever.

The artists commissioned to reproduce the beautiful form in marble worked long and faithfully, but without success—that ideal loveliness seemed beyond their power. At length Rausch succeeded. He first made a cast which the king heard much spoken of, and asked to see. "It is fearfully like," he said. "Take it away, and do not let me see it again." Then he burst into tears, the first which had come to his relief since the queen's death.

He then requested Rausch to execute a design for a monument. Rausch finished that, and still another—a reclining figure asleep—which he intended to keep himself. It was so exquisite that the king desired to possess it, and Rausch gave it to him. The monument is now in the mausoleum of Charlottenburg; the reclining figure in the antique temple at Sans-Souci, where it has long been a shrine for sympathetic hearts.

At the first victory for the Prussian arms over Napoleon the king reverently laid a laurel wreath upon the grave of his Louise, who had so loved, so sorrowed for her country, and whose gentle heart had broken for its sake.

In death, as in life, Louise remained the king's inspiration—his good angel: all his efforts for the weal of the people she had loved so well were made in her name. There was the "*Louisen Denkmal*," a little dowry for such poor, deserving couples as should be betrothed on the anniversary of her death; there were Louise schools for the training of governesses, and for the general improvement of women. The order of the Iron Cross was founded on her birthday, as Prussia began its new struggle for freedom; and ere long still another was instituted—the "Louise Order"—in honor of those women who devoted themselves to the care of the sick and wounded from the battlefield.

And thus, as a type of purest, noblest womanhood, Louise of Prussia lives to-day. Though her eyes were not gladdened by the sight of her country's resurrection from the dust, yet in this, the hour of its triumph and its glory, Prussia cherishes her memory as that of no other woman is cherished; and linking her name with its best and holiest charities, the Fatherland shows its love and pride in the "angel-good and angel-fair Louise," its martyr-queen.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was about fifteen years ago that Thalberg was in this country. Jenny Lind had been here two or three years before, and Alboni and Grisi a little later, and Vieuxtemps and Sivori and Ole Bull had arrived a dozen years before. Jullien, with his monster orchestra, had given monstrous concerts in the monstrous hall of Castle Garden, and many a musician of less fame had come to try his fortune. But we had had neither of the acknowledged masters of the piano, the founders of the modern school of playing—Liszt and Thalberg. Liszt, spoiled and capricious, played very seldom. Chopin, more a composer than a performer, we in America had never supposed would cross the sea: so sensitive, so delicate, so shadowy, his life seemed to exhale, a passionate sigh of music. In the stormy, blood-soaked, ruined Paris of to-day it is not easy to imagine those evenings at the Prince Czartoryski's, when Chopin played in the moonlight the mazurkas and polonaises and waltzes which moonlight or opium seem often to have inspired, but through which the proud movement of the old Polish dance and song so often also triumphantly rings.

In George Sand's "Letters of a Traveler" Chopin also appears, but sadly and hopelessly. The phrase of Xavier de Maistre, in speaking of the Fornarina and Raphael, is the undertone of all the passages of the book that speak of Chopin—"She loved her love more than her lover." Then came the burial at the Madeleine, with his own funeral march beating time to his grave. But of all composers for the piano Chopin seems to be the truest poet. The others play cunningly upon the ear, but he touches the soul. The mere pianist who had aroused the most enthusiasm in this country was Leopold de Meyer, who came more than twenty years ago. It was an exhilarating, Champagne style. There was a grotesque little plaster cast of him in the shop windows at the time, which was a capital caricature. He was represented crouching over the instrument, with enormous hands spread upon the key-board, and his fat knees crowding in to cover all the rest of the space. It was slam-bang playing, but so skillful, and with such a tickling melody, that it was irresistibly popular. His "Marche Marocaine," a brilliant *tour de force*, was always sure to captivate the audience; and as De Meyer played with his whole body, and with evident zest, his success was indisputable.

His concerts were sometimes given in the old Tabernacle upon Broadway, near Leonard Street, the circular church which for so many years was the chief public hall in the city. The platform was almost in the centre, and the aisles radiated from it. The galleries went quite around the building, and, except for the huge columns which supported a dome, it was convenient both for hearing and seeing. Here were some of the great antislavery meetings in the hottest days of the agitation. The anniversaries were held here, and it was the scene of all popular lectures and of concerts. A few blocks above, upon Broadway, near Canal Street, was the old Apollo Hall, where the first Philharmonic concerts took place. In those early days of the German music—days which followed the City Hotel epoch and the

Garcia opera—people were so unaccustomed to the proprieties of the concert-room that the Easy Chair has even known some persons to whisper and giggle during the performance of the finest symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart, and so excessively rude as to rustle out of the hall before the last piece was ended.

Upon one such occasion it said to its neighbor, as they were coming out,

"It is a pity such ill-mannered people should come among ladies and gentlemen."

"Ill-mannered!" quoth its neighbor; "I assure you they are carriage company from the neighborhood of Union Square."

In these days of universal respectful attention at the Philharmonic concerts to the performance of fine music it is but a curious reminiscence of long-passed boorishness, this of persons who whispered and giggled, and rustled out before the end, at concerts, to the disturbance of all mannerly people.

As the city grew the concerts came up town, and were for some time given at Niblo's concert-room. But, wherever they were, one person was for many years constantly familiar, sometimes as general director, sometimes as pianist to accompany singing, always modest, courteous, and efficient, a man widely and most kindly remembered—Henry C. Timm. Like most of our musical benefactors, he was a German, and gave lessons in piano-playing. He was not one of the great virtuosos, but his touch was delicate and nimble, and he had a sincere love of his art. Often and often, at a house always pleasant from that reminiscence, with the consent of parent and pupil, and to his own great delight, the hour designed for the scholar's scales and exercises was given to the master's playing. He was fond of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," and he played it with force and precision and the utmost delicacy. Mr. Timm had a pale, smooth, sharp face, a rather prim manner, and a quick, modest gait. He was most simple-hearted, and loved a joke; and his fun was all the more effective from his very sober face and his lisp. It was his wife who was for so long the most efficient actress at Mitchell's old Olympic in the palmy days of burlesque.

It was at Niblo's that Thalberg played. Many of the virtuosos had been—like De Meyer—so extravagant in their action, and so evidently what we now call "sensational," that there was great curiosity to see the master whose name had been familiar since 1830, and famous since 1835, when he first played in Paris. The comparative estimate of the two men, Liszt and Thalberg, was that the former was a player of eccentric genius, the latter of consummate talent: a judgment which is very apt to spring from a superficial theory that eccentricity is the signet of genius. The long hair, the wild aspect of Paganini, have done much to confirm this feeling.

At the concerts of Thalberg there were some preliminary performances, and then a gentleman of ordinary size, with side whiskers and no mustache, and unostentatiously dressed, entered upon the platform. His manner was grave and tranquil, and he bowed respectfully as he seated himself at the instrument. Immediately, without a

flourish or grimace, steadily and calmly watching the audience, he touched the piano, and it began to sing. There was no pounding, no muscular contortion. Nothing but his hands seemed to be engaged, and apparently without effort they exhausted the whole force of the instrument. It was in every respect except its great effectiveness the reverse of De Meyer's playing. The effect, indeed, was astonishing. When he arose, as quietly and gravely as he had seated himself, there was a tumult of applause, to which he bowed and tranquilly withdrew.

The characteristic of his style is well known. It was a series of harmonious combinations of all the resources of the key-board, through which the melody was clearly articulated. It was by study and by long practice only that he carried this method to its perfection. Thus in one of his great fantasias, that from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," the sentiment of the whole opera is reproduced. You do not admire brilliant variations upon a theme selected from the opera, but you are affected by the passionate movement of the entire work. It is a wonderful epitome. Yet the same respect which he showed for his audience and for himself, and which made him always a self-possessed gentleman, he also had for his instrument. De Meyer, for instance, seemed to suppose that the full range and power of the piano could not be developed except by grotesque methods. Other players treat it as if impatient of its limitations, and resolved to make an orchestra of a feeble key-board. But Thalberg instinctively apprehended the character of the instrument, and respected its limitations as well as its powers, and knew that its utmost resource was attainable by skilled motion rather than by brute force. Therefore it was that he played with his hands, and not with his knees and his body. But the force of his fingers was magical, and the volume of sound that followed was as great as any player evoked.

Indeed, Thalberg was a player only, and not, in the sense of Chopin, a composer. What are called his compositions are arrangements and adaptations of themes from operas treated in his manner, and for the purpose of developing them with all the richness of the instrument. The originality is in the method of instrumentation, and in this he was original, and is really the founder of the present piano school. As a player his characteristic was the cantabile—the singing quality; and this he had beyond all players. The flowing sweetness of his style is indescribable. There were many, indeed, who complained of a want of fire, and denied him that passion without which no work of art is perfect. But it was impossible to hear him play his fantasia from "Don Giovanni," for instance, without perceiving all the passion of the original. Mozart was not dimmed under his hands. And the impression of coldness was largely due, doubtless, to the tranquillity and propriety of his appearance and manner.

The most generally popular of his successors at the piano in this country was undoubtedly Gottschalk, who was here quite as early as Thalberg, whose fame eclipsed all others. Upon his arrival Gottschalk played privately at a small party. He was a foreign-looking youth, with a peculiarly dull eye, and taciturn, but he was familiar with every kind of music. When he

was asked he played Chopin, and with great skill. But his chief successes were his West Indian melodies, which were full of picturesque suggestion. His execution was most rapid, brilliant, and forcible, but a great deal of his playing was too evidently *tours de force*. It was always interesting to watch his audience, when, upon being recalled, he began one of the West Indian strains. There was a minor monotonous theme in them which fascinated the listeners. They heard the beat of the tambourine, and saw the movement of the dance, and with them all the characteristic scenery and association of the tropics filled their imaginations. The languid grace, the rich indolence, the gay profusion of the lands where the banana grows were all suggested by the sound.

But how many admirable players there have been, and among the best of the more recent Alide Topp, Miss Mehlig, and Miss Krebs, who seemed to have conquered every mechanical difficulty, and not to lack the power of men in playing. The old halls, indeed, are long since deserted, and Nilsson, the latest diva, new-lighted upon our shores, does not sing below Fourteenth Street. Meanwhile the conspicuous mention of one of the familiar names, as of Jenny Lind, or Alboni, or Thalberg, recalls a hundred delightful evenings; and when, as now, one passes through the bridge of Mirza out of sight, how many Easy Chairs pause for a moment to remember not only the great artist, but those who, by association, make the memory of him and the pleasure he gave perennial and delightful.

ALTHOUGH it is an age of newspapers, it is not yet certainly decided that whatever is new shall therefore be considered news, or fit for the public eye. An inquisitive child, poring over the advertisements in many papers, would grievously perplex his father if he should insist upon an explanation of much that he reads; and the perplexity would become profound if his mother should join in his request. And there are reports and descriptions of many aspects of life which are undoubtedly very new to many readers, but which are, like the advertisements, very difficult to explain. When a man calls upon an editor to state why he admits to his columns certain notices or advertisements, the usual reply is that the editor is not a moral censor. He offers to the public a vehicle of communication, and he does not, and can not, guarantee the truth or the propriety of the thing communicated. This is a general plea, which is not true in detail. For, in the first place, the editor does regard propriety of form. If a man should send to a reputable newspaper an announcement that a cock-fight would take place in his house upon a certain day, or that he had a dog-pit for which he solicited public favor, or should offer still more questionable advertisements yet of things not forbidden by statute, the reputable newspaper would decline.

Yet if many of the same objects were sought under phrases not obnoxious to instant censure, although well understood by the editor, they would often be admitted; while some he would reject under every pretense; and often, but not always, not so much for the reason of immorality itself as that certain immorality is hurtful to trade. So he is a moral censor in such matters,

after all; and the question is upon what principle his censure shall proceed. If he knows that a proposition apparently fair is really a trap, and that the advertiser, under pretense of benefiting the public, really means to swindle it, may the editor plead that he can not be sponsor for the public, and that all baggage must be at the risk of the owner? "Where will this principle of exclusion lead?" demands the editor. "Shall a Presbyterian publisher refuse to print the advertisement of a Methodist meeting, or a Baptist paper decline the announcement of a Quaker book? Shall a Roman Catholic, meeting a stranger upon the street, refuse to show him the way to the Jewish synagogue, lest he be privy to the loss of his soul?"

But the answer to such questions is evident. Such information does not tend to the violation of the moral law, while if a man is so absolute a sectary as really to believe another man's soul imperiled by the teachings of other churches and divines, he certainly ought not to connive at such peril because of money. Clearly the principle of the newspaper must be that it will not directly nor indirectly consciously connive at immorality. By assuming the responsibility of publication its conductor has not divested himself of his individual accountability. He can not, of course, know whether the linen which the merchant advertises as the cheapest ever offered in this market really is the cheapest, nor whether the hats which are announced as the best hats in the world do actually enjoy that proud pre-eminence, nor is it necessary that he should. That is the rhetoric of advertising which is universally understood. But the case is essentially different when the editor really does know that the enterprise to which the public is exhorted to give money is a cheat, and he can no more honorably advertise it than he could pick pockets. Tom does not save his honor nor his morals because, while he allows Dick to take his hands and steal Harry's money, he turns his head away and loudly protests that every tub must stand on its own bottom.

If, then, the editor must discriminate, upon what compulsion must he? how far and in what way may he plainly expose the vices that lie hidden like man-traps and spring-guns all around the path of the great journey? There are the most insidious temptations every where in highly civilized communities. They are draped and colored and softened so that they are as seductive as warm airs and sweet odors. You have been, perhaps, at Baden-Baden or at some other fashionable gambling place in Europe. Then among the most vivid and delightful of your recollections is the picture of that gay and luxurious scene. There are the spacious and brilliant casino; the garden walks; the ball-room; the band delightfully playing; the groups of strangers from all the world; the universal soft murmur and grace and charm; and there is the handsome and silent room where the cards are dealt, and, with neat ebony rakes upon the cloth table, fortunes and hopes and lives are noiselessly and courteously swept away. The summer moonlight bathes the lustrous orange-trees in the walks. Youth and beauty sigh and whisper in the enchanted shade. Circe's palace and feast were not fairer or more deadly.

In ancient days, when the Easy Chair saw

that spectacle, the labyrinth of bewildering brilliancy was only a jungle. To stake your money was to fight the tiger, and the tiger generally had the best of it. There are sober citizens whom the Chair sometimes sees, who bear to this day the scars of that deadly encounter. Now it is not necessary to go to Baden-Baden to grapple with the ferocious beast. Those sharp, fatal claws are sheathed in velvet nearer home. That jungle is a twitch-grass—a Canada thistle—it is that terrible and pervasive pusley against which Mr. Warner protests in his "Summer in a Garden." That casino's name is legion. It is at Newport, at Saratoga, at Long Branch; it is infinitely various, but universal, in New York and in every great city. The young man who wishes to "see life" rings and enters.

"Many a gallant, gay domestic
Bows before him at the door."

It is all luxury and splendor and repose. The supper is laid and the wines sparkle; and in the stillest room of all the same old tiger shows just the glistening tip of his deadly claws as he clutches the heart out of some foolish boy. The law denounces that beast. Can the newspaper do a greater service than to hunt him out? Knavery seeks darkness and seclusion. What is the press but a detective's lantern? How can it be more advantageously used than by being turned upon skulking villainy?

If the tiger wished to advertise, the honest newspaper would decline. We should all approve. If it wished to strike a positive blow for public morality, it would expose the animal. Again we should all approve. Is that the only kind of beast it should denounce? If there are worse monsters and more unspeakable, shall the press be silent? There is, indeed, danger that in exposing a peril you advertise it, as in deprecating a policy you may suggest it. When the mob is raging about the culprit whom it has caught, to say to it, "The town pump is just round the corner, but don't nail his ears to it," will probable insure for him that fate. So to remark that it is a solemn duty to expose vice; that bang-chewing is one of the most noxious intoxications known; and that at Number 2000 in Avenue X is the most sumptuous, and therefore the most pernicious and most strenuously to be avoided, establishment for the purpose in the world, would be the very advertisement which the bang-man most earnestly desires; and the newspaper would involuntarily, and with the best possible intention, have become a pander to vice.

But it is a great mistake to suppose that newspapers can not deal with certain universal vices because to speak of them is to advertise them and really multiply vice. It is in this, as elsewhere, a question of method. A preacher may so set forth Christianity as to disgust every sensible hearer, and repel those whom another shall persuade, as the south wind persuades buds in spring. There is no difficulty, however apparently unmanageable, that a newspaper may not deal with successfully if it deals skillfully. But the timidity and the pruriency that are sometimes observable in the press are due mainly to the public itself—to the reader. If the debasing influence of French fiction is sometimes seen in the English novel, it is because the results of that influence are found to be acceptable to the

reader. The excuse of a single reader—of that one, for instance, who is at this moment reading these lines—is that one man does not count; that his influence is nothing. And it is remarkable that an age which preaches so loudly the gospel of individual action, which asserts the very unit of society to be the individual, should be the time also in which every man is so likely to depreciate his individual influence and weight, and so apt to forbear the attempt to exercise it.

It would be curious to trace in this country, which is politically organized upon the declaration of equal individual right, the reasons of this want of confidence in individual influence, and the lack of a deep sense of individual responsibility. Much, of course, is to be attributed to the universal deference to the majority. As De Quincey says that a man who indulges himself in murder will presently come to Sabbath-breaking and procrastination, so those who defer to the majority in all great public concerns will find themselves easily yielding to it in private duties. The tendency of a popular system is to force a man to regard himself as one drop only in the flood of the majority. He forgets that the flood is only an aggregate of drops. So he does not feel that the public is but the private multiplied. He reads an offensive paper, he sees a mean action—"the public likes it!" he says, with a shrug and a sigh. Who likes it? Does he like it? Does his neighbor like it? Why do they not bring their influence to bear? What he says is only an excuse for his cowardice.

If the public—if any number of persons—wish the press to grapple with great evils, to expose evil-doers of every kind, and not only to rebuke vice in the slums, but dishonesty and corruption in high position, it must sturdily sustain it, while it holds it to the strictest responsibility. It was Cain who asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and there are many and many who still excuse themselves under the same plea. While, therefore, the honorable editor, whatever he may say, does not make his paper—as he ought not to make it—a mere dead wall upon which every quack and criminal may paste his placard at pleasure, but aims to make the honest, not the dishonest, convenience of the public his private profit, the individual reader has the same interest with the editor in the general well-being. He must do his part. It is not, indeed, entirely true either that the press makes the public, or the public the press. But there is an immense reciprocal influence. And if the parent walking in the streets is shocked to see in the shop windows a certain kind of illustrated paper, to whose debasements his children even in passing are exposed, it is not enough for him to protest that the public delights in filth; for some terrible Nathan will say to every such David, Have you done, and are you doing, what you can as an individual to correct the taste which demands those pictures, or do you idly think that one man can do nothing? Every man who does a great work believes, as effective reformers always believed, that one with God is a majority.

THE propriety of the modern manner of "mounting" plays at the theatre with the strictest regard to what is called historical accuracy was the subject of an admirable essay a year or two since by Mr. Richard Grant White, and the

splendors of the "revivals" at some of the theatres, and especially at Booth's, constantly suggest the question to those who, sitting in that theatre, await the rising of the curtain. "If Henry the Eighth is to be played," asks Pistol of his companion, "would you see his Majesty enter in Wellington boots and a cocked hat? and Queen Katharine in such a dress as your cousin Kate wears, conquering, every evening? If it is Macbeth or Hamlet, will you have them in our hats and dress-coats? And if not, if you will have their costume such as we know that they wore, why not have the objects around them such as we know that they were? The palace of Henry the Eighth, whose domestic life Goldwin Smith says used to be felicitously described by an old Oxford professor as 'clouded with infelicities,' was not furnished with carpets and Paris upholstery. If, therefore, you will dress him as he was, do the same justice to his house. Let us have persons and scenes as faithfully reproduced as possible."

To this, which is the fair, usual statement of the argument, the friend seems to answer that he would be obliged to Pistol if he would describe the dress of Macbeth and of Hamlet; and if he can not accurately do so, will he say how important that kind of accuracy probably is if even he can not determine it? Does he think that the other spectators will be troubled by anachronisms and improprieties of detail in representation if he is not? And, if so, is not the reason this—that Macbeth and Hamlet are not figures of history, but of the imagination, and that although the scene is laid in Scotland, it is not the geographical Scotland, the land o' bannocks and barley-meal, but a true fairy-land, like that Shakespearean Bohemia which is washed by the sea? They are denizens of the realm of imagination. Therefore we must discriminate. Dramas that are strictly historical and local must be treated differently. Henry the Eighth, for instance, is a clearly outlined figure in the fancy. His burly person, his cap and feather, his doublet, are parts of his impression upon the mind. The mention of his name recalls them all. Therefore, if the royal Blue-beard should be represented in a summer sack of to-day and trowsers which would have satisfied D'Artois, we should all greet his Majesty with uproarious laughter. And so with Queen Katharine and Richard the Second and Richard the Third. The association of these persons with another time and costume is so universal and absolute that some degree of accuracy in the accessories is indispensable. But even this may go so far as to destroy the real effect of the play.

Thus Bulwer's play of "Richelieu," which must have been written for Mr. Crummles's renowned tragedian, Folair, it is so full of tedious "gag," was put upon the stage at Booth's Theatre with the utmost study and care. Richelieu's chamber was a reproduction, it is said, of an old room in Rouen, and it may well have been, for in every detail it was admirable. When the curtain rose and discovered Richelieu sitting at his table with the study lamp, the dim light obscurely thrown upon the recess in which was the heavily draped bed, the fire burning in the chimney, and the massive ceiling—these admirably finished details, with the careful costume and withered figure of the Cardinal, made as perfect a picture as could

be seen. A series of such would be a unique and delightful entertainment. It was old France, and this was the famous French minister. But when he spoke—! What! did his Eminence speak English in his soliloquies?

Upon which Pistol, of course, explodes, and remarks that such a question is foolish, because, he says, something must be left to the imagination. His friend does not deny it. But he says that if the appeal is to the imagination, that faculty ought to be helped, and not perplexed. Now the inevitable effect of extreme accuracy of detail in the scene is to quicken the sense of accuracy and propriety. If there is a fire visibly burning in the chimney, the fact of the season of the year is forced upon the mind, perhaps rather impertinently, and it expects and demands that every thing shall conform. It is cold weather, and the mind will look out for cold weather every where. So when the architecture and equipment of the room are unequivocally and characteristically French, and every personage and incident mentioned are French, and the mind, like a stage with a scene, is "set" with France, it is shocked by hearing a Frenchman soliloquizing in English. And the same involuntary logic inevitably carries us further.

We descend from Richelieu's chamber into the street. We stand at the foot of a spacious flight of steps which ascend to the royal palace. The king and his courtiers appear, and presently the Lord Cardinal. There is expostulation, recrimination, and finally "the curse of Rome" is threatened, and the faithful drop reverently to their knees. What do they kneel upon? It is the street of Paris. But the pavement is transfigured Nicholson. It is smooth and clean as a floor. In fact, it is a floor. It is no street at all. Pistol again goes off, and demands common-sense. To which his friend can only reply that the theory of the representation absolutely requires completeness and symmetry. If the chamber of Cardinal Richelieu in his house in Paris is faithfully represented to the least characteristic detail, and the observation has become so sensitive, surely it is absurd to destroy the illusion by emerging from the finished chamber upon a pavement which is no pavement. If you wish the imagination to transform the boards of the stage into a street, it can do it; but it can just as easily transform a few hints of scenery into the Cardinal's room: and, indeed, if you leave it to do that, it will do the other much more readily. Besides, if the imagination is equally active in both scenes, the effect of the whole will be proportional and satisfactory, as it can not possibly be now.

And there is another obvious consequence of the system of this exquisite accuracy in detail. The last scene in "Richelieu" is a spacious *salon* in the palace. It is admirably done. It is truly French, and as the scene opens you are in royal France itself. It is the finest picture, as in the scene of the Cardinal's chamber. Suddenly into this royal *salon* enter a group of persons, estimable, the spectator is fain to believe, to the last degree, but not in the least royal or courtly. Certainly no sport shall be made here of honest gentlemen honestly earning a living; but the difficulty and the danger are as with the Cardinal's familiarity with the English language, and as with the board pavements; or, indeed, they may be not a street but the royal gardens, for

boards are as much earth as stone, and the obedient imagination will follow either hint. The fact is that if the scenery exactly represents a royal palace, the actors must exactly represent royal personages, or the impression sought will be lost. Indeed, the principle of this theory of mounting plays is not that they are representations so much as reproductions. And the peril is as in the kindred art of painting. If a tin platter in a picture is painted with such skill of imitation that you wish to thump it, it is certainly a defect, because the other parts can not be brought to the same perfection.

So while in historical plays there must be a certain regard for propriety of detail, it must not be excessive; it must not seek absolute accuracy, or the harmony, which is essential to reality of effect, will be lost. And this modern method of perfect detail can not wisely be applied to purely imaginative plays, such as "Lear" and "Macbeth" and "Hamlet." They are not of Britain and Scotland and Denmark, nor of any particular century—they are of the world of imagination. One of the most laughable of comedies was the performance of Verdi's opera of "Macбетто" in Florence, when the persons of the drama appeared in tartans and bare legs. The ludicrous effort at reality instantly destroyed the illusion. It would not be safe, indeed, for an actor to come upon the stage as Hamlet in the costume of a New York gentleman of today; and for the same reason, but the same reason only, that we do not wish to see our friends masquerading in the costume of other times—that is, because we do not wish our attention diverted from the man to his clothes.

An English critic has recently published some extracts from the correspondence of a German gentleman in England a hundred years ago, which are full of shrewdness and ingenuity, and which give us most vivid glimpses of the acting of Garrick. It seems that even then, although, as we know, Garrick played Hamlet in a laced coat and tie-wig—the ordinary French full dress of his time—it was a practice which was severely criticised as an anachronism and solecism in costume. But the German gentleman—Mr. Lichtenberg—although he says that he often heard Garrick's taste in the matter blamed, it was never at the time, never during the *entr'acte*, nor at supper, nor just after the play, but when the spell was dissolved, and the mind began to speculate. He says that, of course, Garrick, who had an ample collection of all kinds of costumes, must have had good reasons for his choice, and, like a true German philosopher, he proceeds to prove whether he can enter into the "interior consciousness" of the actor so as to understand the reason.

He finds it in the instinctive perception of a great actor that for the best effect of the play the spectator's seeing and feeling must be identical; and, therefore, that "whenever a familiar and customary costume can be worn upon the stage without offending the susceptible majesty of our erudition, it is the best and fittest for the actor's purpose." Then he says, with the acuteness of Teufelsdröckh, that to the sense of his time the French coat has become a second skin. "It is a coat with a physiognomy. There is significance in its slightest wrinkle, and every crease and fold of it have human expression." And then

follows a passage which is the very transcendentalism of the clothes philosophy, and which is also a delightful glimpse of Garrick.

"There is a scene of 'Hamlet,'" says Mr. Lichtenberg, "which I described in a former letter. In that scene Garrick speaks with his back to the audience. The effect of his utterance depends chiefly upon that of his attitude. You can't see his countenance: you can only see his coat. But the coat is familiar to us, and experience has enabled us to attach, instinctively, particular meanings to particular changes in the appearance of it. At the moment I am speaking of there was a diagonal crease across the back of this coat from the shoulder to the hip, which unmistakably indicated the effort made by its wearer to repress some strong emotion. When I saw that crease in his coat I saw almost as much of the inner workings of the man's mind as the face of him could have shown me had it been visible. Suppose, now, that Hamlet's 'inky coat' had been cut according to antiquarian prescription, what should I have seen in the crease of it? Nothing intelligible. An actor who has a good figure—and every tragic actor *ought* to have a good figure—can not but lose

effect by acting in a costume which strikingly differs from the dress in which our eye is helped by habit to distinguish, to a straw's breadth, the too much and too little. Let me explain: I am not asking Julius Cæsar and the English Henrys and Richards to appear upon the stage in the uniform of the Life-Guards. The general public has picked up, either at school or from coins and popular prints, quite enough antiquarian knowledge to understand and appreciate, when it sees them on the stage, a great number of costumes which it sees nowhere else. All I mean is that whensoever and wheresoever the antiquary is still dormant in the brain of the public, the actor, if he rightly understands his art, will be the last person to awaken him.....I think that Mr. Garrick has wisely foregone the small personal satisfaction of a few commonplace eulogiums on his antiquarian accuracy, in order to achieve and hold fast the conquest of a thousand hearts."

Whether Mr. Lichtenberg speaks for himself or for Mr. Lytton, who introduces him, the two gentlemen together contribute a great deal of humor and shrewdness to the discussion of the question.

Editor's Literary Record.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Times of Lord Brougham, written by himself (Harper and Brothers), constitutes really far more than an autobiography. It affords an important as well as authentic chapter of history—rather an important contribution to the material of which history is composed.

Lord Brougham was born at Edinburgh in 1779; he died at Cannes, France, in 1868. His life thus covered nearly a century—a century, too, which constituted an epoch in the history of civilization, especially in that of the Anglo-Saxon race. At the time he came into public life, to quote his own words, "protection reigned triumphant; parliamentary representation in Scotland had hardly an existence; the Catholics were unemancipated, the test acts unrepealed; men were hung for stealing a few shillings in a dwelling-house; no counsel allowed to a prisoner accused of a capital offense; the horrors of the slave-trade tolerated; the prevailing tendencies of the age jobbery and corruption." He lived to see the slave-trade abolished, and slavery itself supplanted by a free-labor system in both the Old and the New World; criminal law so amended as to secure a more sure and speedy punishment of the guilty, because it secured a more certain protection to the innocent; punishment adjusted to crime, and converted from a species of revenge to a method of reform; the last semblance of religious persecution abolished from English law, and men of every religion, and of none at all, admitted to just and equal share in political representation; the rotten borough system effectually amended; and suffrage made so general as to include in some measure every important class in the community. He lived to see the Pestalozzian system applied to education; iron railways supplanting the old post-roads; steamboats and steam-

ships taking the places of the packet vessels of the past; telegraph lines supplementing the mails; the mails themselves made a universal convenience by the adoption of the penny postage; the daguerreotypist's art placing mementoes of the dead within the reach of the poorest; the rights of the laboring classes partially protected by legislation, and their safety and health still further assured by such triumphs of practical science as Davy's safety-lamp. In all these movements, whether in science, law, or politics, Lord Brougham has borne a distinguished part. One of his first literary efforts was a paper, written at the age of seventeen, on the "Refraction and Reflection of Light," and up to the day of his death natural science continued to be at once a study and a recreation. In literature, he united with Sydney Smith and Jeffrey in establishing the *Edinburgh Review*, a periodical consecrated from the beginning to legal, political, and literary reform. In politics, never truly a politician, he devoted himself less to party triumphs than to political reforms, and it is rather to his praise than to his disparagement that those which he advocated were so radical and so comprehensive that they could only be passed in fragments and at wide intervals. The life of such a man—the contemporary in science of Daguerre, Sir Humphrey Davy, Stephenson, Watt, Fulton, and Morse; in literature of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and Coleridge; in law of Erskine and Hope; in legal reform the successor of Jeremy Bentham; in politics the companion of Fox and Pitt—is the interior history of the moral and political progress of the nineteenth century. The very garrulity of the old age of so busy and eventful a life becomes interesting, its very egotism pardonable. The first volume, which alone is before us, brings this history down to the close

of the year 1811. It tells us of Brougham's school-days, and introduces us to Playfair and Dugald Stewart; brings us into fellowship with the Edinburgh bar; carries us into the apartments of Jeffrey at Buccleuch Place, where the *Edinburgh Review* was born; transports us to Portugal, and gives us an inside view of British diplomacy; takes us to London, and introduces us to Pitt, unbending, and finding relief from the cares of state in wild pranks and sham fights at home, such as in the average school-boy would shock the staid professor; and finally leaves us just on the threshold of Lord Brougham's political career, with the promise of far greater interest in the succeeding volumes, which are to tell us of his anti-slavery campaign, of his vigorous and partially successful measures for popular education, of his gallant and far-famed defense of Queen Caroline, and of his multiform labors in favor of law reform. The fault of this three-volumed work is the common fault of all autobiography—there is too much of it. There is, indeed, a satisfaction in the assurance of the editor that he has scrupulously obeyed the directions of Lord Brougham: "I will have no editor to alter or rewrite what I desire shall be published as exclusively my own." Nevertheless, it were to be desired that some editor might take these three volumes, and, weeding out that which is of local and transient interest only, give to the American public, especially to the juvenile public, a single and not too large volume of biography of the man who, with all his failings, possessed one of the most comprehensive minds of the past century, and whose peaceful yet aggressive career affords an example well worth the diligent study of ambitious "Young America."

The first impression of the reader in taking up *Hugh Miller's Life and Letters*, by PETER BAYNE (Gould and Lincoln), is not altogether favorable. *Cui bono?* is the question which he who has read "My Schools and School-masters" at once asks himself. Has Hugh Miller's autobiography left any room for a biography by another hand? But this impression disappears in the reading of the volumes. The question receives, unexpectedly to the questioner, an affirmative answer. Peter Bayne has found abundant material for his work without trenching unduly on the field occupied by the autobiography. He has given an estimate of Hugh Miller's character and place in literature, possibly somewhat too partial, yet not blindly so; and by frankly confessing the weakness of his hero, while exhibiting rather than praising his sterling qualities, he has brought the singular but noble Scotchman into something of the same tender, sympathetic relations with the reader which he sustained to those who knew him best while he lived. Hugh Miller is chiefly known in the world of letters by his contributions to its scientific literature. Yet his fame rests rather upon the success with which he achieved the difficult task of presenting scientific truths in poetic and popular forms than upon any original scientific investigations or discoveries. It is doubtful whether his editorial work, during the sixteen years in which he conducted *The Witness*, was not really more permanently influential, though less prominently and widely known, than his later scientific volumes. And this chapter of his life, before unwritten, Mr. Bayne has given us fully and graphically. It is the misfortune of

his work that it is unnecessarily prolix. Mr. Bayne lacks that essential qualification of a good editor, the self-denial to omit matter interesting but not indispensable. If the whole work could have been condensed into one volume it would have been more widely read, and would have produced a profounder influence on the reader. Nevertheless, as it stands, it is pre-eminently a healthful book. An hour in its companionship is as invigorating to the mind as an hour spent in the pure and bracing air of the Scottish hills is to the body.

A singular story is the *Story of my Life*, by HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (Hurd and Houghton), with romance enough in it to justify its being entitled a "wonder story," and with sunshine enough in it to justify the opening sentence of the opening chapter—"My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident." From the day when he went out from Odense in 1819, a poor boy, to seek his fortune, and hoping to find it on the stage, to that in which he returned in 1867, with the whole town decorated and illuminated and given over to a public fête in honor of his arrival, a delightful faith pervades his life, and makes it always and every where life in the sunshine, because life in the strong and undeviating faith to which he himself gives expression in the sentiment, "There is a loving God, who directs all things for the best."

The Knightly Soldier (Noyes, Holmes, and Co.) is the fitting title of the biography of Major Henry Ward Camp. We confess to taking up memoirs ordinarily with a prejudice. The prejudice must be strong indeed that could resist the influence of so healthful a book as this, the life of a strong, vigorous, manly Christian soldier, who never mistook cowardice for Christianity, or morbid feeling for religious principle.

RELIGIOUS.

It is not too much to say that there is not in the Christian Church a bolder thinker than Dr. M'COSH, nor a more progressive thinker than this representative of the most conservative of educational institutions, Princeton College. There is a heartiness in Dr. M'Cosh's faith which makes such a book as his last—*Christianity and Positivism* (Robert Carter and Brothers)—peculiarly invigorating. He has undertaken to deal with modern questions in "a series of lectures to the times;" and he has ably accomplished his aim. Whatever may be thought of his conclusions, no one can accuse him of evading any issue, of misunderstanding or misstating any of the modern objections to the Christian system, of building up a man of straw that he may batter it down again. He knows what Darwinism is, knows the arguments on which it is based, knows the estimate so far formed upon it in the scientific world, is ready to concede a measure of truth in it, understands thoroughly its weak points, and is able to state, with a calmness and a precision which comes only of accurate knowledge, in what respects he regards it erroneous, and why. The sharp and just criticism which he offers upon a certain popular style of religious-scientific discussion can not be urged against his pages: "I have heard fervent preachers denouncing the nebular hypothesis of the heavens, and the theories of the origin of organic species, in a manner and spirit which was only fitted to dam-

age the religion which they meant to recommend in the view of every man of science who heard them; and which drew from others of us the wish that they had kept by what they were fit for—proclaiming the Gospel to perishing sinners, and illustrating the graces of Christian character, and left science to men of science." No one who has read Dr. M'Cosh's "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation" will deny the right of the author to be regarded as a "man of science." No one who has read his "Logic," or his "Intuitions of the Mind," will doubt that he is both by erudition and by mental scope and grasp a metaphysician; while every reader of his previous works will concede to him an intellectual freedom, a hearty readiness to accept truth wherever he finds it, whether in the works of a Darwin, a Huxley, or a Renan, which conventional criticism does not ordinarily impute to Scotch theologians. In a word, Dr. M'Cosh has the mental strength and vigor which belong to a land that has given the world a Knox, a Chalmers, and a Hugh Miller, without any sign of that narrow-mindedness which is often, though unwarrantably, attributed to the home of the "Covenanters."

Dr. M'Cosh was, therefore, a fitting man to be chosen by the Union Theological Seminary to deliver this year the course of "Ely Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity." No better representative of the orthodox Christian faith could have been put forth; and those who least assent to his creed will be ready to concede the vigor and ability with which it is defended. The lectures, though on abstruse and unpopular subjects, were listened to by thronged audiences, and we shall be surprised if in their printed form they do not meet with a cordial reception and a wide reading. They divide the general issue between modern Christianity and modern unbelief into three questions, or rather classes of questions: 1. Those raised by the progress of physical science, as represented by such men as Darwin and Wallace. 2. Those raised by mental science, as represented by Herbert Spencer on the one hand, and Büchner, Maudsley, Huxley, and other materialists on the other. 3. Those raised by historical investigation, and represented in their most popular form by Renan's "Life of Christ." Thus the three grounds of modern skepticism are well covered, the last perhaps least adequately, since Renan, though the most popular, is also the most inconsistent and most easily answered of all the historical critics. No man who wishes to inform himself concerning the present state of the issue between the Christian faith and unbelief can afford to leave this volume unread.

Mr. FROUDE's address on *Calvinism* (Scribner), originally delivered to the students of St. Andrew's, is more remarkable from the unexpected quarter whence it issues than from the nature of the address itself. It is not, however, as the reader might imagine, a defense of Calvinism as a theological system, but an interesting and valuable sketch of religious reform from the days of Moses to those of John Calvin. Underlying them all Mr. Froude discovers a common principle; animating them all he discovers a common spirit. It is this spirit of faith in a living God; this principle of religion as a practical life, which constitutes the Calvinism which he

at once unfolds and eulogizes. How little he uses the word in a theological sense appears from the fact that the Lutheran Reformation is treated as essentially of the same spirit as Calvinism, modified chiefly by the more genial temperament of its advocate, and the more favorable circumstances in which, according to Mr. Froude, he was situated.—The *New Testament Handbook*, by STEPHEN HAWES (Lee and Shepard), only pretends to be a compilation from larger works. Its cheapness and its compact form, adapting it to the pocket, are its chief recommendations. Its arrangement does not appear to us happy, and it contains little or nothing that can not be found in more convenient form for reference in a good Bible dictionary.—In *Fresh Leaves from the Book and its Story*, by the authoress of the "Missing Link" (Carters), is given in a popular form the history of the people of God from the creation to the close of the New Testament canon. It is fully illustrated with wood-cuts, which are selected rather for their instructiveness than for their beauty. The biblical scholar will not expect to find in such a book any new information; but the general reader will find in it an interesting and instructive narrative, told in a way that entitles it to be called "fresh" leaves, though it adheres closely to the familiar Scripture narrative.—A book with a somewhat similar purpose—less popular, but, as a compend, more useful—is Dr. WILLIAM SMITH's *Smaller Scripture History* (Harpers). His previous Bible histories have already proved their value by the verdict of many readers. The substance of both of them is compressed into this little pocket manual, which is a model of condensation, and a useful addition to the Sabbath-school library, which ought always to have a shelf, or rather several shelves, for such helps to students.—*God's Rescues* (Randolph) is a volume of three sermons, by Dr. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, on the three parables of Luke xv. Dr. Williams, though not a popular preacher, is at once a scholarly and a spiritual writer. Possibly he presses the aspect of the parables, as representing the work of the Son, the Spirit, and the Father in setting up the kingdom of heaven, farther than he can carry the minds of most of his readers, and yet there is a simplicity in his method and an earnestness in his spirit which prevent the book from having any aspect of fantastic scholasticism.—The fifth volume of the new edition of BARNES's notes—*Epistle to the Romans*—is issued by the Harpers. As there is no book in the Bible more purely theological, so there is no one of these useful volumes which brings out more strikingly Mr. Barnes's views on theological themes: and, if we mistake not, it was for utterances in these notes, now generally accepted as affording a moderate and sound interpretation, that he was suspended for nearly a year from the active exercise of the ministry.

FICTION.

WE are inclined to think the *Silent Partner* (James R. Osgood and Co.) the best, though perhaps it will not be the most popular, of Miss Phelps's novels. It is far more effective and artistic than "Hedged In," though it lacks that peculiar magnetism which personal experience alone can impart, and which rendered "Gates Ajar" as powerful as it was popular. If Miss

Phelps would labor less, she would succeed better. It seems unjust alternately to criticise careless and labored writing; but that is alone truly artistic which is genuinely natural, and such an opening paragraph as that of the "Silent Partner" is a defect too serious to be ignored. Miss Phelps is an original writer, but she is not Charles Dickens, and she loses her own inimitable grace when she endeavors to imitate him. The book is defective, too, for not coming to any natural end. It ravel's out, and leaves a ragged and unfinished edge. Nevertheless, it is more than an interesting story; it is a terribly needed lesson, if one-half her picture is to be accepted as true—a lesson that not only the mill-owners of New England, but, if the ominous signs of the times are not false prophets, the mine-owners of Pennsylvania, need to consider too; in truth, a lesson for capital to ponder more than it ever has done, be it employed how or where it may.

We need not advise the readers of *Harper's Magazine* that *Anteros* (Harper and Brothers) is an interesting story, or that its painful ending points a moral which, in an era that produces such fatal fruit as the Fair-Crittenden case, is sorely needed. It is true that those critics who think that ignorance is the best protection which purity can possess will be sure to condemn, on moral grounds, this story, whose moral we commend. We certainly advise no one to read it who objects to the powerful and dramatic portrayal of vicious love and its inevitable consequences—a tormented conscience, a ruined character, and a life destroyed beyond reparation. But such readers should supply themselves with the expurgated edition of the Bible which an English house has provided, since nowhere is the development and course of guilty love more powerfully portrayed than in some of the Old Testament stories—that of David and Bathsheba, for example. Those, on the other hand, who believe with us that "forewarned is forearmed" will find the incidental disadvantages of such a story as "Anteros" more than compensated for by the significance of the lesson which it is evidently intended to inculcate.

Foundations; or, Castles in the Air, by ROSE PORTER (Randolph), is a very simple story—almost too quietly simple in its common incident—of a country lad, tempted and falling into sin in city life, yet restored at last through genuine repentance. The story is little or nothing, but it is the vehicle of many quiet and beautiful thoughts, and of a tender, religious spirit, pervasive and potent, because of its very quiet. It is a story that has power, not as a whirlwind or a thunder-bolt, but as a quiet summer day, whose very stillness is its power.—The author of *The Sisters of Orleans* (G. P. Putnam and Son) displays some ingenuity in the construction of an entirely incredible plot, and some dramatic power in the portrayal of some very improbable scenes; but the characterization is unnatural, and the novel itself is ill-timed, if its object is to portray the horrors of slavery, and worse than ill-timed if it simply employs them for the purpose of constructing a sensationally tragic romance.—It may be accepted, we hope, as a sign that the public taste does not wholly run to sensationalism in novels, that the Harpers are publishing, in a uniform edition, the works

of Miss Mulock, and the Appletons those of Miss Yonge. We have of the first-named author "The Ogilvies," and of the latter "Heart's-Ease" and "Daisy Chain." Either series is well worth a place in the family library.

From Carter and Brothers we receive several juvenile stories. *Dora's Motto* is sure to secure a favorable verdict from those most critical of critics, the little folks. The fact that in our own house her motto, "Be courteous," has been hung up by the children in their respective rooms, and her method of recording the deeds which infringed and those which exemplified the motto has been adopted by them, is the best praise the book can have.—*Ashcliffe Hall* is a tale of the last century, and gives, besides an interesting story and some bits of history, a striking and useful contrast between formal and superstitious religion and an ennobling Christian life.—*What Shaunty did to the Light-House* is a short story of mischief done by a child, and counteracted by care and watching and bravery on the part of the parents.—*The Broken Bud* is a republication of a book prepared some years ago by a bereaved mother as a tribute to the memory of a beloved child. It can not fail of its purpose, that of affording consolation to other hearts similarly bereaved.—Lee and Shepard send us two volumes from the pen of Oliver Optic. He is always popular with the boys; but we do not think he is a safe guide, or affords them the best sort of inspiration.—Having read "Misunderstood" with great interest, we gladly greeted *A Very Simple Story* (Randolph), by the same author, only to be disappointed in finding it a very sad and unnatural story.

MISCELLANEOUS.

John Woolman's Journal (James R. Osgood and Co.) introduces us to some of the interior and hidden influences which preceded and produced the antislavery agitation. The little seed, the fruit of which was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in literature and the Emancipation Proclamation in politics, was dropped silently in the furrow by this American Quaker preacher during the eighteenth century. The extent to which the social and political revolution of two continents was affected, not remotely, by the unostentatious labors of this pioneer, from whose gentle spirit later reformers might well have learned some lessons, will be a surprise to most of those who now read for the first time the story of his life. This spirit, transfusing the most modest of autobiographies, takes it out of the arena of controversy, and gives to his style that exquisite purity and to his Christianity that fascination which Coleridge attributed to them.—We rarely think it necessary to enter upon any criticism in these pages of purely professional books, whether legal, medical, or technically theological. The fact, however, that WILLIAM WHITING'S *War Powers under the Constitution of the United States* (Lee and Shepard) has passed to a forty-third edition is a sufficiently phenomenal fact to deserve mention; and the subject which includes "military arrests," "return of rebellious States to the Union," "military government of hostile territory," and "war claims" is not one which has wholly lost its importance with the return of peace. In the various questions likely to arise out of the "Ku-Klux" on the one hand, and the various claims

against the government on the other, this volume is the best legal authority extant; and it is a work which consequently deserves and demands the attention not merely of the lawyer, but of the legislator, the reformer, and the political editor as well. This much we may say without undertaking to enter into a critical examination of the legal principles discussed in the volume—a task for which we have not the space, and which does not come within our purposed province.

EVERY American must feel some personal pride in the fact that Dr. JOHN W. DRAPER'S

"History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," having already appeared abroad in English, French, German, and Italian dress, is now printed in the Russian language. Translations of his three volumes on the "History of the Civil War in America" into French, Russian, and German are in course of preparation. The honor of translation into the Russian tongue, never before awarded to any American book except "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is a remarkable evidence of the progress of American ideas, since, in the realm of philosophy, Dr. Draper's works are quite as characteristically American as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is in the realm of fiction.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

IN the summary of scientific progress published in the *Magazine* for the month of June we presented a statement of the more prominent movements in science made since the beginning of the present year; and we now renew this record, although little of striking importance has since then come to light.

In the department of *Astronomy*, an interesting paper has appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* upon the solar corona, by Mr. Proctor, in which that gentleman takes occasion to sum up the results of the observations made on this subject during the late eclipse, and to show what has been accomplished, and what still remains for the next opportunity to determine.

A paper presented by Professor Ferrell to the National Academy of Science, at its meeting in April last, indicates a method of determining the mass of the moon by tidal observations, the subject being fully discussed in all its bearings.

In *Meteorology and Terrestrial Physics* we have to note the continued success of the American Storm Signal Service in forecasting the weather, and in giving the means for anticipating the occurrence and the progress of storms.

Details in regard to the climatology of South America indicate a very remarkable disturbance in the usual weather phenomena of that region, shown chiefly in excessive rain-fall in places along the western side of the Andes, where such an occurrence was previously almost unheard of.

Various publications of results of *Geographical and Geological Exploration* have appeared; among them an account by Lieutenant Doane of his visit to the remarkable country at the head of the Yellow Stone River, characterized by the great number of mud volcanoes, hot springs, and geysers.

A new exploration of the deep seas of the Atlantic and Pacific has been announced by the Coast Survey, to be under the charge of Professor Agassiz and Count Pourtales.

The report of Dr. Hayden's geographical survey of Wyoming Territory, made during the past summer, has also appeared, under the direction of the Interior Department.

The surveys of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, of Nicaragua, and of Darien, with reference to the construction of a ship-canal, have been continued and partially completed. No very satisfactory exhibit has yet been made of an entirely

feasible route—that by Tehuantepec being deficient in water at the high levels, that by Nicaragua lacking an accessible harbor for vessels of considerable draft on the Atlantic, and the height of the water-shed on the Isthmus of Darien preventing a passage except by a complex system of locks, for supplying which it is doubtful whether a sufficient amount of water can be found.

Numerous exploring parties are engaged in Western America in initiating new work or continuing that of previous years. Among them, Dr. Hayden is preparing for a visit to the Yellow Stone country by way of Salt Lake City, and Major Powell is about starting from the same place for his exploration of the cañons of the Colorado. Lieutenant Wheeler has left Camp Halleck for his survey of portions of Arizona and Nevada; and Mr. Clarence King is continuing his geological and topographical survey along the fortieth parallel. Lord Walsingham, a young Englishman, is collecting minute lepidoptera in California; and M. A. Pinart, a French naturalist, has, it is said, just left San Francisco for an exploration of Alaska. Captain Hall is nearly ready to start for the North Pole in the *Polaris*, and will be accompanied by Dr. E. Bessels, an eminent German naturalist of arctic experience. Nothing of special interest has been announced on the part of European travelers, except the further progress of Sir Samuel Baker's expedition up the Nile, and the news, tolerably authenticated, of Dr. Livingstone's safety.

In the line of *General Natural History* we have had many publications, in the form of reviews in journals or of special treatises bearing upon Darwin's great work on the Descent of Man and Sexual Selection. Various professed opponents have entered the field against him, while he has had equally zealous defenders among laymen and even the clergy.

A work of much interest to the American naturalist is that of Mr. J. A. Allen, of Cambridge, upon the birds and mammals of Florida, and upon the value of certain alleged specific characters in these vertebrates, and the influence of region upon their development and condition.

In *Economical Natural History* we have the initiation of an experiment for stocking the Delaware River with salmon, which, so far as the successful hatching out of the eggs, imported from Canada to New York for that purpose, is con-

cerned, promises to realize the expectations of its projectors. The shad fisheries have been prosecuted with varying results during the season; those of the Rappahannock and Delaware rivers having, it is said, measurably failed, while in the Potomac and Susquehanna unusual success has been met with. The Connecticut fisheries, so far, promise to show the same improvement on previous years that marked them during the past season. A valuable report upon the Irish oyster fisheries has been made by the commissioners appointed for the investigation, the whole subject of oyster culture being thoroughly discussed in every aspect in its pages.

Advices from South America continue to chronicle the spread of the cattle disease in its most virulent form, especially in Buenos Ayres and Chili, and of yellow fever in the former country.

In *Materia Medica* the announcement made by the physicians of Ecuador of the marvelous virtues for curing cancer of a certain tree known as the cundurango, has excited much attention among the physicians of the United States, mainly in consequence of communications from the United States minister at Quito, and from the minister from Ecuador in this country, to the State Department, accompanied by specimens of the wood itself. A special agent left New York by the steamer of the 15th of May for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the entire subject.

In *Technology* there have been several interesting communications by Mr. Edwards of his improvement upon the Albert process of printing photographs in ink from bichromate of potash positives; and the investigations of Dr. Schunck upon artificial alizarine have led to the detection of at least one substance, called by him anthraflavic acid, to which the uncertainty of the artificial compound, as compared with the natural alizarine obtained from madder itself, is believed to be chiefly due.

In *Necrology* the most important announcements are of the death of the Chevalier Haidinger, the eminent mineralogist and geologist, of Vienna, and of Sir John F. W. Herschel, of England.

For further details in regard to the topics just enumerated we refer our readers to the "Scientific Record" of the *Magazine*, and to the "Scientific Intelligence" in *Harper's Weekly*.

TYNDALL ON THE PURITY OF WATER.

Our readers will remember the interest excited during the past year by a lecture given by Professor Tyndall before the Royal Institution upon Dust and Disease, in which he presented some startling facts as to the impurity of the atmosphere, and made some important suggestions as to the method of improving the quality of the air we breathe.

The Professor has lately delivered a lecture upon the color of water, and the scattering of light in water and in air, which will probably be of equal practical value with that first referred to. His subject was illustrated, as before, by passing a beam of light through the liquid in a darkened room, by means of which the existence of the minute particles of impurities can be readily detected.

Lately engaged as one of the savans of the

eclipse expedition, he embraced the opportunity to gather samples of water in various localities and at different depths, and these were secured and sealed up with the utmost care, so as to avoid the possibility of the introduction of any additional impurities. In the case of all the specimens of water obtained within a few miles of the shore the beam of light revealed more or less impurity; and it was only in the indigo water of the sea (as distinguished from the green) that he found a decided reduction of the amount of foreign ingredients. He assures us that the prevalence of one or the other of these tints in sea-water is always expressive of a greater or less degree of purity, as depending upon suspended matter. He advises the use of an experiment similar to that referred to for determining the purity of water of any kind, especially that used for drinking, as, notwithstanding a careful filtering through porous paper, and even through a charcoal filter, there may be left in suspension matter almost too fine for detection by the microscope, and yet clearly indicated by the beam of light.

He stated in his lecture that the purest water that he was able to find was obtained by melting a block of pure ice, but that even this required extreme caution to insure success. He called attention to the remarkable purity of the water from the chalk districts of England, and remarked that but for the hardness of the water, or the amount of carbonate of lime held in solution, it would be the most desirable for drinking and other purposes. He said, however, that at Canterbury and elsewhere the water is subjected to a special preparation that causes a deposit of the lime. This is accomplished by adding clear prepared lime-water to the chalk-water, thereby causing a precipitate of carbonate of lime to the bottom of the reservoir. By this means the percentage of this salt in the water is reduced from 17 to 3, leaving a water of extraordinary beauty and purity.

HEATON STEEL.

A French investigator, in the course of certain experiments upon steel prepared by the Heaton process—which, it appears, contains a rather larger proportion of phosphorus than the Bessemer steel—concludes that phosphorus, in a quantity of from two to four thousandths in steel, causes the metal to be rigid, and while tending to increase the elasticity and the resistance to breaking, does not modify the hardness. Such steel, however, he thinks, is wanting in real strength and toughness, being brittle, and not sustaining sudden shocks. His general conclusion is that even very small quantities of phosphorus, when present in steel, not only do not improve it, as has been asserted, but actually deteriorate it. The best method of estimating the percentage of phosphorus in steel is said to be the examination of the spectrum produced by the combustion of hydrogen obtained by the action of chlorohydric acid upon the metal.

RESTORING FADED PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our readers are well aware of the extent to which the ordinary photographic prints made with nitrate of silver are apt to fade with time, and the danger of entire obliteration that attends many of them. It has been, therefore, an object

of extended experiment with many to devise some process by which the pictures can be brightened and the faded portion restored. These experiments are asserted to have been more successful at the Military Academy at Woolwich than elsewhere, and we are assured that a method has been devised which answers the purpose almost perfectly.

The pictures are, in the first place, thoroughly impregnated with wax, care being taken to remove all excess by hot ironing, subsequently rubbing the surface with a tuft of cotton. This operation itself deepens the contrasts of the picture, and brings out many minor details previously invisible, the yellowish-whites being rendered more transparent, while the half tones and shadows retain their brown, opaque character. This picture, thus prepared, is then used as a negative, a print being taken from it, many details of treatment and manipulation too technical for introduction here being required.

TREATMENT OF CROUP BY INHALATION OF GLYCERINE.

A German physician, Dr. Stehverger, recommends the treatment of croup by the inhalation of pure glycerine through one or other of the well-known forms of atomizing apparatus. He was led to try this remedy for croup from observing its good effects in cases of hoarseness and loss of voice. After application the cough becomes more free and moist, and children are enabled to sleep almost immediately upon being relieved by the inhalation. It is, however, believed to be of importance to make use of the remedy early and frequently, as, if delayed, it may have no effect whatever. If the glycerine be pure it may be used unmixed; if not, it should be diluted with a little water. The inhalations are repeated, according to the necessity of the case, at intervals of from half an hour to an hour and a half, and for about fifteen minutes at a time. The effect of the glycerine in this case is supposed to be due to the fact that the secretions of the mucous membrane are thereby increased, and tumefaction reduced.

GEOLOGY OF SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND-FIELDS.

Professor Morris, in a recent communication to the Geological Society of London, upon the geology of South Africa, referred to the fact that the diamonds of South Africa came from certain stratified beds containing, besides reptilian remains (such as the *Dicynodon*), numerous plants and much fossil wood. He then suggested a query as to whether the diamonds themselves may not be of vegetable origin, and similar in character to the small crystal quartz found in the stems of bamboo.

HABITS OF THE NARWHAL.

The announcement of the presentation to one of the English museums of a narwhal having two tusks instead of the one usually occurring has elicited some interesting communications from various parties in reference to the habits of this animal. Mr. Gray, in *Land and Water*, states that the narwhal is gregarious, and quite abundant in the northern seas, the males and females being usually in separate herds. They are said to be ground feeders, living mostly upon cuttle-

fish, their stomachs being commonly full of the remains of this animal. They, however, feed also upon the different kinds of true fishes. Mr. Gray thinks that the horns of the males are used for stirring up the mud while searching for food, as well as for weapons of defense. One observed by him had a horn eight feet in length, and on being struck he ran at the boat and drove his horn through its side into the thwart, where it broke short off, leaving about six inches in the boat. The flesh is said to be quite good for food, being tender and of a gamy flavor. It is preferred by the Esquimaux to any other kind of food.

METEORIC SHOWER IN SWEDEN.

A late number of Poggendorff's *Annalen* makes mention of a shower of meteoric stones which took place in Sweden on the 1st of January, 1869, not far from Upsala. These were scattered over a large extent of country, and one of them fell on the ice close to some fishermen, and penetrated to a depth of three or four inches. The largest of the stones weighed about two pounds, and the smallest were very minute. While most of them contained, in large part, the usual ingredients of such objects, there were others composed mainly of carbon, the percentage of this element amounting to over one-half; the other principal ingredients being oxygen, hydrogen, silica, and peroxide of iron.

EUCALYPTUS IN CALIFORNIA.

We are glad to learn by late advices from California the extent to which the introduction of the *Eucalyptus*, or Australian gum-tree, has been prosecuted. Frequent reference has been made to this tree in the columns of *Harper's Magazine*, and attention called to its probable economical value in California, where the experiment is about to be tried on a sufficiently large scale to test this question. Mr. James T. Stratton, of Alameda County, has at the present time 30,000 blue gum-trees (*E. globulus*) and 3000 red gum-trees in full vigor. These were grown from seed gathered in December, 1868, from trees then seven years old.

SALMON-FISHING IN LOCH TAY.

Mr. Frank Buckland, in a late number of his paper, gives an account of a visit to what he considers the finest salmon-fishing ground in Scotland—namely, Loch Tay. This patch of water is about fifteen miles long and one mile wide, very deep, and filled with water of the utmost purity and of very low temperature. In this lake the salmon sometimes make their appearance as early as December, although fishing does not begin until the month of February, the purity of the water and the abundance of food being supposed to induce these fish to come up from the sea at a much earlier period than usual; but it is not until the following November, or ten months later, that the reproductive season begins. The average weight of the fish is given at about twenty pounds, while those of twenty-five to thirty are by no means uncommon.

In another article Mr. Buckland comments upon a female salmon taken early in January of the present year. The eggs at the time of capture were in an advanced stage of development, forming two solid masses, and weighing togeth-

er not less than three and a half pounds. Allowing from eight to nine thousand eggs to the pound, this fish had not less than nineteen thousand eggs in all. These were of a rich coral color, and very loose in their membrane. The fish itself weighed twenty pounds, and measured three feet two inches in length.

In reply to an inquiry whether this fish was in season, Mr. Buckland determined that it was decidedly the contrary, as December or January is entirely too late for fishing in any English river.

GEOLOGY OF MISSOURI.

The first annual report of the State Geologist of Missouri, under the new organization, has just been made to the Legislature by Professor A. D. Hagar, chief of the survey. This gentleman is well known to the scientific men of the country in connection with his work upon the survey of Vermont, of which a very valuable report was issued by him.

In his preliminary examination of the mineral resources of Missouri he was gratified to find the amount of lead greater than was supposed. In reference to the much vexed question whether Missouri contains tin, he remarks that although an assay of the ore furnished a button of tin at the bottom, yet he is not entirely satisfied that this was not the result of some attempt to deceive him, as he could find no evidence in the rock itself of its being tin-bearing. He evidently considers the case as not proved, and awaits the result of further careful experiments on the subject.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

The name of Sir John F. W. Herschel, who died on the 12th of May last, is one familiar to every student of science, and more especially to those interested in the subject of astronomy and general physics. In the eminence to which he attained in the ranks of astronomers he formed one exception, at least, to a frequent assumption that talent is rarely hereditary, the elder Herschel, Sir William, having himself left the impression of his genius upon the science of astronomy, in the pursuit of which he was engaged up to the period of his death, at the extreme age of eighty-four. In his early life the attention of Sir John Herschel was directed more especially to mathematical subjects, but in 1822 he devoted himself to astronomy, and in 1833 presented to the world a catalogue of nebulae and double stars, which at once gave him a prominent position in the ranks of astronomical inquirers. In 1834 he visited South Africa, and there established an observatory at his own expense, making observations upon the celestial phenomena of the southern hemisphere, which lasted for four years; and nine years after his return to England he published the result of his labors, which even now represent very largely the sum of our knowledge of the celestial features of that region. After this work was completed he occupied himself largely with general physics, including astronomy, chemistry, light, heat, etc., his communications occupying a prominent place in the transactions and proceedings of the Royal Society of London. His text-book on astronomy, first published in 1836 in "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia," and reproduced in 1849, was for a long period the standard work on the subject, while

in an article upon sound, published in the "Encyclopedia Metropolitana," we have what is even yet admitted to be one of the most complete treatises on that subject in the English language. A treatise by him on the "Theory of Light" is also to be found in the same encyclopedia. The "Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," published in 1831, was one of the most charming books of science ever written, and has done much to develop and fix a taste for scientific pursuits. He was also the first to suggest the idea of hourly meteorological observations at definite periods of time, to be made simultaneously throughout the world, the results to be compared for the purpose of determining the laws of general climatology. The introduction of a self-registering apparatus, by which the various atmospheric phenomena can be recorded continuously, without any direct supervision, has tended to furnish the means for realizing the expectations which were but imperfectly fulfilled by personal observations at hourly intervals.

As might have been expected, Sir John Herschel received many honors and many recognitions of his merit as a man of science, in the form of memberships of learned bodies, of gold medals, and of various titles; and in 1850 he was made Master of the Mint (an office at one time held by Sir Isaac Newton), appointments to which have generally been conferred by the British government for the purpose of marking appreciation of scientific merit. This position he held for five years, since which time ill health has more or less interfered with his own labors, although his interest in the intellectual and scientific developments of the day was unabated to the end, as shown by letters received quite recently by friends in the United States.

DARWIN ON THE "DESCENT OF MAN."

Few scientific works have excited more attention than the one just published by Mr. Charles Darwin, upon "The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sexes," the only parallel perhaps being found in some previous works by the same author. This treatise has already been discussed from almost every point of view, and it is almost impossible to take up a periodical at all interested in such subjects without finding one or more notices of the book. Among the best written of these criticisms may be cited one published in a late number of *The Academy*, from the pen of Mr. Alfred R. Wallace—himself a naturalist of a high degree of eminence, and although known to agree with Mr. Darwin in some of his views, yet entirely opposed to him in others.

As summed up in this article, the first chapter of Mr. Darwin's book discusses the evidence for the descent of man from some lower form, in which it is shown that man's entire structure is comparable, bone by bone and muscle by muscle, with that of other vertebrata, while the close relationship is shown in many other ways; such, for instance, as his ability to receive certain animal diseases—as glanders and hydrophobia; his having internal and external parasites of the same families and genera as those of the lower animals; and in exhibiting an embryonic development so exactly similar to that of other vertebrates that his embryo can scarcely be distin-

guished. Much stress is laid upon the occurrence in man of rudiments of structures characteristic of lower forms, many muscles regularly present in the apes and other mammals appearing occasionally in man, although sometimes inappreciable or wanting. When the mental powers of the lower animals are compared with those of man they are found to exhibit a strong resemblance, although more or less rudimentary; and in reference to the origin of the moral sense, Mr. Darwin maintains that this arises from the social instincts combined with an active intellect.

The manner of the development of man from some lower form is next very fully discussed, attention being called to the extreme variability of every part of his bodily structure and mental faculties, the influence of changed conditions, and the occurrence of arrested developments, reversions, and variations, just as in the lower animals. Although natural selection must have acted upon man as upon the lower animals, yet both Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace agree in the view that as soon as man's mind had become moderately developed the action of natural selection would become changed as regards the general structure, and transferred to the mental faculties. This advance from animal to man, it is thought, must have taken place before the dispersal of the race over the world.

The author next discusses the special affinities of man to the lower animals, by which the line of the genealogy can be traced, and the time and place of his origin, together with the nature and the probable origin of the several races of man. The consideration of this latter subject necessitates the consideration of sexual selection. The theory presented by Mr. Darwin depends upon the almost invariable occurrence of a struggle among males for the females—a struggle carried on by actual fighting, or by rivalry in voice or in beauty. This produces two sets of modifications in male animals; first, weapons of various kinds have been developed, owing to those best able to fight having most frequently left progeny to inherit their superiority; and musical organs, bright colors, or ornamental appendages, in consequence of the females preferring males so gifted or adorned. This subject is treated of at great length, about five hundred pages of the original edition being occupied by its consideration.

The sexual differences in man are stated by Mr. Darwin to be greater than in most species of monkeys, while in their general features and mode of development man agrees remarkably with those animals—one of these consisting in the fact that whenever the beard differs in color from the hair on the head, it is always lighter both in man and monkeys. The law of battle for wives still prevails among some savages, just as it does among wild animals; and the admiration of certain types of form and complexion, as involving the selection of wives and husbands, is considered to have been an important agent in determining both the races and the sexual differences of mankind. In the final summary of the whole argument, contained in the last chapter, Mr. Darwin maintains that the whole evidence leads to the conclusion that man, whatever his present character, mental and physical, bears still in his bodily frame the stamp of a lowly origin.

Most naturalists, from the times of Blumenbach and Cuvier, in a systematic arrangement of

the animal kingdom, have considered man as either a type of a distinct suborder, class, or even of a higher rank. Professor Huxley, however, and other prominent men of science who have devoted special attention to the critical comparison of the structure of man and the apes, have insisted that as man, in all parts of his organization, differs less from the higher apes than these do from the lower members of the same group, there is no justification for placing him in a distinct order. In this view Mr. Darwin agrees, but thinks that he may perhaps be entitled to form a distinct suborder, or, at any rate, a family. Professor Huxley divides the primates into three suborders, namely, the *Anthropodæ*, with man alone; the *Simiadaæ*, including monkeys of all kinds; and the *Lemuridæ*, or lemurs, with their variations and related forms; and Mr. Darwin thinks that, so far as differences in certain important points of structure are concerned, man may rightly claim the rank of a suborder, but that, if we look to his mental faculties alone, this rank is too low. Again, on the other hand, in a genealogical point of view, even subordinal rank is too high, and man ought to form merely a family, or possibly only a subfamily. Putting his creed into the plainest terms—namely, that man is a lineal descendant of some form of ape—and referring to the great differences between the apes of the Old and New World, Mr. Darwin proceeds to inquire to which of the two man's ancestry belongs. He finds that in the essentials of the characteristics of the nose and of the premolar teeth the relation is especially with the Old World species, and that, consequently, man must be considered as an offshoot from the Old World monkey stem. It is not, however, to be inferred, according to our author, that man was identical with, or even closely related to, any existing ape or monkey, but that he diverged at an early period from the common stock, and that both divisions have probably been more or less modified in the descent, so as to differ greatly from their ancestors.

Since man belongs to the Old World division of the anthropoid animals, his origin must have been, as already stated, in the Old World, probably in Africa, for reasons adduced by our author. The country inhabited by him was probably hot, consequently involving the loss of his hairy covering, and he is supposed to have lived upon fruits. The period of divergence of man from the monkey stock is thought by Mr. Darwin to have been as remote as that of the eocene; and at a time still more recent he supposes him to have been covered with hair, both sexes to have had beards, ears pointed and capable of movement, and tails having the proper muscles. The foot is supposed to have been prehensile at that time, judging from the position of the great toe in the fetus; and resting-places were probably occupied by him in trees, like those of many apes of the present day. The males are supposed by him to have been provided with great canine teeth, serving as formidable weapons.

After presenting a summary of Mr. Darwin's views, as understood by Mr. Wallace in the article referred to, the latter writer proceeds to take exceptions to some points enumerated, as derived from his own extended observations in the line of scientific research; but finally concludes his notice by conceding that Mr. Darwin

has all but demonstrated the origin of man by descent from some inferior form, that he has proved the vast importance of sexual influences in modifying the characters of the more highly organized animals, and that he has thrown fresh light upon the mode of development of the moral and intellectual nature of man.

In giving the views of Mr. Darwin as condensed by Mr. Wallace, we, of course, are not to be considered as indorsing them as having been accepted by the scientific world. The work itself, in its immense array of facts, or, at least, of statements, and in the logical precision with which they are arrayed and brought up, either to form a hypothesis or sustain it, is a store-house of information and a masterpiece of reasoning; and though the general inferences may not be accepted and adopted, there is no doubt that it will exercise a very powerful influence upon the science of the day. It may be stated, however, that the doctrine of evolution, which forms so important a feature in Mr. Darwin's views, is accepted to a very great extent by a large proportion of the leading naturalists of the day, and that their number is constantly increasing.

PREPARATION OF WHITE LEAD FROM GALENA.

Experiments are now being prosecuted to test the value of an invention for preparing white lead direct from the ore. For this purpose ordinary galena is treated in an ore-crusher, next roasted in an ordinary desulphurizing kiln, and then mixed with carbon (preferably in a state of finely washed dust of anthracite coal) in the proportion of half and half. The mixture is next to be heated in a compound oxidizing furnace, when dense white fumes of vapor will pass off. These are conveyed into a separate chamber or receptacle, where the vapors are strained through screens or bags of muslin or other fabric, or are allowed to deposit by being slowly passed through an extended chamber, in the way lamp-black, oxide of zinc, etc., are usually collected.

SOLUBLE GLASS FOR FLOORS.

Instead of the old-fashioned method of using wax for polishing floors, soluble glass is now employed to great advantage. For this purpose the floor is first well cleaned, and then the cracks filled up with a cement of water-glass and powdered chalk or gypsum; afterward a water-glass of sixty to sixty-five degrees, of the thickness of sirup, is applied by means of a stiff brush. Any desired color is to be imparted to the floor in a second coat of the water-glass, and additional coats are to be given until the requisite polish is obtained. A still higher finish may be given by pumicating off the last layer, and then putting on a coating of oil.

USE OF SOLUBLE GLASS IN PAINTING.

Our exchanges still continue to suggest new applications of water-glass in the arts; but especially in painting, where it appears to furnish a means of applying certain colors to fresh wood or clean iron in a most efficient manner, and at a very slight cost compared with oil. It can also be used advantageously for painting houses, basketware, decorations for theatres, etc., and is especially suitable in the latter case, as it renders wood

incombustible to a certain extent, instead of increasing the danger from fire, as with oil paint. Care must, of course, be taken to use only such mineral colors as are not decomposed by the glass, such as ultramarine, chrome-green, Nuremberg-green, yellow and red earth, ochre, green-earth, terra de Sienna, etc. In coating paper with this paint, a little glycerine may be added to prevent its breaking. Coralline, ponceau, and Vesuvine have also been used to advantage in connection with soluble glass.

PREPARATION OF ZINC PAINT.

A useful hint in regard to the preparation of paint with oxide of zinc instead of white lead will be found in the following instructions, published in a German journal: The ordinary boiled linseed-oil should be replaced in the mixing operation by one prepared by gently boiling two hundred pounds of the raw oil for five or six hours, then adding about twenty-four pounds of coarsely broken lumps of binocide of manganese, and continuing the boiling operation for about ten hours longer. In this manner a very quickly drying linseed-oil is obtained, which is eminently fit for the purpose of being used with zinc-white and other zinc colors. According to the writer of the article, much depends upon the use of old linseed-oil, and also upon the pains taken with the boiled oil, which, unless carefully kept from the contact of the air, becomes thick in a very short time. The boiled oil so prepared is not to be used alone in painting with zinc-white, but must be mixed with from three to five per cent. of raw linseed-oil while the paint is being mixed together.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

The effects of alcohol have recently been tested in London by experiments upon a healthy soldier. The course of treatment was as follows: For the first six days no alcohol was given; for the next six days from one to eight ounces of alcohol were given in divided doses; for the next six days water alone; and then for three days twelve ounces of brandy, containing forty-eight per cent. of alcohol. The results are reported to be as follows: No appreciable difference was perceived in the weight during the course of the experiments, but the temperature of the body was slightly raised. The pulse was materially affected, rising from 77.5 beats per minute before taking the alcohol to 94.7 after the largest doses.

Estimating the normal daily work of the ventricles of the heart as equivalent to the lifting of 122 tons a foot, it was found that during the alcoholic period the heart was compelled to lift an excess of 15.8 tons, and during the last two days, of 24 tons. The conclusion arrived at was, that alcohol is utterly useless in health, and positively injurious in larger quantities than two ounces daily. There, however, seemed to be indicated an advantage in its use if employed in rousing a feeble appetite or exciting a feeble heart.

IMPROVED TEST-PAPER.

A new test-paper of extreme sensitiveness can be prepared, it is said, from the leaves of the ornamental plant known as the *Coleus verschoffelti*. The fresh leaves of the plant are to be

steeped for twenty-four hours in absolute alcohol, to which some drops of sulphuric acid have been added, and the liquid afterward filtered. Into this are to be dipped strips of Swedish filtering-paper, which are then allowed to dry in the air. A test-paper of a beautiful red color will thus be obtained, which will pass more or less into a fine shade of green by the action of alkalies or alkaline earths. This paper will keep for a long time if preserved in well-closed jars, and will be found much more sensitive than the ordinary tests. It is not affected by carbonic acid, but indicates the least trace of the carbonates or alkaline earths that may be dissolved in water. If a band of this paper, slightly moistened, be exposed to an open gas jet, it will change rapidly to green, in consequence of the ammonia contained in the gas.

RAPIDITY OF MENTAL TRANSMISSIONS IN A NERVE.

Professor Helmholtz has made some new measurements of the rapidity with which excitation is propagated along the motor nerves of man from the brain to the muscles. The ascertained rapidity of the excitation varies between 260 and 292 feet per second, and is also found to be greater in the summer season than in winter. This result led to a more exact observation of the influence of temperature, which was ascertained by the artificial cooling or warming of the arm. By this means the accelerating influence of a higher temperature has been clearly determined, so as to show that the interval of time between an impulse of the voluntary power and the corresponding movement of the muscle is greater in winter than in summer.

ORIGIN OF COAL FROM SEA-WEEDS.

A French geologist, in a recent memoir upon the origin of coal, takes the ground that it is derived entirely from marine plants, such as fucus, or sea-weed, which are destitute of woody fibre; and that its first place of deposit must necessarily have been at the depth of the sea, and in a place different from that in which these plants had their growth. The arguments adduced by him are varied and ingenious, and will doubtless be responded to in due course of time by those who maintain that the same substance was derived from the gradual accumulation of terrestrial plants of somewhat varied forms.

A NEW REMEDY FOR INTERMITTENT FEVER.

German physicians, as appears from medical journals, have found a tincture of the leaves of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, or Australian gum-tree, to be a remedy for intermittent fever. Dr. Lorimer gave it to fifty-three patients, of whom forty-three were completely cured. In five others there was a relapse, owing to a failure in the supply of the tincture. In eleven of the cases quinine had been used without effect, and nine of these were cured by the *Eucalyptus*. This tree, of considerable size, grows in Australia. Its wood is very hard, and is used in ship-building.

REMOVING IRON-MOULD FROM FABRICS.

A writer in the *Chemical News* advises, as the best method of removing stains of iron-mould from fabrics, that the mark be first wet with yel-

low sulphide of ammonia, by which it will be immediately blackened. After allowing it a minute or two to penetrate, the excess of sulphide is to be washed out, and the black spot treated with cold dilute chlorohydric acid, by which it is at once removed. Finally, wash well with water. This method is said to avoid the serious objection of weakening and rotting the fibre.

INSERTION OF SCREWS IN WOOD.

When screws are driven into soft wood, and subjected to considerable strain, they are very likely to work loose, and it is often difficult to make them hold. In such cases it is said that the use of glue is of service. A stick of about half the diameter of the screw to be used is to be first immersed in a thick glue, and then inserted in the hole prepared for the screw, which is then to be driven home as quickly as possible. When an article of furniture is to be hastily repaired, and no glue is at hand, insert the stick, fill the rest of the cavity with pulverized resin, then heat the screw sufficiently to melt the resin as it is driven in. Chairs, tables, lounges, etc., are continually getting out of order in every house, and the proper time to repair them is when first noticed. The matter grows worse by neglect, and finally results in laying aside the article as worthless. If screws are driven into wood for a temporary purpose, they can be removed more easily if dipped in oil before being inserted.

CYCLES OF TEMPERATURE.

Professor Piazzzi Smythe, the eminent Scottish astronomer, has recently announced the existence, in addition to the annual cycles of temperature, of three seasons, which he calls supra-annual. One of these corresponds to Schwabe's sun-spot period of a little over eleven years, although it is suggested that this is simply a coincidence, and that the actual occasion of the waves of terrestrial temperature is to be found in the red prominences of the sun. Another of these cycles is a little more than two years in duration, while the third is about fifty-six years. It is to the effect of these cycles that the so-called changes of climate are believed by Professor Smythe to be due. According to him, there is no actual change, only that these cycles in their course bring back the same temperature. Taking a series of observations from 1837 to 1869, Professor Smythe finds that a hot time occurs once in about every eleven years, followed at intervals of a little more than two years by a very cold period; and arguing from these data, he suggests that the temperature for any season may be foretold a year in advance, and that the past winter in England was the first of a cold cycle, of which the next will probably be exceedingly severe.

DUALIN AND DYNAMITE.

In the course of a careful investigation on the part of a committee of engineers in regard to the comparative merits of dualin and dynamite (the two more recent blasting powders) it is stated that the former has advantages over ordinary gunpowder in cases where the blasting is to be done in soft stone or coal. But where the labor of boring is difficult, or where the gaining of time is of much importance, and where the blasting is carried on in very hard and solid rock, such

as in most forms of tunneling, it is said that dynamite is to be preferred. Our readers probably will remember that dualin consists principally of nitrate of ammonia and very fine sawdust, which has been acted upon by nitro-sulphuric acid, and is said not to be decomposed by accidental contact with acids, and not to lose any of its properties in cold or heat. Its explosion does not produce any noxious gases, and it will burn in the open air without exploding. Dynamite, on the other hand, consists essentially of infusorial earth, prepared in a particular way with nitro-glycerine.

MOVEMENT OF TEMPERATURE WAVES.

According to Professor Dové, of Berlin, any abnormally low temperature in Europe travels from the east to the west, while any subsequent abnormally high temperature moves from west to east. It is said that these generalizations have been verified by observations extending over almost the whole of Europe and a large portion of the United States of America.

IMPROVED MORTAR.

According to a recent writer on the subject, it is stated that the disadvantages of the ordinary kinds of mortar at present in use arise chiefly from their being made of an inferior kind of sand, and the great difficulty in obtaining good sand at a moderate price. He therefore suggests an improved material, which requires no sand, and which only needs to be mixed with water. To prepare one ton of this mortar, 228 pounds of lime (either quicklime or slaked), 1728 pounds of slag, and 224 of calcined coal-shale clay are to be ground by machinery; and when brought to a powder, or a proper degree of fineness, are to be mixed with water, and the mortar will be ready for use.

THE MBOUNDOU POISON.

The mboundou poison, used for ordeals on the Gaboon, and described by Du Chaillu and other travelers in Africa, has recently been the subject of analysis and experiment by two French chemists. The plant was found in a moist soil ninety miles inland, near the river Como. The root is from twenty to twenty-seven inches long, and from one-third of an inch to one inch in diameter. The bark is reddish, and the color below the epidermis bright red. The wood is grayish-white and hard. The experiments were made chiefly with the bark, but some with the wood and root. The infusions, even when very weak, are extremely bitter, and with iodide of potassium yield abundant precipitates. Alcoholic are more powerful than the aqueous extracts. Four grains of extract dissolved in water, given to a dog, produced violent tetanic convulsions, but in two hours the animal recovered. Six grains killed a dog in twenty minutes, the animal dying of asphyxia and tetanic convulsions. The action of the poison is very rapid, but fatal consequences may be prevented by artificial respiration.

ZINC-WATER PAINT.

The unpleasantness of occupying a newly painted house may, it is said, be avoided by the use of zinc-water paint. Powdered oxide of zinc (which may be heated with a little potato starch if more

"body" be wanted) is combined with the desired mineral or vegetable color, and with this an aqueous solution of chloride of zinc, to which some tartrate of potassa has been added, is then mixed; the water paint thus formed being applied with a brush on the surface to be coated. In half an hour this paint will be perfectly dry; and the object of the alkaline tartrate is to make the drying process less rapid. The advantages of using the water paints are very numerous: they are more durable than oil paints, do not blacken by exposure to sulphurous vapors, are devoid of odor, dry quickly, resist dampness and the action of water, can be cleansed with boiling water and soap like oil paints, and preserve the wood to which they are applied from decay, and render it less combustible. This latter property may be increased by the addition of borax. Both the oxide and the chloride of zinc can be manufactured without danger to the health of the workmen, sold at a low price, and kept for any length of time in any climate.

CONCRETE FOR BUILDING PURPOSES.

Such of our readers as are unacquainted with the value and importance of a new concrete, invented by a French engineer—M. Coignet—and bearing his name, will probably be surprised to learn that, at a comparatively small cost, works of the greatest magnitude are now made, as well as those possessing the utmost durability. An elaborate report on this subject has lately been printed by the State Department among its series of reports on the Paris Exposition of 1867; and if no other service had been rendered in return for the expenditures made by the United States in connection with the Exposition, this one work alone would be more than an equivalent, in bringing to our notice so important a material. The process of preparing this concrete, or *Béton Coignet*, consists simply in mixing a large quantity of sand with a small quantity of hydraulic lime, to which has been added a minute portion of Portland cement. This mixture, slightly moistened with water, is subjected to an energetic trituration, with compression, so as to produce a pasty or pulverulent powder. This pasty powder is then thrown in thin layers into moulds, where it is agglomerated vigorously by the blows of a hammer, causing it to set almost instantaneously. In less than eight days the concrete becomes so hard as to allow of the removing of the centering from arches twelve feet in diameter—a thing which could not be properly done in the same time with the best masonry.

This new concrete is now applied in France to a great variety of subjects—palaces, private residences, churches, archways, reservoirs, sewers, water-pipes, etc.—all capable of being formed out of a single piece; of the greatest solidity; of perfectly smooth exterior, and susceptible of embellishment with every variety of adornment; impervious to water; secure against the action of frost; and all at an expense very appreciably less than that of ordinary masonry.

Our space does not permit us to go into further detail on the subject, for which we would refer to the report in question, but simply to suggest that in this substance, requiring only sand in large quantities for its preparation, we may find the practical solution of the difficulties

in engineering in many portions of the Southern States and elsewhere, where natural rock suitable for building purposes is not to be obtained except by transportation from great distances.

PREVENTION OF MOISTURE IN TUNNELS.

By a system of tubes and pipes laid between the masonry of a subterranean tunnel and the mountain wall, and connecting with other drain-tubes leading to the exterior, an Austrian engineer has succeeded in keeping a tunnel completely dry.

PLATINIZED MIRRORS.

Much interest has been excited by the new method of constructing mirrors, invented by Dodé, of France, in which the chloride of platinum is used as a basis. For this purpose the glass plate, after being cleaned, is set upright, and the metallizing liquid applied with a brush, first from above downward, then from right to left, and so on alternately until a perfectly uniform coating is laid on. The platinizing liquid is prepared by dissolving 1550 grains of very thin rolled platinum in aqua regia, and carefully evaporating the solution obtained in a sand-bath, and drying, so as to prevent the chloride of platinum from becoming decomposed. It is then spread out upon a glass muller, and rectified oil of lavender added, little by little, with continued rubbing. Care must be taken not to add the oil too quickly, as otherwise too great an increase of temperature may result, and thus destroy the preparation. After the addition of about fourteen times as much oil of lavender as of the platinum used, the mixture is to be placed in a porcelain dish, and allowed to remain perfectly quiet for fourteen days, after which the liquid is to be poured off and filtered. After six days more of rest the liquid is to be decanted, and should then show five degrees upon the acid gauge of Baumé. To the quantity of platinum just mentioned about 400 grains of litharge and as much of borate of lead are to be added, the two substances being first rubbed up with 120 to 150 grains of oil of lavender, and then united as speedily as possible with the platinum liquid, after which it is ready for use, as mentioned. The coating of oil mixture thus applied is allowed to dry gradually, and the glass plate thus prepared is then to be introduced into a muffle of peculiar construction, in which the resinous substances are decomposed and converted into carbon, without melting or developing any bubbles, the remainder constituting a perfect platinum surface. Mirrors thus prepared have a high degree of lustre; and as the reflection is from the anterior face, it is immaterial what the character of the glass is, provided the surface be perfectly smooth and free from striæ, or, indeed, whether it be transparent at all. This constitutes a great advantage over the ordinary method, where the transparency of the glass is an object of prime importance. Glass mirrors of this kind are translucent when held against the light, and may consequently be used to advantage in forming screens for windows of rooms, and inclosed spaces in offices and stores where it is desirable to be able to look out without difficulty, while at the same time concealed from the view of those on the other side. For this, however, it will be necessary that there be no window or other free

opening opposite the plate-glass in question. It is said that the cost of platinum sufficient to prepare ten square feet of glass does not exceed twenty cents.

SPONGE PAPER.

For the fabrication of an article called sponge paper, lately patented in France, evenly and finely divided sponge is added to ordinary pulp, and this is worked, as in the common paper-making apparatus, into sheets of different thicknesses. It is said to have all the peculiarities of sponge, absorbing water readily, and remaining moist a long time. It has been used as a dressing for wounds with considerable advantage, and is capable of several important technical applications.

EDWARDS'S IMPROVEMENT OF THE ALBERT-TYPE PROCESS.

We have already referred to the importance of some of the later improvements for the reproduction of photographic pictures by carbon ink from the photograph itself, without the use of any of the salts of silver, the result being a much greater economy of time and cost, and an absolute permanency of the print. The more important of these methods are those known as the "Woodbury" and the "Albert" processes; and both have lately come extensively into use both in Europe and America, and are employed in the reproduction of plates for illustrated works. An English artist, Mr. Ernest Edwards, has, it appears, been improving upon the Albert process until he has succeeded in obtaining what he and others call the perfection of the art. This method, in its present manipulation, consists in coating evenly with wax the plate of glass, the surface of which has been ground but not polished, and then pouring over it a sufficient quantity of a mixture of gelatine, bichromate of potash, and chrome alum, so as to form, when spread out and subsequently dried, a film of the thickness of a very thin card. The chrome alum is of great importance in preventing the subsequent solubility of the film, as it has the property of preventing the gelatine from again becoming liquid after it is set; and without the use of some such process it would be entirely impossible to carry on the work successfully. The usual proportion of bichromate of potash to the gelatine is about five per cent., although this varies for different applications.

After the glass has been coated it is maintained in a level position for a few minutes, until the film has set sufficiently to permit its being placed edgewise, and stored away in a suitable drying-room to dry—an operation which usually occupies about twenty-four hours. After this the film is removed from the glass, the operation being facilitated by the use of the substratum of wax. This constitutes one of the most important advances of the Edwards process over the Albert, for various reasons that it is not necessary here to adduce. The film is then to be subjected to the action of the negative, and treated as in the Albert process; after which it is to be attached to a plate of zinc, which is accomplished by a special manipulation, and it is then ready to furnish impressions. These are obtained by treating as on a lithographic stone, namely, by sponging with water, removing the surplus, and then pressing over the surface of the plate a sheet of

blotting-paper. The ink rollers are next passed over it, the ink adhering according to the action of the light. The advantage of using the zinc plates in printing instead of glass, as is found in the original Albert process, lies in the greater durability of the former, and the immunity from the danger of cracking. A very great pressure is necessary in this class of printing to bring out certain tints, and the glass plate, however thick, is apt to be fractured. It is stated that fifteen hundred uniformly good prints can be obtained from a single film; and if a larger edition than this be required it is a very easy matter to prepare a number of films at the same time, so as to have a sufficient supply for any purpose.

DYEING WITH ACIDS IN BRASS KETTLES.

The substance of the vessel in which articles are to be dyed is of considerable importance, especially where acid solutions are employed. Brass kettles are most generally used for such operations; but scarlet, as well as some other dyes, in which acids are used, can not well be introduced into such a vessel. Reimann's *Journal of Dyeing* advises, in this case, that half an ounce of quicksilver sublimate for every ten or fifteen

pounds of wool to be dyed be first added to the solution of tin, and the whole well stirred up and then allowed to stand until the kettle becomes of a silvery-white color, after which the wool is to be introduced and the dyeing prosecuted in the usual manner. During the process the mercurial coating gradually becomes removed, and is subsequently to be renewed. The work is thus carried on in what is equivalent to a quicksilver kettle, since the brass is completely coated with a layer of this metal.

USES OF THE GROUND-NUT.

The rapidly increasing production of the ground or pea nut (*Arachis hypogæa*) is adding an important feature to the agricultural resources of the United States, which appears to be especially adapted to its cultivation. In addition to the uses to which it is applied by us, it is said that a large proportion of the so-called olive-oil in the market, and used especially in the arts, is obtained from the ground-nut. In China the same oil is used both for food and for purposes of illumination, the refuse cake remaining after the abstraction of the oil furnishing a good manure.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record closes on the 25th of May. It embraces in its summary the Washington Treaty, the revolutionary movements in Central America, the earthquake in Chili, the Buenos Ayres epidemic, the Frankfort Treaty, the defeat of the Paris Commune, important proceedings of the British Parliament, the Papal Guarantees bill, and a great variety of miscellaneous information.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Senate assembled on May 10, and the treaty framed by the Joint High Commission appointed by the British and United States governments was submitted by the President.

We give the following summary of the provisions of the treaty:

1. To provide for the speedy settlement of the *Alabama* claims, the latter are to be referred to a tribunal of arbitration to be composed of five arbitrators, of whom the first is to be named by the President of the United States, one by the Queen of England, one by the King of Italy, one by the President of the Swiss Confederation, and one by the Emperor of Brazil. The tribunal is to meet at Geneva, Switzerland, to examine and decide all questions laid before it by the United States and British governments; and all questions, including the final award, are to be decided by a majority of the arbitrators. The arbitrators are to be bound in their decisions by the following rules:

A neutral government is bound: *First*, To use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a power with which it is at peace, and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use. *Secondly*, Not to

permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men. *Thirdly*, To exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties.

Provision is made for the appointment of a Board of Assessors, in case the Tribunal of Arbitration should fail to fix upon an award, to consist of three members, named respectively by the governments of Great Britain and of the United States, and by the representative of the Italian government at Washington: the board to be organized in Washington, with power to hold its sittings there, in New York, or in Boston.

2. All claims, other than those known as the *Alabama* claims, of citizens of the United States upon the British government, or of British subjects upon the United States government, for acts committed against persons or property between April 13, 1861, and April 9, 1865, are to be referred to three commissioners, one to be appointed by Great Britain, one by the United States, and one by the two governments conjointly; and in case the third commissioner shall not have been agreed upon within three months after the ratification of the treaty, he is to be named by the representative at Washington of the Spanish government.

3. In addition to the liberty secured to United States fishermen by the treaty of October 20, 1818, of taking, curing, and drying fish on certain coasts of the British North American colonies, the inhabitants of the United States are to have, in common with British subjects, the liberty to take fish of every kind, except shell-fish, on the sea-coasts and shores, and in the bays, harbors, and creeks of the provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and the col-

ony of Prince Edward's Island, and of the several islands thereunto adjacent, without being restricted to any distance from the shore, with permission to land upon the said coasts, and shores, and islands, and also upon the Magdalen Islands, for the purpose of drying their nets and curing their fish. But the salmon and shad fisheries, and all other fisheries in rivers and the mouths of rivers, are reserved to British fishermen. Precisely similar privileges, with similar exceptions, are accorded to British fishermen on the eastern sea-coast and shores of the United States north of the 39th parallel of north latitude. The provisions of the treaty in regard to fisheries are to continue in force for ten years, after which time they shall cease to be operative two years subsequent to the notice given by either government to the other of a wish to terminate the reciprocity. For the same period of time fish oil, and fish of all kinds, "except fish of the inland lakes, and of the rivers falling into them, and except fish preserved in oil," being the produce of the United States or of the Dominion of Canada, or of Prince Edward's Island, shall be admitted into each country respectively free of duty.

It is asserted by the British government, but not admitted by the United States, that in the matter of fisheries the privileges accorded to the citizens of the latter are of greater value than those accorded to those of the former: therefore three commissioners are to be appointed to decide the question, and to determine the amount of compensation, if any, which should be paid to the British government. The three commissioners to be appointed in the same manner as those to decide the war claims, except that the third commissioner, if not agreed upon by the two governments, is to be named by the representative at London of the Emperor of Austria. The commission to meet in the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

4. The navigation of the St. Lawrence to the sea is forever opened to the citizens of the United States, "subject to any laws and regulations of Great Britain or of the Dominion of Canada not inconsistent with such privilege of free navigation." The navigation of the Yukon, Porcupine, and Stickeen is also opened. The British government engages, moreover, to urge upon the government of Canada to secure to citizens of the United States the use of the Welland, St. Lawrence, and other canals in the Dominion on terms of equality with the citizens of Canada; and the government of the United States reciprocates by giving similar privileges to British subjects in the use of the St. Clair Flats Canal, and engages to urge the State government to secure to British subjects the use of the State canals connected with the navigation of lakes or rivers traversed by or contiguous to the boundary. For ten years, and thereafter until two years subsequent to notice given to withdraw the privilege, Lake Michigan is to be open to British subjects.

Articles 29 and 30 provide for the conveyance in transit, free of duty, of goods entering the ports of one country, and intended for distribution in the other.

5. The question as to the northern boundary is to be submitted to the arbitration of the Emperor of Germany.

The treaty was ratified by the Senate, May 24, without amendment, 50 to 12. The ratification of the treaty by the British government is a prerogative of the crown, and independent, therefore, of the action of Parliament.

The Connecticut Legislature, May 10, decided the disputed election in that State by declaring Marshall Jewell Governor.

The long-standing dispute as to the obligations of Minnesota to pay certain bonds issued in the early history of the State, and duly indorsed by the proper authorities, has been referred to the ballot-box. The ballot was taken May 2, and resulted in the repudiation of the bonds.

The Republican State Convention of Kentucky at Frankfort, May 17, nominated General John M. Harlan for Governor, George M. Thomas for Lieutenant-Governor, and General Speed S. Fry for Treasurer. The resolutions adopted favor a State Convention to amend the Constitution, arraign the Democracy for failing to suppress Ku-Kluxism, and to pass laws for the admission of negro testimony, and favor complete amnesty.

The Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania met at Harrisburg May 17, and nominated Colonel David Stanton for Auditor-General and Robert E. Beach for Surveyor-General. The Democratic Convention, May 24, nominated General William M'Candless for Auditor-General, and Captain J. M. Cooper for Surveyor-General.

The united railroads of New Jersey, comprising the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company, the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Company, and the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company, have been leased to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

By a vote of 5360 yeas to 22 nays the stockholders of the Belfast and Moosehead Lake Railroad voted, May 3, to lease their road to the Maine Central Company for fifty years from the 10th of May, at an annual rent of \$36,000.

Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, the United States delegate to the International Congress at the Hague in 1869, in a report submitted to the Senate during the last session, gives some important statistics concerning the population of Europe and the United States. Between 1770 and 1870 the rate of increase in Europe has varied little from one per cent. yearly, having been largest in the earlier portions of the century, and diminishing during the last three decades, it being now little more than six-tenths of one per cent. yearly. The fecundity in marriages is only 4.4 for each in the United Kingdom, and 3.3 in France. The increasing laxity of civilization also tends to a diminution in the rate of increase. Mr. Ruggles reports that it would not be safe to assume a rate of increase in the United States, from 1870 to 1900, greater than two and a half per cent. yearly, exclusive of the increase by immigration, making our population in 1900 about seventy-five millions.

The statistics of emigration for 1870 give the number of alien immigrants arriving in the port of New York as 212,170, of whom 65,168 were Irish, and 72,350 German. The German immigration was less than that for 1869 by 27,255.

John M. Francis, editor of the *Troy Times*, has been nominated by the President, and his

nomination has been confirmed by the Senate, as United States minister to Greece, to succeed Mr. H. T. Tuckerman.

An Indian war of considerable proportions has been waged in Arizona. A camp of the Apaches was surprised, April 30, by the citizens of that Territory, aided by the Papajo Indians. Eighty-five Apaches were killed, and twenty-eight children were taken prisoners. On the 5th of May Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, with twenty men of the Third cavalry, were routed by Cachies, a noted Apache chief, with 150 warriors, at the Whetstone Mountains, southeast of Tucson. Cushing, who was one of the most efficient officers of the Territory, and one soldier, were killed. The remainder were compelled to retreat to Camp Crittenden. General Sherman has since issued an order, directing the Apaches to remove to the White Mountain Reservation, or to be pursued and punished wherever found.

The Pima Indians routed a camp of hostile Apaches on the 3d of May, fifty miles north of the Pima Reservation in the Pinal Mountains, killing twenty-eight, and taking four prisoners.

James M. Mason, of Virginia, ex-Senator, but more recently distinguished as a Confederate Commissioner to England, died at his residence near Alexandria, Virginia, April 29.

The Right Reverend Davis W. Clark, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio, died at his residence in Cincinnati, May 23, aged 59 years.

DISASTERS.

At Cranford, New Jersey, April 27, a wagon belonging to a menagerie, while crossing the track of the New Jersey Central Railroad, was run over by a locomotive. Three of the occupants of the wagon were killed.

A tornado swept over Baton Rouge May 2, causing great destruction of property and the loss of several lives.

A boat belonging to Fort Niagara was capsized on Lake Ontario on the morning of May 4. Eight lives were lost.

A fire broke out in Fagundus, Pennsylvania, May 7, which in two hours reduced the entire village, consisting of about fifty buildings, to ashes.

On the morning of May 12, at Griswold's Station, on the Erie Railroad, an emigrant car attached to a heavy freight train, which had become uncoupled, was run into by another freight train. Five children were killed, and about thirty adults more or less seriously injured.

A tornado passed over Bridgeport, Illinois, on the evening of May 16. A number of buildings were blown down, including a Roman Catholic church, and one lady was killed.

A violent tornado and hail-storm passed over a belt of land one mile wide in New Kent County, Virginia, on the 19th of May. Trees and houses were blown down, and persons on the road were knocked senseless by hail-stones. Hail fell in some places nine inches deep.

On the 21st of May a fire broke out at Alexandria, Virginia. Among the buildings destroyed were the Masonic lodge of which Washington was the Master and the old Colonial Court-house, in which his provincial troops were quartered in 1754, from the door of which Braddock marched to his defeat in 1755, and in which ex-

President Washington gave his last vote in 1799. The old Revolutionary flags in the court-house were saved, the flag of Washington's body-guard, the flag of Paul Jones, and that of a company of Alexandria Continentals.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Advices from Aspinwall, April 21, report the discovery of coal mines and oil wells thirty miles from Aspinwall.

A serious revolution had broken out in the departments of Chiriqui and Los Santos, in the State of Panama, with Thomas Herrera as leader, who had been proclaimed President by the insurgents. The latter had captured an American steamer, and taken possession of the town of Las Tablas. President Correo, while making an official visit, narrowly escaped assassination by flight. All males in Panama over eighteen years of age were called to arms in defense of the city. Later advices announce the arrival before Panama of a large body of the revolutionists under General Diaz, who demanded the surrender of the city.

On the 5th of March the British brig *Propontis* was captured in the Straits of Magellan. Her captain (an American) and three of her crew were murdered by the Indians of Terra del Fuego.

Advices from Nicaragua, March 25, report that the captain and a boat's crew from the British ship *Alexandrina*, going ashore at Punta Arenas, had been murdered by the Indians.

Advices from Valparaiso, April 3, report the occurrence of an earthquake in that city March 25, the severest since 1851. It happened on the day of a religious festival, at eleven o'clock in the morning, when the churches were filled. The buildings commenced swaying about, and all the congregations rushed wildly into the streets. No lives are reported to have been lost, but serious damage to buildings and other property had occurred in both Valparaiso and Santiago.

Advices from San Salvador to April 20 announce the complete success of the Hondurians, the overthrow of the Salvadorian government, and the election of General Gonzales as Provisional President.

The opposition party in Mexico have succeeded in securing the election of a new president and vice-president of Congress. The Presidential election takes place in June. In Tampico the revolutionists have proved too powerful for the government, and its port has been blockaded by the latter. In San Luis Potosi so fearful has the government become of the state of affairs that General Escobedo has been ordered to organize a force of four thousand men in order to preserve peace during the coming election.

For several months the city of Buenos Ayres has been a prey to the yellow fever. Between February 1 and April 15 there had been 12,000 deaths, and the population of the city, numbering 200,000, had, by flight and disease, been reduced to 40,000.

EUROPE.

The last days of the Paris Commune were marked by the violence and internal dissensions which had characterized that body from its organization. General Cluseret was dismiss-

ed from the Ministry of War April 30, and was succeeded by M. Rossel. The dismissed minister was arrested and imprisoned to await his trial by court-martial. M. Rossel, who insisted upon resigning May 10, effected his escape from Paris, and was succeeded by M. Delescluze. M. Beslay, known as the "Father of the Commune," retired from that body May 15. The Commune, May 12, ordered that religious instructions should cease in the schools. The next day M. Thiers's house was completely gutted, and afterward demolished. The column in the Place Vendôme was destroyed on the 16th, and on the 19th the demolition of the famous Chapel of Expiation was commenced.

In the mean time the Versailles army was gradually approaching the city ramparts. Fort d'Issy was captured May 9, and the investment of the city from that point to Gennevilliers rendered complete. By the 13th there were 30,000 Versaillists in the Bois de Boulogne, sheltered by trenches. On the 14th Fort Vanvres was captured. By the 17th the Auteuil and Versailles gates had been destroyed by the bombardment. At this time the southwestern corner of Paris was commanded by the Versaillists, who, on the evening of May 21, began to enter the city, meeting with little resistance. The next day 80,000 soldiers had entered through the gates of St. Cloud, D'Auteuil, Passy, La Muette, and from Maillot through the Arc de Triomphe. Marshal M'Mahon's head-quarters were established in the New Opera-House, and General Cissey, who had effected an entrance from the south, occupied the Military School in front of the Champ de Mars. The destruction by fire of the Tuileries and other palaces, and of the Hôtel de Ville, is reported.

On the 17th of May the explosion of a cartridge factory on the Avenue Rapp, Champ de Mars, resulted in a terrible loss of life.

A treaty of peace between France and Germany was signed at Frankfort May 10. It was ratified by the Versailles Assembly May 18. By its provisions the commercial treaty between the two nations is abrogated; Germany secures the control of the railways in the ceded territory in consideration of a reduction of the war indemnity by 320,000,000 francs; half a milliard francs of the war indemnity is to be paid thirty days after the entry of the Versailles troops into Paris, and a milliard more before December, 1871; and not before this payment last mentioned are the Prussians to evacuate the Paris forts.

At the opening of the British Parliament after the Easter recess Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, presented the ministerial financial budget, the largest presented during his term of office. It was relentlessly attacked by the opposition. Mr. Lowe had contemplated a tax on lucifer-matches, following the example of the United States, from which a revenue of half a million sterling was anticipated; but though supported by a majority, the government, in deference to the strong opposition manifested, withdrew from its position in this matter.

A bill for female suffrage was defeated in the House of Commons, May 3, by a majority of 69.

The House of Lords abolished the University Tests, May 8, by a majority of 5.

In the House of Commons, May 8, the sys-

tem of purchasing army commissions was abolished by a majority of 63. Mr. Miall, May 9, moved for the disestablishment of the Church of England. There was a majority of 285 against the resolution. The same evening a bill was introduced in the House of Lords for the confederation of the Leeward Islands, in the West Indies. The government policy respecting Ireland—involving the suspension of the operation of the writ of *habeas corpus*—was sustained, May 19, by a majority of 328.

A London telegram, dated May 17, stated that a French fishing vessel had been run down and sunk by an American bark. Twelve lives were lost.

The Döllinger movements in Bavaria have operated powerfully against the papacy in Austria. The Minister of Instruction in the Reichsrath, May 3, declared that the government had taken a position in favor of the abolition of the Concordat with the Church of Rome, and would now consider the practical consequences to the empire and people of the dogma of infallibility.

In the Italian Senate debate on the Papal Guarantees bill was closed May 3. The measures adopted tend to banish the last vestiges of the temporal power of the papacy. The Pope's right to grant exequaturs to consuls of foreign powers is abolished. The bill provides for the payment of the liabilities of the Holy See. It was passed 105 to 20. The Chamber of Deputies, May 9, passed the bill, after agreeing to all the amendments of the Senate.

The Archduchess Maria Anunziata, of Austria, died at her residence in Vienna, May 4, aged twenty-eight years. She was the third child and first daughter of King Ferdinand II. of the Two Sicilies by his second marriage with the Archduchess Marie Therese. She was the second wife of Archduke Charles Louis, to whom she was married October 16, 1862.

Daniel François Esprit Auber, the celebrated musical composer, died at Paris about the middle of May, aged eighty-eight.

ASIA.

Advices from China of April 12 report that the Chinese government had made a demand upon the foreign ambassadors that schools for the education of females shall be abolished; that the teaching of the male subjects of the empire of all doctrines opposed to Confucius shall be forbidden; that missionaries shall be considered as Chinese subjects; and that women shall not be permitted access to the empire in that capacity. The ambassadors are also notified that the attendance of women upon religious service is one of the occasions for the recent massacres of foreigners, and that those events can not but be deplored by the imperial government. Compensation for their commission is absolutely refused. In 1870 the Protestant missionaries in China numbered 152 males and 129 females. The number of Protestant chapels was 296. The number of boys and girls daily taught was over 4000, and that of church communicants nearly 6000. Thirty-six years ago there were but two Protestant missionaries in that country.

Special advices from Bombay, via London, May 11, report a famine in Persia from lack of rain, and that thousands of the inhabitants were dying.

Editor's Drawer.

THAT good man, the late Father Taylor, of Boston, had little knowledge of grammar. On one occasion, when, entangled in the exuberance of his own speech, he had got quite astray, he stopped and said, "Brethren, my nominative has lost its verb, and can't find it; but I'm bound to the kingdom of heaven all the same!"

THE Rev. Dr. Ormiston, the eloquent minister of the Reformed church at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, like most eloquent men, is very witty. The readers of *Harper's Weekly* were doubtless struck, in looking at his picture, published a few weeks ago, with the wonderful "shock" of hair that surmounts his dome of thought. The other day a gentleman, dining at the same table with the Doctor, where puns were rattling about, heard him ask this conundrum, "Why is my hair like Paradise?" One lady replied, "Because we all long to be in it." "No," answered the Doctor; "it is because *there can be no parting there!*"

To a gentleman recently returned from a trip to the South, who has contributed very many good things to the Drawer, we are indebted for the following:

The pine woods of North Carolina sometimes encircle and pervade a village so that you do not know whether the woods are in the village or the village is in the woods. It was in one of these wooden villages that the Synod of North Carolina was meeting. The stated clerk lost his way when approaching the place on horseback, for the roads are but paths, and these are many and devious in the sands and pines. Night came on. The synod met in the village church, but the clerk came not. He was wanted with the minutes and the roll. Suddenly the colored sexton rushed in, and said a man in the woods was crying, "I'm the greatest sinner in North Carolina, and I'm lost." The brethren went out into the dark, and recognized the tones of their venerable clerk repeating at the top of his voice, "I'm the stated clerk of the Synod of North Carolina, and I'm lost." They soon found him, and brought him in rejoicing.

OF quite another class of men is the following. The old Charleston good livers boasted of their wines, and some of their cellars were stored with the oldest and best. One of them, the well-known J. L——, said that he had \$70,000 worth of wine in his cellar when his house was burned during the war. He thought himself, and was thought to be, the best judge of wine in the State. At a dinner-party where he was a guest it was secretly arranged to bring him into disgrace in the matter of judgment, and the host sent out to a corner grocery, and for a dollar bought a bottle of wine, and had it put upon the table as a specimen rare and extraordinary. Mr. L—— pronounced it the best they had had, and said he, "I recognize the vintage—it is 1784; there is nothing better than this in America." The shout of laughter that followed assured him that he was *sold*, and the host explained that he had just procured it "around the corner."

"Send for the man," said Mr. L——, "and let me see if this is so."

The man soon appeared, and Mr. L—— said to him, "Now I will hold you harmless if you will tell me frankly where you got that bottle of wine."

"Well," answered the grocer, "if you will know, I bought it of one of your niggers!"

So Mr. L—— had them all, and the laugh was now on the other side.

FROM a rather entertaining book recently published in England, "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," by Mark Boyd, we quote the following amusing account of the course pursued by a jury composed of Scotchmen before they could agree on their verdict. It occurred in the early days of the colony of New Zealand:

"A midnight row and fight had occurred at a sailors' public-house in Otago, in which one of the earliest colonists, a Scotchman, was killed in an encounter with a foreign sailor. The coroner issued his warrant, and the prisoner was committed for trial. When the case came before the judge, it was seen to be clearly one of manslaughter; but one of the jury took a different view of the matter, contending rather vociferously in the jury-box with his colleagues that it was murder. The judge therefore desired them to retire and fully consider their verdict. The court-house at Otago in those early days was a wooden erection; and the authorities, not calculating on jurymen disagreeing among themselves, had made no provision for an apartment to which they could adjourn. Under these circumstances, a room was ordered for them in Donald Ross's public-house. On his way to the hostelry one of the jurymen, who resided in the country, called at a shop for a parcel that was lying for him, which, on rejoining his brother jurymen, he placed in the corner of the room. My informant was staying at the inn, and occupied the apartment adjoining; and as the walls, at this infantine period of the future city of Otago, were similar to those of the court-house, every word was heard by him. The obstinate jurymen began by making some slight apology for having given so much trouble in the matter, but they must recollect that the *'puir* murdered man was a Scotchman, and *ane o'* their earliest settlers. *Hooever, ma friens*, you'll *sae far* agree *wi'* me, that it is dry, *drouthy wark*, and I propose that before we begin we *tak* some *whusky*.' This was unanimously assented to; the hand-bell was rung and the floor stamped upon for Donald Ross, the landlord, also a Scotchman, who quickly obeyed the summons.

"'Noo, Ross, let us *hae* some *o' yer vera best whusky*, for we are *a'* terribly *drouthy wi'* that bothering job in the *coort*, and we *canna* settle the matter there, and we are *ganging* to try what we can do here.'

"The whisky was soon brought, and dispatched, when the foreman reminded them that they must now set to work seriously and settle their verdict. Their obstinate friend confined himself to one point, and admonished them never for a moment to lose *sicht o'* the fact that 'the *'puir* murdered man was a Scotchman, and *ane o'* their earliest settlers.'

"'But,' said the foreman, with the concurrence of the others, 'the judge will not *tak* that as a verdict, nor will he mind a bit *about* his being a countryman o' ours.'

"'Then,' said his impervious colleague, 'his Honor must be *brocht* to our way o' thinking; that I am resolved on.'

"'This is *naething* but nonsense!' exclaimed the foreman, and the others fully supported him.

"'Weel, weel, I canna help that. The *puir* murdered man was a countryman o' our *ain*—ye canna deny that—and *ane* o' our earliest settlers. I *doan't* mean to say I should *haud* oot as I am doing had he been an Englishman or an Irishman; but I owe it to *Scoteland*, and *sae* do you, to see justice *doon*, and *naething* short o' hanging the *scoonerel* will ever satisfy me.'

"The foreman and the rest of the enlightened panel were now quite at a loss how to proceed.

"'Weel, as I see,' said their refractory friend, 'that this affair will occupy a good while yet before we can agree, I move that we *hae* some *mair whusky*, for never since I *cam* to the colony was I ever *mair* exhausted by *ony thing* than this.'

"The proposal met with no dissenting voice, and Donald soon entered with a fresh supply o' *whusky*. While this was being discussed the eye of the obdurate jurymen settled upon the parcel in the corner of the room.

"'What *hae* you got in that *laarge* paper, Mac?'

"'Oh, that's *ma* fiddle; I *brocht* it into the *toon* last week to be repaired, and I called for it as I was coming here.'

"'Oh, man! it is a long time since I *hard* ye play the reel o' Tulloch.—*Noo*, Mr. Foreman, what *dir* ye say to a little music?'

"'Weel, I *hae* *nae* particular objection; but we must not forget that we must soon get back to the *court*.'

"The reel of Tulloch-gorum was played in Mac's best style; and my narrator ably described my countrymen beating time with their feet so lustily, and accompanying this with such Highland vociferations, to which until that day he was a stranger, that there was some peril of Donald Ross's floor giving way.

"The music over, and the second supply of *whusky* finished, the foreman insisted, notwithstanding the unsettled position of the verdict, of returning to the court, where he took upon himself the responsibility of stating to the judge that they had agreed upon a verdict of manslaughter; for the whisky had so far a good effect on the pertinacious jurymen as to render him nearly altogether tongue-tied; for all he could manage to lisp out was that 'the *puir* murdered man was a Scotchman, and *ane* o' their earliest settlers;' but he was utterly incapable, thanks to the *whusky*, of proceeding with his original view of willful murder as contradistinguished from manslaughter."

A GENTLEMAN of this city, witty and agreeable, but with a slight impediment of speech, had it in his heart to become the possessor of a pure black-and-tan terrier, for which he was willing to pay a liberal price. A superior little brute was soon brought to him by a dog-fancier, who demanded for it the modest price of fifty dollars. Not being disposed to check for that figure un-

less sure that the dog was a good ratter, he proposed to the party to meet him next day at a pit where dogs and rats were brought for sanguinary contest, and try him with a rat. Agreed. Next day our friend, having obtained a first-class rat of the "wharf" species, had him conveyed to the theatre of strife. Both were at the same moment thrown into the arena. After being pursued for a moment the rat turned, made a spring at terrier, caught him on the lip, and made him howl with pain. In short, "he had him." Our purchaser turned and said, "I d-d-on't think your d-d-dog's g-good for any thing. D-d-don't you want to b-buy my r-rat?"

THE Drawer commends to the contemplation of General Pleasonton, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, the following instance of an ingenious but nefarious evasion of the income tax. Happily, under the recent rulings of the government, this individual will no longer be compelled to add perjury to his crimes. Peruse his candid statement:

"For the last three years my income has been a trifle under twelve hundred dollars a year. In future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed the money."

IN Montana, where ladies sit on juries and do all sorts of man-y things, a man and his wife having to execute a deed, the wife was taken aside before the acknowledgment was made, by a commissioner, who, in the usual form, asked, "Do you execute this deed freely, and without any fear or compulsion of your husband?"

"Fear of my husband!" exclaimed the wife. "I've had five husbands, and never was afraid of any of 'em!"

As long, at least, as the present generation keeps going there will probably circulate anecdotes of a family known as the Beechers. Of the primal one of that stock, the old, original Lyman, the following is told, and we are expected to believe it: A Western gentleman when a boy attended Dr. Beecher's church at Cincinnati, and as his family lived at Walnut Hills, he was often at the Doctor's house. Once he was present at family worship, conducted by the old gentleman, who was notoriously absent-minded. Intending to play an accompaniment on his violin, he essayed to give a preliminary performance of the tune, but, when about half through, he switched off upon the track of another tune, and then another, and finally struck into Yankee Doodle and Fisher's Hornpipe! There was no telling what he would not have rendered with spirit and relish if his wife had not quietly suggested that it was best to go on with the domestic devotions.

IN the first volume of "The Life and Times of Lord Brougham," recently published by Harper and Brothers, occur the following anecdotes of William Pitt, hitherto unpublished, showing how that great statesman could unbend from the cares of government to indulge in the most absurd frolics:

Mr. Pitt liked practical fun, and used to encourage it. One instance, which Napier gives, shows Pitt in a point of view singular, and little to be anticipated of so generally solemn a personage. They—Lady Hester, James Stanhope,

and Napier—had resolved to blacken his face with burnt cork, which he most strenuously resisted. Early in the fray a servant announced that Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool had called, desiring to see him on important business. "Let them wait in the outer room," said the great minister, instantly returning to the battle, catching up a cushion and belaboring his attackers, who proved too many for him, and, after a prolonged struggle, got him down and began daubing his face—when, with a look of well-assumed confidence in his powers of still resisting, he said, "Stop—this won't do; I could easily beat you all, but we must not keep these grandees waiting any longer." So they were obliged to get a towel and basin of water to wash him clean before he received the grandees. Being thus made decent, the basin was hid behind the sofa, and the two lords ushered in. Then a sudden change and entirely new phase of manner appeared, to Napier's great surprise and admiration. Lord Liverpool's manner was, as usual, mean-looking, bending, nervous, and altogether pitiful. Lord Castlereagh, Napier said, he had well known from his childhood; had often been engaged with him in such athletic sports as pitching the stone, bar, and so on; and he had looked upon him as a model of calm grace combined with great strength. What, then, was his surprise when he saw both him and Lord Liverpool humbly bending as they approached the man who had so recently been maltreated with such an excess of fun! But it was Mr. Pitt's sudden change of manner and look which most entirely fixed his attention. His tall, ungainly, bony figure seemed to grow up to the ceiling; his head thrown back, his eyes fixed immovably in one position, as if gazing into the heavens, and totally regardless of the two bending figures before him. For some time they spoke, and he made now and then a short observation; but finally, with an abrupt, stiff inclination of his body, but without casting his eyes down, dismissed them; and then, turning round with a laugh, caught up his cushion and renewed the fight.

Napier described to me another instance of what he called Mr. Pitt's power of countenance. Some time after the visit to Putney, while walking across the parade-ground of the Horse-Guards, he saw Mr. Pitt talking to some gentlemen, evidently upon business which interested him. Napier caught his eye while still some forty yards distant. Pitt gave him a smile and nod of recognition; but on Napier's advancing, laughing, toward him, his countenance assumed a commanding fierceness of expression difficult to describe, but unmistakably saying, "Pass on: this is no time for foolery."

Not long since, during an exciting protracted meeting held in one of the frontier towns of Michigan, a man named Wilson, who for some years had sold milk to the villagers, becoming seriously alarmed as to his spiritual condition, went forward to the anxious seat, and solicited the prayers of the congregation. In due time he became penitent, and arose to make his confession. Among other transgressions of which he had been guilty, he owned to having frequently watered the milk he had sold. In the midst of his confession, while telling the milk story, the

minister, a very worthy man, who despised cheats of all kinds, exclaimed, "Sit down, sit down, Brother Wilson! if you say much more, they'll have you in the penitentiary in less than a week!"

Brother Wilson sat down.

SOME years since there resided in Leicestershire a most respectable Baptist minister named Samuel Deacon, who was not peculiarly happy in his cast of countenance or general appearance. Conscious of the silly ridicule his unprepossessing exterior occasionally excited, he made the following good-humored, quaint epigram on himself:

The carcass that you look at so
Is not Sam Deacon, you must know;
But 'tis the carriage—the machine
Which Samuel Deacon rideth in.

IN the way of manly frankness and patriotism, and at the same time as evincing a fair knowledge of "seven up," we have seen nothing more satisfactory than the following resolution recently adopted with pleasing unanimity by the bar of Nashville, at a late term of the County Court:

Resolved, That the portrait now placed over the chair of the judge of this court, and purporting to be the likeness of the father of our country, General George Washington, but which looks more like the jack of clubs, be removed from this hall, and the court-house committee be authorized to have a true likeness of the pure patriotic George Washington put in its place.

OF the wise sayings of Sunday-school scholars so often sent to the Drawer the following is a fair specimen: A clergyman was addressing his school and trying to enforce the doctrine that the hearts of the little ones were sinful, and needed regulating. Taking out his watch and holding it up, he said, "Now here is my watch; suppose it don't keep good time—now goes too fast, and now too slow—what shall I do with it?"

"Sell it!" shouted a flaxen-headed youngster.

INVETERATE smokers do very droll things. There was the famous Bishop Burnet, for example, who, like many authors of later days, was very partial to tobacco, and always smoked while he was writing. In order to combine the two operations with due comfort to himself, he bored a hole through the broad brim of his large hat, and putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote, and wrote and puffed, with philosophical calmness.

As a specimen of what the human mind can effectuate in the way of amatory poetry, we clip the following from a journal of the period:

When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair,
Oh! don't I wish that I were there!
When her fairy fingers pat his head,
Oh! don't I wish 'twas me instead!
When Sally's arms his neck imprison,
Oh! don't I wish my neck was his'n!
When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,
Oh! don't I wish that I were those!

A LADY who was present tells the following anecdote of that brave, praying old hero, Commodore Foote: One evening, soon after he came to St. Louis to take command of the Mississippi gun-boat flotilla, some ladies at Barnum's were congratulating him on the honor of having received so important a command, and predicting

that he would win great renown. The gallant tar modestly replied by quoting a part of the eleventh verse of the twentieth chapter of first Kings, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

THERE have been many descriptions of the personal appearance and savagery of Robespierre, but few anecdotes of him. The following, from a work recently published abroad, shows the grim humor of the man, and the non-chalance with which he treated the most heart-rending scenes of life: A friend with whom he was most intimate, and who was sincerely attached to him, begged him to save the life of a certain prisoner who was ordered for execution.

"At what hour is he to suffer?" asked Robespierre.

"At eight," was the reply.

"I would most willingly oblige you, but I never rise till nine. It is impossible," answered the despot. The man was marble.

The following description of Robespierre is the most concise and best we have met:

A small, mean-looking man, weak limbs, always palpitating with a nervous shiver, and a timid, irresolute gait. His dress is faultlessly neat and precise. Head powdered, not a single hair awry. Bright blue coat buttoned tightly at the hips, but open at the chest to display the spotless white waistcoat; yellow breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles. This costume is never varied, except that the shoes are sometimes exchanged for top-boots. The face is sharp and peaky; the forehead projects over the temples, and is compressed at each side like that of a wild beast; eyes blue, deeply sunken, with heavy lids, and a latent savage sparkle; nose small, straight, expanded at the nostrils; mouth large; lips thin and pallid, and compressed at the corners; chin small and pointed; complexion yellow, livid, cadaverous. Habitual expression grave, with a half-sweet, half-sinister smile. Every muscle of the face working with a ceaseless twitch. Over the whole a terrible expression of concentrated purpose. When he speaks his gestures are awkward, his fingers work nervously; his voice is shrill and discordant; when agitated by rage or exultation it sounds like the scream of a hyena.

IN one of the interior counties of Missouri lived, some eight years ago, a man who followed preaching for a living. He was called Elder B——, and was engaged to preach to the Campbellites. His peculiarities soon made him quite noted, and large audiences assembled to hear him. Of late he has abandoned the pulpit, and is now a justice-of-the-peace lawyer. On one occasion, when at the zenith of his fame, he preached a discourse on the deliverance of the children of Israel, in which he said: "Brethren, there are many difficult passages in the Bible, and you are likely to be led into error unless made to understand them. Now, you all have read this chapter wherein Moses stretched out his hand over the Red Sea, and the waters became a wall, and the children of Israel went over on dry ground safely, and how the pursuing Egyptians, the chariots and horsemen, and all the hosts of Pharaoh were drowned. Now, my brethren, as this reads it is hard to believe and

difficult to explain; but I will explain it. It don't mean what it says; for I tell you I have read it in the original Greek, and it is there all explained and made perfectly plain; and in the next translation of the Bible, which our Church is getting out, it will all be explained. Now this passage of Scripture, when properly explained, means simply this. When Moses and the children of Israel arrived at the Red Sea they camped all night, and it turned cold, and the 'strong east wind' caused it to freeze over; and the truth of the whole matter is plain, as you can see, that the children of Israel passed over, 'dry-shod,' *on the ice*. There were no such things as great walls. The original Greek will not permit any such unjust and difficult translations. And again, when the Egyptians, with their immense armies, heavy chariots, and great weights, pursued the children on the ice, they broke through it, and were all engulfed, drowned, and lost. This, my brethren and sisters, is the true and fair explanation of this circumstance, and the original Greek in the next translation will explain it to you all, and make it plain."

At this point a brother sitting back in the congregation arose and said, "Brother B——, I would like to ask a question, if you have no objections."

The elder, looking triumphantly toward the brother, answered, "All right, Sir; ask just as many questions as you want to."

"Well," continued the brother, "my knowledge of geography and the location of the Red Sea shows that it is located nearly under the equator, and is therefore in a very warm country, and never known to be frozen. Will the gentleman please tell the audience where the ice came from of which he spoke?"

The elder became excited, and answered, with lofty disdain, "If the brother who has asked me this question knew half as much about the Scripture and the geography of the country as he pretends to he would know that this circumstance which I have explained happened thousands and thousands of years ago; yes, Sir, thousands of years before the age of geographies, and *before there was any equator!* I think, brethren and sisters, I have answered the gentleman completely!"

THE Drawer has heard various modes of reproving the indiscretion of those healthful youths, whose voracious appetites too frequently get the better of them before the customary "grace" is ended. We have now an instance where the offender was a youth of maturer years. A gentleman, whose habit it was to entertain occasionally a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, and determined to cure him. On being seated at table he said, "For what we are about to receive, and for what James B—— has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful."

AN Idaho correspondent sends us the remark made by Judge W——, who recently established a "medium of thought" and advertising for the people of that region. Said he: "The liveliest time I ever experienced was on issuing the first number. The people wanted something stirring, so I published personal sketches of several lead-

ing politicians, as furnished by their friends. For the first hour they all went for the paper; the second hour they went for me."

THERE are certain forms of poetical expression which not only delight by their smoothness and beauty, but serve at times to rouse the fires of patriotism. A specimen, combining the two, has been sent to us from Delaware, Ohio, as worthy of preservation in the Drawer:

GOVERNMENT IMPROVEMENT AND RADICAL DECLINE.

BY N. O. MANN.

I, being fond of variety and mirth,
Write a few lines of some little worth;
My subject you will find in the first verse and fourth line.

Our Country! oh, majestically beautiful American soil,
Where a few years ago began war, blood, and spoil;
Our white brothers' bones lay in the South bleaching,
While the blacks, for whom they died, the Rads are teaching.

But the war is now over, says the Rads, we're prospering well;
Why, then, do they fear the painful Ku-Klux shell?
We are fast approaching a moneyed aristocracy,
Which was never drained from the fountain of glorious Democracy.

When the elective franchise for the nigger was presented,
A plan to have them vote by the Rads was invented;
Nigger suffrage was forced upon the Ohio State,
Against 50,000 majority of honest people of late.

Why should we tolerate such usurpation,
And let them proceed till they ruin the nation?
If such proceedings are strictly recognized,
We'll have no need of elective franchise;

For, in spite of majority, minority will rule,
And in spite of good sense, with the government they'll fool.
Then gird on your armor, commit not an error,
And we'll hurl back the Rads with ballot-box terror.

Does the reader ever cast his eye over the odd advertisements of a personal character that are constantly appearing in the papers? For instance, this:

"Edward Eden, painter, is requested to communicate with his brother, when he will hear something to his advantage—his wife is dead."

It is a new experience for our colored brother to find himself one of "twelve good men and true" in a jury-box, where the life of a human being is pending. Nor can Pompey be educated up to the jury standard in a day. And curious things will happen in his progress thereto. A case in point comes to us from Monroe, Louisiana: At the last session of the District Court in that parish Julia Collins, colored, was tried for the murder of her husband, Louis. The jury was composed of five intelligent whites and seven freedmen. The evidence disclosed that Louis was found dead in his house, with a terrible wound in the head, inflicted with an axe, which was lying by his side. The accused confessed the deed, but had done it in self-defense, and her confession was corroborated. Bart J——, witty and lucky in his hits, was on the jury. The judge charged as to the law applicable to the case, and dwelt with some stress on *excusable homicide*. On retiring to deliberate it was evident that the colored members were for a verdict of guilty, the whites the reverse. After listening to the com-

ments of his brethren and bruddren on the testimony, Bart, who had a day or so previously taken to himself a young wife, and consequently had no notion of passing the night with a "hung jury," arose and, addressing the colored members, said:

"Boys, I've said nothing, so far, and have listened to all you've said. I think, like you, she ain't guilty enough to be hung, and she's too guilty to be let clean loose. Suppose we *pop* her for *excusable homicide*? What do you say?"

"Good!" said every one; "that's about the right thing."

The jury came in with "*excusable homicide*." The Court knew what it meant, and ordered the verdict to be recorded, "Not guilty, as charged in the indictment." The darkies were dumfounded at seeing Julia making rapid strides to the house of her anxious mother. Bart's appreciation of legal ignorance did more on that day to restore Julia to her freedom than the ability and eloquence of her counsel.

FROM Alton, Illinois, cometh the following epitaph, written by a railway engineer previous to his death. It is the first sample the Drawer has had from that class of peculiarly "fast" people:

My engine now is cold and still,
No water does my boiler fill;
My coke affords its flame no more;
My days of usefulness are o'er;
My wheels deny their noted speed,
No more my guiding hand they heed;
My whistle it has lost its tone,
Its shrill and thrilling sound is gone;
My valves are now thrown open wide;
My flanges all refuse to guide;
My clacks, alas! though once so strong,
Refuse their aid in the busy throng.
No more I feel each urging breath,
My steam is now condensed in death.
Life's railway o'er, each station past,
In death I'm stopped, and rest at last.

In the early days of Iowa, owing perhaps to the sparse population and scarcity of timber, it occasionally happened that persons of very ordinary capacity were elected justices of the peace. One of these dignitaries, a certain Squire Blank, of Cedar County, was retained in office by the Democracy for several years, although his intellectual faculties were exceedingly obtuse. Now it so happened that in a certain suit tried before him the defendant, against whom judgment had been rendered, believing that justice had not been done in the premises, took an appeal to the District Court, which at that time was presided over by Judge Tuthill, of Tipton, whose name has already been commemorated in the Drawer. The case was duly reached on the calendar, and a trial *de novo* ordered. A jury was about being impaneled, and among them appeared our friend, the quondam justice of the peace. Upon his name being called the attorney for the appellant objected to him as a juror on the ground that he had both *formed and expressed an opinion* on the merits of the case, referring the judge to the transcript of the trial below, duly certified by said Blank as J. P.

After looking at the document for a moment the judge, in his usual quiet manner, but with a luminous twinkle of the eye, remarked, "It is true, as appears by the record, that Mr. Blank has *expressed* an opinion, but it does not conse-

quently follow that he has ever *formed* one. The objection is overruled, and Mr. Blank will take his seat in the jury-box."

The point was seen and properly appreciated, not only by the members of the bar, but by all present, who seemed fully to understand the quaint decision.

Two anecdotes, from Mr. Boyd's book, of Dr. Bloomfield, Bishop of London:

The Bishop was not only himself a witty man, but one who could appreciate wit in others. A new church had been erected in his diocese, and a day was appointed for the consecration. The Bishop having received several letters, some anonymous, attacking the taste of the architect, as they alleged, for introducing gewgaws both externally and internally, resolved to judge for himself, and accordingly drove down two hours previously, having desired the architect to meet him. His lordship could find nothing outside the building to question, and then began his inspection of the interior, with which he was also satisfied; but just as he had reached the pulpit he looked up at four wooden images. "What, Mr. Architect, do they represent?"

"The four Evangelists, my lord."

"They look to me asleep."

"Do you think so, my lord?"

"I do."

The architect, turning round to one of his men working in a pew, called out, "Smith, bring your chisel and open the eyes of the Evangelists."

THE Bishop had been a widower, and had some children. He married a second time a widow, who also had a family. He had asked a country clergyman to dine with him at London House on Christmas-day, telling him, "You will only meet our family party." He found a much larger circle assembled in the drawing-room than he anticipated, and was introduced by the Bishop thus: "These are *mine*, those are *hers*, and those are ours."

ANOTHER clerical story is as follows:

A clergyman, a character in his way, and a favorite with his bishop and every one else, had a parish in an extremely fenny district. The bishop, taking the position into consideration, authorized the incumbent to perform duty only every alternate Sunday during the winter. But a complaint having reached his lordship that the reverend gentleman had not had the doors of his church open for the previous six weeks, he was obliged to administer a sharp letter of rebuke. To this the parson replied, "My lord,—I have had the honor to receive your lordship's letter; and all I have, in explanation to your lordship, to say is, that the devil himself can not get at my parishioners during the winter, and I promise your lordship to be before him in the spring."

A GENTLEMAN who was on the Southern side during our late little misunderstanding relates the following: "Roe," of our company, used to stammer fearfully, and while having a judicious admixture of prudence in his valor, was still one of the best and pluckiest of all. One of our guns had been captured by the Yankees, and the

next morning the order came down to recapture it if possible. It was a fearful task; and as we stood drawn up, awaiting the word to move forward at the double-quick, we felt instinctively that many of us would stay around the spot where the lost gun was. It scarcely seemed worth the price we were about to pay, and "Roe" seemed to be more thoroughly impressed with this idea than any one else. Suddenly an idea entered his mind; stepping out of the ranks, he stuttered, wildly, as he always did when excited, "I say, kick-kick-captain, l-l-l-let us gig-gig-get up a s-s-s-s-subscription and pip-pip-pay for the cussed old gun."

A YOUNG medical practitioner, whose pen has been admired in this and other of our magazines, sometimes says a pleasant thing. Recently, being at one of those wonderful assemblages where the light fantastic toe is stubbed about to a large extent, on being asked to dance the "Lancers," replied that he was better able to "lance the dancers."

WE are incited to assist Nancy Tuttle in giving publicity to the following announcement, in which the first-class turpitude of her husband—Zenus—is set forth in language somewhat terse and vigorous, but lacking in that coherency which is considered essential in appeals to public sympathy and justice:

\$100 REWARD—For the apprehension of Zenus Tuttle, a tall man, about fifty years, has considerable money and a high forehead, long face and lantern-jawed man, a bad man, with a fist like a gians, and has often beat me, and I want him to end his days in the Penitentiary where he belongs, and he wears a gray coat, with a very large mouth, and one blue eye, and one blind blue eye, and a hedious looking man, and now living with the seventh woman, and me having one child to him, and he has gone off, and I want him brought slap up in the law, with blue pants. He ought to be arrested and has a hundred dollars of my money, and a bald-headed rascal, full of flattery and deceit, and she is a bad woman, and her little girl calls him "papa" and is called Eliza Jane Tillis, and a boy blind of one eye, and he is not a man what has got any to much sense, nor her. And he stole one hundred dollars from me, and some of my gold and silver, and ought to be caught and I will never live with him again, no never, he is a disgrace. And I would like to have him caught up and compelled to maintain me and his child, as I am his lawful wedded wife, and have the certificate of marriage in my possession.

NANCY TUTTLE.

It is related of Mrs. Siddons that once, when dining at the country-seat of a friend, she frightened out of his wits a servant, who, when on the point of handing her the butter, withdrew it quickly, saying,

"Excuse me a moment, madam—there's a fly on the butter."

To which the great actress, assuming a look and tone of intense horror, exclaimed,

"A fly, say ye! How gat he there?"

Something of the same sort comes to us fresh from Rome of her niece, *Fanny Kemble*, of whom many droll stories are told in society of her withering speeches to indiscreet persons. One of the drollest is this: A meek young man was presented to her, and unluckily opened the new-born conversation with,

"I hear you have very fine hotels in America."

"SIR! *I have no hotels in America!*" in a measured, contemptuous voice, that caused that young man to retreat with alacrity.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLV.—AUGUST, 1871.—Vol. XLIII.

CHILDREN OF THE SUMMER.



HIBERNATING.

WHATEVER tame and horticultural delights may have been his at the beginning, the original Adam did not, I imagine, become in any complete sense an inhabitant of this world until he found the baleful security of Eden forever closed behind him, and went abroad, a sad-eyed vagabond, to assert his distrusted manhood as best he might. And the lusty relish that we, his curse-ridden children, often find in our struggling and hopeful lives is also answerable for the further conclusion that it was only when haggard and weary with the burden of many failures and disappointments that he cried out for the lost repose of paradise, tasting for the first time the full bitterness to which he had been doomed. All other things proving inadequate, Eden became an absorbing memory, a splendid and well-nigh impossible dream. And as the legend shapes itself to our mood, our dullest sensibilities are conscious of a transmitted or inherent uneasiness and longing, as one has most faith in an actual and once sinless Adam, or in the simple universality of our common nature.

There is no longer any paradise, no repose. We are stirred with a strange unrest; behind us there is a remembered glory of days, and before us the golden skies of promise. Our for-

tunes are at the ends of the earth, and in our veins is the thrill of returning sunshine: the summer will care for us all; shall we wait or hasten?

When every bright morning renews its invitation, who shall say what may not be among the gorgeous possibilities of a whole summertime (if we have faith to wander abroad and see)—what paradises may not blossom among the unsought valleys, or retain their morning freshness upon the untrodden hills? Up yonder easy slope the eye wanders quite into cloud-land; and in imagination one may pass down its farther verge into whatever of pastoral simplicity or magnificence his soul has craved. But for the hard, dull skepticism of our lives we had all turned dreamers and vagabonds in the spring long ago, haunting all the choice places of the earth, and losing none of its lavish sunshine, whatever fortune else we found.

And yet I do not think those actual children of the summer of whom I purposed to write ever indulge in any fine metaphysics in regard to the impulses that start them on their journeyings, nor do I suppose that, any more than the butterflies or the land-turtles, they could give a reason for their emergence into the early summer air and their subsequent wanderings. Hibernating in I know not what chance nooks and crannies of the earth—in desolate old country-houses it may be, that chatter and creak in the winter wind with a chill in their forsaken, haunted rooms beyond that of the outer air; in reluctant poor-houses, perhaps, or the rickety hives of cities; in attics or cellars whose atmospheres it is comfortable to imagine as drowsy and warm with nestling animal life—where, innocent of almanacs, from whatever fragment of a pane may be theirs, they watch the portents of the sky, their whole winter sweetened with a lingering dream of spring.

Perhaps one had better not wonder what manner of paradise it is they half-unconsciously set out to seek when the brown hills begin to quiver with the returning sun. Reasoning immediately from the earthy husk of the pilgrim before him, he might come to imagine it a very distant or a very dingy one. But some hint of better fortune surely had all these stray children of the earth when first they started on



"DON'T BE AFRAID, SONNY."

their ways; although a vague sense of a like experience somewhere in one's own life may suggest to him that the Temple Magnificent, which once loomed with such positive promise before them, is now nothing but a memory or a derision, and that their wanderings have become something altogether aimless and mechanical. Haunted by the ghost of a dead ideal, plodding onward in ways whose endings were no longer visionary or bright, at least, were that stout and swarthy couple who were making their tea beside the pasture bars years ago, when, as a cow-boy, I went thither upon my evening errand. The man lay supine in the coolest spread of shadow, his brown chest bared, and his limbs flung all abroad to catch the passing breeze. His bloated face was streaked with sweat, and his stout legs, grimy with the dust of travel, showed between his coarse shoes and his grass-stained trowsers; and, troubled with his evident discomfort, one instinctively wondered that he had not refreshed himself in the sluggish meadow brook, as the woman had evidently done. Busy with her light utensils about her small but sufficient fire, she did not at first notice my infantine approach and trepidation.

"Don't be afraid, sonny," she said, as the bubbling water relieved her wifely attention. "He's ugly sometimes, but he never hurts any one"—speaking as though her kindly heart would not allow her to suspect herself as also an object of dread—and her tawny face was glad of the rare illumination given it by gentle and womanly speech. Probably to a more assured presence, if she had had occasion, she would have addressed herself with a shrill and caustic flippancy that would have had in view from the first the last and bitterest word. The man moved his scrubby head and opened his nearest eye, but the harsh lips did not open, as I think she had expected; and I shall always cherish the pleasant fancy that as he sank again into his stolid dreams there came to him a dim-seen and reproachful picture of the womanly devotion that had turned forever vagrant for

his sake, and of the un-awakened tenderness, also, that might have been his had his life been other than the half-brutal and meager one that it was, and which was yet, perhaps, not wholly impossible. At any rate, I think it was not altogether the flies that made him smite his face so suddenly and sharply; but whether it were a curse or a regret he mumbled through his fingers I could not tell, for with my cows I was hurrying away.

Looking backward, my childhood seems thrillingly active with escapes from just such travel-scorched

and harmless tramps as these. To "the beggars" we had all been promised, time and time again, for misdeeds innumerable and un-atoned, and the ones approaching along the street were never too limp or wretched to stand for the inexorable fates to which our wickedness had consigned us. What a protecting goddess the "country school-ma'am" became in such moments as these! and what cities of refuge the open door-ways of the neighbors' houses! not even Miss Curt's well-ordered frown having power to repel us in the face of this vaster dread. Our fright was wont to reach its climax when the stroller took our side of the street, and perchance turned in at our gate, through which a direr sense than ordinary of impending peril had just sent us scudding to that secured retreat, our mother's side. And not without a thrill of remembered heroism do I recall the admiration I excited one day in my childish companions by handing food and water over the fence to a tired and sweltering cripple waiting upon his crutches outside. His earnest "God bless you!" was almost as much a fright as an assurance, and I think that, more than any thing else, it was his eager and wholly human appetite (which induced me to beg for him an extra slice of bread) that put us on common ground, and made him a familiar and delightful theme for many days.

But it is most for the relief they give to whatever reluctant bondage one may have chosen for himself in later life that he delights to study these wayfarers; and so he would rather not find them altogether hopeless or miserable. And if he does not question them too closely, despite of all his previous misgivings, he constantly finds himself imagining them as bound any where beneath the summer sky—by ways always fresh and alluring to regions of perennial sunshine and repose. But lightly burdened with this world's goods, they are at home wherever they lay down their bundles; and a rank disbeliever in the unmeasured hospitality of Nature would he prove himself who should question the economy of their coming or going.



"GOD BLESS YOU!"

Thus they are possessors of this world in a truer sense than we—anchored nowhere, but always afloat through whatever scenes of plenty or splendor we toilers have prepared for them by the way. And yet they never assert, save in humble and petitionary way, the prerogatives we have in fancy accorded them. Some, no doubt, have churlishly denied them; and perhaps (if we must so speedily darken our day-dream) Fortune herself has not met them kindly from the first. It is this vague suspicion of misfortune and denial that lends the surer interest to the more hopeful of these wanderers, no less than their quiet persistence in paths that have as yet proved all too illusory and unprofitable.

Perhaps we ourselves could have exchanged intelligible greeting with that anxious but undaunted individual who passed so erectly by our gate one morning, with a look of such emphatic purpose on his face, and such conscious dignity of flourish in the handling of his staff—for are we not likewise rich shareholders in the Un-achieved? But his business was evidently not with idle dreamers; and in his faded and unfashionable garb, that had a certain but inexplicable hint of much travel in its adjustment, he passed speedily by, unresponsive to the groping tentacles of our sympathy. His long and well-kept hair, and a certain beneficence of tone in an involuntary "ah'm" that escaped him, had at once convinced us that his was a mission of more than ordinary import to the universe; and we are still waiting with what patience we may for the announcement of its fulfillment. I remember no other who stirred such flush of expectancy in passing.

Certainly not bent upon any business of the spheres was the tall young man of a few days later, whose idle city breeding was as apparent in the supple indolence of his posture while he leaned upon the road-side fence, as in the ha-

bitual swagger of his voice when he called, not unpleasantly, to me in my boat below:

"So you 'paddle your own canoe?' Yes? Well, that's right. Dem me if I can, always. Say, how far is it to Mr. Wadsworth's?" (keeper of the poor-house he). "Two miles! Oh don't! don't say so much!" as though his sensuous nature cried out because I had not by a kindly deceit shortened the distance to his wish. What prospective claims he might have asserted to my practical work-day sympathies, that I should help him on his way to a night's lodging that cold April evening, I do not know. But I remember that the low sun, sinking directly behind him, enveloped him all unconsciously in a golden and dazzling mist, hiding him utterly from me in its radiance, which, like an atmosphere of romance, lent probability to any adventures my fancy might put in his way.

I think that this spring must have been unusually rich with portents, and that in all its skies beamed kindly invitations, for never were the wayfarers more numerous or earlier on their ways. The same evening that I saw the glorified traveler upon the highway there stopped at one of the village stores a man with some proud relics of his soldierly garb still upon him, but who was too much in liquor to become at once an object of worshipful regard. A suspicion (made stronger by the vaunting overtures of his speech) that his cap and blouse were shrewdly used to exact fiery tribute from delinquent patriotism, and that he left one bar-room only with the hope of finding another soon upon the road, crushed instantly all the romance with which we would fain have invested his journeyings. He boasted of the campaigns he had served for us in a good-natured, swaggering way, that could not, in spite of him, at any time quite forget his present abasement.

"Antietam! were you there? You? You?" he asked of the different sitters. "Not any of you? Ha, ha! brave boys! But then that was nothing. There was Gettysburg and Cold Harbor, you know. And Richmond! last and best of all. Not there! Boys, what were you born for? But don't mind me; I'm—" (expressively pursing up all his features and nodding sleepily forward). "Say, where can a poor old soldier lie down?"

The facetious suggestions of the sitters evidently did not flatter his sense of the debt we owed him. "Well, well," he said, "let the poor old devil go; he's no account now." And yet his politic jealousy for the good name of the soldier was always alert. "Don't say that, friend, don't," he said to one who teased him with some disparaging remark; "I never wronged any one—only myself," and his voice subsided into a tipsy pathos as he spoke, giving a queer effect of prostrate but struggling virtue, of gin-and-water, to his speech. Then he remembered, as if spurred with the sudden hope that his ingenuous humility had opened a way to our hearts, that he had as yet found no "place to lie down." There being no direct response



AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

from all those fathers of the posterity that is to be so proud of the many unvalued heroes of our time, I advised him to ask no more, but to stow himself in the first barn he came to. "Such," said I, with the air of an old campaigner, "is always my custom when on the road."

It was the shadow of a genuine pathos that came over the man, as at this unexpected touch of sympathy he lost his maudlin grasp of the hero he had been at such pains to describe himself, and revealed the sad sense of helplessness and isolation that had lurked beneath all the bravery of his speech. "What, you?" said he, taking me privately and at once into his confidence.

His case, then, was not, after all, so chilly, anomalous, and forlorn. But, dogs! he was afraid of them. With other advice and a paper of tobacco I so far imposed myself upon his gratitude that he could scarcely part from me without tears. "Yes, Sir; I'm always trying, and always going bad. Have to keep traveling, you see—a poor darn old drunken soldier, with no place to lie down," he added, summoning up some of his old bravado as he went out into the dusk.

It was an odd meeting that a companion and myself witnessed, a few evenings later, at a half-lonely interval of the road; and one, at least, of the three parties to the accident was as curiously impressed as we at the quick recognition of the affinity of their present fortunes, which caused two of them to pause an instant where they first came in sight, on opposite sides of the little valley, as though each would fain slink away and avoid such confession of shabby and helpless kinship as merely passing one another must extort.

"I say," said the intelligent one, who had evidently, by the fresh bundle in his hand, been successful in his application at the last house—"I say," said he, calling to the wretched object that moved by him on the farthest side of the street—"more kicks than cold potatoes, eh? Good Lord! I should say so!" he added, half to himself, as the man turned his swollen and miserable face farther away, and trudged onward without another sign. What had befallen him we could not guess, beyond the easy supposition of some drunken disaster; for so utterly abject was the condition of the man as he passed us farther up the street that we could vouchsafe no dignity to his quarrel, and nothing was suggested so satisfactory as a merited bemauling for some petty dirtiness, for which, brute-like, he was, after all, but half to blame. Never upon a living man had I seen features so bruised, so swollen and discolored. There was a certain watery depth of hue to their lividness—a most unwholesome and puffy appearance, that repelled one's sympathies with a quick and nervous horror. By a subtle inference such unaccountable visitation of punishment made the receiver seem altogether venomous and ill-deserving; and this in spite of the evident self-loathing and humility of despair that made one wonder why he had brought the hideous burden his life had suddenly become farther than the swollen river which he had just crossed on his way.

Without the doubtful satisfaction with which the suspicion of deserved disfigurement had tinged the case of this vagabond, he whom the questioner met as he turned himself again to his way presented instead a condition in the last degree pitiable, because unalterable. His lameness, and a certain unwilling distortion of body, had been apparent away down the road. A hint of partial blindness, also, pervaded the forward droop of his head and the half-groping advances of his staff—a hint which an occasional misstep made seem a certainty—while a pace or two of more confident advance left the matter a little less than probable. Appositely enough, while we were thus bandying the trivial doubt in our minds, he approached a sunken hole in the sidewalk, into which a rail had been thrust for all protection. And although our lips formed themselves several times into ready warning, the idle imp of our curiosity whispered eagerly, "He will see it," and thrust back the words, though all the while in a tremulous flutter of doubt as to whether he would or not. He certainly did not; but with a violent mingling about his ears of the old boots and bundles that had been dangling down his back, plumped heavily in up to his waist. Our curiosity slid into its dimmest cavern with a fresh thud of remorse, and we listened for the curses that we thought must come with ears ready to turn them every one into a reproach; but only to suffer the acutest and most difficult, though unconscious, of all punishments that the injured can inflict—that of bearing in si-



DOWN.

lence the worst that has befallen them. Have we and the Fates, then, proved so jointly unkind that there are some who will no longer cry for forbearance or help? Does a man come, in the bitterest fortune that may be, to realize to the extreme the diversity of our natures, and to find that no man can ever fitly approach him again? I think that this man, whose African features, all knotted with red and sinewy scars, as if from the touch of fire, and whose distorted eyes revealed themselves to us from beneath the broad brim of his hat, in his trouble, without meaning to, had come to some conclusion of this sort. Certainly, the quiet way in which he rescued his deformity from the hole, as though such lonely mishaps had become a matter of course with him, seemed to our guiltiness of mood sadly self-sufficient, repelling all thought of assistance or sympathy.

If we had been sadly touched by the poor wretch's silence, who must have known that but the semblance of a cry would have brought to him some chance passer of the street, and by his passing without visible response to his low words of proffered fellowship the vivacious questioner who had stepped aside from his dimly seen path, the feeling became one of positive pain when, later in the evening and in another part of the street, we stood full in his way, and, by putting a few kindly questions, found that it was the intrusive approach of human sympathy alone that could make him cry out. For whatever reason, his fellow-men had come to present themselves to his uncertain vision like dim and hateful shapes of dread.

"Oh, go away!" he said, with a great reserve of bitterness in his voice; and, without raising his head, he motioned us impatiently from his path with his cane. I think he did not dare trust his feet away from its whitish trail, or he would have turned abruptly aside. "Come! go long, will you?" he added, as gruffly, in spite of the golden purpose of our speech; and as we helplessly allowed him to pass he put the last cheapening touch upon our munificence by saying, in a tone of fierce and riotous independence, "I don't want nothing from you!"

He crossed the head of the thoroughfare leading to the city, and, tapping the ground before

him with his cane, turned down its sidewalk, with much of private exultation, I fancied, that his partial helplessness was obliged to contract no fresh debts of any one.

As nearly every sunny day beckons its wanderers by, one comes after a little to remember individuals but indistinctly, taking note of them rather because of this or that peculiarity, and subjecting them to such fantastic classification as best pleases him. The men and women of the many bundles, for instance, alike convince us of their inexperience in travel—not having yet learned to throw aside every weight—or that they are momentarily looking out from beneath the accumulated worthlessness of their packs for their journey's end, half groaning as they sigh and wonder what it may be. Others, squalid creatures, brown with dust and tan, and invariably drunk, and at the end of the few dollars they have stopped on their way to earn, are ready, every one, to maunder of their martial prowess, their insane troubles, or crazier resolves.

But quaintest of all these impersonal ones, and, now that I try to bring him positively to the surface, revealing more certainly than any other the shabby patch-work to which he is indebted for what he appears, the man of patches plods meekly through my memory upon that everlasting journey of his, that has nowhere so fit a memorial of its duration as in the various brownness of the pieces in his coat. I think that all the patches I have ever seen have heaped themselves upon this fantastic character. Bordered each with zigzag tracery of strings, like Virginia fences dividing barren fields, and showing altogether such a clumsy attempt at neatness and self-preservation—such tokens of elaborate and unavoidable economy—their effect is to make one count with a pang the disused garments in his closet, and wonder at the riches he has disdained. It would be quite out of keeping with the aggregated flimsiness of his structure, that my man of patches should have the assurance to ask for food for all the immemorial individuals who have merged themselves in him; and so I see him always upon the road, pausing now and then to plaster a fresh patch upon his person; not because of any new rent, but for the whimsical reason that a fresh passer-by has such a one about him, and who, after transferring it, vanishes instantly from the scene. One such passer, I remember, upon his disappearance left with him a tall hat, which had been cut around midway and shut together like a telescope to shorten it; while another contributed the snug hempen stitches with which the loosened crown is now firmly held in place. But saddest of all the gifts with which, in spite of me, these phantasmagoric vagabonds have endowed him, is a certain crookedness in the feet, which, with his staff, he foolishly took, in the twilight of a year ago, from a weary one who was evidently glad enough to dispose of himself on any terms. His way about the world has since been a sad and painful one, all the



THE GYPSY ENCAMPMENT.

more so because that no pitying one can ever see him pass—can ever reach him with the comforts for which he does not ask—chill phantom of my brain!

Children of the summer in a more persistent sense than any of these are the gypsies, who early in the spring take themselves to their wagons, and move slowly from camp to camp along the road-sides all the summer long, asking nothing of the season but its pleasant weather, well knowing that their lazy shrewdness can provide the rest. Their condition has wonderfully improved in these later years. Whether as a people we have become sufficiently wealthy and succulent for the better encouragement of this parasitic life, I can only guess; but certainly the circumstances of those who stand earliest in my memory were scant and shabby to a degree even beyond the picturesque. The wretched and ill-covered bone-work they drove for horses sorted well with their rickety and overburdened vehicles, and one was moved to associate the creaking that attended their painful progress as much with the motion of the one as the other. It was a question, also, whether to consider as least unhappy those whose fortune it was to ride couched upon their piled-up trumpery beneath the low rounded covers of the wagons, or they who, from infant to patriarch, muddied with sweat and dust, trudged alongside, or struggled with choking desperation in the smother behind. Fearful of openly trespassing elsewhere, they made their evening tea by the uncleanly road-side, and slept within or beneath their wagons, their gaunt dogs keeping needless guard, and their tethered horses gnawing the turf within their reach down to the very quick long before the morning came. I think that their horse-trading at this time must have been

of a very humble and farcical kind, and that the easy arts of basket-making and fortune-telling did not flourish in the main. Certainly they seldom tarried in our neighborhood longer than a night; and the evident uncertainty of their income lent enough of color to the suspicions that had attached themselves to the gypsy character to serve to put all the neighborhood in a forbidding attitude toward them. But sustained by some inscrutable economy of their own, and secure in the inviolable hospitality of the season, they asked no favors, but offered their slender baskets from door to door, silently parading their prolific squalor through all the dusty land.

The sleek and abundant horses of those who for the past few years have passed the whole summer in this and a few neighboring towns, and their new and commodious wagons (arranged with bunks, and neatly upholstered and decorated with wrought fringes and tassels, the interior half hidden by moderately white curtains of lace), evince a material, if not a social, progress beyond what the appearance of the people themselves would lead one to expect. Their better footing in the world has lent a braver and lazier swagger to their gait; and they are now bold to look the horses of the very dignitaries in the mouth with a shrewd and speculative eye. A visit to their camp along a maple-lined by-road, although surely enough dispelling whatever charm one may have attached to this mode of life, was not without a certain reduced and loafer-like pleasure. It was the first soft and kindly day of the tardy season, and nothing less than the richest poetry their swarthy race afforded must have hovered over the Sunday groups that idly disposed themselves in the sunniest places, melting into delicious warmth the chill that had haunted their veins through all the sleety spring. But in spite of it all one soon found that he had brought most of the romance with him. A sluggish spirit of gossip, that talked itself out momentarily, paused and caught vaguely at a fresh clew, and then went on, pervaded the clusters of lounging visitors and gypsy men. A young man with a broad-brimmed purple hat, and a frilled bosom of immaculate white, that contrasted broadly with the dingy slouchiness of his garb, passed from one group to another of the more taciturn loiterers, slowly beating his boot-top with a switch, and descanting upon the merits of some one of the horses that were tied along the fence, as though each of them had

long ago decided to take him, and was only anxious to close the bargain advantageously. It was somewhat amusing to observe him turn about from the rehearsal of one of his rhapsodies and find his unwilling audience had every one stolen away. Others indulged in the pious pastime of pitching pennies, half squabbling at times in the dirt; or intermitted their bickerings with such simple games of strength or activity as their clumsiness could manage. Elfish children, straight-haired and brown, ran about, and, in spite of all rebuffs, climbed among the loungers with many an infantile tumble, or stole the pennies of the pitchers with a deftness and avidity that one might suppose (so young were they) to be in the main hereditary, though not unaffected, perhaps, by example.

There was nothing in all this to touch us sadly; of the smaller children even, one felt that they had in some precocious way adapted themselves to the aimless vagabondage of their fathers, or were born to it, gypsies and brown from the first, with no hint of better possibilities in all their stolid little faces. But it was when a great tangle-headed, low-browed fellow, with a smile of stupid happiness broadening all his visage, came near us, fondling and calling his own a beautifully white and cleanly babe of scarce a month old, whose high forehead made us suspect an unusual intelligence in the look of its wide black eyes, that we began to suspect the miserable incompleteness of a manner of life that fails to awaken in its younger members any of the higher aspirations, and to wonder what satisfaction women, with their finer natures, could find in it. An old fortunetelling crone, squatted beside a savory mess that was slowly steaming over a lazy fire of embers, offered no solution to our question. The dreamy and well-seasoned content with which she gnawed with slow and sheep-like crunch an ear of dried corn, deterred us from disturbing her with any problem of sociology; and the quiet way in which the younger females avoided the presence of strangers, as they went about disposing their bedding in the sun upon the farther fence or preparing their meal, encouraged no approach. As in the men, there was much of the Indian in their aspects—a dusky and stolid cast of feature that in some of the younger women was rounded into a certain sensuous softness, as if from a richer tinge of tropical blood. Their dress was cheap and plain, with no other attempt at fashion or finery than a bright jacket now and then, or perhaps a gay ribbon in the braids of their long black hair. One whom I came upon in a retired spot was preparing something in a tiny pot over a little fire, and talking to two wee children who were with her in a simple and girlish



THE GYPSY BABY.

fashion. In many things I suspect she was scarcely wiser than they. Indeed, beyond a slow readiness at mental arithmetic—the all-sufficient knowledge of dollars and cents—there was discoverable among them all no intellectual acquirements; and I imagine that the gift of letters, with no better enticement, say, than the heroes of the dime-novel school, would have proved so great an enlargement of the possible horizon of their lives, that the good-natured patriarch had been troubled with unaccountable desertions from his idle camp, instead of flattered by the tenacious increase that now warms his sluggish pride.

Gladly would we have found them worthy of the sunny origin they claim—gay of heart and rich in song—but theirs was evidently vagabondage gone too far to seed to answer any light æsthetic purpose. There was no quest to their pilgrimage. Content to squat always by the way, and fed by the low craft which stands to them for all business and education, there was about them no satisfactory hint of that lightness and repose to which world-weary men in such harmless desperation delight to turn. Such find them rather an added burden to their weariness—they live so obviously upon the industry of others, not even catching the very fish they eat.

Vagabondage should never tarry; if it has faith, it may hold out its hand, and go away eternally happy with what it receives. Few of the many idlers there that day saw any picturesqueness in the dinner which they silently swarmed together to eat, crouching out of sight in their low blanket huts; and yet, in spite of us all (for we had proved ourselves curious



A RELIGIOUS VAGABOND.

and shy rather than lively and sympathetic visitors), they seemed to take a deal of comfort in it; and the pile of steaming potatoes that I caught sight of upon the plate of the patriarch hinted that he at least was minded to maintain himself a little longer in the world.

Not only through the summer, but late into the autumn, these gypsies prolong their camp, maintaining themselves in their shelter of blankets around their fires through all the earlier snows. All the late lingering days of the Indian summer—awaking I may not guess what sluggish unchallenged memories in their blood—are thus their own. Against the frozen clutch of winter they finally house themselves in such chance in-door shelter as they can find.

If the earlier summer most abounds with vagabonds, the few whom one meets on their ways during the glorious days of its decline have about them a halo of ripeness—an atmosphere of much travel, and of many curious loiterings and weather-bound intervals by the way—that is not without a subtler charm. The season wanes, but, secure in the hospitality of the year, they do not hasten. I love best to think of these not as outcasts or estrays, but as being in some incommunicable way in the confidence of Nature, acquainted with all the sunny haunts and hiding-places of the earth, and as alert as the insects and the birds to hide themselves away against all inclemencies. One never thinks of questioning their mission or aim; their weather-brown garb and the hint of duration and prolonged continuity of travel that pervades all their persons keeps him aloof with a suspicion of a largeness of experience and purpose that may not in a moment be told. But for this feeling, I might be able to say more of the tall wayfarer who passed

one chill Sunday evening with his bundle through our street. The church-bell was ringing, and in the gathering darkness the whole village, with sound of many footsteps and a mingled murmur of voices, was streaming down the sidewalks to the evening meeting. It must have been a stupendous sense of isolation that induced him to make himself so dimly conspicuous by walking alone down the middle of the street, and when he removed his hat and began to gesticulate in a rapt, religious way, muttering strange wisdom to himself the while, we perceived that there was a partial unconsciousness about it that was quite weird and awe-inspiring. As he came nearer his thoughts assumed a keener relish, and he chuckled louder at each fresh fantasy of his uneasy brain. There was a quick hint of some fearful and unavoidable climax in the swifter flourish of his arm and the seething murmur of his lips; and all at once, sudden as the hiss of a rocket, the final phrase, for which his whole being seemed to have been struggling, rushed explosively from his lips: "They think they know more than God! ha, ha!" With a wild demoniacal laugh, that thrilled us all like a bitter curse, his voice died away, and, turning neither to the right nor the left from his dreadful self-communing, he disappeared in the gloom of the way-side elms, through the arches of which the dying tones of the bell wandered hollowly as in a cavern.

Of a less portentous aspect, and in the smiling Indian summer of his years in singular affinity with the warm, dreamy glory of the late November days—both man and season astray in a hazy second childhood—was the old man whom the last golden weather allured along our street. Beckoned abroad from the security of his not distant home upon visionary journeyings by I know not what of richest promise in the sky, he had slung his bundle about his neck and stolen unnoticed away. There was a certain subdued riotousness to his good-nature, a childish fickleness of mood that darted hither and thither with an almost uncontrollable sense of freedom. He was fain to exhort us from the street with much unintelligible utterance as we wandered among the lingering flowers in a neighboring yard; and his church-going memory so crowded his hapless tongue with words, that from the semblance of speech his voice passed to a simple, variegated cry, tripping at last into a cackle of immoderate laughter. His gestures, too, raced into as hasty climax, and he swung his battered beaver, and swayed and stamped, carried nearly off his feet by his pious hilarity. And then, the memory of his late outbreak lost in the groping of some later impulse, though his features were yet twinkling with the merriment it had inspired, he entered the open gate and came up the broad slope of the yard with much affectation of spruceness in his gait and a rare elaborateness of obeisance to the ladies, and yet, withal, so conspicuous a decrepitude in all his motions that it was very sad to see. His

mood half failed him, too, when it should have been at its brightest; and though his eyes gleamed, and his deep-sunken lips numbed as if with the expectation of speech, his gallantry found no words. What hope of relief his disconcerted mind thus discerned I can not guess, but he immediately began to caper away in a risky kind of dance, low wheezing to himself the fragment of some ancient song. A sad and curious study was this withered old man. His mind occupied itself so much with its own fantastic disorder that he was but dimly susceptible to impressions from without—they serving at most only to awaken some dislocated memory or impulse within, and inciting his feebleness to fresh absurdities of grimace or activity. Some gay and lively imp seemed to have taken possession of him, refusing him rest; and not even our most deferential approaches had power to reawaken the sober dignity and self-command that had evidently enough once been characteristic of him, for we could easily fancy that he had been a deacon and a solid man in his prime. We did not make loud game of him at any rate, and with-

held the friendly words that would but have touched the key to fresh extravagances, letting him forget us, as he seemed to after a momentary pause, and wander among the withered and reedy flower-beds back to the highway and thence along the road, until his friends should get upon his trail.

Perhaps it were wiser not to follow these children of the summer beyond the pleasant days, or to disturb our sunny fancies by the thought that the year ever proves other than genial to them all. But there is a deal of comfort in the providence that its surlier moods incite in us, and perhaps none are unwilling to have their firesides give out the cheerier warmth with which they always glow at the passing of those belated vagrants whom the winter is buffeting outside. When the summer itself has turned vagabond, and gone with the autumnal sunsets beyond the hills, we would fain make our firesides ruddy as we can; and a waif from out the storm—a stray child of sunnier days—has often, beneath the chill crust of his present fortune, a store of remembered sunshine with which to repay our charity.

COUNT CAVOUR, AND THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY.

ONE of the most perplexing problems of political science is the establishment of an equilibrium between the centripetal and centrifugal forces of society. The tendencies of the former are to unity, centralization, and despotism; of the latter to freedom, anarchy, and chaos. Liberty, like every other good, is a mean between two extremes, which are evils—despotism and anarchy, or the despotism of one as opposed to the despotism of the many. Under the impulse of these opposing influences society oscillates, and upon this oscillation depends the stability of the social system. Hence the danger and impolicy of excluding too long from power one of two parties which are respectively the exponents of these political tendencies. It is thus that an opposition ceases to be a counter-check and becomes a revolution. "Five years of Tories and six months of Whigs" rather quaintly expresses the old English formula for the adjustment of these opposing forces. The French sweep through a larger arc, in longer periods, and experience more violent extremes. But, however the formula may vary, the proposed result is always a constant quantity; and ordinarily that is the best government which most nearly approximates the desired equilibrium, and he the ablest statesman who has the ability most thoroughly to comprehend and most completely to co-ordinate these conflicting dynamics of society.

This prime characteristic of a great statesman few have possessed in a more eminent degree than Count Cavour. In the accomplishment of his grand mission—the unification of Italy—no one understood better than he the

complex principles of the science of government, or had a more profound insight into that still more complex system of principles and passions, sentiments and facts, which we choose to designate as modern society. His political sagacity seemed almost a political instinct, while he could calculate the momentum of opposing moral forces, estimate their disturbing elements, discount their loss by friction, and find the resultant with almost mathematical precision.

The complete biography of the illustrious statesman, as he himself has said, will not be written during the present generation; nor could it be without reflecting unfavorably upon surviving statesmen, and violating the sacred reserve imposed upon his family and friends. Enough, however, is known not only to gratify a legitimate curiosity, but to establish his incontestable right to one of the brightest pages of modern history. Epitomizing in his short and eventful career the splendid traditions and sublime aspirations of Italian literature from Dante to Machiavel, and from Machiavel to Gioberti, he is justly entitled to stand out as the most prominent figure, the undisputed protagonist, in the grand political drama of Italian regeneration, in which a small province of five millions has become a great nation of twenty-seven, and which, commencing with the reform of church and state, has ended with the unification of the one and the abolition of the temporal power of the other.

Camillo Bensi di Cavour was born in Turin, August 10, 1810. His father, Don Michael Joseph, belonged to one of the most ancient and noble families of Piedmont, and was for many



CAMILLO BENSI DI CAVOUR.

years, during the reign of Carlo Alberto, mayor of the city of Turin. The Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon I., held him at the baptismal font, and the Abbé Frézet, author of a history of the house of Savoy, was his first instructor. At an early age he entered the military academy of Turin, where he soon distinguished himself among his fellow-students, consisting for the most part of the noble Piedmontese youth, and in recognition of his superior parts was appointed one of the king's pages. But the proud spirit of the future prime minister chafed under the "pack-saddle," as he styled it, of his livery; so that the king, in accordance with his wishes, soon released him from a service that was so uncongenial to his sturdy and robust disposition.

At the age of eighteen he completed his course of studies at the military academy, with the grade of lieutenant of engineers, and soon after entered upon the duties of his profession. In 1831, having been ordered to Genoa to superintend some works upon the fortifications, he was imprudent enough to indulge in the expression of liberal opinions at a time when every such expression was regarded by the gov-

ernment as incendiary, if not treasonable, and, in consequence, was transferred as a punishment to the garrison of the fortress of Bard. If he had ever studied in the school of Pythagoras, he had not learned the discipline of silence. Of an ardent temperament, and conscious of his ability, his free and independent spirit rendered him impatient of the restraints of a military life, and he accordingly resigned his commission.

He had already dreamed of being prime minister, and it may be had marked out for himself a political career. But as he contemplated with grief and indignation the deplorable condition of his unhappy country, rent and torn by civil dissensions, bristling with Austrian bayonets, down-trodden, priest-ridden, "worm-eaten;" the national life well-nigh crushed out by foreign domination and papal tyranny; every generous sentiment, every noble aspiration, branded as revolutionary if not sacrilegious; when even the hope of a regenerated Italy seemed dead beyond the possibility of a resurrection—such a career held out no glittering prizes to an aspiring youth thoroughly imbued with liberal principles, unless he were willing to



MILITARY ACADEMY AT TURIN.

devote himself to a life of toil and conflict as a political reformer. Cavour accepted unhesitatingly his God-given mission. On the breaking out of the revolution in Paris, when divine right was in eclipse, and the aurora of liberty began to dawn, in writing to a friend of his liberal opinions and ardent aspirations, he thus formally dedicates himself to his life-work: "These ideas constitute a part of my existence. I will declare them openly. I will maintain and defend them so long as God gives me breath." As a preparation for this great work he sought a more liberal baptism upon the banks of the Thames, where he found a freer and purer political atmosphere, a mental pabulum better suited to his vigorous and robust genius, and where, instead of an intermittent state of political syncope or revolutionary violence, he found national progress wrought out by a gradual process of normal development.

After remaining some time in England, educating himself after the manner of the English nobility, blending the distracting experiences of the gay outside world with the graver pursuits of university life, he returned to his native city thoroughly imbued with the spirit of English liberty, and with a profound admiration for English institutions, which was so strikingly apparent in his subsequent policy as to constitute one of the principal counts in the indictment found against him by his personal enemies and political opponents. Out of favor with the government and watched by the police, he nevertheless sought to diffuse among his countrymen the results of his observations

abroad in politics and economics. Acting upon the principle—a cardinal point of his creed—that political revolutions to be permanent must always be preceded and inaugurated by moral ones, he began the great work of reform with the pen which was afterward so successfully completed with the sword. He wrote for the various French reviews upon the leading social, financial, and political questions of the day; wrote as a man of profound convictions, of large and comprehensive vision, of absolute independence of judgment; not as a professional writer, but because he had something to say; wrote as one who had profoundly studied and thoroughly mastered his subject, without literary pretension, in a plain, forcible, straightforward manner, relying upon the vigor of his thought and the strength of his reasoning rather than the perfection of his style or the beauty of his imagery: in a word, wrote as a man who would not be satisfied with writing only, but as one who would some day achieve an epic such as Tasso sang and Luther realized.

Of his writings during this period the most noteworthy were his articles on "Communism" and "The State of Ireland." The latter attracted no little attention in England as a luminous exposition of the difficulties as well as the possible solution of that vexed political problem, while the former illustrates his profound insight into the fundamental principles of civil society. Recognizing the grand truth that "all men are equal," he did not fail to perceive that equality of right can never confer equality of condition. Hence he was as far removed from socialism, which he regarded as the "negation of liberty," as from divine right. As he himself subsequently affirmed, amidst the merriment of the Chamber, he was not a great revolutionist. He was rather a progressive constitutionalist, who sought to accomplish his reforms by a process of natural development rather than by an insane appeal to revolutionary violence. To this end he advocated the establishment of agricultural colleges, mechanics' institutes, infant asylums, industrial associations, and banking institutions, with a view of ameliorating the condition of the laboring classes, fully convinced that the moral advancement of a nation must go hand in hand with its material development.

In 1847 Cavour, with several of his political associates, organized a moderate liberal party, and established as their organ the *Risorgimento*, a journal devoted to progress, political reform, union, and Italian independence. As a journalist he clearly foreshadowed his policy as a cabinet minister. Affirming that "the most noble and genuine characteristics of right, as well as of power, are calmness and moderation," he resolved to advance resolutely toward the goal whither the irresistible force of his political principles would infallibly conduct him.

The signs of the times now clearly indicated the coming of a political storm. The press, asserting its independence, assumed a bolder

tone. The wrath of centuries announced itself in deep-toned mutterings, soon to burst forth with volcanic violence. Pius IX. startled Europe with the spectacle of a liberal pope; Austria recoiled beneath the liberal impulse, and ground her teeth with rage. The King of Naples and Leopold of Tuscany propitiated their subjects by granting a constitution, while Carlo Alberto, who was among the last of the Italian princes to yield to the revolution, on the petition of Cavour, Durando, and others, soon after followed their example.

In the midst of the wild storm of conflicting passions, Cavour, in accordance with his political creed, that revolutions to be permanent must be in accordance with natural laws, castigated with an unsparing hand the Utopian reformers and ultra-revolutionists who assumed to be independent of every law whatever, whether human or divine. Equally bold and daring as they, he had a more profound respect for humanity, and a greater faith in the final triumph of principles. Though satisfied with nothing less than the possible, he never aimed at the impracticable. Resolutely advancing in the path of progress, he was not one of those timid reformers "who are always waiting until the people become mature before conceding to them the very institutions which are precisely adapted to mature them." Nor did he belong to that impracticable school of politicians who affect to believe that a legislative act can create value, that a law of political economy can be annulled by a parliamentary majority, or a permanent revolution be achieved by a proclamation or a *coup d'état*.

Referring to the French revolutionists in the *Risorgimento* of the 16th November, 1848, he thus characterizes their insane policy, and, with singular prevision, prophesies its final result: "This iniquitous and ignorant faction finds itself confronted by science, affection, the individual, the family—every fundamental law of human society.....What does it signify? It has implicit faith in revolutionary measures, is certain of victory, and enacts the 24th of June. French blood flows in torrents. France, upon the brink of an abyss, arouses herself and hastens to suppress the fool-hardy attempt. What has been the result? We were looking for a democratic and social republic; we were in possession of the germs of many ideas, which, if developed by peaceful and ordinary means, would probably have resulted in some new advance in political science; and, instead, we have Paris under martial law, in Piedmont a dubious and dilatory intervention, at Naples a shameful intimacy between the French envoy and the Bourbon tyrant.....Let us wait a while longer, and we shall see the final result of revolutionary measures—Louis Napoleon upon the throne."

On the breaking out of the revolution in Lombardy, Cavour, who, with prophetic eye, already saw the grand and noble edifice of Italian unity rising under the constitutional

sceptre of the house of Savoy, addressed a bold and stirring appeal to the Piedmontese government, which sounded out amidst the storm like the blast of a bugle.

"The supreme hour for the Savoyard monarchy has struck—the hour for bold deliberations, the hour upon which depends the fate of empires and the destinies of nations. In view of the startling events transpiring in Lombardy and Vienna, hesitation, doubt, delay, are no longer possible: they would prove the most disastrous of policies. Men of cool judgment, accustomed to listen much more to the dictates of reason than the impulses of passion, after having pondered well our every word, we are in duty bound to declare there is no alternative for the nation, for the government, for the king, but war—war without hesitation, and without delay." The result justified the declaration of Cavour; for, shortly after, Carlo Alberto formally declared war against Austria.

On the 1st of May, 1848, the Sub-alpine Parliament was convoked for the first time. Cavour, who was elected as the representative of the first electoral college of Turin, delivered his maiden speech on the 4th of July following, upon the occasion of the proposed union of Lombardy with Piedmont. "We must not forget," he exclaimed, "that while we are talking and debating our brethren are fighting, and that they have the same rights that we have in the formation of the Constitutional Assembly which is to decide the destinies of Italy."

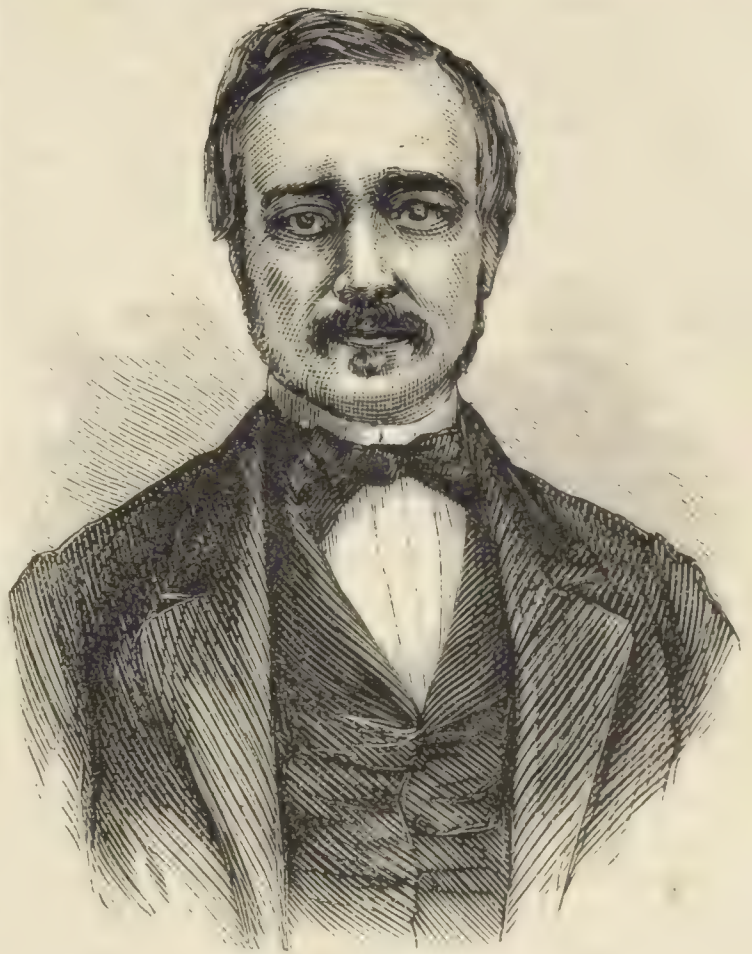
On the announcement of the defeat of Custoza, Cavour hastened to enroll himself as a volunteer, but the armistice of Milan prevented his departure for the theatre of war. He accordingly resumed his seat in Parliament, where he ably defended the Perrone-Pinelli ministry, which, having accepted the mediation of England and France in obtaining an honorable peace from Austria, was fiercely assailed by the opposition, who were impelled by their principles to wish a continuation of the war. Not only the ministry, but the monarchy itself, was in imminent peril. The star of democracy was now in the ascendant. Mazzini had proclaimed the advent of the universal republic. Pius IX., who had precipitated a revolution he did not wish and could not control, was conspiring at Gaeta against the new-born liberties of the people; Austria, supported by Germany and Russia, triumphant and defiant, with one hundred thousand soldiers in Lombardy; France declining aid, and England counseling delay. In a word, the Piedmontese government, without a friend or ally abroad, and with an unpopular ministry at home, was compelled to make headway against this colossal opposition.

The spirited boldness with which Cavour defended the administration subjected him to a storm of popular abuse. He had entered upon his parliamentary career distrusted by the aristocratic party, to whom he was related by ties of birth and friendship, on account of his lib-

eral proclivities, while he was repudiated by the democrats on account of his moderation. Seated upon the benches of the right-centre, he opposed every motion proceeding from the extreme right or left looking to reaction on the one hand or revolution on the other. He thus became a target for the sharp-shooters of both the political parties. He was characterized as a lukewarm friend of Italian independence and unity, concealing his despotic tendencies under a liberal mask. He was accused of being a blind admirer of England, and, in derision of his so-called *Anglomania*, was called "Lord Camillo," or "*Milord Risorgimento*." While the utterances of the orators of the opposition were greeted with general and prolonged applause, amidst shouts of "Bravo! Bene!" the voice of Cavour was oftentimes drowned by the interruptions of the opposition and the hisses of the galleries, which found an echo outside the Chamber in the calumnies of the press and the jeers of the populace. Opposing himself resolutely to the tide of turbulent passions, he exclaimed on one occasion, when the storm was at its height, "Whoever interrupts me does not insult me, but the Chamber, and the insult I divide with all of my colleagues."

In the elections for January, 1849, Cavour was not returned to Parliament. No longer a deputy, he was still a journalist. He waged war all the same upon the extremists of both parties, but especially upon the ultra-republicans, whose only idea of democracy seemed embodied in the violence and excesses of the French revolution. On the downfall of the Gioberti ministry, and its substitution by that of Rattazzi, Cavour, though opposed to the administration of the latter, favored its war policy as the only means of saving the national honor. The result of the war is well known. At Novara Piedmont lost every thing but her independence. In the elections which followed soon after, Cavour was returned to Parliament, where he sustained the administration of D'Azelio, who was soon compelled to dissolve the Chambers and make an appeal to the country. The succeeding elections resulted favorably to the ministry. Cavour became the leader of the right-centre, and Rattazzi of the left.

These two parliamentary chiefs, who, together with D'Azelio, played so prominent a part in Italian politics when constitutional government was on its trial in Italy, though they subsequently gravitated toward each other until they were seen fighting side by side under the same banner, appeared to be attracted toward each other rather by the affinity of contraries than from any great similarity in their personal characteristics or political principles. Rattazzi, the accomplished orator, was richly endowed with all those qualities which constitute an able advocate; Cavour, the skillful debater, with those rarer abilities which proclaim the great statesman. Rattazzi, the able chief of an opposition, or the powerful ally of an administration, rarely



RATTAZZI.

exhibited as prime minister the constructive genius of Cavour in originating a policy; while the latter, too self-reliant and independent to play a subordinate part in the cabinet, was never so much in his element as when at the head of affairs, planning a campaign, or organizing a victory. In truth, Cavour was disinclined to share power and responsibility with others. Self-conscious and imperious, he demanded instruments, not advisers; machinery, not motive power; subalterns, not peers. Both equally fearless and resolute in the face of difficulties or danger, Cavour displayed the greater tact and foresight in avoiding the latter and overcoming the former. Rattazzi saw a question, it may be, quite as clearly as Cavour in any one of its many aspects. The latter challenged it at every point, studying its relations, calculating its bearings, estimating its disturbing forces, and projecting its orbit. He regarded every question, whether of politics or morals, as but the arc of a circle, or the segment of a sphere. Rattazzi, with his forensic proclivities, selected his position, and then sought for arguments to fortify it. Cavour, with his judicial temper, canvassed the whole range of possibilities, and then by an act of induction arrived at a conclusion. The intellectual process of the one involved an analysis which only contemplated a subordinate synthesis; that of the other a broad and comprehensive synthesis which implied every possible analysis. It may be that Rattazzi was a better judge of men as individuals, but no one knew better than Cavour how to utilize them as forces. Not that they became in his hands mere instruments, and nothing more. In invading the sphere of each man's individuality, he simply eliminated and appropriated his specialty so far as might be necessary in making up the sum total of success,

and then recognized his independence as to the rest. In fine, Rattazzi, with a flowing style and an elegant diction, controlled his party by the power of his eloquence. Cavour, with a difficult utterance and a painful elocution, ruled the Chambers by the simple force of his genius.

In the reaction which followed the revolution of '48, when Europe began to lapse into the shadow of a liberal eclipse, Cavour set himself more resolutely than ever in the path of reform. He who was a conservative in times of revolution became a radical in times of reaction. Detaching himself from the right, he inclined more and more to the left, although the little phalanx of which he was now the chief seemed like a forlorn hope. Yet he managed it so skillfully that he became, in fact, the leader of the parliamentary majority. In the early part of the year 1850 he delivered a speech in favor of ecclesiastical reform, which marks the turning-point in his political history, so far, at least, as it regards his popularity. Henceforth his name was to become a tower of strength. Reform became his watch-word—church reform, financial reform, postal reform, reform in the revenue service, in the military service, in the civil service. He advocated administrative decentralization so far as consistent with political unity, the abolition of the military commanders, and the complete emancipation of the state from the trammels of the church.

On the death of Santa Rosa, Cavour accepted the port-folio of agriculture and commerce; and from that time forward did not cease, except for brief intervals, to be a member of the cabinet until the day of his death. When his name was proposed to the king the latter, with his usual sagacity, replied, "Very well; but he will unseat all the rest of you"—a prophecy which was not long in finding a fulfillment. In 1851, on the retirement of Nigra, he assumed the port-folio of finance in addition to that of agriculture and commerce. For both these positions he was admirably fitted. He had a profound knowledge of political economy, and was considered an authority in questions of finance. He at once addressed himself to the difficult task of ameliorating the condition of the treasury, favored the abolition of discriminating duties, and concluded commercial treaties with Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, France, and England on the basis of free trade, which, as Bianchi remarks, "were so many decisive battles against Austria gained on the field of diplomacy."

Though D'Azelio presided over the cabinet, Cavour, by his superior tact and ability, was already in reality prime minister. The echo of the 2d of December in France resounded like the death knell of liberty in Piedmont. The conservative party, with a view of inaugurating the repressive policy of Louis Napoleon in France, urged the absolute necessity of modifying the electoral laws, and greatly restricting the liberty of the press. The discussion which took place relative to the latter, in the early



MAXIMA D'AZELIO.

part of 1852, will be memorable in the political career of Cavour as marking his complete separation from the conservative party, and his coalition with the left-centre, or liberal progressives, of which Rattazzi was the leader. In his celebrated speech on the liberty of the press he took the ground that although it was one of the most difficult problems of modern legislation, still there was no other effectual remedy for its abuse than public opinion or the press itself.

The course pursued by Cavour on this occasion subjected him to not a little criticism and censure. He was charged with being a renegade, of having falsified his political past, and of assuming the leadership of a policy not his own. Let us hear his own vindication:

"Should I be obliged to renounce all the associates of my youth, should I be compelled to see my most intimate friends transformed into the most bitter enemies, I would not fail to do my duty, I would never abandon the principles of liberty to which I have devoted myself, whose development I have made my mission, and to which I have been faithful all my life long."

Convinced that the conservative party, with its reactionary tendencies, either could not or would not advance in the path of reform which he had marked out for himself, he saw clearly that he must either abandon his policy altogether, or elect other instruments for carrying it out. Recognizing the fact that a multiplicity of expedients is not inconsistent with unity of purpose, he turned to the liberals for that support which he had failed to find among his former friends and allies. It was, therefore, not a surrender of principles; it was simply a change of political base. Rallying around him all those who were determined at every hazard to

maintain at the same time a liberal, progressive policy and a constitutional, parliamentary form of government, he not only laid the basis of a great national party, both able and willing to carry out the national programme, but achieved a bloodless revolution in favor of constitutional liberty, which the *tiers état* and the guillotine have never been able to acquire permanently for France, or *Magna Charta* and the block for England, and which was secured only after centuries of bloody conflict between royal prerogative and popular rights.

By this "constitutional *coup d'état*" Cavour became master of the political situation. Rattazzi, through his influence, was elected President of the Chamber. The ministry resigned, was reconstituted, but in less than six months was stranded again, owing to an irreconcilable difference with Rome respecting the law of civil marriage. Meantime Cavour, who did not form a part of the new administration, visited France, England, and Scotland, where he was received with flattering marks of consideration, not only at court, but by the most distinguished statesmen of the time. On his return he was charged by the king with the formation of a new ministry that would come to terms with the Holy See. Cavour frankly declared that he could not and would not become the interpreter of a policy of subserviency to the pope, but subsequently accepted the charge without conditions, and on the 4th of November, 1852, became President of the Council and Minister of Finance.

The elevation of Cavour to power was the signal for a still more bitter and uncompromising war on the part of Rome. The clerical party, exasperated by the recent legislation regarding civil marriage, and still more embittered by the subsequent suppression of the convents and the taxation of the church property, waged a war of deadly hostility against the government. The whole supernatural machinery of papal Rome was brought into requisition—absolution, excommunication, purgatory, plenary indulgence—to which end its spiritual brokers had obtained an unlimited credit upon the heavenly exchequer, with a view of operating more successfully upon the political stock exchange. Not only upon the floor of Parliament did the battle rage, but in *salon* and *café*, at the court and on the public square, around the confessionals and in front of the very altars. The sacred precincts of domestic sorrow were invaded in the royal household, and the recent bereavements of the king were interpreted as Providential warnings, should he still continue to sanction this ungodly crusade against the holy church. The king, still unwilling to come to an open rupture with the pope, overwhelmed with grief, and desirous of obeying the dying injunction of a venerated mother, resolved to make one more effort to effect a reconciliation with the Holy See, only to be repulsed with the inevitable *non possumus*. Shortly after, subordinating the affection of a son and

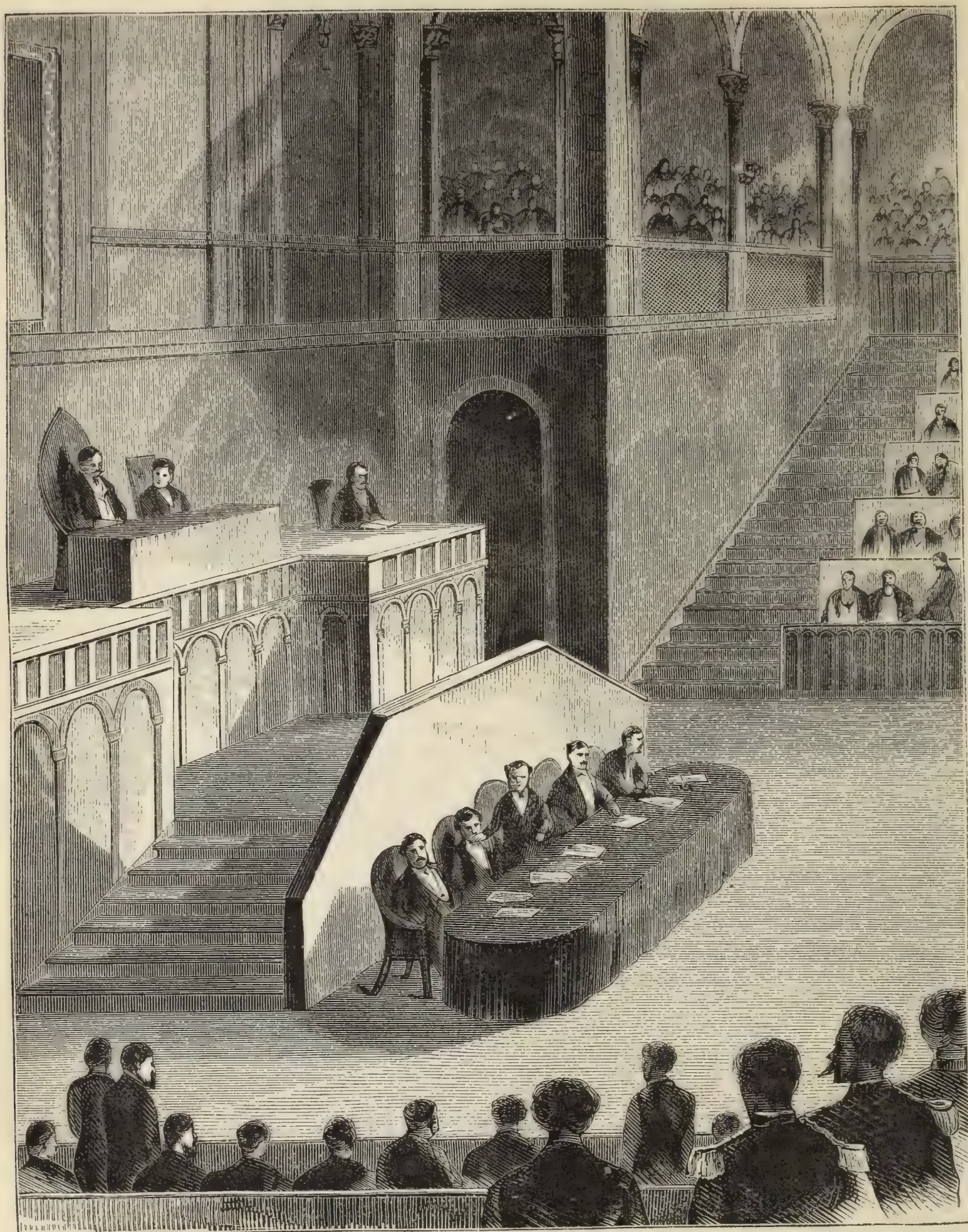
the loyalty of a Catholic to the sterner duties of a sovereign, he recalled Cavour, who in the mean time had resigned, granting him full liberty to carry out the policy and consummate the reforms that had provoked the ire of the clerical party.

The difficulties of the new administration were increased by the exigencies of the treasury demanding new imposts, by famine, political reaction, the opposition of the Senate, Mazzinian uprisings, and Austrian arrogance. On the evening of October 18, 1853, a mob, consisting for the most part of laborers and mechanics, holding the prime minister responsible—as if he were a special providence—for the failure of the crops and the dearness of living, assailed his residence with a shower of stones, demolishing the windows, and threatening its inmates with personal violence. Notwithstanding the temporary unpopularity of Cavour on account of the increased taxation, the better class of the population repudiated this act of the populace of Turin in a most emphatic manner, while letters and addresses of sympathy and confidence poured in from every quarter.

In the latter part of the year 1854 Piedmont was invited to join the alliance of England and France in the Crimean expedition against Russia, undertaken with a view of checking Muscovite ambition in the East, and preserving that most unstable of political seesaws, the European equilibrium. It was stipulated in the treaty that the Sardinian government should dispatch and maintain a corps of 15,000 men in the Crimea during the continuation of the war. Cavour, with his usual sagacity, clearly foresaw that England and France, in order to secure the co-operation of Austria, would be disposed to connive at her tyrannies and encroachments in Italy—and then farewell to Italian unity and independence. Then, too, it was not beyond the range of probabilities that if Italian soldiers should discount French and English blood before the fortifications of Sebastopol, the solemn obligation at no distant day would be canceled in similar coin upon the fertile plains of Lombardy. In fact, Cavour adroitly introduced into the treaty a secret stipulation to this effect. Nevertheless it was a bold, almost desperate, stroke of policy. It fell like a thunder-bolt in the Austrian camp. "*C'est un coup de pistolet*," exclaimed an Austrian diplomat, "*tiré à bout portant aux oreilles de l'Autriche*."

The proposed alliance, though dictated by the highest considerations of state policy, met with the most determined opposition, first in the cabinet, then in Parliament and on the field of diplomacy, and, most of all, from the ranks of the democratic party, who imagined they saw in this ill-starred expedition the ruin of constitutional government in Piedmont, and an insurmountable barrier to Italian unity and independence.

"Gentlemen," said Deviry, in the Chamber of Deputies, "the responsibility which we are



CAVOUR, AS PRIME MINISTER, ADDRESSING THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

going to incur at the moment when we shall cast our ballots into the urn is immense—is terrible; for upon that vote will depend, it may be, the future of our country.”

“If I should allow free scope to the impulse of my feelings,” exclaimed Brofferio, with more than his usual fervor, “my voice would sound out a grand lament. The sacrifice of liberty, be assured, will be the consequence of victory, whichever side it may favor. May God forefend the fatal augury! But if you consent to this treaty, the prostration of Piedmont and the ruin of Italy will be an accomplished fact.”

Such were the vaticinations of political prophets, who predicted danger and ruin where Cavour foresaw the only safety and salvation of Piedmont.

One evening, as the prime minister stood, silent and thoughtful, in the *salon* of the Countess Cavour-Alfieri, a favorite niece, she rallied him by inquiring, “Well, uncle, are we going to the Crimea?”

“Who knows?” replied the count. “England is solicitous to conclude a treaty which would give our soldiers an opportunity of wiping out the defeat of Novara. But what would you? All my cabinet is hostile to this expedi-

tion. Rattazzi himself and my best friend, La Marmora, speak of relinquishing the enterprise; but the king is for me, and we two will prevail."

The policy of Cavour triumphed over all opposition. After a week of stormy debate the Chamber of Deputies ratified the treaty by a large majority, and it was shortly after approved by the Senate by a still more decisive vote.

If to convince and persuade is oratory, then Cavour was an orator. It is related by his contemporaries, and confirmed by the parliamentary reports, that for the most part the close of the debate was announced immediately after one of his speeches. Many of the members paid no attention whatever in the way of preparation to questions they knew were coming up, satisfied that Cavour would make a clear and exhaustive exposition of them to the Chambers. If eloquence, however, consists rather in the manner than the matter, in fluency of diction and facility of expression, he had it not. In him the style was *not* the man. He had the genius but not the graces of the orator. Clearness, penetration, precision, an intuitive apprehension of the vital point in an argument—these were his prime characteristics. His clearness was such that his hearers not only might have understood if they would, but must have understood him whether they would or not. He was satisfied with no superficial view; he fairly "disemboweled" a subject. His speeches, though extemporaneous, were thoroughly elaborated. His thoughts were fresh and vigorous, his ideas clearly cut and well defined, his arguments luminous and strong—all of which were presented with such naturalness and force that you appeared to have just remembered them as something once well understood but temporarily forgotten.

His manner was simple, straightforward, effective. Trained in the palestra of parliamentary struggle, he was ambitious to be a good debater rather than a great orator. If he could not entertain the Chambers with figures of rhetoric, he could furnish them with what Burke tells us are far more decisive—the "figures of arithmetic." Devoid of brilliancy, with a difficult and at times almost painful elocution, enunciated in a harsh, shrill voice, and constantly interrupted by a slight nervous cough, he nevertheless commanded the attention of the Chambers with an authority they were unwilling to accord, yet powerless to resist. Without any attempt at rhetorical effect, he seldom or never degenerated into commonplace. Sometimes an interruption or an assault, which he rather provoked than conciliated, like the breaking of an electric current, would cause the train of his thought to kindle and sparkle with unaccustomed splendor. Always wary, rarely surprised, never nonplused, without losing the grammatical construction or logical sequence of his discourse, his reply was ever prompt and decisive, sometimes haughty and contemptuous. Without a knowledge of Latin and Greek, he

was charged with seasoning his speeches with salt "not Attic." It may be that his language was not classical, as his diction was not ornate. He disregarded the embellishments of style, and disdained the artifices of rhetoric. He spoke as a man who aimed at conviction, not cheers; with whom an argument was a battle, not a tournament; a speech an action, not mere declamation.

As to his method in preparing his discourses we have the following account from the pen of his private secretary, Artom.

"Seated tranquilly upon the ministerial bench, playing with his paper-knife, and sustaining the assaults of his opponents with all the coolness of an experienced debater, he seemed to pay no attention to what was being said, when, in reality, not a syllable escaped him. Little by little, by an intellectual process of which he was scarcely conscious, the outline of his discourse was completed in his head. Without writing a word, without even taking notes, except when he had figures or dates to adduce, it was sufficient for him to revolve his subject for an hour or two in the morning of the day he expected to speak, in order to clothe his ideas in the most suitable form. In the latter part of his life he was accustomed to have me present at the preliminary rehearsal of his speeches. Seated opposite to me, he sought in my countenance, which could never conceal any thing from him, the impression which the strong and ingenious chain of his reasoning produced upon me. Sometimes he interrogated me with his eye, or constrained me to make observations upon points with regard to which he was not altogether satisfied. Often when, from the galleries of the Chamber, I have listened to the speech prepared in the morning before me I have been able to note the fidelity of his memory. Sometimes the very words which had struck me excited now the applause and now the merriment of the Chamber. More frequently, however, he improvised the phraseology, but the idea was constantly the same; and I have been able to state beforehand to whoever stood near me the series of inferences through which he would arrive at his conclusion."

Cavour himself, in speaking on this point, says, "If I should write my speeches, instead of only following the train of thought, and, as to the phraseology, trusting to the inspiration of the moment, I should be constrained to confine myself literally to the manuscript, and even should I have a prompter behind me, as is the case with some of my honorable opponents, I should often lose the thread of my discourse."

As some of the fruits of the Italian campaign in the Crimea, the Sardinian troops under La Marmora added new lustre to laurels already won upon many a bloody field, the cabinet of Turin gained political consideration among the other cabinets of Europe, Austria was effectually checkmated, and England and France became the assured allies of Piedmont. Mean-



CAVOUR AT THE CONGRESS OF PARIS.

while, to draw still closer the ties of amity and friendship with the courts of St. James and the Tuileries, Victor Emanuel, accompanied by Cavour, visited France and England, where they established friendly relations of a personal character with the sovereigns of those countries, and had an opportunity of discussing Italian affairs, and proposing some practicable remedies for ameliorating the unhappy condition of Italy. After a lengthy interview between the king and Napoleon III. the latter closed the conversation by asking a question that was pregnant with interest for Cavour, "*Que peut on faire pour l'Italie?*" The famous *memorandum* was the reply.

On the termination of the war in the Crimea, through the armed mediation of Austria, Piedmont was invited to participate in the congress of Paris, and Cavour was accredited as her first plenipotentiary, while Villamarina, the Sardinian minister at the Tuileries, was named as the second. In the opening session Cavour insisted, in opposition to the Austrian envoys, that Piedmont should be placed upon an equal footing with the great powers in the deliberations

of the congress; and, this demand fairly accorded, addressed himself to the almost hopeless task of drawing the Italian question into the field of diplomacy. By his firm and dignified bearing, his wise moderation, and admirable tact, as well as by the breadth of his vision, his quickness of apprehension, and clearness of exposition of the most difficult and involved political problems, he soon gained for himself an enviable position among the other members of the congress as an able diplomatist. On the suggestion of Lord Clarendon and Count Walewski, the English and French plenipotentiaries, he drew up and placed in their hands a memorandum similar to the one addressed to Napoleon III. two months before. On the 8th of April the Emperor, convinced by Cavour that the time had arrived for introducing the Italian question into the conference, consented that Walewski should take the initiative, which he accordingly did. The Austrian envoys protested, temporized, and, as a last expedient, declared that, in the absence of instructions, they had no power to discuss so delicate a question. In the height of the stormy discussion of that memo-

nable session, of which the protocol subsequently issued furnishes a very imperfect and emasculated account, Lord Clarendon, thoroughly aroused by the defiant attitude of the Austrian plenipotentiaries, exclaimed with great vehemence and warmth:

"If your intention is really to make no promises, to give no pledges, to enter into no engagements, with regard to Italy, it will be to throw down the gauntlet to liberal Europe, that, at no distant day, may take it up. This question will then be decided by the most energetic and vigorous measures. It is a great mistake to suppose that our forces are exhausted."

Notwithstanding these energetic remonstrances, it became painfully evident to the Sardinian minister that the cabinet of Vienna was determined to persist in its violent and repressive policy toward Italy, and that any redress must be sought on another field than that of diplomacy. As a final resort he entered a formal protest in behalf of his unhappy country. With a boldness and intrepidity that excited at once the surprise and admiration of Europe, he arraigned Austria—proud, haughty, and arrogant, the foremost military power on the continent, and the implacable foe of Piedmont—at the bar of European opinion; he enumerated her usurpations, criticised her maladministration, exposed her subterfuges, reproached her with her violated faith, and challenged her in the face of Europe to deny the damnatory accusations. He portrayed the deplorable condition of his unhappy country, overrun by a foreign soldiery, and subjected to the rigors of a military despotism; her best and noblest citizens proscribed; her prisons teeming with political prisoners; her system of police simply an organized force of political spies; while the military occupation of Venice, in open violation of the most solemn treaties, as well as of the law of nations, had made her absolute mistress of nearly the whole of Italy, transforming the Adriatic into an Austrian lake, and the entire peninsula into an Austrian province.

The accused became the accuser. The envoys were startled from their diplomatic propriety. Austria, thrown upon the defensive, charged Piedmont with being the instigator of revolutions—the hot-bed of all political heresies; which was repelled by the counter-charge that these same revolutions were the result of Austrian misrule and Austrian tyranny. Piedmont, still bleeding from the disastrous rout of Novara, placed her ancient foe *hors de combat* upon the field of diplomacy, while not a voice was raised in extenuation of her policy, and the verdict of liberal Europe was against her.

At the close of the congress Cavour returned to Turin to give an account of his mission to Parliament, which approved almost unanimously the course pursued by the Sardinian envoys throughout the conference. Congratulatory addresses were sent in from all the Italian provinces, and statues, busts, and medals were raised by public subscriptions in honor of the

man whose name was henceforth to become synonymous with Italian unity and independence. Though the breach with Austria was widened, and much remained to be done, still the fact could not be disguised that Piedmont had taken a prodigious stride in asserting herself. She had poured out freely her best blood and treasure in the Crimea, not for conquest or glory, but for the right to be heard in behalf of Italy in the grand council chamber of European diplomacy.

From the congress of Paris to the peace of Villafranca was a most critical and eventful period for the Sardinian monarchy, during which the reputation of Cavour reached its height, and his genius as a statesman shone with the greatest lustre. True to his policy of regenerating Italy through the instrumentality of Piedmont and the house of Savoy upon the basis of constitutional liberty, one of the best evidences of his moderation is that he was abused by the extremists of both the political parties. Accused of being clerical and conservative by the republicans, and branded as a revolutionist and atheist by the clerical party, knowing, as he said, that "time is a potent auxiliary of whoever is on the side of right and progress," and full of faith in the ultimate triumph of a grand principle and the justice of God, he held firmly on his way, awaiting with calmness and composure the final award. Meanwhile the storm gathered apace. The Sardinian government, confronted by Austrian cannon on the one side and papal excommunications on the other, held in check by France, abandoned by England, compromised by Orsini conspiracies, convulsed by Mazzinian insurrections—the excesses of the republicans increased by the reactionary tendencies of the conservatives—it seemed as if the gallant ship of state must sooner or later go to pieces upon the breakers, in spite of the admirable skill of its bold and trusty pilot.

Cavour, now more than ever satisfied that there was but one solution to this complication of difficulties, resolved upon war with Austria at all hazards. Though fully convinced that not upon the number of soldiers nor the square miles of territory depended the issue of a struggle undertaken in the interests of civilization and constitutional liberty, still it appeared the height of folly and madness for a small state of four millions to accept, single-handed, the challenge of a colossal empire of thirty-five, whose veteran legions were already deploying along her eastern frontier, threatening to annihilate her at a single decisive blow. In this impending crisis the Sardinian minister naturally turned for aid and succor to his former allies in the Crimea. But England having become reconciled to Austria, at the sacrifice of Italy, France only remained. Then followed the celebrated colloquy of Napoleon and Cavour at Plombières, where the latter received the verbal assurance of the armed assistance of France in the event of an aggressive war on the part of Austria, on condition that if Italy should



NAPOLEON AND CAVOUR AT PLOMBIÈRES.

be liberated from the Alps to the Adriatic, France should receive in compensation the provinces of Nice and Savoy.

On the 19th of April, 1859, after mutual crimination and recrimination, Austria dispatched an ultimatum to Piedmont, demanding immediate disarmament or war. The Sardinian ministry without hesitation chose the latter, and the result was Magenta and Solferino. During these anxious and perilous days the labors of Cavour were herculean. At the same time President of the Council, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Marine, and Minister of War, he transferred his bed, for which he seemed to have but little use, to the War-office, protracting his labors far into the night, hurrying from one department to another in his dressing-gown, dictating dispatches, transmitting orders, overseeing the equipment of the volunteers, directing the operations on the field, and at the same time conducting a voluminous correspondence—inspiring the despondent, stimulating the dilatory, and inflaming the lukewarm with a portion of his own fire and patriotism.

“Courage, my friends,” he exclaims, “and we will give to Italy the regeneration dreamed of by Gioberti.” Republicans, turning their backs upon Mazzini, and rallying under the leadership of Daniel Manin, replied, “Regenerate Italy, and we are with you.” The *Società Nazionale* inscribed upon its banners Independence, Unification, and the House of Savoy. The flower of the Italian youth flocked around the standard of Garibaldi, where it floated from the crest of the Apennines, asking for nothing more than the privilege of fighting and dying for Italy; while thirty thousand volunteers, with swords half drawn, impatiently awaited the signal to launch themselves upon the legions of Austria, whose arms already glittered upon the banks of the Ticino.

We are not only astonished with the operosity of Cavour, the mere contemplation of which would fatigue an ordinary reader, but we are constantly surprised at the extraordinary tact and adroitness with which he utilized opposing political forces. Now we see him holding a *tête-à-tête* with Napoleon, and now a *matinée* with La Farina. He can coquet, if

need be, with Mazzini, or propose terms of friendly alliance with a Bourbon. His influence upon Napoleon amounted to a fascination, impelling him to engage in a war which he did not seek, to accomplish an end he did not desire. He manages his double alliance with England and France with all the dexterity with which an accomplished sophist would handle a thau-matrope fallacy, using first one and then the other in his political extremities as best suited his purposes, and yet maintaining friendly relations with both. He was ever ready to extend a friendly hand to any one, irrespective of party antecedents, who was willing to co-operate with him in achieving Italian unity and independence. Even while Garibaldi is urging his dismissal from the cabinet, Cavour launches him upon the common foe like a thunder-bolt; and when the smoke of battle clears away, the irrepressible premier is found seated more firmly than ever upon the ministerial Olympus. And yet this man, whose activities were thus expended in labors so multiform and multiplied—who, in obedience to military necessity, could coolly issue an order to inundate the vast and fertile valley of the Po—when relieved from the ponderous cares of state, and amidst the privacy of his more intimate friends, could frolic like a school-boy in vacation.

The peace of Villafranca, which arrested the victorious advance of the allied troops in mid-career, though doubtless precipitated by the threatened intervention of England, Russia, and Prussia, was the occasion, nevertheless, of universal surprise. To Cavour it proved a most

terrible blow. "I saw him on his return from Villafranca," says his private secretary, "pale, care-worn, broken down, and grown several years older in the space of three days." In his grief and chagrin he resigned his position in the cabinet, and retired to his villa at Leri, while Rattazzi was charged, at his suggestion, with the formation of a new ministry. But Villafranca had its compensations. It opened up a new and grand perspective for Italy, and Cavour, with his usual foresight, was not slow to perceive it. As an Italian confederation was no longer possible while Austria, by virtue of a solemn treaty, lay intrenched in the Quadri-lateral, it gave a new and powerful impulse to the cause which, of all others, lay nearest his heart—that of Italian unity.

In the early part of 1860 Cavour again took the helm. His great mission was only interrupted, not abandoned. One of his first acts on his return to power was to counsel Victor Emanuel, notwithstanding the opposition of Russia and Prussia and the reluctant acquiescence of France, to annex *Æmilia* and Tuscany in response to a popular vote; which the king accordingly did. It was a bold and daring movement, but it inaugurated a new era for Italy. It struck the key-note to Cavour's subsequent policy—the annexation of provinces by means of popular suffrage. It was the first decided step in favor of Italian unity. To Victor Emanuel was intrusted the sword of Castruccio Castracane, the Ghibelline leader, who had left it as a legacy to whoever should become the liberator of his country; and the King of Sar-



BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

dia was virtually proclaimed from henceforth King of Italy "by the grace of God and the will of the people." Scarcely a decade has elapsed, and the commissioners, first of Naples, then of Venice, and finally of Rome, have, in obedience to the national movement thus inaugurated, presented the suffrages of their respective populations, and taken the oath of fidelity to Victor Emanuel and the house of Savoy.

On the announcement of the annexation of Æmilia and Tuscany the French emperor peremptorily demanded the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. For a kingdom of yesterday, unrecognized as yet in the great family of nations—with Austria strongly intrenched on the Mincio and the Po, with a Bourbon army threatening it in the rear, with Prussia and Russia opposed, and nothing to hope for from England more than English neutrality—to have refused such a demand at such a time to its only remaining ally would have been madness and ruin. Still Cavour hesitated. "For charity's sake, sign the treaty," wrote Bixio, "if you do not wish to lose all sympathy of France for Italy." For once Cavour was unmanned. He signed the treaty, but in so doing experienced the bitterness of death. The cession was a supreme necessity, and to meet it he rose to the heroic sublime of personal sacrifice and self-abnegation. Having consecrated himself upon his country's altar, he made no reservation of his fame or popularity. It was in such a perilous crisis as this that he exclaimed, amidst the silence and solitude of his chamber, "*Perish my name, perish my fame, only let Italy live!*"

One evening during the height of the political excitement, referring to the treaty in a conversation with his confidential secretary, he said: "If the king were to nominate me Duke of Leri, as the Austrian journals predict, I would not exchange for that title my name of Count of Cavour. I have *quattrini* sufficient for my wants, although I am not as rich as is generally believed, and will never be so popular as after the battle of Magenta and on the eve of that of Solferino.....I have the ambition to serve Italy. For her I cheerfully risk my fame and my popularity. If I had aimed at nothing else than private advantage, instead of persuading Italy and Europe to consent to the cession of Nice and Savoy, I would resign, and, satisfied with a glory cheaply acquired, I would retire to Leri, and leave the country to be rent in twain in this dangerous political crisis."

The ratification of this ill-starred treaty not only occasioned universal sorrow and indignation throughout Italy, but gave rise to political animosities and civil discords which threatened to endanger the national life. During the memorable session of the 20th of April, 1861, Garibaldi, who regarded the cession of Nice and Savoy as a felony, accused Cavour in the presence of the Chamber of having betrayed Italy, and denounced him as a traitor.

"I shall never forget," says an eye-witness, "that fearful encounter between two spirits

equally ardent in their love for Italy, but so diverse in their natural disposition—that struggle between a lofty genius, accustomed for a long time to bow to political necessities, and the frank and impetuous instincts of a man who yields to the inspiration of his passions, so much the more blind and ungovernable as they are generous and noble. Equally irascible in his temperament with General Garibaldi, having, in spite of his robust health, all the nervous delicacy of a woman, Cavour made at that moment a supreme effort for self-mastery. His laconic reply raised him to such a pitch of sublimity as his eloquence had never reached before.....He was at the same time noble and pathetic, fiery and self-possessed, because he felt intensely the force of every thing he said."

Garibaldi, the popular captain, ardent and impetuous, his great soul all aflame, seemed irresistible; Cavour, the veteran politician, calm and dignified, though struggling with volcanic fires, was immovable. It was the "lava combating the lightning."

On another occasion, when the hero of Marsala refused to extend his hand to one who, by the cession of Nice, "had rendered him a foreigner to Italy," Cavour replied, with deep emotion, "I know that between General Garibaldi and myself there exists an abyss. I believed I was performing a painful duty—the most painful of my entire life—when I counseled the king and Parliament to approve of the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. From the grief which I have experienced I can well comprehend that which General Garibaldi has suffered, and I can afford to pardon him if he can not forgive me."

On the breaking out of the revolution in Sicily, Cavour, without committing any overt act that might arouse the opposition of the great powers, secretly favored the expedition under the command of Garibaldi, which embarked from Quarto, with a view of co-operating with the revolutionists. The Italian government not only secretly furnished arms, but paid the agents of Garibaldi for those it had previously sequestered, to enable them to buy others; while the Italian fleet, setting sail from Genoa with the ostensible purpose of preventing the landing of the expedition, received secret orders to steer between Garibaldi and the Sicilian cruisers.

It would be impossible to justify, on any moral grounds, the dissimulation of Cavour's policy during the Sicilian revolution, as well as elsewhere; but until the code of political morality has been subjected to a thorough revision it will not be difficult to vindicate it on the ground of political expediency. Piedmont and Naples represented at that time the two extremes of state policy in Italy. The court of Francis II., with its despotic instincts, opposed to every liberal reform, in favor of the restoration of the exiled princes, and the lost provinces of the pope, the natural ally of Austria and Rome, plotted political reaction and the overthrow of the Sardinian monarchy. On the other hand, Piedmont,

the avowed champion of liberal principles, the declared enemy of divine right, and the regenerator of Italy, constituted the only breakwater against the aggressive inroads of Austria, and the reactionary tendencies of the clerical or conservative party. Though Francis II., to save his crumbling throne, had granted a constitution to his rebellious subjects, and now sought to conclude a treaty of alliance with the government of Victor Emanuel, with a view of arresting the progress of the revolution, the solemn promises of a king thrice made and as often broken were no longer to be trusted. A truce, if possible, would have been but of short duration. The conflict was an irrepressible one between royal prerogative and constitutional right, and must have resulted in the final and complete triumph of either one or the other. Still the Sardinian ministry could not declare open war without stultifying its Italian policy by substituting conquest for voluntary annexation; nor could it remain an indifferent spectator of the contest now going on between liberty and despotism without falsifying its previous political record. To have openly aided and abetted the revolution would have aroused all Europe in arms as a flagrant violation of the laws of nations, while, on the other hand, any attempt on the part of the government to arrest the popular movement, which had fired the Italian heart, would have alienated a large majority of the liberal party, and probably ended in revolution, if not anarchy.

In this grave complication of the plot in the grand national drama Garibaldi appeared upon the scene as the *deus ex machina*, in order to bring about a happy *dénouement*. Sailing from the vicinity of Genoa with only 1000 volunteers on the 6th of May, he disembarked at Marsala on the 17th, and was in Palermo on the 27th. Having made himself master of Sicily, although opposed by a Bourbon army of 25,000 men, he established a provisional government, passed the Straits of Messina on the 21st of August, and was in Naples on the 7th of September. Such a rapid conquest, which surprised every one except Garibaldi himself, dazzled the imagination of the astonished populations, by whom it was regarded as simply miraculous. Setting out with a mere handful of men, denounced as a filibuster, his expedition branded as piracy, and his troops as bandits, in the short space of four months he had routed and dispersed a large and well-appointed army of regular troops, overthrown a proud and haughty if not powerful dynasty, and been proclaimed by acclamation dictator of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. His enthusiastic volunteers, barefooted and in rags, in want of provisions, in want of transportation, without tents, without even cartridge-boxes other than their caps, seem unmindful of hunger or thirst or repose. Urged forward by an irresistible impulse as they shout "On to Naples!" his little army gathers strength as it advances, until one man becomes a score, a battalion, a brigade. The disorganized Nea-

politan troops exchange the blue waistcoat for the red shirt, shake hands with the volunteers as they pass, and shout with the rest, "Long live Garibaldi!" As their idolized commander pushes forward far in advance of his troops, which no longer advance in regular columns, but precipitate themselves in disorganized masses, multitudes remain standing during entire days and nights with a hope of seeing him pass. Those who were so fortunate as to have caught a glimpse of the popular idol were regarded as persons of mark. Any one to whom he had spoken became an object of curiosity, and whatever he touched was at once transformed into a relic.

On the 7th of September, accompanied by only seven officials, Garibaldi entered Naples in a hired hack, passing directly under the guns of the fortifications, though manned by soldiers of Francis II., who so far forgot their duty to their royal master as to present arms. The capital suddenly became delirious with excitement. All Naples was at the windows or in the streets. As the living tides surged along the crowded thoroughfares or debouched into the public squares, all distinctions were alike forgotten. The citizens were beside themselves with joy. They laughed and wept, they shouted and embraced, amidst enthusiastic cries of "*Long live Italian unity!*" Had the blood of St. Januarius suddenly liquefied in special recognition of the auspicious event the excitement could not have been wilder or more extreme than it already was. As for Garibaldi, having inaugurated a provisional government, with his usual impetuosity he launched one proclamation after another, expelling the Jesuits, confiscating the goods of the clergy, establishing juries, and abolishing the lottery. And as if Fortune, who had hitherto been so lavish of her favors, would not dare to deny her favorite any thing, however impracticable or visionary, he proposed, after the reduction of Capua and Gaeta, to march upon Rome, then liberate Umbria and the Marches, and with the battle-cry of "*Italian unity and Victor Emanuel!*" to advance from victory to victory until he should unfurl the tricolor from the standards of St. Mark, and proclaim Victor Emanuel King of Italy from the summit of the Quirinal.

What the result would have been if Garibaldi had attempted to carry out his magnificent programme it is difficult to say—possibly a republic, most probably chaos. Already discord reigned in Sicily, and anarchy in Naples. Of the party leaders some were in favor of a republic, some were in favor of the Bourbons, while others were opposed to any regular form of government whatever, preferring public disorder for the sake of public plunder. With an enormous debt and an exhausted treasury, the expenditures of the government were sevenfold greater than the receipts of the revenue, while a host of official supernumeraries fastened like blood-thirsty leeches upon the body politic, depleting it to the point of complete exhaustion.

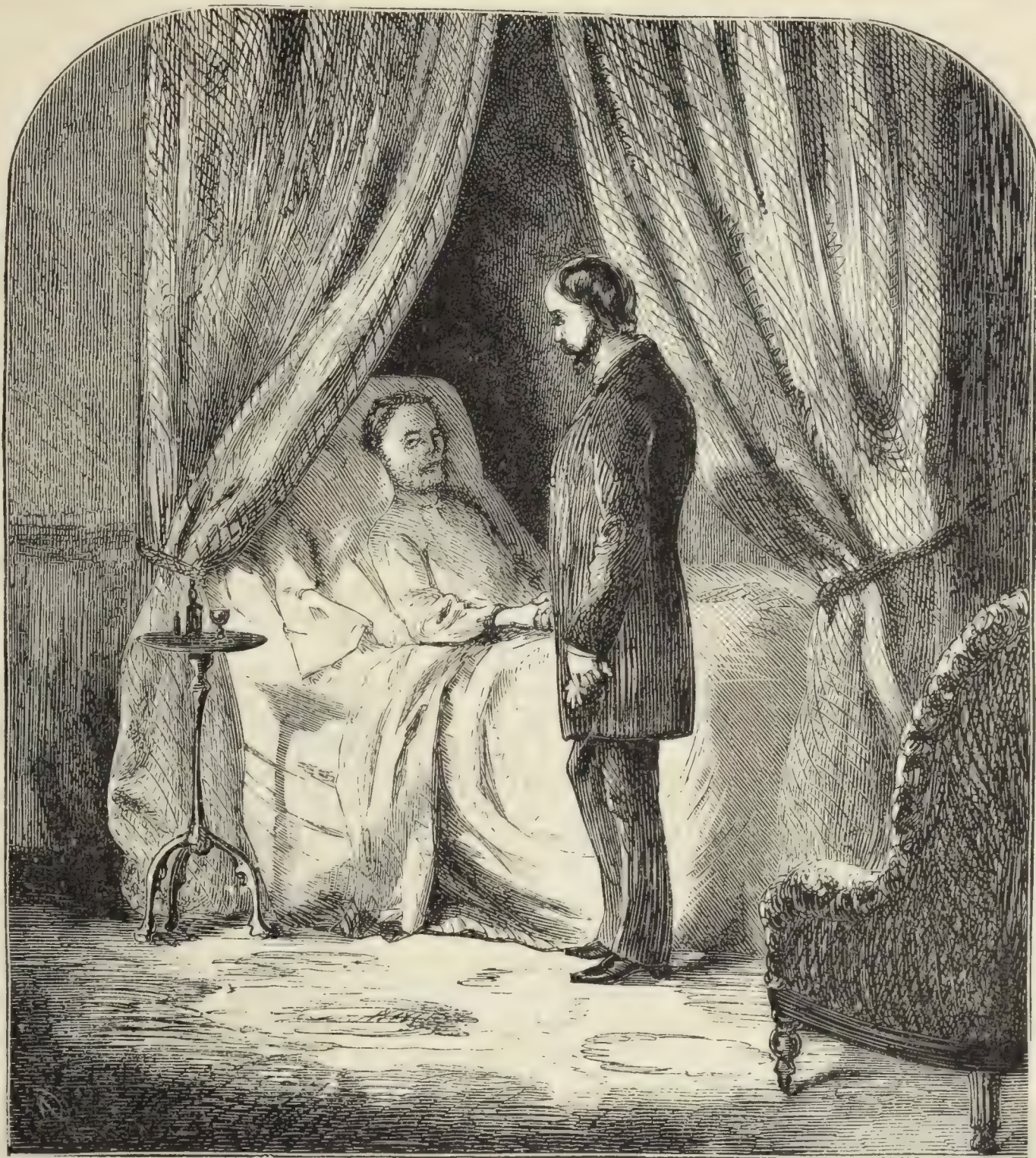


ENCOUNTER OF THE KING AND GARIBALDI AT TEANO.

In many cases several persons, appointed by conflicting powers, claimed the same office—all drawing the pay and none performing the duties. The most audacious and unscrupulous monopolized the highest places of public trust, while the police committed the very offenses they were appointed to prevent. Add to this the plots of the clergy, the machinations of the royalists, together with the unbridled license of those who construed liberty into freedom from all legal restraints, and we have a faint picture of the deplorable state of affairs at this time in the Neapolitan provinces.

Meanwhile Garibaldi, the magic of whose

name alone, in the absence of a strong government, might have checked the excesses and abuses which threatened the life of the nation, if not the existence of society itself, was fully occupied in conducting the military operations in the field. His rapid and victorious advance had been suddenly arrested before the strongholds of Capua and Gaeta, where Francis II., with the remnant of his army, defended himself with great spirit and obstinacy. The volunteers, who had achieved such brilliant success on the march, were hardly prepared to conduct the operations of a siege. Then, too, there were evident signs of reaction. The popular enthusiasm



THE KING AT THE DEATH-BED OF CAVOUR.

began to ebb. The royalists, recovering from their panic, began to rally, while the besieged Bourbon army, emboldened by partial successes, attempted to break through the enemy's lines, with a view of marching upon the capital. Affairs had evidently reached a crisis.

Garibaldi's extremity was Cavour's opportunity. While the illustrious captain had been winning success upon the field of battle the prime minister had been rendering equally effective service upon the field of diplomacy. He had succeeded in preventing foreign intervention until he could present to Europe a *fait accompli*. He now resolved to intervene, in order to secure and consolidate the results of the revolution in the interests of Italian unity, by substituting a regular for a provisional form of government. He accordingly counseled the king to push forward the Italian troops across the papal frontier, with a view of co-operating with the army before Capua. It was a bold and hazardous movement. France showed her disapproval by recalling her minister from Turin; Russia did likewise; while Prussia remonstrated in the most energetic terms. Cavour, as usual, succeeded in pacifying diplomacy with

a memorandum, while the battle of Castelfidardo, the liberation of Umbria and the Marches, and the capitulation of Ancona restored the waning credit of the monarchy, and vindicated its claim to direct the national movement. The 26th of October the troops of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi form a junction before Capua. The king and dictator strike hands at Teano, and the victors of Castelfidardo and Palermo fraternize upon the banks of the Volturno. On the capitulation of Capua the king and Garibaldi, seated in a carriage side by side, make their triumphant entry into Naples; and soon after the patriot chieftain, with a noble disinterestedness worthy of a Cincinnatus, having voluntarily laid aside his dictatorial dignity, turns a deaf ear to the criminal counsels of ambitious partisans, and retires once more to his island home at Caprera.

One of the most illustrious of his contemporaries was accustomed to say of Cavour that he possessed the two most essential qualities of a great statesman—"prudence and imprudence." He knew when to dare—when audacity alone would turn the trembling scale in his favor; yet he ever exemplified the counsel of Louis

XIV.: "*Ne rien exposer au hasard de ce qui peut être assuré par la prudence.*" At the same time tenacious and flexible, firm and conciliatory, his policy adapted itself to the ever-varying phases of revolutionary change; now bold and reckless, now cautious and crafty, now frank and straightforward, yet always marked with characteristic ability. He had a scope rather than a system, an aim rather than a policy. His work was rugged, irregular, unfinished, with an out-look toward all possible contingencies. He always left "toothing-stones" in his state-craft, with a view to further additions to the political structure as necessity might dictate or circumstances permit. In revolutionary times, when the elements of society are in a state of effervescence, a well-defined policy is impossible. It is only when the process of crystallization sets in that you can successfully formulate a system. But, although Cavour constantly varied his tactics, he never for a moment lost sight of the objective point toward which all his movements were invariably directed—Italian unity and independence under the ægis of a constitutional monarchy.

In medieval Italy, under the shadow of papal Rome, he was in favor of the largest liberty—a most zealous advocate of free trade, free speech, free schools, a free press, and a "free church in a free state." "All the world," he exclaimed, "knows how to govern by martial law; I would govern by means of liberty." Nor was he a mere theorist. He persistently refused to muzzle the press, though no one suffered more from its unbridled license than he. As a po-

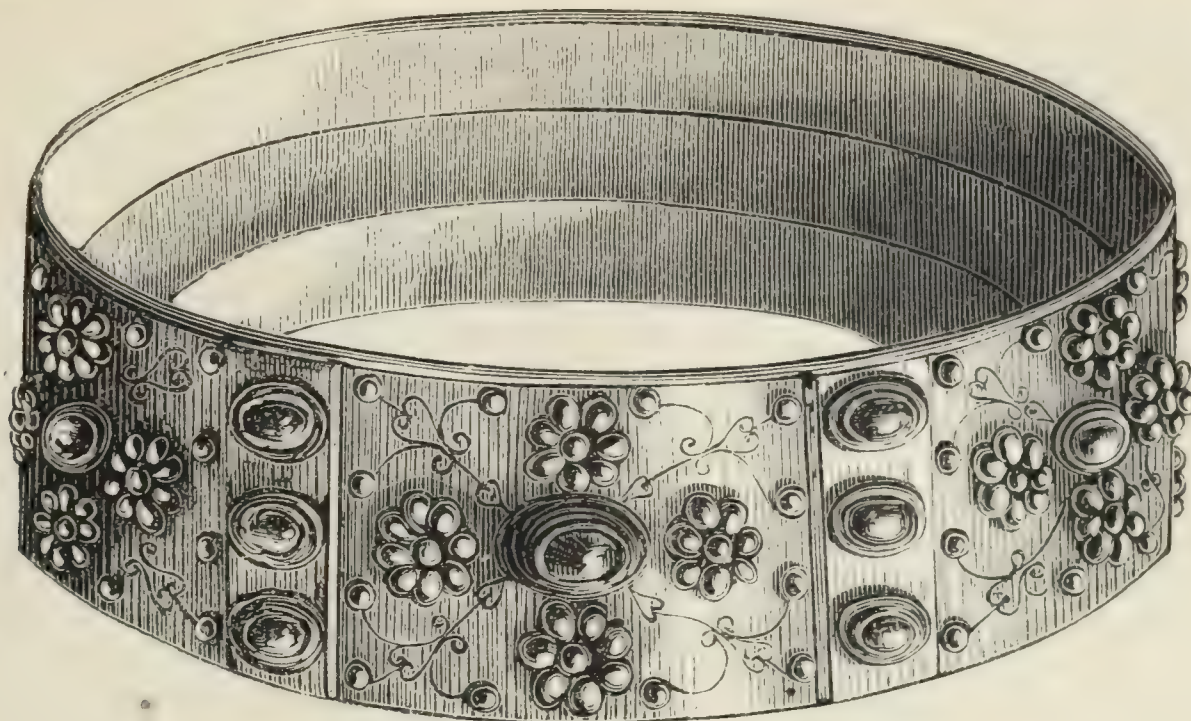
litical economist he carried out his views on free trade by the abolition of discriminating duties, though as Minister of Finance he was compelled to see the revenues diminished at a time when the necessity of increasing them was the greatest. And yet, notwithstanding his liberal tendencies, he was always in favor of a monarchical rather than a republican form of government for Italy, as better adapted to the temper of her people, and more in accordance with the genius of her institutions.

Though rich and of a noble lineage, he attached but little weight to birth and position, rarely wore decorations, and had but little sympathy for those who prized the "pomp of ribbons." In speaking of the gravitating tendencies of modern society, he predicted that within fifty years there would not be a knightly order in Europe. Still, he was of the opinion that an aristocracy might be useful to Italy, and "*noblesse oblige*" was one of his favorite mottoes.

Generous and conciliatory in his bearing toward all parties, and prompt to recognize the good qualities of his opponents, he practiced largely, as he says of himself, the "penultimate precept of Paternoster." His adversaries of to-day became his allies to-morrow. In truth, he regarded political friendships and animosities as a contradiction of terms, and without hesitation would renounce the one and excuse the other, simply on the ground of state policy. With a strong taint of Machiavelian blood in his veins, he did not recognize the idea that the rules of morality, which ought to govern



THE FUNERAL OF CAVOUR.



THE IRON CROWN.

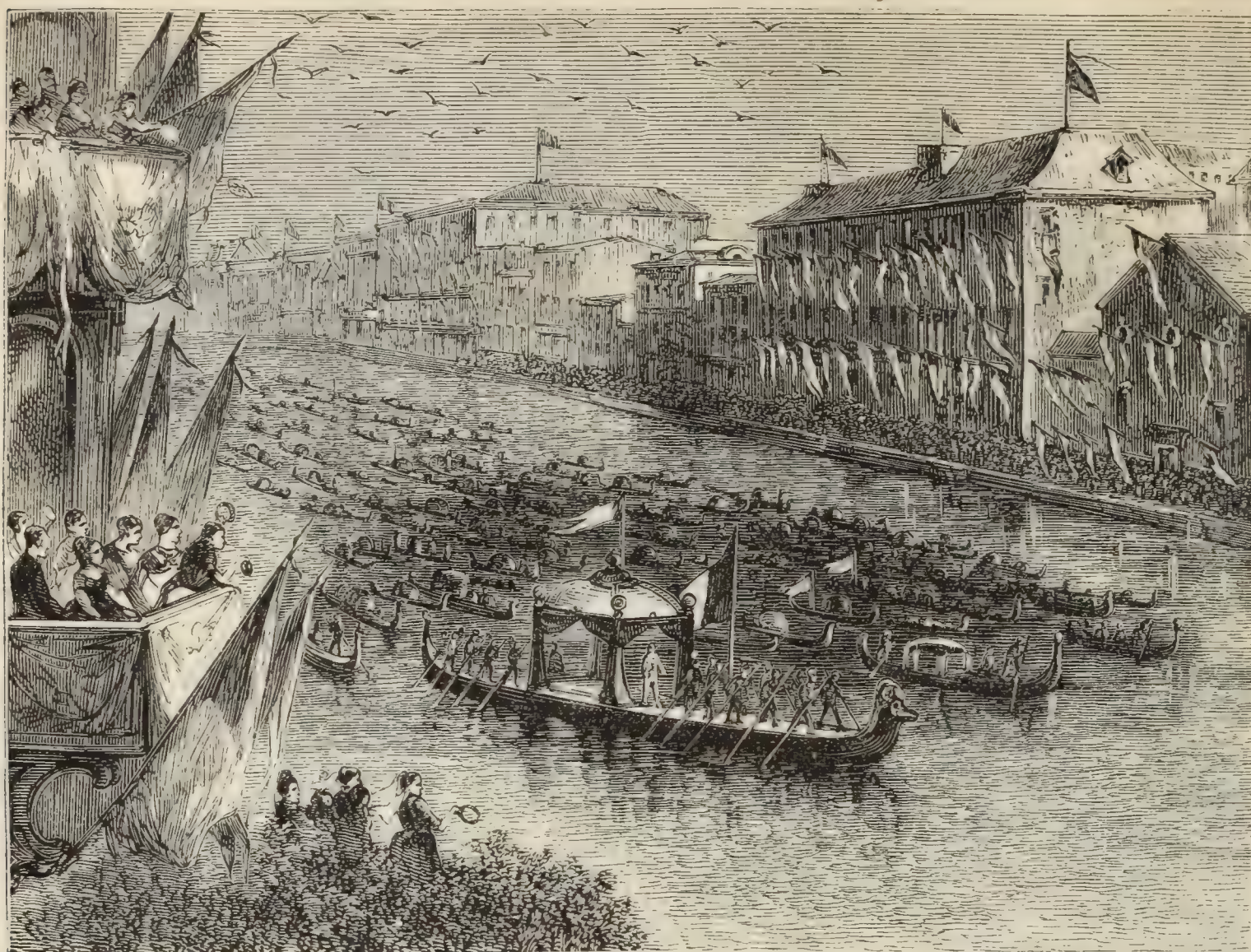
the intercourse of individuals, are binding upon societies, or applicable to international relations. The dangerous maxim that "the end justifies the means" is painfully conspicuous in his political creed. He would create a necessity, or precipitate a crisis, then plead it in extenuation of his subsequent policy. He could affiliate with strange bedfellows when it suited his purpose, though frank enough to tell them jocosely that if pressed diplomatically he would "deny them like Peter."

Among modern English statesmen he probably most resembled Peel in his domestic and Palmerston in his foreign policy. In some respects a singular combination of strange contradictions, even these seemed to contribute to his final success. Moderate in his pretensions, though inexhaustible in his resources, he was a pronounced radical, notwithstanding his conservative dress. Persevering and laborious in spite of constitutional proclivities, what appeared a political instinct in the marvelous ease and rapidity with which he solved the most difficult problems of state policy was simply the result of a conscious and laborious process of ratiocination. With much to create, much to destroy, and more to transform, he was an iconoclast as well as an organizer. He aided progress by the removal of barriers to a natural development, and built up new systems in demolishing old. He made political mistakes, and acknowledged them, but no one knew better than he how to extricate himself from their legitimate consequences. When you imagine he has committed a fatal error, and is irretrievably lost, by some bold and skillful movement upon the diplomatic chess-board he checkmates Europe, and compels the great powers to accept political results, not only in open violation of solemn treaties, but in direct contravention of international law.

In his personal appearance Cavour was of medium stature, with a tendency to corpulency; quick and energetic in his movements; with a forehead broad, high, and spacious; his eyes

partially closed by weakness, and still further concealed by spectacles; his mouth not well formed and somewhat voluptuous, over which played an ironical smile, the joint offspring of mirth and disdain. Nevertheless, the *tout ensemble* of his countenance was expressive of benignity. Simple in his manners, though dignified in his bearing, he would have been recognized any where as a sub-alpine country gentleman familiar with the usages of the court. Though of an irascible, phosphoric temperament, he rarely or never lost his self-control. Generous in his enmities and liberal in his friendships, he was chary of his confidence and exclusive in his intimacies. It may be that he was devoid of faith and affection, but he certainly loved Italy, and believed in his own mission. Doubtless he had genius, but it was not the prismatic genius of the poet, clothing the heavens with rainbows, and decking the earth with flowers. In truth, he was lacking in ideality, and wanting in sentiment. Without an ear for music, he constrained Verdi to accept a seat in Parliament, though he did not hesitate, at the same time, to affirm that, as for himself, it would be easier to regenerate Italy than to compose a single sonnet.

The 2d of June had been appointed by the government as the national fête day, in commemoration of the achievement of Italian unity; but amidst the public rejoicings from one end of the peninsula to the other Italy was overtaken by a calamity which she shared in common with the whole of liberal Europe. On the eve of this celebration, after a long and stormy discussion in Parliament, Cavour returned home, sad, weary, and perplexed, dined as usual with his brother and nephew, and soon after was seized with violent vomiting and an unaccountable distress. As he grew rapidly worse, and the news of his dangerous illness spread through the capital, the residence of the prime minister was besieged by a silent, anxious, and sympathizing crowd, that thronged the court, the vestibule, and even the grand



THE KING'S ENTRY INTO VENICE.

staircase until long after the hour of midnight, while the telegraph was busy in transmitting the medical bulletins of the illustrious sufferer to the various sovereigns and cabinets of Europe. As in life, so in death, the welfare of his beloved Italy was ever uppermost in his thoughts. In his paroxysms of delirium he discusses questions of state policy, and from time to time calls for his private secretary, with a view of dictating dispatches. To his physicians he said, "Cure me promptly; I have Italy on my shoulders, and time is precious." As the king stood by his bedside, and affectionately pressed the hand of his dying minister, he exclaimed, "Oh, sire, I have many things to communicate to you, many papers to show you, but now I am too ill." After taking leave of his friends and domestics he sank rapidly; but on his confessor coming into his chamber to administer extreme unction he aroused himself, took the *padre* by the hand, and said, significantly, "*Libera chiesa in libero stato!*"* These were the last words of the dying statesman, who soon after, without further suffering, passed away, in the fifty-first year of his age, a victim of overwork and untiring devotion to his country.

The sorrow occasioned by his death was universal, not only throughout Italy, but Europe. The funeral took place with more than regal pomp. In spite of the rain, which fell in torrents, as if the very elements were in sympathy with the mournful event, an immense concourse

of people, with every manifestation of sincere and profound grief, thronged the sidewalks, or followed in the procession. The national standard was draped in mourning, and in all the large cities business was entirely suspended. Even his political enemies recognized his death as a national loss; while Garibaldians, burying their resentments in his newly opened sepulchre at Santena, followed silently and respectfully in the wake of his funeral car.

He died early, but he lived long enough to witness the assured triumph of the policy to which he had dedicated his life and consecrated his genius. What he failed to accomplish himself, with singular prevision he clearly foreshadowed. Among the latest of his speeches delivered in Parliament was the celebrated one upon the Roman question, which, in view of transpiring events, is invested with peculiar interest. Referring to Rome as the capital of Italy, he said:

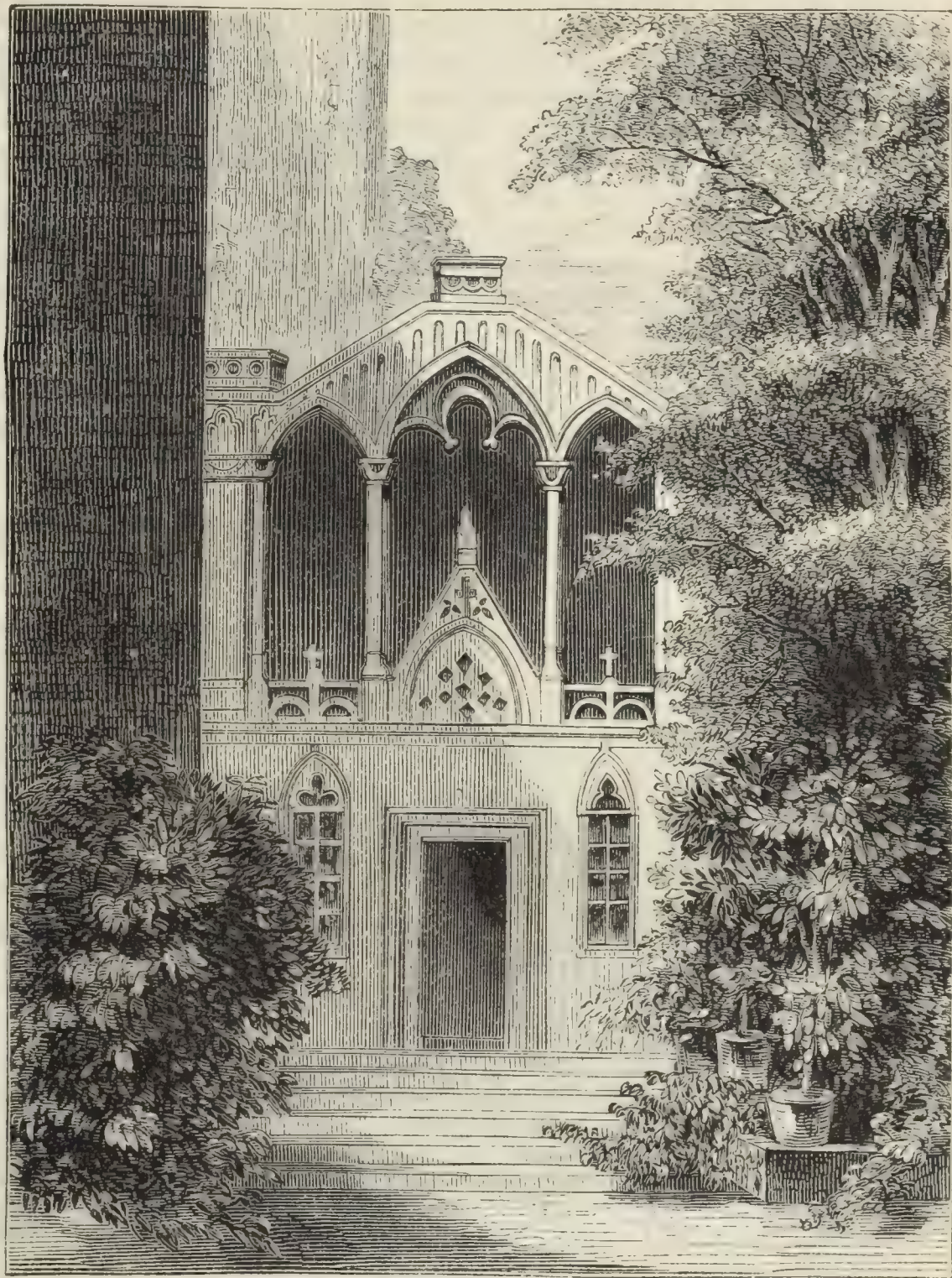
"Our destiny, gentlemen—I declare it openly—is to make the Eternal City, upon which twenty-five centuries have accumulated every species of renown, the splendid capital of the kingdom of Italy. But perhaps this will not satisfy the honorable interpellant, who has asked by what means we are to attain to this desirable end. I would reply, If you will first inform me as to what will be the condition of Italy and Europe within the next six months, I will respond; but if you can not furnish me with these data—these elements of the problem—I fear that neither I nor any one of the mathematicians of diplomacy will be suc-

* "A free church in a free state."

cessful in finding the unknown quantity you seek."

He, however, indicated some of the more rational means to be employed in the solution of this difficult question—as the establishment of a compact and powerful government at home, the modification of public opinion abroad, and the growing conviction in modern society that liberty is eminently favorable to the development of true religious sentiment. He predicted that the time would soon come when "the large majority of sincere and intelligent Catholics will recognize the fact that the august pontiff who represents the head of the Catholic religion would be able to exercise, in a manner much more free and independent, his spiritual functions, guarded by the love and respect of twenty-two millions of Italians, than defended by twenty-five thousand bayonets" of mercenaries and foreigners. He subsequently added: "The moral world is subjected to laws analogous to those of the physical world. The attraction is in proportion to the mass; and by as much as Italy becomes more strong and compact, by so much will the attraction which she exercises upon Venice (and Rome) become the more powerful and irresistible."

On another occasion, in a conversation related by his private secretary, he says: "Can you imagine Italy without Rome, or assign to Rome any other position than that of the capital of Italy? Do you not see that the moment has arrived for solving the question of the temporal power, which has been in all time the greatest obstacle to the realization of Italian nationality; and that the only mode of solving that question is to reassure the Catholic world as to the position that will be assigned to the papacy by a regenerated Italy?.....You say that the papacy will never abdicate. I do not demand an explicit abdication; I am content with a tacit renunciation.....When Europe is persuaded that we do not wish to inflict injury upon Catholicism, it will find it both natural



TOMB OF CAVOUR.

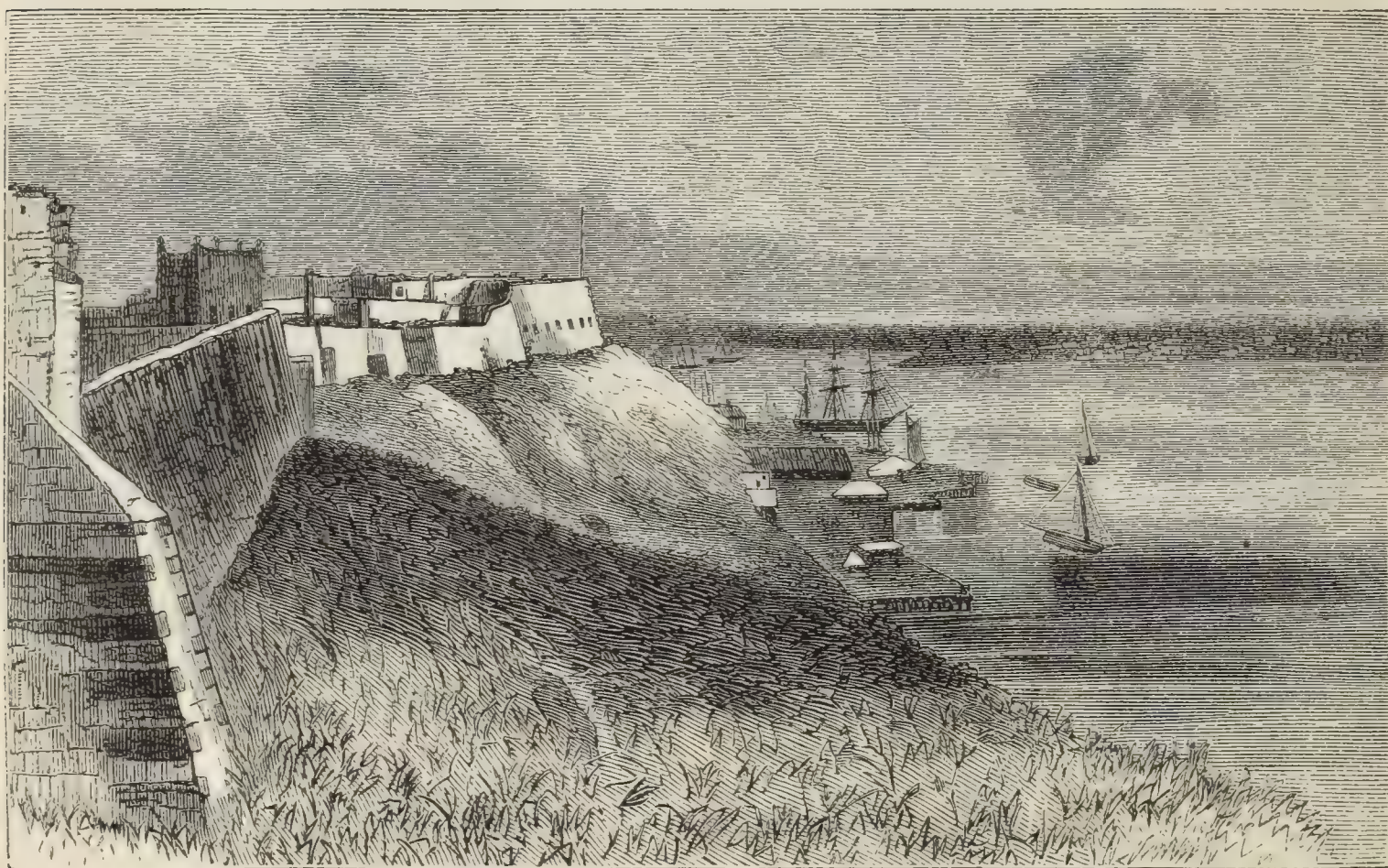
and convenient that the Italian tricolor shall wave over Rome instead of a foreign flag. The undertaking is not an easy one, but it is so much the more worthy of being accomplished. It is not in vain that Italy has waited so long in order to regain her unity and independence. The reconstruction of our nationality ought not to be barren in its results for the rest of the world. It belongs to us to put an end to the grand conflict between civilization and the church—between liberty and authority. Whatever you may say, I cherish the hope of being able to induce the more sincere Catholics and intelligent priests to agree with me. And who knows whether I may not be able from the heights of the Capitol to sign a new religious peace—a treaty which will be productive of grander results upon the future destinies of human society than the peace of Westphalia?"

He did not live to realize his splendid dream; nevertheless, the noble work goes bravely on. On the 7th of November, 1866, Victor Emanuel, to whom had been presented the iron crown that had once pressed the brows of Charlemagne, Barbarossa, and Napoleon, made his

triumphal entry into Venice along the Grand Canal, with a pomp and splendor well worthy of the republic in its palmiest days; while the Italian tricolor was hoisted upon the standards of St. Mark, where once floated the triple *gonfalons*, amidst the shouts of the populace, the ringing of bells, and the thunder of cannon. And now follows the crowning act in the grand political drama. Almost simultaneously with the explosion of the last mine, which announced to the world the completion of that gigantic enterprise inaugurated by the great Italian statesman, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the great bell of the Capitol sounds out an exultant peal of inarticulate joy, proclaiming the downfall

of the temporal power, after twelve hundred years of papal domination; and that Rome, once the proud metropolis of the world, has again become the capital of a regenerated Italy, which, for the first time in nearly twenty centuries, is united from the Alps to the Adriatic, and from Susa to Peloro. The ashes of the illustrious sleeper in Santena's hallowed precincts must have stirred within their ceremonies as a Roman deputation, amidst the public rejoicings from one end of Italy to the other, crowned his tomb with an imperishable memorial, in touching recognition of a nation's gratitude for a life of toil and conflict, that has finally culminated in a nation's regeneration.

LIFE IN CUBA.



FORT CABAÑA, OPPOSITE HAVANA.

CLIMATE is one of the most influential among the forces which contribute to the development of human nature. It would be impossible for any race to hold out for many generations against the enervating influence of tropical sunshine or the hardening effect of frigid zones, and the peoples of the earth naturally assimilate in habits and customs to the temperature of the outward air, which, while controlling the condition of the body, shapes, to a certain extent, the nature of the inward man. In the frigid zones, where man's whole energy is necessary to keep the somnolent death by frost away from his physical being, great intellectual activity would be impossible; and in time even the most gifted people, doomed to exist perpetually among the ice-fields of Greenland, would descend to mere lumps of blubber, and, like the Esquimaux, seek no higher enjoyment than watching all day long by the seal-hole in the ice.

In the temperate and more favored portions of our earth's surface, where heat and cold alternate with certain regularity, there is undoubtedly the greatest opportunity for both physical and mental development. How curious it is to watch the gradual change and relaxation of character, and the increased infusion of hot blood, as the sun rises higher and higher in the heavens! All the way along our Atlantic coast this difference is visible; but so gradual is the change that one is scarcely aware of its extent, except by comparing the rugged and intellectual character of New England with the luscious, indolent life of the southern portions of Florida and Cuba.

We do not propose to discuss at length the philosophy of climatic influence. The fact, however, is certain, that climate determines, in a large measure, the habits and nature of a people; and in countries where a tropical temperature lasts during the entire year, out-door



THE CITY AND HARBOR OF HAVANA.



VOLANTE ON THE PASEO.

life acquires a stability and character of its own quite impossible in a land where almost every moon brings changes and different necessities.

The approach to Havana from the sea has nothing about it peculiarly noticeable or attractive. If it is fair weather—and it almost always is fair weather off Havana—the placidity of the water and the delicious spiciness of the land breeze are enough to satisfy the most fastidious traveler. The entrance to Havana Harbor is narrow. On the left is the small fortress, with its light-house on a rock, known as Moro Castle, with lines of low hills surmounted by winding walls of fortifications stretching eastward. On the other hand lies the Punta Fort, and the city, with its flat roofs and blue and green and white walls glistening in the warm sunlight. On a fair, still day all the golden quality of tropical sunshine is fully realized as the vessel glides through the narrow entrance, past the heights opposite the city, crowned by Fort Cabaña, and passes up into the broad basin at the upper end of the bay. The surface of the water is placid, and reflects a peculiar whitish, glassy light, and the old, picturesque bumboats, which surround the ship as soon as she comes to her anchorage, float upon it with such languid motion as to leave no wake behind them.

These bumboats are at once the convenience and pest of the stranger arriving in Havana. The water at the wharves being too shallow to admit of the approach of vessels of much draught, all steamers are compelled to anchor a long distance from shore, and the traveler is dependent upon the bumboats to effect a landing. These boats are clumsy, unsteady little things, with an awning of striped blue and white stuff extended over one end, and a large sail, which, however, often flaps loosely on the mast, and leaves the swarthy boatman, in his linen shirt and broad Panama, to propel his boat with oars as best he can.

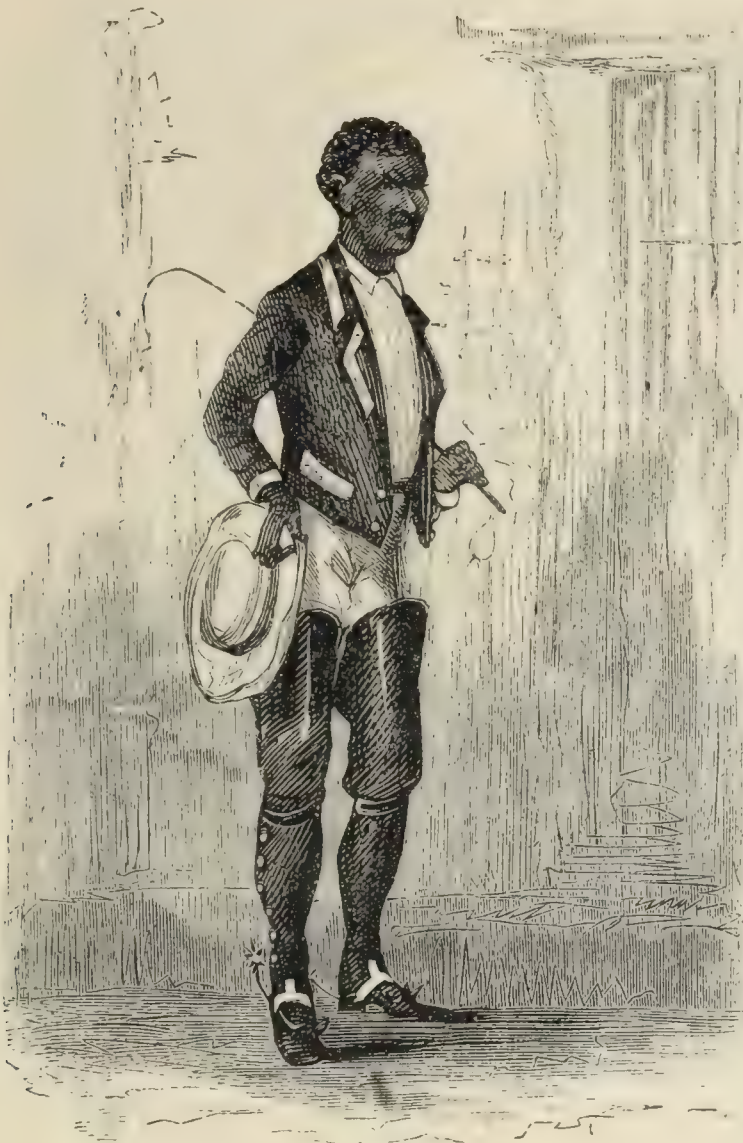
The wharf at the custom-house, the first land-picture which greets the traveler, is a

true bit of the whole city. Sunny and hot, with a few half-naked negroes waiting to seize the trunks and carry them inside the building, some custom-house officers dressed in striped blue and white linen, with the invariable broad-brimmed Panama, and just outside the railing which separates the wharf from the street a few dark-eyed, sallow-faced loungers smoking and gazing idly at the new arrivals.

Passing through the building one finds one's self in the square, among a crowd of street carriages, whose drivers all clamor loudly for the privilege of whirling you away through the narrow, dingy streets to your lodging.

There is, perhaps, no city in the world where public carriages are cheaper and, as a general thing, more wretched than in Havana. The old volante is no longer to be found at the street stands, but has given place to the Victoria, a small two-seated affair, drawn by one horse, which unfortunate animal is generally in the last stages of his natural life. Gaunt and weak-kneed, often falling down several times in the course of a drive round the city, it looks like the most miserable specimen of horseflesh which was ever turned out to die in a wilderness. At some stands larger, four-seated carriages can be obtained, drawn generally by animals in a better state of preservation; and the horses belonging to private carriages, or specially hired from livery-stables, are many of them magnificent creatures, proud and fiery, dashing through the narrow streets with an impetuosity fatal to the feeble brother of the public carriage with whom they come in contact.

The national vehicle of Cuba is the volante. Although not seen so much as formerly in the streets of Havana, it is still in favor as a private carriage; and in the country, where the roads are so bad at times as to be almost impassable, its use is almost universal. It is a curious-looking affair. The seat, broad enough for two persons, is placed midway between the two immense wheels and the horse, giving a pleasant, seesawing motion to the occupant.



THE CALISERO.

It has a cover like a chaise-top, with a curtain of heavy coach cloth, to be buttoned from the dasher to the front of the top in rainy or very sunny weather. These volantes make quite a

splendid appearance on the Paseo, or grand drive, in the evening, when the top is put back, and the seat occupied by two pretty Spanish doñas, dressed in thin, showy material, their heads uncovered except by masses of black hair. Not unfrequently there is a small middle seat, called the *niña bonita* (pretty girl), in which case a third beauty is added to the party. Besides the horse harnessed in the shafts, there is commonly another fastened alongside by long traces. Upon this second horse rides the *calisero*, or driver. He is a magnificent fellow in his way. Black and shiny of countenance, dressed in blue coat trimmed with bright braid and gold-lace, yellow breeches, with huge top-boots and spurs, and very broad-brimmed Panama, he sits proudly in his high saddle, and cracks his long whip as he dashes up and down the drive.

Evening in Havana is the time for all social intercourse. The intense heat of the sun renders the streets and drives oppressive during the day-time, and ladies are rarely seen outside of the houses. Arrayed in the thinnest and looest of linen wrappers, they lounge in cool, dark rooms until the approach of evening entices them to don their gay attire, draw back the shutters, and receive their friends. Then it is that the Paseo becomes crowded with gay equipages, and salutations are exchanged as the carriages pass and repass in going up and down the drive. As darkness comes on, the crowd passes back to the city down the long Calle de la Reina, and goes to finish the day at the theatres, or lingers around the park in the



STREET SCENE IN HAVANA.



PRIESTS AND VOLUNTEER.

Prado, where among trees and flowers is stationed a fine military band of music on every pleasant evening. Almost all shopping in which ladies are concerned is carried on after night-fall. During the day ladies rarely visit the shops, it being customary to send a servant for patterns, and choose the goods at home. But in the evening, the shops being brilliantly lighted, the narrow streets present the appearance of long arcades, and the carriages passing up and down stop before the doors, while the clerks bring out specimens of goods for the inspection of the fair customer.

During the day the streets present a curious picture of all phases of tropical life. Prominent among the crowd are the negroes, both men and women. There are all kinds of negroes in Havana, from the young ones, who, running almost naked about the streets, remind one of a herd of monkeys, to the blind, toothless, and dilapidated old creatures whose early days were spent among the wilds of Africa, and whose whole frames twinkle with almost youthful enjoyment when, on Holy King's Day, some wild, heathenish melody, sung by bands of negroes through the street, reminds them of the far-off home.

There are many free negroes in Havana—some who have received the gift of freedom from their kind-hearted masters, and many who, by skillful use of their leisure hours, have earned sufficient to purchase themselves a privilege almost universally granted to the slaves in Cuba. We know one old free negro there, a man about sixty, who, some fifty years ago, was brought

over from Africa, and has lived in Havana ever since. Smart and capable, José very soon worked himself free, and now lives by himself, in an independent sort of fashion, working just enough to supply his simple necessities, and smoking in the sun the remainder of the time. If any thing is to be done or found out, call José, and lay the case before him. He listens, and when the situation is fully appreciated, with a knowing twist of his head he darts off, and no messenger more sure, no spy more cunning. His costume is the very ideal of simplicity—linen pants, always clean on Sundays and holidays, and a shirt, buttoned generally at the throat, but hanging open at the bosom with a cool airiness quite enviable on a very hot day. José never carries bundles in his hands if their size will admit of their being thrust into his shirt, and goes about with the piece of bread left over from his breakfast tucked in there so as to be handy for luncheon. It was all very well so long as he ate the bread himself; but we recollect, on a certain morning when our own servant was missing, and we sent José for rolls for breakfast, it was quite another thing to crumb the rolls brought home in his original pocket into our coffee, and we ventured a gentle remonstrance. With a very sorry countenance José accepted our reproof, and commenced vigorously wiping the rolls with a plaid blue and green handkerchief which he untwisted from his woolly head for that purpose. We did not send José for bread any more; but, for all that, he remained our firm friend, and no friend could be truer or more steadfast than poor old José.

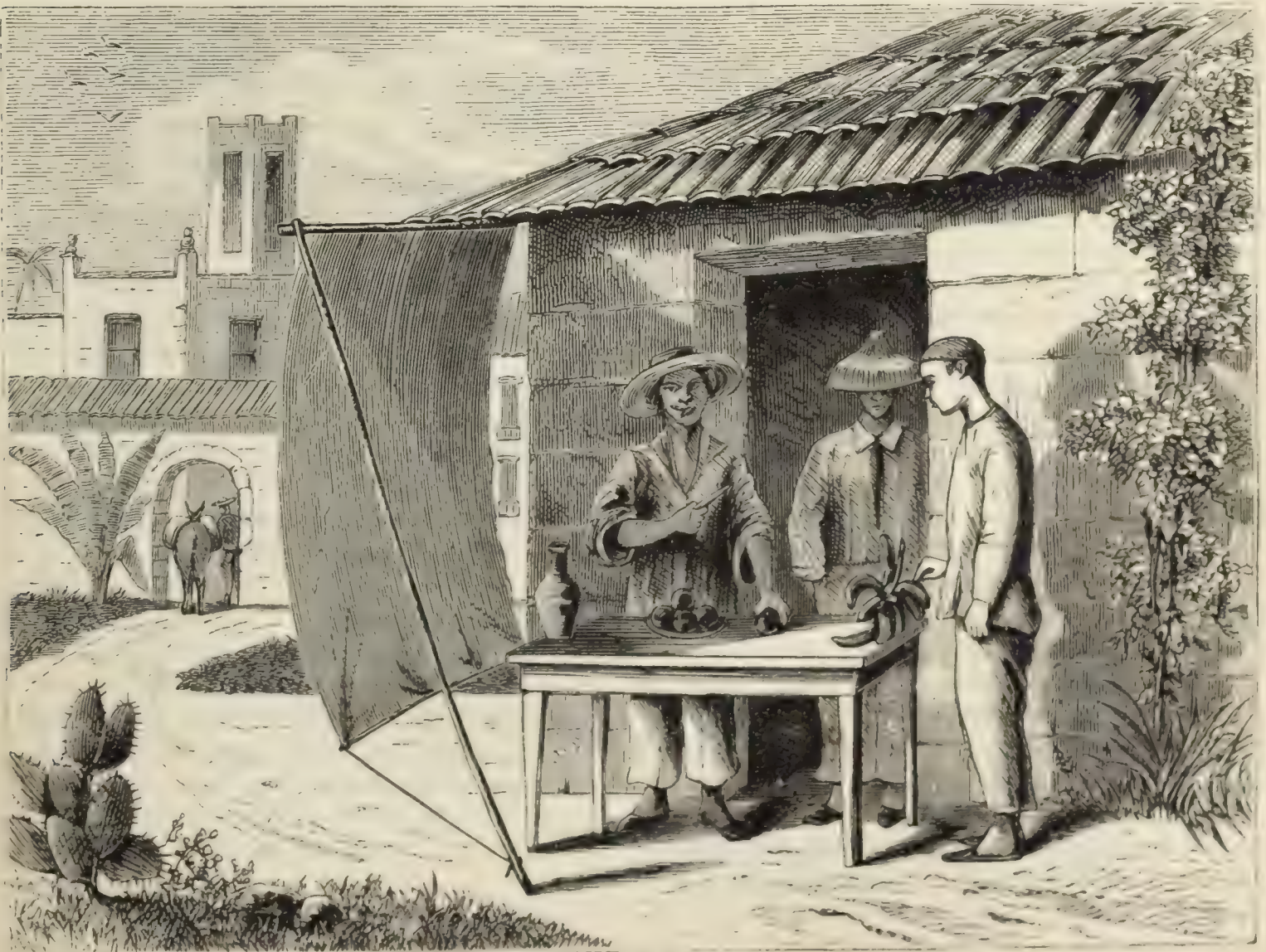
Two largely prominent elements of the street crowd are the priests, who, as in every Catholic country, are continually passing to and fro on their various errands of piety and mercy, and the *Voluntarios*, that portion of Havana population about which so much has been said and written since the breaking out of the Cuban revolution. If any movement has been made, if any new scheme is under consideration, in short, no matter what, or where, or how, in the minds of the people it is always the *Voluntarios* who are at the bottom of it. They are looked up to as the supreme and reigning power, and no doubt this view of the case comes very near the truth. An immense organization, springing into life in a few months at the commencement of the present revolutionary movement in the island, its members drawn from all classes of society, it represents the popular feeling toward the Cuban element which has caused the war. Large numbers of *Voluntarios* have left Havana for active service in the interior of the island; but many still remain, garrisoning the forts about the city, and otherwise performing military duty. Dressed in striped blue and white or buff linen, with green or scarlet facings, they form a picturesque addition to the population.

Distinct from the Havana Volunteers are those who arrive with the regular troops in the steamers from Cadiz and Barcelona. These pass almost immediately through the city to the front, wherever that may be, a matter somewhat difficult to determine in Cuban warfare. Distinguished among the Spanish Volunteers



CATALAN VOLUNTEERS.

are the *Catalans*, as being among the first to rush to the assistance of their brethren of the *siempre fiel isla*, and all of them noble and brave sons of Catalonia. Great preparations were made to welcome the first detachments on their arrival in Havana; and when they stepped on shore it was to find themselves in the midst of an enthusiastic populace, and the whole city



CHINESE FRUIT STAND.



ORANGE SELLER.

gay with flags and wreaths of green and flowers. We well remember the appearance of this magnificent body of men as they marched up Calle O'Reiley under arches decked with the Spanish colors, their red Catalan caps and polished muskets flashing and sparkling all up and down the street. Poor fellows! That was in the early part of 1869, and long before this, we fear, many a one has fallen before some Cuban bullet, or surrendered to that still worse enemy of Spanish soldiery in Cuba, yellow fever.

One of the principal objects exposed for sale in the streets of Havana is tropical fruit. Havana oranges are known the world over; but there are many fruits too luscious to endure exportation, which lie in their golden and russet beauty at all the fruit stands in the city. These stands are kept by some dark-eyed Spanish peasant, or by Chinamen. Occasionally one sees a huge old black woman settled on the sidewalk, looking as if she had been born there, and never would move away, at her side a heap of oranges and green cocoa-nuts, among which roll half a dozen naked black babies, with an air of sunny contentment so delicious to behold that one forgets to inquire, how about the oranges? But this is the exception. Commonly the fruit is arranged on a neat counter protected by an awning overhead, and often a second put up at the side like a sail. Here one may stop and eat his fill of all kinds of fruit—sapotas, luscious as honey; mammees, with their russet rind and red, pasty pulp; oranges with the yellow peel cut off in a thin, long strip, as a New England girl would peel an apple when her lover's initial lay concealed in the skin—and

end off the feast with the milk of a green cocoa-nut, or a draught of water from the *poron*, or clay water-cooler, which is to be found on every Cuban table. Another way to obtain fruit in small quantities is to lie in wait for the traveling vendor. Mounted on an immense saddle of straw placed on the back of a mule, he comes slowly up the street, and announces his approach by a melancholy, long-drawn outcry: "*Naranjas de China, zapotes, caimitos, mamey bu-e-na.*" From these vendors fruit can be obtained at a ridiculously low price—fifteen little golden Cuban bananas for five cents, a dozen oranges for the same price, including a whole armful of sugar-cane.

Another street merchant, and the most picturesque of the whole crowd, is the *vendedor de maloja*, or corn-stalk vendor. He is sometimes mounted on the mule's back, with the fodder bound in huge, wavy bunches on either side; but oftener he marches on foot, with several little donkeys following close behind, the green corn stalks heaped so high on their backs that they appear like walking corn stacks, with only a tiny nose, two bright eyes, and two little ears peering out in front. These little animals may often be seen standing in the yard of the *dépôt* by the upper end of the Prado receiving their graceful burden. Here also may be seen the Cuban oxen waiting while the rude ox-carts are loaded with boxes of sugar for transportation to the wharves. These oxen are much smaller than those seen at the North, and often with a fine mouse-colored skin, which gives them a very different appearance from their red



CORN-STALK SELLER.

and brindled Northern brethren. They are yoked around the horns and across the forehead in European fashion.

There is but little architectural taste displayed in the construction of public buildings in Havana. The Palace, the residence of the Captain-General, is a large building occupying a whole square, but built in plain, solid fashion, as is the case with almost all the handsome residences throughout the city.

The Tacon Theatre, a large building on the Prado, is also built in the same plain, massive style. Every thing is arranged to promote coolness and obtain currents of air through the buildings. Private houses are built with walls of solid masonry of twenty or twenty-five inches in thickness, and with interior courts, so that all the rooms open out-doors on both sides. As there is seldom, if ever, any glass in the windows—only blinds behind iron lattice-work—a delicious freshness pervades the houses even during very hot days. Almost all buildings are flat-roofed, and on the *azotea*, as it is called, the inhabitants find a pleasant evening promenade. All the interior partitions are carried up two or three feet above the level of the roof; and as narrow openings are left through which to pass from one to the other, the roof of a large house assumes the appearance of a succession of small pens, the



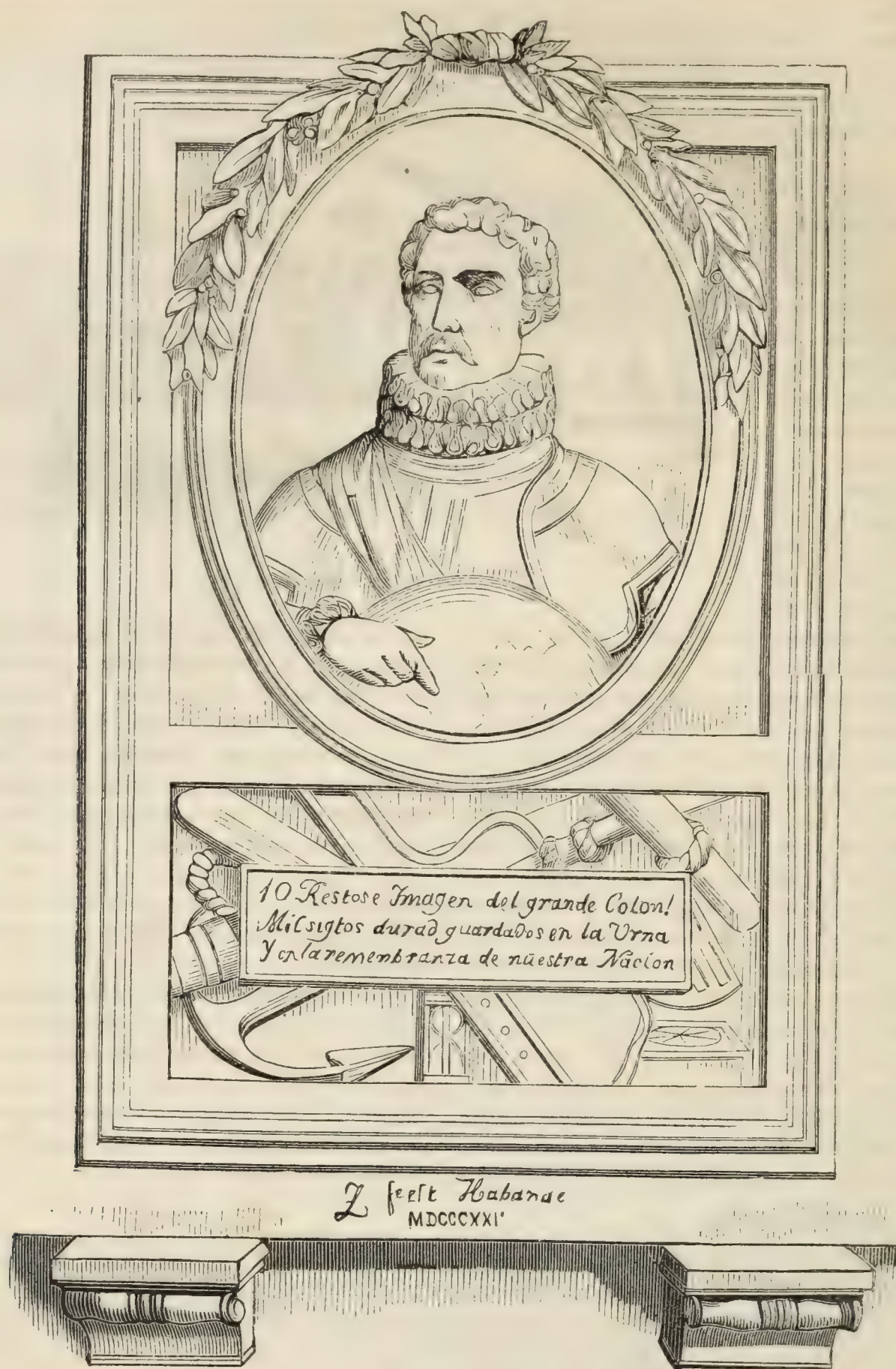
THE TACON THEATRE.

object of which we never could fathom. On many roofs flowers and trailing vines are cultivated in large iron vases. A more charming place to pass twilight could not be found, the spicy evening air drawing over, the distant view of the bay dotted with shipping, with the sea stretching northward, and the city just breaking out into evening light and life at one's feet. It will not do to linger too long, however, for the heavy tropical dew commences to fall soon after sunset, covering every thing with dampness.

Among the churches of Havana there are few worthy of notice, and those not from any exterior beauty, the cathedral being the only one possessing any attractive characteristics. The façade of the cathedral, which looks on a large square, is built of old, crumbling, yellow stone, with a picturesque tower at each corner. The



THE CATHEDRAL.



TABLET TO COLUMBUS.

grace and beauty which it lacked originally has been given it by time and the decaying influence of the sea winds. Irregular and broken cornices, to which cling moss and trailing vines, whose seeds were dropped by passing winds, delight the eye of the lover of the picturesque, and at night-fall the niches and ledges above the entrance become the home of multitudes of doves, who hop cozily about from perch to perch, and fill the air with the sound of their gentle cooing. The towers are hung with many bells, some bearing dates and legends of more than two hundred years ago, and all day long they ring out the hours or sound the call to matins and vespers. The interior of the cathedral is remarkable as being the spot where the remains of Columbus lie in everlasting rest. In January, 1796, they were removed from the

city of San Domingo, and placed in the cathedral wall by the altar, with great pomp and ceremony. The spot is marked by a marble slab bearing a bust of Columbus in relief, and an inscription. Of similar interest is the *Templete*, a small chapel erected on the spot where Columbus knelt to celebrate the first mass on these shores. It stands on the eastern side of the Plaza de Armas, and wears a somewhat neglected appearance. It is opened only once a year—on the 16th of November, which is the feast of San Cristobal, when mass is celebrated in honor of the saint and his namesake, the great discoverer. Turning away from the *Templete*, one may cross the street and refresh himself at the little fruit stand at the corner of the Plaza de Armas, or, sitting in the thick shade of the *Laurel de India*—a species of banyan—

which entirely surround the Plaza, amuse himself by watching the curious crowd passing by.

A prominent personage among the lower classes in Havana is John Chinaman. Quick to learn, full of cunning and sly enterprise, he has worked himself into almost every department of labor. As liveried footman, to assist fair doñas from their carriages, he is unequalled; as house servant, cook, chamber-maid, fruit-seller, he shows equal capacity; in short, in every position, down to a place among the gang who hammer stone along the streets, he is found with his impassive, yellow face bent on the task before him.

The Chinese never emigrate with the intention of remaining for life in a foreign country. All the immense numbers brought to Cuba come with the professed intention of staying just long enough to earn money sufficient to return home again with a few hundred dollars to spare. They are very clannish, and remain true to each other in all extremities. On this account they have proved dangerous enemies to both parties during the Cuban rebellion, acting as spies to oblige each other, and conveying their information with signs, and in a language defying the utmost skill of the police detective, their expressionless faces giving no indication of the subject of conversation.

Large numbers of Chinamen are sent out to labor on the sugar plantations immediately on their arrival in Cuba. They prove efficient laborers; and as they have no expenses, and command very good wages, they accumulate in a very few years funds sufficient to allow them to carry out the cherished project—a return to their native land. The Chinese, however, are born gamblers; and many a poor fellow who comes to Havana from the country to purchase his tickets for home loses the savings of years in a single night, and dooms himself to still farther toil; or, turning to a life of crime, he spends his days in the city prison or chain-gang, or brings the drama of his life to a close on the garroting scaffold at the Punta. The fear of death deters no Chinaman from a crime, for he regards it only as a short way of reaching the land of his fathers. So strong is his faith that at times some poor fellow, being led to his death, has been loaded with letters and keepsakes by his countrymen for delivery to friends at home.

The moral portion of the Chinaman's nature appears as yet to be wholly undeveloped. He will lie on the slightest occasion, and with a



TEMPLE OF SAN CRISTOBAL.

steadiness of voice and countenance which almost forces one to believe in him in spite of the plainest facts to the contrary. He steals whenever he has an opportunity, and if he succeeds in his operation, and remains undetected, seems to consider it rather a virtue than a sin. We recollect our servant coming to us in great delight, with the information that a friend of his had at last succeeded in purchasing a ticket home. Knowing him to be a lazy, gambling fellow, we asked in some surprise how he obtained money enough. "He stole it," was the quiet, self-satisfied reply. It is unnecessary to state that after that we took special care that our own purse was safe from the touch of light fingers.

As cigar and cigarette makers, the Chinese are unsurpassed, and they contribute largely to the success of that branch of industry in Havana. The celebrated cigarette factory of La Honradez employs a great number of Chinamen for the preparation of its dainty wares. The workmen are, for the most part, lodged and fed in the building. Their sleeping apartment is like the cabin of a large emigrant ship, full of berths in tiers, with passage-ways round among them, but every thing arranged with great regard to cleanliness and ventilation. By many of the berths hang emblems of curious devices and printed cards in Chinese—probably charms to secure undisturbed repose to the occupant. Going into the long work-rooms in this establishment, one is singularly impressed by the curious appearance of the workmen, who at first sight—indeed, at second sight too—appear to be all women. Dressed in long, blue or nankeen gowns, with hair braided and wound round and round the head, their almond-shaped eyes steadily fastened on the work in hand, they appear like long rows of automatons all worked by a single wire, rather than living, thinking men. To what extent they are thinking men is still an open question. The problem of poor John Chinaman has been proposed to this generation, but a more difficult subject

was never brought forward. Unless Johnny himself works it out by quiet, persistent labor, we fear the solution will always remain in the future.

Cuban vegetation impresses one at first sight with a feeling of disappointment. One naturally looks forward to the luxury and magnificence of perpetual June, and is unprepared for the weary, scrubby appearance of most Cuban gardens, where dead wood and decaying leaves are falling among the fresh green. There is always something out of season. If the roses are in full flower, some other shrub alongside is taking its rest, and looks rusty, so that the whole garden is never in a glow of beauty at once. The running vines, such as jasmine and Madeira, and others not known at the North, are never bare of leaves, so they never get trimmed, and consequently dead branches are intertwined with the living, giving to the arbor or veranda a very unsightly appearance. But the glory of Cuba is its palms. Who shall speak of the palm-tree, that figure of majesty and mystery! Carrying its beauty of wavy greenness far aloft in the sunshine, it appears a silent bond between heaven and earth. Scattered all over the open country, and standing like stately sentries along the horizon, are vast quantities of the cocoa-nut and royal palm—the two most natural to the soil of Cuba. In the botanical garden surrounding the *quinta* or country-seat of the Captain-General, which lies along the farther end of the *Paseo*, is a magnificent collection of palms of all varieties. Walking through the solemn arches of the grand avenue of royal palms, one may turn to either side, into miniature thickets of fan-palm and plantains, their ragged and curiously swelled trunks standing irregularly here and there among the little heaped-up mounds of turf, which are seen in all Havana parks and gardens, and their long, rattling leaves intermingling overhead:

Railway traveling in Cuba is not unlike the same thing in the States. The cars—all of Northern manufacture—are divided into three or four classes, in which one may ride according to the length of his purse and the purity of his complexion. The first-class, which is not unlike an old-fashioned railway carriage in the North, is patronized mostly by ladies and foreigners, the large numbers of traveling planters and military officials going second-class, where they can smoke and make themselves at home. The railroads are well built, and the trains travel with great rapidity. As one is whirled along through the dismal, stony country, and past small station buildings, there is only the palm, dotted here and there over the landscape, to remind the traveler that he is not passing over some barren portion of New England.

Although in Havana all the excesses of modern fashionable life are indulged in to a great extent, one has only to travel twenty or thirty miles into the interior to find the most primitive and simple domestic customs. The

chief industry of the western end of the island is the cultivation of sugar-cane; and clumps of low plantation houses, from which rise the tall chimneys of the grinding mills, may be seen at intervals of two or three miles all over the country. Often the owners of the plantation reside in Havana, the care of the estate being left in the hands of the *administrador*, or steward, who resides there with his family. Many of the larger estates are used by the owners as summer residences. They go from the city with their families, often taking with them numbers of foreign visitors, for the hospitality of a Cuban planter is unbounded; and through this influence the plantation life loses frequently some of its primitive character. But there are many estates where visitors are a thing almost unknown, and it is to these that one must look for a true picture of Cuban country life.

It was our good fortune at one time to spend a week at one of these retired plantations, and we look back to that visit as to a dream of some golden age in a land flowing with milk and honey. We were expected guests, and on leaving the train we found a volante in waiting to convey us three miles into the country to the plantation buildings. The road over which we were obliged to pass was of the very worst description. Indeed, it was no road at all, but a winding track between rough hedges of cactus and yucca, with dry, stubbly cane fields on either side. There had been a recent heavy fall of rain, and except where the limestone rock formed a solid bottom, the wheels of the volante sank up to the hubs in red Cuban mud, and the horses, floundering and stumbling in their efforts to drag the carriage through the mire, covered themselves and the *calisero* from head to foot with the sticky substance.

There were no buildings to be seen during the whole drive, except a few free negro huts standing among the scrubby vegetation, their half-dressed, indolent occupants idling about the sunny door-way.

Half a mile from the plantation buildings was a large gate-way, gayly painted in red and blue, which an old negro, too feeble for field-work, opened for us to pass through.

On approaching the buildings the *administrador*, who in this case was half-owner of the estate, stepped forward to meet us, followed by a mute procession of about a dozen immense blood-hounds, the faithful and savage guardians of every Cuban plantation. He was a large-built, well-preserved man of about sixty years, with a pleasant countenance, and long white hair and beard. His family, both young and old, stood around him on the broad piazza, waiting to greet the strangers with hearty goodwill. We were introduced in turn to each one, and then the dogs were called up to be made acquainted with the new-comers. Eying us with much suspicion at first, they gradually assumed a less savage aspect as their master brought them up to us, patting them affection-



FREE NEGRO HUT.

ately on the head; and after sniffing at our hands and feet they walked slowly away, our friends forever. We were warned, however, against running across the yard anywhere in their sight, as in Cuba no one, except a runaway negro, whom they are trained to chase, ever goes faster than a walk.

The plantation residence was a large one-story building, with a broad piazza running round two sides, into which opened all the rooms, the doors serving at once to admit both light and air, there being no windows; it was consequently necessary to keep the doors always open, and as the floors were on a level with the piazza, there was free range for all the dogs, pigs, chickens, geese, and guinea-hens through the entire house.

Our room was the favorite resort of an immense blue pig, who startled us from a delicious afternoon nap by snuffing and fumbling round under the bed. We turned him out, but it was no use; he would come back; and although this was an extent of Cuban hospitality we could not approve, we at last gave up in despair, and allowed the pig free use of our room. It was a

little unpleasant, too, to go to bed with a large blood-hound lying on the floor; but we were assured that it was much safer to sleep with a blood-hound than without a blood-hound, so we quietly acquiesced in the custom of the country. The master had his own particular favorite among the dogs, a huge black-and-white animal who rejoiced in the name of *Buena Moza* (good girl). She never left his side for a moment. At meal-times she stood at his elbow, sharing all the dainty morsels, and at night slept on a mat by his bed.

The plantation pets were subjects of much care and enjoyment to the master. There was a turtle pen with a pond of water in the centre, where he went every morning with a basket of bread and meat to feed the creatures, which came scrambling up the bank at the sound of his voice, tumbling each other over and over in their hurried efforts for the first bite.

"Take care of your fingers," he said, as we leaned over the fence to reach a bit of meat to a struggling reptile. "They have sharp teeth, those fellows, and they like to use them." After the turtles, the rabbits and the pigeons received

equal care; and then the old man came to take his seat at the corner of the piazza, where he could look all ways and see that nothing went amiss, while the pets running loose about the yard came to him for their morning meal, the chickens, the white guinea-hens, of which there were several hundred, and the geese, all flying in answer to the familiar call. A favorite among the pets was a tiny blue pig, which the old man would take on his knee, and fondle with great tenderness.

After the dumb pets were attended to all the little negroes were sent for. Up they came from their quarters, about thirty of them, with the old black aunty, who has charge of them through the

day while their mothers are in the field, walking behind with a long switch to keep them in order. An odd little crew they were, of all ages from ten years old downward, with little woolly heads, big rolling white eyes, and chubby black bodies, scarcely concealed by the short cotton gown hanging loose from the shoulders. Gathering round their master they all gave the morning salutation by kissing his hand and dropping a quaint little courtesy. At a sign from him some of the oldest among them set up a wild, monotonous melody, to which they sang *vivas* and blessings for all the members of the family, calling each one by name from the old man of ninety-five years, uncle of the *adminis-*



MAKING FRIENDS.



PLANTATION LIVE STOCK.

trador, down to the dark-eyed, curly-haired grandchild, a graceful witch of eight summers. All the younger portion of this strange little party joined in as best they could, and the whole band kept time by clapping their hands, and twisting their little bodies in a wild negro dance. Although it was an every-day occurrence, the master watched it with great delight, and cheered on the little creatures with motions of his hands. When the singing was finished each little pair of black paws was stretched out for the reward, a piece of white bread and a banana, which the old gentleman took from a large basket at his side; and then the woolly-headed crew were driven back to their quarters, or taken to play among the heaps of *begaso*, or crushed sugar-cane, which is thrown out from the grinding machine, and left to dry in the sun. This *begaso* is used as fuel to keep up the engine fires, and is a great convenience in a country where wood is so scarce. It is necessary that it should be dried, and the little negroes make excellent hands to turn the masses of damp, heavy stalks open to the sun, beginning even in their childish play to assume a portion of the labor of the estate.

Slave life on a Cuban sugar plantation varies little, if any, from that formerly existing in our Southern States. There is, perhaps, less cruelty, for the punishment of the lash is not often employed. But there is the same dreary, monotonous round, week in week out, with no recreation and no rest. The Chinese are employed in large numbers, more especially for mill hands, as their superior intelligence enables

them to better comprehend the mysteries of machinery. The overseer is obliged to treat them with some show of consideration; for, although in many instances they are bound for a certain number of years, and during that period are little better than slaves, they retain within them the right to revenge. A Chinaman will not endure what he considers bad treatment. He will revenge it on the perpetrator, if possible; if not, on some other white man near at hand; or if both plans fail, he will kill himself to prevent a repetition of the outrage.

Social life where the homes lie miles apart can not be indulged in to any great extent. But as balls and parties can not occur often, when they do it is a matter of great and jolly interest to the whole region round. The ladies, who are all magnificent riders, mount their horses and gallop off through the cane fields ten or twelve miles to a plantation party, servants riding in company with baskets and bundles containing the silks and laces and jewels, which are put on after arriving at the house where the party is held.

"And do you ride home again that same night?" we once asked a jolly plantation miss.

"Oh no, indeed," was the reply. "We dance till morning, and so ride home by daylight."

The plantation ladies are cordial and open-hearted, superintending their large establishments with admirable grace and quietness, but not, as a general thing, what would be called well educated. They almost always know how to read, although they make but small use of the accomplishment, and some of them can

write; although if one in each household understands the latter art it is quite sufficient, as she can easily do all labor of that kind which is required. It is a slight check to lively correspondence when the post-office is trotted round the country on a mule's back, stopping at each plantation regularly or not, according as rain and mud permit.

A Cuban planter's table is spread with great abundance, often nearly all the eatables being products of the plantation itself. We remember with how much pride the *administrador* of the estate before alluded to would glance up and down his long and abundantly supplied table, telling us that every thing upon it, with the exception of tea and butter, was from his own barns and lands. There is always a seat for the stranger at the family board, for the planter keeps open doors for all who travel by his home, and abundant hospitality is one of the moral laws of the land.

The large numbers of well-trained saddle-horses which are to be found on every well-kept plantation strike the stranger with surprise. The old planter whom we visited owned several hundred of these animals. They were almost all specimens of the native Cuban horse, a small, ill-looking beast, but one capable of enduring much fatigue, and whose gait under the saddle is unsurpassed for ease and comfort to the rider. Fifteen or twenty of these animals were always standing saddled and ready for use before the railing of the piazza, and any one about the house was free to spring into the saddle and gallop away when and where he pleased.

Generally in the morning after coffee, and before breakfast, when the dew is yet fresh on the cane fields, and the whole air full of wonderful sweetness, all the gentlemen and the younger portion of the ladies mount and ride off for morning exercise through the fields, where the slaves have begun their day's work hours before. It is not a pleasant sight to see the weary creatures cutting the cane, and loading it into the rude ox-carts for transportation to the grinding mill, for the mounted overseer, with his big club and attendant blood-hounds, tells too plainly the story of forced labor; and the melancholy, monotonous chant with which they try to enliven the hours of their weary day is a sad reminder of their clouded, lowly life.

Much pleasanter it is, in the course of the morning gallop, to come upon some secluded ranch attached to the plantation, where fruits, vegetables, and flowers are grown for the use of the planter's family. Here may be seen oranges, pine-apples, bananas, and many other luscious Cuban fruits growing in great profusion; fields of coffee, benches of bee-hives, and roses, orange blossoms, and flowering trees and shrubs without end. A perfect paradise, a true ideal picture of the golden age, is the ranch of a Cuban plantation, as seen in the light of a dewy, sunny morning.

After a gallop of several hours, all within the limits of the estate, one returns to a hearty breakfast, which is devoured with a ravenous appetite, and the remainder of the morning is whiled away in lounging on the piazza with all the planter's family for charming, lazy company.



IN THE CANE FIELD.

It is not to be wondered at that, surrounded by this idle abundance, people live to a green old age. Unless carried off by some of the rapid contagious diseases which at times pass like a cloud over the shores of Cuba, a man will often live in the full vigor of health and strength twenty and even thirty years past the allotted limit of human life. The old gentleman, who had already counted ninety-five years since the day of his birth, assured us that he felt so well and strong that he had hopes of living to be an old man! He had seen much experience in his day. Formerly he had acted for many years as one of the mounted guards of the district, and in the long evenings on the piazza he recounted with boyish delight the tale of many a wild adventure, of marches through tropical swamps and tangled thickets in search of desperadoes and outlaws, who make those wilds their hiding-place.

"And I am good in my saddle yet, and can outride many a one of these young bloods about here," said the old man, with a merry twinkle of triumph in his eye. And one day, when he galloped off to lunch with a daughter who was married and living on a plantation twelve miles away, returning before nightfall fresh and nimble as when he started, we were quite ready to

believe his boastful assertion; for a better and more daring rider we never saw.

The remembrance of those long evenings on the piazza of the old Cuban plantation will always remain with us as a picture full of beauty and poetry, the light from the lanterns swinging overhead bringing out in clear relief the figures of the company assembled there: the old men, with long white hair, sitting in heavy leathern chairs, enjoying an evening smoke; the quiet matron and mother resting placidly after her daily cares; the young people, with bright, hopeful faces, cracking merry jokes among themselves, or singing some simple Spanish song full of plaintive sweetness; and the graceful little grandchild, in white muslin and long black curls, leaning fondly on her grandfather's chair, or bounding into the yard after the big cocullo, or Cuban fire-fly, to fasten in the folds of her dress, or hang among her curls as a natural and gaudy jewel.

And across the yard, only a short distance removed from this sweet picture of tropical grace and comfort, was the other side of plantation life—the great mill with its flaming light only serving to reveal the dark, weary faces of the band of perpetual toilers, working, working, day and night, with no present and no future.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

THERE was never a castle seen

So fair as mine in Spain:

It stands, embowered in green,

Crowning the gentle slope

Of a hill by the Xenil's shore,

And at eve its shade flaunts o'er

The storied Vega plain,

And its towers are hid in the mists of Hope;

And I toil through years of pain

Its glimmering gates to gain.

In visions wild and sweet

Sometimes its courts I greet;

Sometimes in joy its shining halls

I tread with favored feet;

But never my eyes in the light of day

Were blest with its ivied walls,

Where the marble white and the granite gray

Turn gold alike when the sunbeams play,

When the soft day dimly falls.

I know in its dusky rooms

Are treasures rich and rare;

The spoil of Eastern looms,

And whatever of bright and fair

Painters divine have caught and won

From the vault of Italy's air.

White gods in Phidian stone

People the haunted glooms;

And the song of immortal singers

Like a fragrant memory lingers,

I know, in the echoing rooms.

But nothing of these, my soul!

Nor castle, nor treasures, nor skies,

Nor the waves of the river that roll

With a cadence faint and sweet

In peace by its marble feet—

Nothing of these is the goal

For which my whole heart sighs.

'Tis the pearl gives worth to the shell—

The pearl I would die to gain;

For there does my Lady dwell,

My love that I love so well—

The Queen whose gracious reign

Makes glad my Castle in Spain.

Her crown of golden hair

Sheds light in the shaded places,

And the spell of her girlish graces

Holds charmed the happy air.

A breath of purity

Forever before her flies,

And ill things cease to be

In the glance of her honest eyes.

Around her pathway flutter,

Where her dear feet wander free

In youth's pure majesty,

The wings of the vague desires;

But the thought that love would utter

In reverence expires.

Not yet! not yet shall I see

That face, which shines like a star

O'er my storm-swept life afar,

Transfigured with love for me.

Toiling, forgetting, and learning,

With labor and vigils and prayers,

Pure heart and resolute will,

At last I shall climb the Hill,

And breathe the enchanted airs

Where the light of my life is burning,

Most lovely and fair and free;

Where alone in her youth and beauty,

And bound by her fate's sweet duty,

Unconscious she waits for me.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND HIS FAMILY.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.—[FROM PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART.]

IN a solitary pasture field, five miles from Charlottesville, in Virginia, stand a few aged locusts and sycamores. They are the remains of a grove planted by Thomas Jefferson on the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday. They mark the spot where he was born, on the 13th of April, 1743. Four miles distant is the mansion of Monticello, the home of Jefferson for fifty-six years. The house, once the finest in the region, is now dilapidated. Our view presents it as it appeared half a century ago. Not far off is the grave-yard where Jefferson was buried, in the early days of July, 1826. This grave-yard was laid out by him almost threescore years before. The first body deposited there was that of Dabney Carr, his early friend, and afterward his brother-in-law. Here stood a great oak, beneath which the two boys were wont to study. They agreed that, whichever should die first, the survivor should bury him under that tree. Here, writes his great-granddaughter in the spring days of 1871,

"Jefferson lies buried between his wife and his daughter, Mary Eppes. Across the head of these three graves lie the remains of his eldest daughter, Martha Randolph. The group lies in front of a gap in the front of a high brick wall which surrounds the whole grave-yard, the gap being filled up by an iron grating. But the gates have been again and again broken open, and the tombs desecrated. The edges of the granite obelisk over Jefferson's grave have been chipped away, until it now stands a misshapen column. Of the slabs placed over the graves of Mrs. Jefferson and Mrs. Eppes not a vestige remains, while of the one over Mrs. Randolph only fragments are left."

No man in our history has been so utterly misunderstood and so thoroughly misrepresented as Thomas Jefferson. During much of his public career party spirit was virulent to a degree even beyond any thing that we now know.

The partisan newspapers of 1871 look almost decent when compared with those of 1811. Jef-

ferson was the especial mark of obloquy. He was set forth as a demagogue, a gambler, an infidel, a libertine. Authentic history has, to a good degree, dispelled these charges, but the echo of them is yet sometimes heard. It is not many years since it was asserted in the newspapers that direct descendants of Thomas Jefferson, of mixed blood, were to be found among the slaves on Southern plantations; and within a week the writer of this has been told by one who received his information from men still living, who professed to speak from actual knowledge, that Jefferson was the most notorious and unlucky gambler of his day.

Mrs. Randolph, a great-granddaughter of Jefferson, has undertaken the pious task of forever putting these calumnies at rest. Her volume, "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," is among the most delightful works of the kind. It is made up mainly from Jefferson's correspondence, notably with his two daughters, Martha and Mary. We think that no one who reads this volume will hesitate to place the name of Thomas Jefferson upon his list of great good men. We propose to follow the order of Mrs. Randolph's book, touching, as she has done, only lightly upon political matters. We wish to present the man, and not the statesman or politician.

The first American Jefferson emigrated from Wales about 1612. For a century we know little of the family beyond that they gained much land in the colony. But in 1708 was born Peter Jefferson, who, at the age of twenty-one, married Jane Randolph, two years his junior. Peter Jefferson was a land-surveyor, and, like Washington when pursuing the same vocation, looked sharply for good tracts for himself. Among others which he located was one of 1000 acres on the Rivanna River. His nephew, William Randolph, had just taken out a patent for the 2400 acres adjoining. It so happened that on Jefferson's tract there was no good site for a house. Randolph sold him 400 acres, the price being a bowl of arrack punch. Here he erected a plain weather-boarded house, wherein

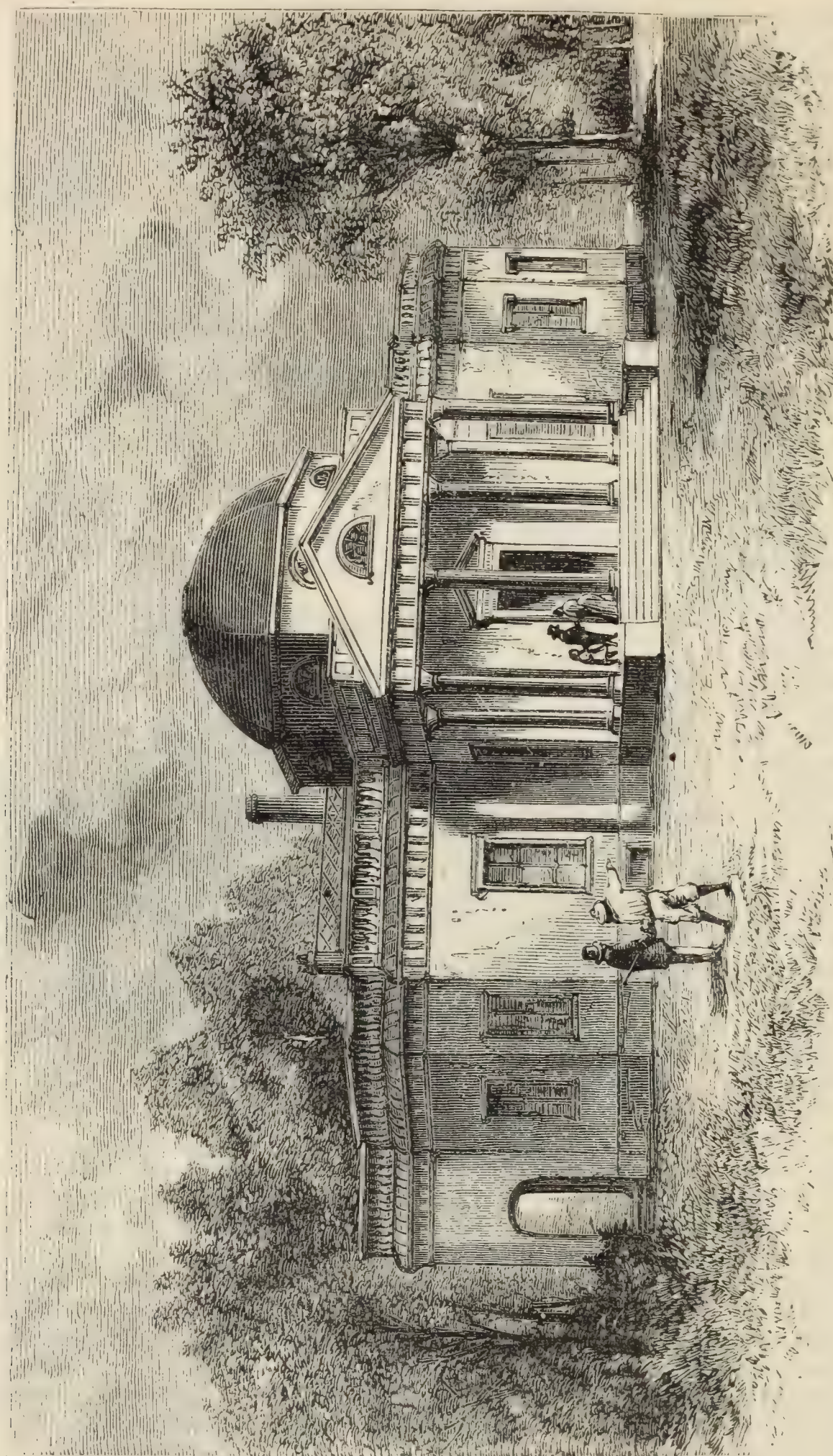


MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH.

Thomas Jefferson, his eldest son, was born. Peter Jefferson died in 1757, leaving a widow, six daughters, and two sons. To the younger son he left Snowden, an estate on the James River; to Thomas, the elder, then a lad of fourteen, "Shadwell," on the Rivanna, containing 1900 acres, in which was included what afterward became famous as Monticello.

Thomas Jefferson was early sent to the best schools which the country afforded, and afterward to William and Mary College. From the first he was a diligent student. When he left college he had become a good mathematician, an excellent musician, a fine classical scholar, and had acquired French, Spanish, and Italian. Before he had reached his thirtieth year he was beyond doubt the best-read man in America, and we doubt if even Burke surpassed him in extent and variety of knowledge.

He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-four, and soon acquired an extensive practice. His account-books show that during the eight years of his life as a lawyer he was engaged in 948 cases. An old man who had in his youth often heard Jefferson at the bar was asked how he ranked as a speaker. "It's hard to tell," was



MONTICELLO.—THE WESTERN FRONT.

the reply, "because he always took the right side." The lawyer who always appears to be on the right side gives abundant proofs of his ability as an advocate.

In 1772, at the age of twenty-nine, he married Martha Skelton, a young widow of three-and-twenty. The license bond for his marriage is still extant, written by his own hand, except that the word "spinster" has been erased and "widow" inserted by another. His professional income was now \$3000 a year; his plantations yielded \$2000; his wife brought him an estate equal to his own; so that we may fairly put his whole income at \$7000 a year. To

translate this into the currency of the present day we must bear in mind the different purchasing power of money at the two periods. Thus: the cost of Jefferson's schooling was twenty pounds sterling a year for board and tuition; and one year, not long before, was long remembered as the "ten-shilling year," for the price of corn rose in that year to ten shillings a barrel—about 50 cents a bushel. So that Jefferson, with an income of \$7000 a year, was a rich man. Notwithstanding his liberal way of living, and the cost of building the mansion at Monticello, his income exceeded his expenses, and he invested the surplus in the pur-

Know all men by these presents that we Thomas Jefferson and Francis
 Byrnes are held and firmly bound to our sovereign lord the king his heirs
 and successors in the sum of fifty pounds current money of Virginia, to the
 payment of which well and truly to be made we bind ourselves jointly and sever-
 ally, our joint and several heirs executors and administrators in witness
 whereof we have hereto set our hands and seals this twenty third day of
 December in the year of our lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy one
 The condition of the above obligation is such that if there be no lawful
 cause to obstruct a marriage intended to be had and solemnized between
 the above bound Thomas Jefferson and Martha Shelton of the county
 of Charles city, ~~Virginia~~ ^{Virginia}, for which a license is desired, then this obligation
 is to be null and void; otherwise to remain in full force.

Thomas Byrnes

Th. Jefferson

FAC-SIMILE OF JEFFERSON'S
 MARRIAGE-LICENSE BOND.

chase of land; and in a few years his estates comprised more than five thousand acres.

Perhaps his most expensive taste was that for fine horses. They must be of the best blooded stock, and so carefully groomed that if a white cambric handkerchief showed the least soil when rubbed over the one which he was to mount, it was at once sent back to the stable. High play and hard drinking were almost the rule in the circles in which he moved, yet to these he never gave way. Mrs. Ran-

dolph, who could hardly be misinformed, asserts that he did not even know one card from another, and never allowed the game to be played in his house; and to the end of his long life he was notably abstemious, drinking only sparingly of light wines, and never partaking of spirituous liquors. As far as negative evidence can prove any thing, his whole correspondence with his family evinces that his morals were from first to last absolutely pure. When an old man he wrote to his grandson:

"When I recollect that at fourteen years of age the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or friend qualified to advise or guide me, and recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished that I did not turn off with some of them, and become as worthless to society as they were. But I had the good fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could ever become what they were. Under temptations and difficulties I would ask myself, What would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe, or Peyton Randolph do in this situation? What course in it will insure me their approbation?"

Jefferson's married life, which lasted ten years, was as happy as that of man could well be, saving that of the six children—all daughters—born to him only two survived infancy and childhood. After his death a drawer was found in his room containing packages with locks of hair. One, labeled "A lock of our first Lucy's hair, with some of my dear, dear wife's writing," contains a few threads of soft hair, evidently cut from the head of an infant. Another, marked "Lucy," contains a beautiful golden curl. It had been cut from the head of a daughter who, dying at the age of five, had preceded him by forty years into the Silent Land. The two daughters who grew up to womanhood were Martha, afterward the wife of Thomas Mann Randolph, and Mary, usually called Maria, the wife of John W. Eppes. The correspondence between the father and these daughters forms a considerable part of Mrs. Randolph's volume; and we venture the affirmation that better letters were never interchanged between father and children. Both daughters were strikingly beautiful. It would be hard to find a more lovely face than that of Martha Jefferson Randolph as it stands in her portrait by Sully, painted when she was in the flush of womanly beauty.

Jefferson entered rather early into public life. In 1769, at the age of twenty-six, he was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses, in which he took a prominent part for five years. It was almost by accident that he became a member of the first American Congress of 1775. He had been appointed as alternate for Peyton Randolph—one of the three whom he had proposed to himself as models—who might not be able to attend, being President of the Virginia House of Burgesses. A meeting of the House was called by the Governor; Randolph was obliged to be present; and so Jefferson went to Philadelphia, where the Congress met. His "reputation as having a masterly pen" had preceded him, and at the next session he was appointed chairman of the committee to draw up a "Declaration of Independence." His draft was adopted, with many alterations. We give a fac-simile of a portion, in which the changes were very considerable. The portions in brackets were omitted. The interlineations are in the handwriting of John Adams.

In 1779 Jefferson was elected Governor of Virginia; but, two years after, resigned on ac-

count of the feeble health of his wife, and he promised that he would not again leave her to accept any public office. About this time a fall from his horse disabled him for two or three weeks from active exercise. This time was employed in writing his "Notes on Virginia," which was originally written in the form of a communication to De Marbois, the French ambassador. At this time he was visited by the Marquis de Chastellux, who describes Monticello and the appearance of Jefferson at the age of forty. He writes:

"Let me describe to you a man not yet forty, tall, and with a mild and pleasing countenance, but whose mind and understanding are ample substitutes for every exterior grace. An American, who, without ever having quitted his own country, is at once a musician, skilled in drawing, a geometrician, an astronomer, a natural philosopher, legislator, and statesman.... A mild and amiable wife, charming children, of whose education he himself takes charge, a house to embellish, great provisions to improve, and the arts and sciences to cultivate—these are what remain to Mr. Jefferson after having played a principal character on the theatre of the New World, and which he preferred to the honorable commission of Minister Plenipotentiary to Europe.... He calls his house *Monticello* (in Italian, 'Little Mountain'), a very modest title, for it is situated on a very lofty one. This house, of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect, and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault. It consists of one large square pavilion, the entrance of which is by two porticoes ornamented with pillars. The ground-floor consists of a very large, lofty saloon, which is to be decorated entirely in the antique style; above it is a library of the same form; two small wings, with only a ground-floor and attic story, are joined to this pavilion, and communicate with the kitchen, offices, etc., which will form a kind of basement story, over which runs a terrace."

Mrs. Jefferson died in 1782. Her daughter thus describes her father's conduct at the period:

"He nursed my poor mother in turn with Aunt Carr and her own sister, sitting up with her and administering her medicines and drink to the last. For four months that she lingered he was never out of calling; when not at her bedside he was writing in a small room which opened immediately at the head of her bed. A moment before the closing scene he was led from the room in a state of insensibility by his sister, who with great difficulty got him into the library, where he fainted, and remained so long insensible that they feared he never would revive. He kept his room three weeks, and I was never a moment from his side. He walked almost incessantly night and day, only lying down occasionally when nature was completely exhausted on a pallet that had been brought in during his long fainting fit. When at last he left his room he rode out, and from that time he was incessantly on horseback, rambling about the mountain in the least frequented roads, and just as often in the woods. In those melancholy ramblings I was his constant companion, a solitary witness to many a burst of grief, the remembrance of which has consecrated particular scenes of that lost home beyond the power of time to obliterate."

The death of his wife left Jefferson at liberty to accept the post of Minister Plenipotentiary to Europe, to be associated with Adams and Franklin in negotiating peace—a position which he had already twice refused. He proposed to take with him his eldest daughter, Martha, the writer of the account just quoted. But while

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren: we have
 warned them from time to time of attempts by their Legislature to extend ^{an unwarrantable} a juris-
 diction over ^{us} these our states. We have reminded them of the circumstances of
 our emigration & settlement here, [no one of which could warrant so change a
 pretension: that these were effected at the expense of our own blood & treasure,
 unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in constituting
 indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby
 laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their
 parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea if history may be
 credited: and ^{we have} appealed to their native justice & magnanimity, [as well as to] the ties
 of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which ^{would inevitably} [were] to interrupt
 our ^{connection &} correspondence ~~communication~~. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice &
 of consanguinity. ^{We must therefore} [When occasions have been given them, by the regular course of

FAC-SIMILE OF PORTION OF ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

arranging for his departure he placed her at
 school in Philadelphia, where he wrote to her
 frequently. These letters begin that long series
 of domestic correspondence which was kept up
 whenever he was separated from his children.
 From these letters we make a few extracts:

"November 28, 1783.—The conviction that you would
 be more improved in the situation I have placed you
 than if still with me has solaced me on my parting

with you, which my love for you has rendered a diffi-
 cult thing. The acquirements which I hope you will
 make under the tutors I have provided for you will
 render you more worthy of my love; if they can not
 increase it, they will prevent its diminution. I expect
 you will write me by every post. Inform me what
 books you read, what tunes you learn, and inclose me
 your best copy of every lesson in drawing. Write also
 one letter a week either to your aunt Eppes, your aunt
 Skipwith, your aunt Carr, or the little lady [her little
 sister Mary], from whom I now inclose a letter, and

always put the letter you so write under cover to me. Take care that you never spell a word wrong. Always before you write a word consider how it is spelled, and, if you do not remember it, turn to a dictionary. It produces great praise to a lady to spell well. I have placed my happiness on seeing you good and accomplished; and no distress which this world can now bring on me would equal that of your disappointing my hopes."

"December 22, 1783.—I do not wish you to be gayly clothed at this time of life, but that your wear should be fine of its kind. But above all things and at all times let your clothes be neat, whole, and properly put on. Some ladies think they may, under the privileges of the *déshabillé*, be loose and negligent of their dress in the morning. But be you, from the moment you rise till you go to bed, as cleanly and properly dressed as at the hours of dinner or tea. A lady who has been seen as a sloven or a slut in the morning will never efface the impression she has made with all the dress and pageantry she can afterward involve herself in. I hope, therefore, the moment you rise from bed your first work will be to dress yourself in such style as that you may be seen by any gentleman without his being able to discover a pin amiss, or any other circumstance of neatness wanting."

In the spring of 1784, Jefferson, accompanied by his daughter, sailed for Europe. At Paris he took an elegant house, with an extensive garden, court, and out-buildings. He had also rooms in a Carthusian monastery, to which he was in the habit of retiring sometimes for a week at a time when he had a press of business. A quieter place for work can not be conceived, for although there were forty boarders, it was against the rules of the establishment for any one to speak aloud out of his own room. His intercourse with his colleagues was very pleasant. Mrs. Adams, in a letter, describes him as "one of the choice ones of the earth." When Franklin returned home Jefferson was appointed to succeed him as minister to France. "You replace Dr. Franklin," said the Count de Vergennes, the French premier. "I *succeed* him; no one could *replace* him," was Jefferson's reply.

A few months after Jefferson's arrival at Paris he received tidings of the death of his little daughter Lucy—that one from whose head had been clipped the long golden curl found among his treasures almost half a century later. He was anxious that his other daughter, Mary, should come to him in France; but the child was not willing to leave her friends in Virginia; and the father wrote, trying to lure her to him, promising that she should have as many dolls and playthings as she wanted. He writes:

"I wish so much to see you that I have desired your uncle and aunt to send you to me. I know, my dear Polly, how sorry you will be, and ought to be, to leave them and your cousins; but your sister and myself can not live without you, and after a while we will carry you back again to see your friends in Virginia."

Little "Polly" was still averse to go, and thus writes, in a letter, the first of many, to her father:

"DEAR PAPA,—I long to see you, and hope that you and sister Patsy are well. Give my love to her and tell her that I long to see her, and hope that you and she will come very soon to see us. I hope that you will send me a doll. I am very sorry that you have

sent for me. I don't want to go to France; I had rather stay with Aunt Eppes. Aunt Carr, Aunt Nancy, and Cousin Polly Carr are here. Your most happy and dutiful daughter,
POLLY JEFFERSON."

To his daughter Martha, then in a convent, Jefferson wrote long and often. In one letter he says:

"You ask me to write you long letters. I will do it, my dear, on condition you will read them from time to time, and practice what they inculcate. Their precepts will be dictated by experience, by a perfect knowledge of the situation in which you will be placed, and by the fondest love for you. This it is which makes me wish to see you more qualified than common. My expectations from you are high, yet not higher than you may attain. Industry and resolution are all that are wanting. Nobody in this world can make me so happy or so miserable as you. Retirement from public life will ere long become necessary for me. To your sister and yourself I look to render the evening of my life serene and contented. Its morning has been clouded by loss after loss, till I have nothing left but you."

In a letter to John Jay, Jefferson thus describes the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV.:

"He has not a single element of mathematics, of natural or moral philosophy, or of any other science on earth, nor has the society he has kept been such as to supply the void of education. It has been that of the lowest, the most illiterate and profligate persons of the kingdom, without choice of rank or mind, and with whom the subjects of conversation are only horses, drinking-matches, bawdy-houses, and in terms the most vulgar. The young nobility who begin by associating with him soon leave him, disgusted by the insupportable profligacy of his society; and Mr. Fox, who has been supposed his favorite, and not overnice in the choice of company, would never keep his company habitually. In fact, he never associated with a man of sense. He has not a single idea of justice, morality, religion, or of the rights of men, or any anxiety for the opinion of the world. He carries that indifference for fame so far that he probably would not be hurt if he were to lose his throne, provided he could be assured of having always meat, horses, and women."

Many years later he thus gives his impressions of the character of the reigning sovereigns of Europe:

"While in Europe I often amused myself with contemplating the characters of the then reigning sovereigns of Europe. Louis XVI. was a fool, of my own knowledge, and despite of the answers made for him at his trial. The King of Spain was a fool; and of Naples, the same. They passed their lives in hunting, and dispatched two couriers a week one thousand miles to let each know what game they had killed the preceding days. The King of Sardinia was a fool. All these were Bourbons. The Queen of Portugal, a Braganza, was an idiot by nature; and so was the King of Denmark. Their sons, as regents, exercised the powers of government. The King of Prussia, successor to the great Frederick, was a mere hog in body as well as in mind. Gustavus of Sweden and Joseph of Austria were really crazy; and George of England, you know, was in a strait-waistcoat. There remained, then, none but old Catherine, who had been too lately picked up to have lost her common-sense. In this state Bonaparte found Europe; and it was this state of its rulers which lost it with scarce a struggle. These animals had become without mind and powerless; and so will every hereditary monarch be after a few generations. Alexander, the grandson of Catherine, is as yet an exception. He is able to hold his own. But he is only of the third generation. His race is not yet worn out. And so endeth the book of kings, from all of whom the Lord deliver us."

The following, written to John Adams in 1824, presents Jefferson's mature estimate of the character of Napoleon :

"I have just finished reading O'Meara's 'Bonaparte.' It places him in a higher scale of understanding than I had allotted him. I had thought him the greatest of all military captains, but an indifferent statesman, and misled by unworthy passions. The flashes, however, which escaped from him in these conversations with O'Meara prove a mind of great expansion, although not of distinct development and reasoning. He seizes results with rapidity and penetration, but never explains logically the process of reasoning by which he arrives at them. This book, too, makes us forget his atrocities for a moment in commiseration of his sufferings. I will not say that the authorities of the world, charged with the care of their country and people, had not a right to confine him for life, as a lion or tiger, on the principle of self-preservation. There was no safety to nations while he was permitted to roam at large. But the putting him to death in cold blood, by lingering tortures of mind, by vexations, insults, and deprivations, was a degree of inhumanity to which the poisonings and assassinations of the school of Borgia and den of Marat never attained. The book proves, also, that nature had denied him the moral sense, the first excellence of well-organized man. If he could seriously and repeatedly affirm that he had raised himself to power without ever having committed a crime, it proved that he wanted totally the sense of right and wrong."

In 1786 little Mary Jefferson joined her father and elder sister in Paris, and the two girls were placed together in a convent for their education. Martha, now sixteen years old, like so many other enthusiastic girls, became enamored of the bright side of convent life, and wrote to her father asking permission to become a nun. Jefferson acted with characteristic prudence. He made no reply to the letter, but in a day or two drove to the convent, had a private interview with the abbess, and then asked for his daughters, whom he met with the utmost affection, but made no allusion to Martha's letter. He had come, he said, to take them from school, and drove back with them to Paris. Martha was soon introduced to the brilliant society of the capital, which soon drove the convent idea from her mind. No word respecting it ever passed between father and daughter; and it was not known to any other person until long years after, when Martha Jefferson, a happy wife, and the mother of half a score of children, told them of it, and how narrowly they missed of never having come into the world, or, at least, of not having her for a mother.

In 1789 Jefferson, after repeated applications, received leave of absence for six months to attend to his own private affairs, expecting to return. But, as it proved, this never took place. His recollections of this period of his life were pleasant. "I can not," he wrote in his Memoir, "leave this great and good country without expressing my sense of its pre-eminence of character among the nations of the earth." If asked in what country he would prefer to live, he would say, "Certainly in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life. 'Which would be your second choice?'—France."

Narrowly escaping shipwreck, and still more narrowly having his baggage burned on board the vessel at Norfolk, he reached his home on the 23d of December. Of his arrival Martha Jefferson writes :

"The negroes discovered the approach of the carriage as soon as it reached Shadwell, four miles from Monticello, and such a scene I never witnessed in my life. They collected in crowds around it, and almost drew it up the mountain by hand. The shouting, etc., had been sufficiently obstreperous before, but the moment it arrived at the top it reached the climax. When the door of the carriage was opened they received him in their arms, and bore him to the house, crowding around and kissing his hands and feet—some blubbering and crying, others laughing. It seemed impossible to satisfy their anxiety to touch and kiss the very earth which bore him."

Just after landing, and before he had reached Monticello, Jefferson received letters from President Washington telling him that he had nominated him as Secretary of State, and urging him to accept the nomination. In his reply Jefferson expressed a strong preference for his present position as minister to France. "But," he added, "it is not for an individual to choose his post. You are to marshal us as it may be best for the public good. If you think better to transfer me to another post, my inclination must be no obstacle. If your wish should be that I shall remain in New York, my chief comfort will be to work under your eye, my only shelter the authority of your name, and the wisdom of measures to be dictated by you and implicitly executed by me."

Just two months after their return to Monticello Martha Jefferson was married to her cousin, Thomas Mann Randolph, who had during the previous year been with them in Europe. In a few days after the marriage Jefferson set out for New York, then the seat of government. He stopped for a day at Philadelphia to visit Franklin, who was lying dangerously ill. This was their last meeting, for Franklin died just a month after.

April 28, a week after his arrival at New York, Jefferson wrote to his son-in-law :

"I arrived here on the 21st instant, after as laborious a journey of a fortnight from Richmond as I ever went through, resting only one day at Alexandria and another at Baltimore. I found my carriage and horses at Alexandria, but a snow of eighteen inches falling the same night, I saw the impossibility of getting on in my carriage, so left it there, to be sent to me by water, and had my horses led on to this place, taking my passage in the stage, though relieving myself a little sometimes by mounting my horse. The roads through the whole way were so bad that we could never go more than three miles an hour, sometimes not more than two, and in the night not more than one. My first object was to look out a house in the Broadway, if possible, as being the centre of my business. Finding none there vacant for the present, I have taken a small one in Maiden Lane, which may give me time to look about me."

From his letters to his daughters we make a few extracts. To Martha, now six weeks a wife, he writes, April 4, 1790 :

"I am anxious to hear from you of your health, your occupations, where you are, etc. Do not neglect your music. It will be a companion which will sweet-

en many hours of life to you. I assure you mine here is triste enough. Having had yourself and dear Poll to live with me so long, to exercise my affections, and cheer me in the intervals of business, I feel heavily the separation from you. It is a circumstance of consolation to know that you are happier, and to see a prospect of its continuance in the prudence and even temper of Mr. Randolph and yourself. Your new condition will call for abundance of little sacrifices. But they will be greatly overpaid by the measure of affection they secure to you. The happiness of your life now depends on the continuing to please a single person. To this all other objects must be secondary, even your love for me, were it possible that could ever be an obstacle. But this it never can be. Neither of you can ever have a more faithful friend than myself."

To Mary, now called Maria, or, affectionately, "Poll," a week later:

"Where are you, my dear Maria? how are you occupied? Write me a letter by the first post, and answer me all these questions. Tell me whether you see the sun rise every day; how many pages you read every day in 'Don Quixote'; how far you are advanced in him; whether you repeat a grammar lesson every day; what else you read; how many hours a day you sew; whether you have an opportunity of continuing your music; whether you know how to make a pudding yet, to cut out a beefsteak, to sow spinach, or to set a hen. Be good, my dear, as I have always found you. Never be angry with any body, nor speak harm of them. Try to let every body's faults be forgotten, as you would wish yours to be. Take more pleasure in giving what is best to another than in having it yourself, and then all the world will love you, and I more than all the world."

To this letter Mary replies:

"I will try that your advice shall not be thrown away. I read in 'Don Quixote' every day to my aunt, and say my grammar in Spanish and English, and write, and read in Robertson's 'America.' After I am done that I work till dinner, and a little more after. It did not snow at all last month. My cousin Bolling and myself made a pudding the other day. My aunt has given us a hen and chickens."

Jefferson responds:

"I am much pleased with the account you give me of your occupations, and the making the pudding is as good an article of them as any. When I come to Virginia I shall insist on eating a pudding of your own making, as well as on trying other specimens of your skill. You must make the most of your time while you are with so good an aunt, who can learn you every thing. We had not pease nor strawberries here till the 8th day of this month. On the same day I heard the first whip-poor-will whistle. Swallows and martins appeared here on the 21st of April. When did they appear with you? and when had you pease, strawberries, and whip-poor-wills in Virginia? Take notice hereafter whether the whip-poor-wills always come with the strawberries and pease."

We must pass briefly over the correspondence from this time until September, 1791, when Jefferson returned to Monticello. His letters are full of those little attentions so pleasant to receive. One day he sends to each of the sisters "a kind of veil lately introduced here, and much approved. Observe," he adds, "that one of the strings is to be drawn tight round the root of the crown of the hat, and the veil, then falling over the brim of the hat, is drawn by the lower string as tight or loose as you please round the neck. When the veil is not chosen to be down the lower string is also tied round the root of the crown, so as to give the appearance of a puffed bandage for the hat.

I send also inclosed the green lining for the calash." Again he sends "twelve yards of striped nankeen of the pattern inclosed, there being no stuffs here of the pattern you sent."

After a month's stay at home Jefferson returned to Philadelphia, then the seat of government, taking with him his daughter Mary. "Here his establishment was one suitable to his rank and position. He kept five horses; and besides his French steward, who presided over the *ménage*, he had four or five hired male servants, and his daughter's maid." Mr. and Mrs. Randolph took up their residence at Monticello, which thenceforth became virtually their home, and that of their children.

Washington, who had consented to serve as President for a second term, urged Jefferson to retain his post as Secretary of State. He consented most reluctantly, and only at the last moment. He had, indeed, given up his house at Philadelphia, packed up such of the furniture as would suit Monticello, and sold the rest. As it was, he meant that this retention should be temporary. But the newspapers began to attack him, and to insinuate that he was about to resign in order to avoid inquiry into his official conduct. "Desirous," writes Jefferson to Randolph, "that my retirement may be clouded with no imputations of the kind, I see not only a possibility, but rather a probability, that I shall postpone it for some time—whether for weeks or months I can not now say. This must depend in some degree upon the will of those who troubled the waters before. When they suffer them to be calm I will go into port. My inclinations never before suffered such violence, and my interests also are materially affected."

To another person—after stating that upon first entering public life, a quarter of a century before, he had resolved never to engage, while thus employed, in any kind of enterprise for the improvement of his fortune—he adds: "Certainly I should have been much wealthier had I remained in that private condition which renders it lawful, and even laudable, to use proper efforts to better it. However, my public career is now closing, and I will go through on the principle on which I have hitherto acted."

In July, 1793, Jefferson wrote to the President announcing that he should retire from office at the close of September; but, at the personal request of Washington, he consented to remain until January. At the close of this period Washington thus wrote to him:

"I yesterday received, with sincere regret, your resignation of the office of Secretary of State. Since it has been impossible to prevail upon you to forego any longer the indulgence of your desire for private life, the event, however anxious I am to avert it, must be submitted to. But I can not suffer you to leave your station without assuring you that the opinion which I had formed of your integrity and talents, and which dictated your original nomination, has been confirmed by the fullest experience, and that both have been eminently displayed in the discharge of your duty. Let a conviction of my most earnest prayers for your happiness accompany you in your retirement."

Early in January, 1794, Jefferson returned—

finally, as he hoped—to his home at Monticello. He found that his private affairs had suffered greatly. He indeed owned 10,000 acres of land, of which 2000 were under cultivation, but they had been wretchedly mismanaged by hired overseers. He had 154 slaves, 249 cattle, 390 hogs, 5 mules, 3 sheep, and 34 horses. Some idea of the way things were managed on these estates may be gained from the fact that eight of the horses were only used for the saddle. He set himself resolutely to the improvement of his affairs, and, notwithstanding much ill health, with good success. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who visited him in 1796, thus describes his way of life at that period:

"In private life Mr. Jefferson displays a mild, easy, and obliging temper, though he is somewhat cold and reserved. His conversation is of the most agreeable kind, and he possesses a stock of information not inferior to that of any other man. In Europe he would hold a distinguished rank among men of letters, and as such he has already appeared there. At present he is employed, with activity and perseverance, in the management of his farms and buildings; and he orders, directs, and pursues in the minutest details every branch of business relative to them. I found him in the midst of the harvest, from which the scorching heat of the sun does not prevent his attendance. His negroes are nourished, clothed, and treated as well as white servants could be. As he can not expect any assistance from the two small neighboring towns, every article is made on his farm: his negroes are cabinet-makers, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, smiths, etc. The children he employs in a nail-factory, which yields already a considerable profit. The young and old negroes spin for the clothing of the rest. He animates them by rewards and distinctions. In fine, his superior mind directs the management of his domestic concerns with the same abilities, activity, and regularity which he evinced in the conduct of public affairs, and which he is calculated to display in every situation of life. In the superintendence of his household he is assisted by his two daughters, Mrs. Randolph and Miss Maria, who are handsome, modest, and amiable women."

Washington having declined a third election, Adams was nominated for President by the Federalists, and Jefferson by the Republicans. As the Constitution then stood, the person receiving the highest number of votes became President, and the one having the next highest Vice-President. In a letter to Madison Jefferson wrote: "There is nothing I so anxiously hope as that my name may come out either second or third. These would be indifferent to me, as the last would leave me at home the whole year, and the other two-thirds of it." When the result was known Jefferson wrote a warm letter to Adams:

"The public and the public papers have been much occupied lately in placing us in a point of opposition to each other. I trust with confidence that less of it has been felt by ourselves personally. The result of the election has with me never been doubted. I have never for one single moment expected a different issue; and though I know I shall not be believed, yet it is not the less true that I have never wished it.... That your administration may be filled with glory and happiness to yourself and advantage to us is the sincere wish of one who—though in the course of our voyage through life various little incidents have happened or been contrived to separate us—retains still for you the solid esteem of the moments when we were working for our independence, and sentiments of respect and attachment."

The four years of Jefferson's Vice-Presidency were among the happiest of his life. The position was one of honor, yet involving little responsibility and labor, and permitting him to spend a great part of the time at his Virginian home. In the summer of 1797 he was greatly pleased to learn that his daughter Mary was to be married to her cousin John Wayles, a son of that "Aunt Eppes" with whom little "Polly" had spent some of her early years, and whom she was so loth to leave even to join her father in Paris. Upon being informed of the engagement Jefferson wrote to his eldest daughter, Martha Randolph:

"I receive with inexpressible pleasure the information your letter contained. After your happy establishment, which has given me an inestimable friend, to whom I can leave the care of every thing I love, the only anxiety I had remaining was to see Maria also so associated as to insure her happiness. She could not have been more so to my wishes if I had had the whole earth free to have chosen a partner for her. I now see our fireside formed into a group, no one member of which has a fibre in their composition which can ever produce any jarring or jealousies among us. No irregular passions, no dangerous bias, which may render problematical the future fortunes and happiness of our descendants. We are quieted as to their condition for at least one generation more. In order to keep us all together, instead of a present position in Bedford, as in your case, I think to open and resettle the plantation of Pantops for them. When I look to the ineffable pleasure of my family society, I become more and more disgusted with the jealousies, the hatred, and the rancorous and malignant passions of this scene, and lament my having ever again been drawn into public view. Tranquillity is now my object."

How bitter political animosity had now become is shown in a letter from Jefferson to Edmund Rutlege:

"You and I have seen warm debates and high political passions. But gentlemen of different politics would then speak to each other, and separate the business of the Senate from that of society. It is not so now. Men who have been intimate all their lives cross the streets to avoid meeting, and turn their heads another way lest they should be obliged to touch their hats."

The office of President of the United States is of such dignity that it can hardly be a matter of surprise that Jefferson, in spite of his so often avowed and doubtless sincere desire to retire from public life, accepted the nomination for the Presidency. Of his administration during two terms we shall not speak at all, except in one or two of its social aspects. He determined to appoint no relative to office. To one of his kinsmen he writes:

"The public will never be made to believe that an appointment of a relative is made on the ground of merit alone, uninfluenced by family views; nor can they ever see with approbation offices, the disposal of which they intrust to their Presidents for public purposes, divided out as family property. Mr. Adams degraded himself infinitely by his conduct on this subject, as General Washington had done himself the greatest honor. With two such examples to proceed by, I should be doubly inexcusable to err. It is true that this places the relations of the President in a worse situation than if he were a stranger; but the public good, which can not be effected if its confidence be lost, requires this sacrifice."

Jefferson at once set aside much of stately

formality which had been observed by Washington and Adams. Instead of opening Congress in person by delivering an address, he sent in a written message. He did away with formal levées, the only days on which his doors were thrown open to the public being New-Year's and the Fourth of July, although he at all times received private calls, whether of courtesy or business. Some of the ladies of the capital were vexed at the abolition of levées, and they resolved to force him to continue them. Upon the usual levée day they resorted in full force to the White House. Jefferson was out taking his habitual horseback ride. Upon his return, being informed that the public rooms were filled with ladies in full dress, he went there, booted and spurred and covered with dust. He welcomed his visitors with the utmost courtesy, just as though they had happened to come at the same time by chance. The experiment was never repeated.

His family letters are all marked by the same affection as of old. The spring of 1804 was darkened by a domestic calamity—the death of his daughter Mary. To a letter of condolence he replies:

"My loss is great indeed. Others may lose of their abundance, but I, of my want, have lost even the half of all I had. My evening prospects now hang on the slender thread of a single life. Perhaps I may be destined to see even this last cord of parental affection broken! The hope with which I had looked forward to the moment when, resigning public cares to younger hands, I was to retire to that domestic comfort from which the last great step is to be taken, is fearfully blighted."

Jefferson had in mind to retire from the Presidency at the close of his first term, but his friends insisted upon renominating him, and, besides their urgency, he had some other reasons for acceding. In July, 1804, he wrote:

"I should have retired at the end of the first four years, but that the immense load of Tory calumnies which have been manufactured respecting me, and have filled the European market, have obliged me to appeal once more to my country for justification. I have no fear but that I shall receive honorable testimony by their verdict on these calumnies. At the end of the next four years I shall certainly retire. Age, inclination, and principle all dictate this."

Toward the close of his second term his expressions of longing for retirement grow stronger and more frequent. To one friend he writes: "The weight of public business begins to be too heavy for me, and I long for the enjoyments of rural life, among my books, my farm, and my family." To another: "I am tired of an office where I can do no more good than many others who would be glad to be employed in it. To myself personally it brings nothing but unceasing drudgery and daily loss of friends." To another: "My longings for retirement are so strong that I with difficulty encounter the daily drudgery of my duty."

His grandchildren, of whom he had now seven, the children of Mrs. Randolph, now begin to come in for a share of his letters. To one, a girl of ten, he writes, congratulating her "on

having acquired the valuable art of writing," and sending the old puzzle, "I've seen the sea all in a blaze of fire I've seen a house high as the moon and higher," etc., which, he says, "will be a good lesson to convince you of the importance of minding your stops in writing." To two others, still younger, who had undertaken to raise a colony of silk-worms, which had become reduced to a single spinner, he sends a promise that, "as soon as you can get wedding-gowns from that spinner, you shall be married."

When Jefferson finally returned to his home, says Mrs. Randolph, "his whole demeanor betokened the feelings of one who has been relieved of a heavy and wearisome burden. His family noticed the elasticity of his step while engaged in arranging his books and papers, and not unfrequently heard him humming a favorite air, or singing snatches of old songs which had been almost forgotten since the days of his youth." In a letter to Kosciusko he gives some account of his way of life a few months after his retirement:

"My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark I give to society and recreation with my neighbors and friends; and from candle-light to early bed-time I read. My health is perfect, and my strength considerably re-enforced by the activity of the course I pursue; perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of near sixty-seven years of age. I talk of plows and harrows, of seeding and harvesting, with my neighbors; and of politics too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow-citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do what I please without being responsible for it to any mortal. A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighboring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavor to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science—the freedom and happiness of man."

His grandson thus describes Jefferson's personal appearance at this and subsequent periods of his life:

"His hair, when young, was of a reddish cast; sandy as he advanced in years; his eye, hazel. Dying in his eighty-fourth year, he had not lost a tooth, nor had one defective; his skin thin, peeling from his face on exposure to the sun, and giving it a tettered appearance; the superficial veins so weak as, upon the slightest blow, to cause extensive suffusions of blood; in early life, upon standing to write for any length of time, bursting beneath the skin. It, however, gave him no inconvenience. His countenance was mild and benignant, and attractive to strangers. His stature was commanding—six feet two and a half inches in height—well formed, indicating strength, activity, and robust health; his carriage erect; step firm and elastic, which he preserved to his death; his temper, naturally strong, under perfect control; his courage cool and impassive."

"A bold and fearless rider, you saw at a glance, from his easy and confident seat, that he was master of his horse, which was usually the fine blood-horse of Virginia. The only impatience of temper he ever exhibited was with his horse, which he subdued to his will by a fearless application of the whip on the slightest manifestation of restiveness. He retained to the last his fondness for riding on horseback. He rode within three weeks of his death, when, from disease, debility, and age, he mounted with difficulty. He rode with

confidence, and never permitted a servant to accompany him. He was fond of solitary rides and musing, and said that the presence of a servant annoyed him.

"He always made his own fire. He drank water but once a day, a single glass, when he returned from his ride. He ate heartily, and much vegetable food, preferring French cookery, because it made the meats more tender. He never drank ardent spirits or strong wines. Such was his aversion to ardent spirits that when, in his last illness, his physician desired him to use brandy as an astringent, he could not induce him to take it strong enough.

"His dress was simple, and adapted to his ideas of neatness and comfort. He paid little attention to fashion, wearing whatever he liked best, and sometimes blending the fashions of several different periods. He wore long waistcoats when the mode was for very short; white cambric stocks, fastened behind with a buckle, when cravats were universal. He adopted the pantaloons very late in life, because he found it more comfortable and convenient, and cut off his queue for the same reason. He made no change except from motives of the same kind, and did nothing to be in conformity with the fashion of the day. He considered such independence as the privilege of his age."

Jefferson was supposed to be a rich man. How could the master of the mansion of Monticello, the owner of 10,000 acres, and master of 150 slaves be otherwise? But he had scarcely returned to his home before he found that his affairs were almost hopelessly embarrassed. The struggle against absolute pecuniary ruin, unavailing in the end, lasted through the last fifteen years of his life. Yet running through it was an idyllic charm arising from his intercourse with his daughter and her children. Several of his granddaughters have given their recollections; and these form one of the most pleasing episodes in the book of his great-granddaughter. From these we extract and abridge a few paragraphs, almost at random. One granddaughter writes:

"He loved farming and gardening, the fields, the orchards, and his asparagus beds. Of flowers, too, he was very fond. I remember the planting of the first hyacinths and tulips. The precious roots were committed to the earth under his own eye, with a crowd of happy young faces of his grandchildren clustering around to see the process, and inquire anxiously the name of each separate deposit. In the morning, immediately after breakfast, he used to visit his flower beds and gardens. In the summer, as the day grew warmer he retired to his own apartments, where he remained until about one o'clock. My mother would sometimes send me on a message to him. A gentle knock, a call, 'Come in,' and I would enter, with a mixed feeling of love and reverence, and some pride in being the bearer of a communication to one whom I approached with all the affection of a child, and something of the loyalty of a subject."

Another granddaughter writes:

"My grandfather's manners to us, his grandchildren, were *delightful*; I can characterize them by no other word. He talked with us freely, affectionately; never lost an opportunity of giving a pleasure or a good lesson. He reproved without wounding us, and commended without making us vain. He took pains to correct our errors and false ideas, checked the bold, encouraged the timid, and tried to teach us to reason soundly and feel rightly. Our smaller follies he treated with good-humored raillery; our graver ones with kind and serious admonition.

"As a child, I used to follow him about, and draw as near to him as I could. I remember when I was small enough to sit on his knee and play with his watch-chain. As a girl, I would join him in his walks

on the terrace, sit with him over the fire during the winter twilight, or by the open windows in summer. As child, girl, and woman, I loved and honored him above all earthly beings. And well I might. From him seemed to flow all the pleasures of my life. To him I owed all the small blessings and joyful surprises of my childish and girlish years. I was fond of riding, and was rising above that childish simplicity when, provided I was mounted on a horse, I cared nothing for my equipments, and when an old saddle or broken bridle were matters of no moment. I was beginning to be fastidious, but I had never told my wishes. I was standing one bright day in the portico, when a man rode up to the door with a beautiful lady's saddle and bridle before him. My heart bounded. These coveted articles were deposited at my feet. My grandfather came out of his room to tell me they were mine. When about fifteen years old I began to think of a watch, but knew the state of my father's finances promised no such indulgence. One afternoon the letter-bag was brought in. Among the letters was a small packet addressed to my grandfather. It had the Philadelphia mark upon it. I looked at it with indifferent, incurious eye. Three hours after an elegant lady's watch, with chain and seals, was in my hand, which trembled for very joy. My Bible came from him, my Shakspeare, my first writing-table, my first handsome writing-desk, my first Leghorn hat, my first silk dress. What, in short, of all my small treasures did not come from him?"

Still another granddaughter writes:

"I can not describe the feelings of veneration, admiration, and love that existed in my heart toward him. I looked on him as a being too great and good for my comprehension; and yet I felt no fear to approach him, and be taught by him some of the childish sports that I delighted in. When he walked in the garden, and would call the children to go with him, we raced after and before him, and we were made perfectly happy by this permission to accompany him. Not one of us, in our wildest moods, ever placed a foot on one of the garden beds, for that would violate one of his rules; and yet I never heard him utter a harsh word to one of us, or speak in a raised tone of voice, or use a threat. He simply said, 'Do,' or 'Do not.' He would gather fruit for us, seek out the ripest figs, or bring down the cherries from on high above our heads with a long stick, at the end of which there was a hook and little net bag.... One of our earliest amusements was in running races on the terrace, or around the lawn. He placed us according to our ages, giving the youngest and smallest the start of all the others by some yards, and so on; and then he raised his arm high, with his white handkerchief in his hand, on which our eager eyes were fixed, and slowly counted three, at which number he dropped the handkerchief, and we started off to finish the race by returning to the starting-place, and receiving our reward of dried fruit—three figs, prunes, or dates to the victor, two to the second, and one to the lagging who came in last. Often he discovered, we knew not how, some cherished object of our desires, and the first intimation we had of his knowing the wish was its unexpected gratification. Sister Anne gave a silk dress to sister Ellen. Cornelia (then eight or ten years old), going up stairs, involuntarily expressed aloud some feelings which possessed her bosom on the occasion by saying, 'I never had a silk dress in my life.' The next day a silk dress came from Charlottesville to Cornelia, and (to make the rest of us equally happy) also a pair of pretty dresses for Mary and myself."

We pass as lightly as possible over the matter of the pecuniary troubles which darkened Jefferson's last years. They arose primarily from his almost continual absence from his estates, which, when he at last returned to them, were almost ruined by bad management, while in none of his offices, except that of Vice-President, had his salary equaled his expenses.

Still the estates were so extensive that under ordinary circumstances they might have been brought into order. But the war of 1812 was ruinous to the Southern planter. He himself describes the state of affairs during the war:

"By the total annihilation in value of the produce which was to give me subsistence and independence, I shall be, like Tantalus, up to the shoulders in water, yet dying with thirst. We can make, indeed, enough to eat, drink, and clothe ourselves; but nothing for our salt, iron, groceries, and taxes, which must be paid in money. For what can we raise for the market? Wheat? we can only give it to our horses, as we have been doing ever since harvest. Tobacco? it is not worth the pipe it is smoked in. Some say whisky; but all mankind must become drunkards to consume it."

Mr. Benton thus characterizes the state of the country soon after the war:

"No price for property or produce; no sales but those of the sheriff and the marshal; no purchasers at the execution sales but the creditor or some hoarder of money; no employment for industry; no demand for labor; no sale for the product of the farm; no sound of the hammer but that of the auctioneer knocking down property. Stop laws, property laws, replevin laws, stay laws, loan-office laws, the intervention of the legislator between the creditor and the debtor—this was the business of legislation in three-fourths of the States of the Union—of all south and west of New England."

During all this time the necessary—or what seemed necessary—expenses of Jefferson's household were enormous, owing to the constant influx of visitors. There were few eminent men who did not consider it a sort of duty to "pay their respects" to Jefferson. They came of all nations, at all times, and for all lengths of time. One New England judge, for example, brought a mere letter of introduction, and tarried three weeks. One of Jefferson's granddaughters writes:

"We had persons from abroad, from all the States of the Union, from every part of the State—men, women, and children. In short, almost every day, for at least eight months of the year, brought its contingent of guests. People of wealth, fashion, men in office, professional men—military and civil—lawyers, doctors, Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests, members of Congress, foreign ministers, missionaries, Indian agents, tourists, travelers, artists, strangers, friends. Some came from affection and respect, some from curiosity, some to give or receive advice or instruction, some from idleness, some because others set the example."

Monticello, moreover, was some miles distant—and by very rough roads—from any tavern. Visitors, even the most casual, could only arrive late in the day. According to the old Virginian views of hospitality, it could hardly be omitted that they should be asked to dinner; and, as all rode or drove over, their horses and drivers must also be cared for. Many, indeed, came so late that it seemed unavoidable that they should be invited to stay overnight. Mrs. Randolph said that she had once been unexpectedly called upon to provide accommodations for the night for fifty persons. It was like keeping a large hotel where no bills were to be paid. Jefferson was, in the most literal sense of the phrase, "eaten out of house and

home" by people who really thought they were rendering him a compliment by "paying their respects."

As early as 1815 he had found it necessary to raise money apart from his usual receipts. He offered his valuable library for sale to Congress. For this he received \$23,950. This sum proved only a temporary relief. In 1816 he placed the management of his affairs in the hands of his young grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph. The young man did all that man could do, and in the effort to relieve his grandfather sunk the whole of his own large patrimony. In 1825 his affairs had come to a crisis. Money must be had to meet his debts. No one could be found who could or would buy his still unproductive landed property; but still there were, doubtless, many who would risk a small sum for the chance of gaining a large estate. Jefferson proposed to dispose of his lands by lottery. To enable him to do this required a special act of the Virginia Legislature. He asked for this legal permission. "To me," he wrote, "it is almost a question of life and death.....If it is permitted, my lands, mills, etc., will pay every thing, and will leave me Monticello and a farm free. If refused, I must sell every thing here, perhaps considerably in Bedford, move thither with my family, where I have not even a log-hut to put my head into, and where ground for burial will depend on the depredations which, under the form of sales, shall have been committed on my property."

The Legislature doubted and haggled, but finally passed the bill. Meanwhile private persons, learning of his distress, sent him something. From New York came \$8500; from Philadelphia \$5000; from Baltimore \$3000. But this was all swallowed up in part payment of debts. From his own State of Virginia came an abundance of fair words, but nothing more. Before the lottery scheme could be carried into execution Jefferson had passed from earth, his death having been preceded by a few weeks by that of Anne Bankhead, his eldest granddaughter. Six months after his death his furniture was sold at auction to pay his debts; Monticello was advertised for sale at the street corners; and Martha Randolph, who, in a letter written almost with his dying hand, is called "my dear and beloved daughter, the cherished companion of my early life, and the nurse of my age," went forth apparently penniless into the world. One gleam of light shines through this gloom. On learning the destitute condition in which Mrs. Randolph was left, the Legislatures of South Carolina and Louisiana each granted her a donation of \$10,000—"acts," so writes one of those descendants, "which will ever be gratefully remembered by the descendants of Martha Jefferson."

Two episodes which marked the later years of Jefferson's life must be noted before we record its closing scenes.

During the fierce political struggles of 1805 and the following years an estrangement had

sprung up between Adams and Jefferson. Both old friends longed for a reconciliation. This, by the intervention of Benjamin Rush, took place in 1812, Adams making the first direct advance, to which Jefferson warmly responded. "My dear old friend," he writes, "a letter from you calls up recollections very dear to my heart. It carries me back to the times when, beset with difficulties and dangers, we were fellow-laborers in the same cause, struggling for what is most valuable to man—his right to self-government.....No circumstances have suspended for one moment my sincere esteem for you, and I now salute you with unchanged affection and respect."

There are few of Jefferson's many letters more characteristic than those written after this date to Adams. In 1816 he writes: "You ask if I would agree to live my seventy, or rather seventy-three, years over again. To which I say, yea. I think, with you, that it is a good world, on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us.....I steer my bark with Hope in the head, leaving Fear far astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes fail, but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy." Again, in 1818, upon learning of the death of Mrs. Adams: "Tried myself in the school of affliction by the loss of every form of connection which can rive the human heart, I know well and feel well what you have suffered, are suffering, and have yet to endure. It is some comfort to us both that the term is not very distant at which we are to deposit in the same cerement our sorrows and suffering bodies, and to ascend in essence to an ecstatic meeting with the friends we have loved and lost, and whom we shall still love and never lose again. God bless you, and support you under your heavy affliction!" These are the words of one who has been held up as an atheist. Again, in 1822: "It is very long, my dear Sir, since I have written to you. My dislocated wrist is now become so stiff that I write slowly and with pain, and therefore write as little as I can. Yet it is due to mutual friendship to ask once in a while how we do. The papers tell us that General Stark is off at the age of ninety-three. Charles Thompson still lives at about the same age—cheerful, slender as a grasshopper, and so much without memory that he scarcely recognizes the members of his household.....I have ever dreaded a dotting old age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter has made me hope sometimes that I see land. During summer I enjoy its temperature; but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse, and only wake with him in spring, if ever."

In the same year he writes to Adams complaining of the burden of his correspondence. "I happened," he says, "to turn to my letter-list some time ago, and a curiosity was excited to count those received in a single year. It was

the year before last. I found the number to be one thousand two hundred and sixty-seven, many of them requiring answers of elaborate research, and all to be answered with due attention and consideration. Is this life? At best it is the life of a mill-horse, who sees no end to his circle but in death." In 1823, in a letter to Adams, is found the estimate of the character of Napoleon already quoted. In the same year: "Crippled wrists and fingers make writing slow and laborious. But while writing to you I lose the sense of these things in the recollection of ancient times when youth and health made happiness out of every thing. I forget for a while the hoary winter of age, when we can think of nothing but how to keep ourselves warm, and how to get rid of our heavy hours until the friendly hand of death shall rid us of all at once." He then goes on to speak of a "hobby on which he was fortunately mounted;" this being "the establishment of a university on a scale more comprehensive, and in a country more healthy and central, than our old William and Mary." The University of Virginia was indeed the work of Jefferson's last years, and in the epitaph which he wrote for himself it is one of the three things recorded. He describes himself as "Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia;" directing that, save name and date of birth and death, there should be "not a word more" placed on his monument.

Jefferson's last letter to Adams was written March 26, 1826, three months and five days before that Fourth of July when both passed from earth. It reads:

"DEAR SIR,—My grandson, Thomas J. Randolph, the bearer of this letter, being on a visit to Boston, would think he had seen nothing were he to leave without seeing you. Although I truly sympathize with you in the trouble these interruptions give, yet I must ask for him permission to pay to you his personal respects. Like other young people he wishes to be able, in the winter nights of old age, to recount to those around him what he has heard and learned of the heroic age preceding his birth, and which of the Argonauts individually he has seen.

"It was the lot of our early years to witness nothing but the dull monotony of a colonial subservience, and of our riper years to breast the perils of working out of it. Theirs are the halcyon calms succeeding the storms which our argosy had so stoutly weathered. Gratify his ambition, then, by receiving his best bow, and my solicitude for your health by enabling him to bring me a favorable account of it. Mine is but indifferent, but not so my friendship and respect for you."

In 1824 Lafayette visited America, after an absence of more than forty years. At Jefferson's urgent request he visited him at Monticello. Their meeting is thus described by an eye-witness:

"The lawn on the eastern side of the house at Monticello contains not quite an acre. On this spot was the meeting of Jefferson and Lafayette on the latter's visit to the United States. The barouche containing Lafayette stopped at the edge of this lawn. His escort—one hundred and twenty mounted men—formed on one side in a semicircle extending from the carriage to the house. A crowd of about two hundred men, who were

drawn together by curiosity to witness the meeting of these two venerable men, formed themselves in a semi-circle on the opposite side. As Lafayette descended from the carriage Jefferson descended the steps of the portico. The scene which followed was touching. Jefferson was feeble and tottering with age—Lafayette permanently lamed and broken in health by his long confinement in the dungeon of Olmütz. As they approached each other their uncertain gait quickened itself into a shuffling run, and exclaiming, 'Ah, Jefferson!' 'Ah, Lafayette!' they burst into tears as they fell into each other's arms. Among the four hundred men witnessing the scene there was not a dry eye—no sound save an occasional suppressed sob. The two old men entered the house as the crowd dispersed in profound silence."

Early in the spring of 1826 the health of Jefferson began to fail. He told his grandson that he thought he might last till midsummer. From that time the decline went on, slowly but surely, until the 24th of June. On that day he wrote to his physician, Dr. Dunglison, asking him to visit him, as he "was not so well." On the same day he wrote a letter to General Weightman in reply to an invitation to attend, at Washington, a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. He declined the invitation on the score of ill health. This letter, the last which he ever wrote, evinced that, however feeble in body, his mental vigor was unimpaired. For a week more he sunk more rapidly. He, as well as all others, knew that the end was at hand. Once his grandson told him that he thought there was some improvement in the symptoms. "Do not imagine for a moment," was the reply, "that I feel the smallest solicitude about the result. I am like an old watch, with a pinion worn out here, and a wheel there, until it can go no longer." Once, on being suddenly aroused from sleep, he thought he heard the name of the clergyman at whose church he attended. "I have no objection to see him," said Jefferson, "as a kind friend and good neighbor." The grandson, to whom this was said, understood from this that, his religious opinions having been formed upon mature study and reflection, he did not desire the attendance of a clergyman in his official capacity.

His parting interview with his family, on the 2d of July, was calm and composed. He told his daughter that in an old pocket-book in a certain drawer she would find something intended for her. This proved to be these few lines of verse, composed by himself:

A DEATH-BED ADIEU FROM TH. J. TO M. R.

Life's visions are vanished, its dreams are no more;
Dear friends of my bosom, why bathed in tears?
I go to my fathers; I welcome the shore
Which crowns all my hopes, or which buries my cares.
Then farewell, my dear, my loved daughter, adieu!
The last pang of life is in parting from you.
Two seraphs await me long shrouded in death;
I will bear them your love on my last parting breath.

To his grandchildren he spoke many words of calm and serene wisdom, impressing upon them admonitions, the cardinal points of which were "to pursue virtue, be true and truthful." One of the children, a lad of eight years, seemed somewhat bewildered. "George," said the old

patriarch, with a smile, "does not understand what all this means." Then, when all had been said, Jefferson murmured, lowly but audibly, those words which have murmured through men's hearts for eighteen centuries: "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace."

On the next day, Monday, July 3, his slumbers were evidently those of approaching dissolution. He slept until evening, and then awoke, seeming to think it was morning, saying, "Is this the Fourth of July?" "It soon will be," was the reply. Then he sank again to slumber. At nine in the evening he was aroused to take his medicine. "No, doctor, nothing more," he answered, in a clear, distinct voice, and fell into a disturbed slumber. In his sleep he sat up in his bed, went through the forms of writing, spoke of the Committee of Safety, and said it ought to be warned.

As midnight approached, the friends stood watch in hand, hoping for yet a few minutes of life, so that his death might be hallowed by taking place on the glorious Fourth. Their pious wish was granted. He still lived. At four o'clock in the morning he spoke in a clear voice, perfectly conscious of his wants. These were his last audible words; but still he lived as the slow hours wore on. At ten he made some sign, which his faithful old servant understood to indicate a desire that his head should be raised. At eleven he opened his eyes and moved his lips. A wet sponge was placed to his mouth; this he sucked with apparent relish. This was the last evidence of consciousness which he gave. At fifty minutes past noon he had ceased to breathe.

All through these hours a similar scene had been enacted hundreds of miles away. On that same day, a few hours earlier, died John Adams, the senior of Jefferson by eight years. Just half a century before, the Declaration of Independence, that immortal document whereof one of these two dying men was the author, and the other the most eloquent advocate, had been formally put forth to all future ages as the cornerstone upon which was to be built the structure of the United States of America.

MIDSUMMER.

It is midsummer, the sweet midsummer—
Poor Daffodil blossom! what's that to thee?
Thou hast no part in its golden glow—
Thy time of blooming was long ago;
Thou hast no share in its silver dew—
It will not wake thee to life anew.
What sadder fate can the Autumn bring
Than Summer does to a flower of Spring?

It is midsummer, my life's midsummer—
My sorrowing Heart! what's that to thee?
Its joys are things that I can not share—
'Tis not for me that its days are fair;
For Love for me was an April flower,
Whose beauty went with the passing hour.
What sadder fate can the Autumn bring
Than Summer does to a flower of Spring?

UNCLE NATHAN'S CHARITY.

BLACK Dinah, the factotum of Wellsford, had been all day cleaning paint and windows for Mrs. Prescott, and now, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, she had settled down, with square-elbowed comfort, to take her nooning in a strengthening cup of tea off the end of the kitchen table. Old Dinah had lived long enough in Wellsford to establish a reputation. She had her rights and privileges secured; and nobody thought of checking the free flow of her conversational powers.

"Lor' bress you, honey," said she, her face aglow under the wisp of cotton handkerchief twisted about her head; "I'm as chirk as de robin on de lim'; for if I can't do chorin', I kin do nussin', and nussin' is pretty ginral; but if nussin' runs short, dar's washin', dats mighty stiddy; and it's all along of Mass' Prescott. Pomp and me we 'lows dat; for he am de frend of poor folks; and if dey be cullud, makes no diffrence whatsomedever."

"I guess he's a clever man," responded Mrs. Prescott, with a strong Yankee accent, as, mounted on a chair, she set away the medicine bottles on the top shelf of the cupboard, which had just been scrubbed sweet and clean; "for I've summered and wintered with him over thirty-five years. He lets me fume and fret, and don't check up hard, for he knows I'm tender-bitted. Mother took things hard, and I'm like her. But I don't say he ain't trying sometimes. I tell him charity begins to home, and his notion is that every poor, miserable tramp and vagabones comes along is his kin. He brings 'em in, tracking the floor, and smoking their dirty old pipes in my window-curtains, till I haven't a mite of patience left."

"Bress your heart, chile," responded Dinah, like a great black peace-and-plenty, at the same time lifting a capacious blue saucer to her lips, "Mass' Prescott mines what de Lord Jesus says 'bout sittin' down wid publicums and sinners. I don't specs dey was de same publicums we has nowadays what 'lected Mass' Linkum. I reckon, honey, dey was only poor white trash."

"Well," said Mrs. Prescott, in answer to Dinah's profound philosophical remark, as she got down off the chair, "I hope to goodness there won't any poor, miserable creeter come along to-day that 'll have to be took in and fed. There ain't a mossle cooked in the house, and every thing is in the suds. The stair-carpet is up, and all the chambers are turned out of the windows. I had to put off house-cleaning a week on account of that coleporter that was staying here. Husband ain't a professing Christian, but I guess he feeds more ministers than any man in Wellsford. Coleporter must mean peddler in plain English, for he had a package of books to sell. I took a squint into his sack, and there wasn't but one extra shirt, and that was ragged; and his socks were all in holes. I tucked in a couple of pairs I'd been knitting

for husband; but I kept whist about it, for I thought he'd think it looked shaller after all I'd said. It did me good, though, to see the poor soul eat. I don't believe he'd had a full meal of victuals for a month; and when he began to drink milk I got scart fairly to see him take such a pull; it did seem as though he was holler clear through."

"Specs he was, honey," returned Dinah, wagging her head profoundly, "ef he b'long to de lean kine. 'Pears like dey neber can get enuf; but Mass' Prescott feeds 'em all alike, as de sun shine on de ebil and de good. Dars some folks, honey, dat tink deys a leetle better dan de Lord, but Mass' Prescott ain't one o' dem kine. Poor brack folks, ef dey is ignorance, knows when de Lord is smilin'; and if I goes fuss to de kingdom, and de door is shut, and Gabrel won't open it nohow for ole Dinah, I jess wait till Mass' Prescott comes along, and den I ketch a holt of his coat tail; for he neber would be happy in Abraham's bosom ef he knew dar was some poor creeter a-moanin', and a-beatin' at de gate."

Old Dinah took up her scrubbing pail and went off to purify the front chamber with soap and water; but Mrs. Prescott sank down in her favorite rocking-chair in a long stream of spring sunshine, with the contents of the buttery standing about her on the kitchen floor. Pots and pans, pickle jars and preserve crocks, had been remorselessly turned out of their dwelling-place in the misery of house-cleaning. The good woman's hair was tousled. She had dropped her collar off somewhere, and her work-apron was twisted half round her body, over the worst calico dress she possessed. There was a glimpse of a clean white stocking and a tidy shoe underneath, but the tired flush on her face made her regardless of outside appearances. She put her head back wearily against the cushion of her old rocking-chair, that seemed at that moment the best friend she had in the world, and thought to herself that she would like to creep away from all the dirt and confusion into some hole and sleep a week. Young leaves were fluttering upon the doorway trees; the pink lips of the orchard buds were gently expanding; the lilac-bushes by the window were tasseled all over with purple blossoms; the greensward was resplendent with splintering sunbeams and golden dandelions. There poor tired Mrs. Prescott was nodding in her chair, with a great blue-bottle fly buzzing about her head, and tortured by a dream of the house turned topsy-turvy, with Deacon Minturn, his wife, and thirteen children just arrived to spend the night.

"Hullo, here! are all the folks asleep? or ain't there any of you to home?"

Mrs. Prescott woke with a start, and there was the good-natured face of a countryman thrust over the sill. He was a young fellow, with a big upper jaw and shovel teeth. He wore a long tow frock over his other clothes, and carried an ox-goad.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Welcome?"

"Yes, marm. I made a pretty considerable of a row round these diggings, but I couldn't start any body, so I thought I'd come and peek in at the window. I've got a yoke of pesky cattle round by the gate. They ain't more than half broke, and will run like all possessed if they take a notion to; so I can't stop; but here's a letter I got for your folks out of the post-office." He threw a buff envelope in at the window, and then clattered back along the plank walk that ran round the house.

"Why, it's from Ray," said Mrs. Prescott to herself, as she adjusted her specs over the bridge of her nose, and proceeded to slit the end of the cover. "He says he's coming home a month earlier than he allowed—will be here next week. Dear me, how glad we shall be to see the boy! such a great lummux as he has grown—always playing his pranks."

Ray was the youngest son. The other children had married and settled at a distance from home. He had been through college, and was teaching in an academy; and yet his parents hoped he would eventually come and live on the old place.

"I am getting up an appetite for your bread-and-butter, doughnuts, and baked beans," the letter ran. "Boarding-house hash don't agree with my constitution, but it don't seem to 'stunt' my growth, for I have quite stretched out of the sleeves of my best coat."

"Growing!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott, aloud, "and he is six feet in his socks this blessed minute." She sighed to herself as she thought of the way the big fellow had of stalking into the house, and throwing open doors and windows, admitting flies, light, and dust, her three abominations; how he would stretch himself on the best sofa, and crumple the tidies up under his back, and preach about not having any thing in a house too good to use. Besides, Ray had sworn off against sleeping on feathers, and against fried pork. He was always exhorting her to observe the laws of health, and, like many other matrons of her class, the excellent woman did not love the laws of health, therefore she sighed as she looked at the confusion around her, and thought she almost wished her great boy, with his new-fangled notions, had put off coming home until house-cleaning was over.

Dinah had mopped up the sloppy floor, and set things in train for supper; and now she untucked the skirt of her dress, and rolled down her sleeves, and pinned a bright plaid shawl over her shoulders, with a comfortable sense that she was going back to Pompey and the little home cabin.

"I's be right smart 'bout comin' roun' 'n de mornin'," said she, "so don't bodder. Pompey tole me to ax you for de loan ob an ole book-tionary, Missy Prescott, to pick out de big words for his preachment up at de Corners. De brack folks like a big soun' mighty well, an' I specs dey ain't de only ones."

"Dictionary," repeated Mrs. Prescott, help-

lessly. "I haven't the faintest idea where it's to be found."

"Neber mine. Pomp kin make up de words out ob his own head, an' if de folks don't know what dey mean, dey'll tink he's powerful smart preacher."

Dinah took up the little tin bucket filled with buttermilk which Mrs. Prescott had given her, and trotted out of the yard gate and off down the road, where the sun was shining low and level, making the grass blades sparkle with hundreds of diamonds. A gentle breeze ran along the tops of the fruit-trees, where the blossoms were ripest, and shook down showers of white petals. Sweet perfumes came up along the stone walls, where blue violets had opened their eyes, and buttercups were beginning to nod. Far ahead Dinah could see the brown roadway, and the shady bridge, and the turn-out through the creek, where peppermint was growing. Beyond that point something was kicking up a great dust against the sun, with rattling wheels and the beat of horses' hoofs. There were two teams running a race, and presently a white horse and green-bodied democrat wagon hove in sight.

"Bress my ole eyes, if dar ain't Mass' Prescott drivin' like split!" thought Dinah. "And he's got somebody in wid him; an' ef it's company he's takin' home, I 'lows he'll ketch it."

In a moment more the democrat wagon was alongside; and Uncle Nathan, as he was called, spoke cheerily to old Dinah, who stood courtesying and beaming upon him from the path. There was a young girl on the seat beside him, wrapped in a large blanket-shawl. Her face was pale, lit by a pair of loving brown eyes, with the patient look that comes from illness.

"I hope you didn't get scart," said Uncle Nathan to his companion, as he turned the butt end of his long new whip in the hollow of his hand, and let old White breathe after the stretcher he had given him. "I know it looks kind of weak to see an old fellow like me racing horses; but I do like to take the conceit out of them boys. Mike Higgins yonder thinks his black mare can say good-by to any thing on the road."

"Oh, I wasn't frightened a bit," replied the young girl, glancing up into his face with a flush of healthy excitement, which made her almost beautiful. "I liked it, for it's more than a year since I've had a real country ride."

"That's too bad," said Uncle Nathan, switching away at the grass and weeds by the roadside. "No wonder you look so peaked. You've been cooped up in a close room while you were getting your growth, like a potato that's sprouted in the cellar. But there's lots of air up here in Wellsford. It don't cost nothing; and you must take the breath of the cows—they say it's good for weakly folks—and drink all the new milk you want. I sha'n't let you touch a needle till you begin to plump up; but I guess it won't hurt you any to do a little light chorin' round."

"Oh, how kind you are!" returned the young girl, with her soft eyes growing humid. "You know, Mr. Prescott, I should like to pay my way. I never mean to be a burden so long as I can crawl round; but I'm afraid your wife won't be glad to see me. She'll think I'm intruding."

"Pshaw! don't call me Mr. Prescott. Call me Uncle Nathan, or Uncle Nate, I don't care which; and you needn't fret about the folks to home." They had gained now a little rise of ground, from which the well-shaded homestead could be seen, and the face of the kind-hearted man clouded over a little in spite of his reassuring words. "I forgot all about its being house-cleaning time," he added; "and Patty—that's my wife—may scold me some for bringing you home when the house is in such a mess, for she's an awful neat woman; but I never mind what she says when she's tuckered out, and you mustn't. She's easy riled when she's tired, like other folks; but her heart is just as soft as a baby's; and in less than a week I shouldn't wonder if she was most eat up with you."

"Oh, I hope she'll let me love her, I like you so much. I can't remember my father. He died when I was a little thing; but I'm sure he must have seemed just as you do."

Such loving innocence and trust looked out of the brown eyes into his that Uncle Nathan felt his kind old heart growing warm and soft. He turned and put his big brown hand over the little hand that lay on the shawl.

"Your name is Charity, ain't it?" said he. "That's a good name, and I guess I shall have to call you my Charity; for I hain't got ary girl of my own."

There wasn't much more said, and Charity sat still, and looked at the stars, which were kindling in the purple sky. When they drove into the yard in the brown dusk Mrs. Prescott was gazing rather grimly out of the window.

"You just sit here and hold on to the lines, while I run into the house a minute," said Uncle Nathan. Charity's heart sank as she realized that he had gone to reconnoitre the interior on her behalf; but, nevertheless, she could see by the remnant of daylight left that it was a nice old place, with green fields about it, and a great, comfortable garden.

"Now I want to know if you've brought somebody home with you, Nathan Prescott?" was the greeting of his wife, in no very pleasant tone of voice, as he crossed the threshold. "It's a burning shame if you have, for I'm up to my eyes in work; and a man that had a particle of feeling for his women folks wouldn't pile things on in house-cleaning time. I'm so tired I can scarcely draw one foot before the other." She dropped down on a chair, and put her handkerchief to her eyes with a deeply injured air.

"Now don't take on so, wife," said Uncle Nathan, soothingly. "Wait till you hear my story. She's a poor young seamstress, that's

got a hacking cough and a pain in the side, and wouldn't last long bending all day over the machine, and wearing her life away in Miss Bright's shop. Dr. Mayhew spoke to me about her. Says he, 'You like to do a good deed now and then, and if you'd befriend the young thing, and take her out to your place to recruit, it would be an act of Christian charity.'"

"You might have considered me," broke in Mrs. Prescott. "I'm in a pretty plight to wait on sick folks, when there ain't a chair in the house that's fit to ask any body to sit down on."

"She don't need a mite of waiting on," returned Uncle Nathan, still more coaxingly. "They've kept her shut up in that shop till she's begun to wilt, but a little light house-work out here won't hurt her a bit."

Mrs. Prescott made no reply. She turned about impatiently, and began drumming on the window-pane, while the meat for supper frizzled and fried over the stove. Uncle Nathan stepped back to the wagon to help out Charity.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Prescott won't be glad to see me," said she, timidly.

"Pshaw!" returned Uncle Nathan, with assumed bravado. "Don't you worry about that. She's tired out cleaning house; and it's enough to make a saint touchy."

"This is Charity Fillmore," said he, as he preceded the shrinking young girl into the kitchen, with his arms filled with grocery bundles. Mrs. Prescott was standing up, long and hopeless, by the table, lighting a candle. She gave merely a cold nod, and pointed to a chair, and poor Charity slid into it, with her heart as heavy as lead. She was tasting the bitterness of the unwelcome guest.

"Charity might as well sleep up in the middle chamber," said Uncle Nathan, trying to be cheery. "She can go right up there, can't she, and take her things off?"

"There ain't but one bed up in the house, and things are all in heaps every where," returned his wife, rather glumly, as she drew some potatoes from the steaming pot on the end of a long fork.

"Never mind, Charity; you come with me, and we will soon make a shakedown that will answer for one night." They went up stairs together, and pretty soon the chamber door opened, and Mrs. Prescott called out, "Supper's ready!"

On descending they found her seated at the table, looking woe-begone. She had poured out three cups of tea, and was dishing the stewed peaches.

"Ain't you going to eat any thing, Patty?" inquired Uncle Nathan, as he cut the meat, while his wife settled back in her chair, and put her hand wearily up to her face.

"No; my head aches, and I'm too tired to touch a mouthful; but I'll try and swallow a cup of tea."

"If you are going to have one of your bad headaches you'd better go right to bed, and let me straighten things out for the night. The

dishes can stand until old Dinah comes in the morning."

"I could wash the dishes if you would let me," said Charity, a little timidly. "My aunt, who brought me up, taught me house-work. It was after she died that I had to go into the shop."

Mrs. Prescott looked at the girl, and saw that she had a modest face, almost pathetic from its pallor, large eyes, and silky brown hair that went rippling all over her small but shapely head.

The result was that Charity was allowed to wash the dishes. Uncle Nathan brought in the wood for the night, and piled it up by the stove with some kindlings and shavings. Then he came and stood by Charity where she was working away at the sink.

"You mustn't feel homesick," said he, in his kindly way, "for bimeby we shall get slicked up, and things will seem different. I should be sorry if the croaking of them frogs over in the pond made you lonesome."

"There isn't any danger," returned Charity. "I know what a pretty old place this must be in the day-time; and the grass and trees and blue sky are just as new to me as if I had never seen them before."

"I want you to make yourself at home," returned Uncle Nathan; "and I guess you'll like to hunt hens' nests in the barn. You may ride old White round through the lots if you take a notion. It won't do you a mite of harm to play tomboy. Mother and me we ain't much company for young folks; but Ray will be home next week." Charity longed to ask who Ray was; but she kept still, and he lifted his big hand and laid it gently on her head. "How soft your hair is!" said he. "It's like the silk that comes on corn when it begins to tassel out."

The words were nothing, but the manner was exceedingly kind. The young girl had never been treated so before by a great, tender-hearted man, whose nature was both fatherly and motherly. The tears welled up into her eyes. She longed to tell him how much she thanked him, but the sentence grew too big, and staid in her throat.

Charity did not cough once during the night; and when the first rays of sunlight were dawning through her chamber window, and the air was vibrating with the music of birds, and the cattle, churning their great mouths and letting out clouds of fragrant breath, were rising from their knees in the dewy pastures, she woke to hear somebody making a cautious movement down stairs around the kitchen stove. Presently there was a stealthy step through to the shed, and then a man's voice broke out singing "Windham," as if a sense of the goodness and mercy of God was pent up inside of him, and must find expression. Charity crept out of bed and slipped on her clothes, and went softly down stairs. Uncle Nathan had opened the window and let out the smoke, and now he was lifting the iron tea-kettle to its place over the fire.

"Why, if the little girl ain't up and dressed!" said he, pleasantly. "I hope I didn't disturb you with my racket and poor singing. I never could carry a tune square through in my life; but there's something in my feelings that's always trying to sing, just the same. Did you sleep first-rate?"

"Oh, I slept in clover, and didn't wake to cough once. How pretty it is here!" she cried, as she bent out of the window and inhaled a deep breath of the sweet morning air, loaded with perfume from the orchard, where the gnarled branches of the apple-trees fairly bent under a tempest of white blossoms.

"A snuff of this air is rather better than them smells that come up from the gutters. I've got too sharp a nose to live in a town, and I take more comfort before the rest of the folks are up than I do any other time of day. I thought I'd give the breakfast a lift, for Patty is clean tired out."

"You must let me help you," said Charity. "It would be so nice to get it all ready before we call her."

"You may set the table if you've a mind to. My fingers are all thumbs when I go to do that kind of work; and then we'll see what can be picked up. There is cold meat, and we can boil some eggs, and have a cup of coffee; but I haven't come across any bread in the cupboard."

"Never mind," said Charity, with enthusiasm; "I can make a lovely johnny-cake after aunt's recipe."

Between them the johnny-cake was concocted; and after Uncle Nathan had gone to milk the cows, while Charity was watching the oven as if all her hopes in life depended on its contents, Mrs. Prescott's bedroom door opened, and she came out, looking tall and thin, clad in a straight morning-wrapper, with her hair skewered on each side in little hard rings.

"Merciful Peter! I guess Nathan has been showing you all the dirt and confusion," said she, shutting the buttery door with a slam. "Men never do mind how things look." Nevertheless, her voice was pleasant. She had had a good night's rest, and she must have been made of much sterner stuff than in fact she was not to have relented at sight of the neatly spread table, with its glass of sweet-smelling lilacs and snow-balls which Charity had found time to gather, and at the modest, home-like young presence which ruled so deftly over the kitchen. She did not say in so many words that she was glad to have breakfast all ready to sit down to, without taking any pains herself. It wasn't her way. But she watched Charity cutting the johnny-cake, that turned out as light as a feather, and then she inquired after her cough, and prescribed some of her favorite mixture.

"Don't begin to dose the girl, Patty," said Uncle Nathan, coming in with a pail foaming over with new milk. "I guess all the doctoring she needs is plenty of out-doors, and good country fare."

Charity was very happy that day. She got "plenty of out-doors," as Uncle Nathan called it, and every where there were blossoms and bird-music and a whole world of beauty. Before night she had ransacked the barn, and got acquainted with old White, the cows, pigs, and chickens, and a colony of little blind kittens. She had been down to the back lots, along a shady lane, and had found the places where Ray used to build dams in the pretty gold-green brook running beneath willow-trees, and alder-bushes flecked with a foam of white blossoms. She wondered if Ray was like his father—just such a tall, cheery man, with kind, beaming eyes.

A week had passed by; the worst agony of house-cleaning was over, and things were beginning to slip back into their comfortable old ruts. There was a nice smell of fresh white-wash about the kitchen and buttery. The sitting-room carpet was down. Clean dimity curtains fell over the spotless windows. The old spider-legged tables were back in their places. Uncle Nathan had had his file of the *Tribune* restored to him, close at hand against the back of his easy-chair, which had been covered afresh with clean, starched chintz. Now he was coming along with his coat over his arm, for the day was warm. He stopped by the window and peeped through the scarlet runners and morning-glory vines to note what was passing within. There sat Mrs. Prescott, very stiff and rigid, as if afraid to stir, while Charity pinned some lavender bows on a new cap, using her head for a block. Presently the young girl, who had a great genius for loving, bent down and kissed her cheek, and the good matron appeared to like it. A moment later Uncle Nathan opened the sitting-room door.

"Look here, Patty," said he, in his slow way, "I'm going to town to fetch Ray home this afternoon, and I'd just like to have you step here a minute."

Mrs. Prescott got up, with the streamers of the cap hanging about her, and went into the kitchen where old Dinah was washing. She looked rather sour, as if she knew by instinct that something disagreeable was about to occur.

"I guess I'll tell Charity to pick up her things and go back to town with me," Uncle Nathan began. "She looks a sight better than she did when she came out, and I s'pose you've been bothered with her about long enough."

"What an unreasonable man you are, Nathan Prescott!" Mrs. Patty broke out. "Just when the girl is beginning to be of some use to me, and I want my summer dresses spruced up, and my caps trimmed, you talk about dragging her back to that wretched shop. You know she ain't fit to go and sit crooked over all day with that bad pain in her side. For a man that pretends to have as much feeling as you do, I must say you beat all." Mrs. Prescott turned with dignity and went back into the sitting-room. Uncle Nathan gave a wink to Dinah, who was wiping the foamy suds from her ebony

arms, and her countenance expanded, showing a set of fine ivories.

Charity, meantime, felt oppressed. It seemed as though her fate was being decided. She put down the bow of pretty ribbon she was pinning together on a heap of bonnet wire and illusion, and went out into the yard. Just as she was passing through the big gate, close by where the coops stood, with little downy, peeping chickens running through the grass and plantains, a cheery voice called out, "Come here, Charity, and turn grindstone for me." She ran back to the shed, and there was Uncle Nathan feeling the edge of a pruning-knife with his thumb. Charity had something on her mind to say, and here was an opportunity; so she made a dash at it at once.

"I heard you speak about going to town to-day," she began, "and I guess you'd better take me back. I've had *such* a nice time, but I shouldn't like to stay long enough to give trouble." Here her voice grew tremulous and stopped.

"Don't you fret your little head a mite," returned Uncle Nathan, examining the edge of the knife more critically than ever, and speaking in a slow, deliberate way. "There ain't no occasion. You do enough to pay for your board twice over. We've all of us taken a kind of shine to you, and you won't go away from here till you're a great deal smarter than you are now. I shall call at the boarding-house and get your trunk."

"How shall I ever thank you?" It was all she could say.

"Pshaw! you needn't thank me at all," said Uncle Nathan, bending over the grindstone. "There ain't nothing to be thankful for. If you ever get a chance to do a good deed to any body, do it, and think of the words of the Master, 'As ye did it unto the least of these my little ones, ye did it unto me.'"

Charity got hold of his brown hand, hardened and callous from hard work, and pressed it against her breast with a sweet, natural motion of gratitude; and Uncle Nathan's face worked and twitched and puckered, and he winked away from his eyes a few bright drops that did him immense credit.

That afternoon, soon after the arrival of the four-twenty train, Ray strode behind his father to the old home wagon, carrying his valise in his hand. He walked with a great stride, and had a loud voice, a cheery laugh, and a perfect set of white teeth, and was very positive in all his ways.

"Where am I going to pack in?" said he, looking at the big load.

"Oh, you can sit on Charity's trunk. Whoa, White! be still."

"Charity! Who's Charity?"

"She is a little girl, eighteen or twenty years old, I came across the other day. The fact is, she was killing herself trying to earn a living in a mantua-maker's shop. I took her out to recruit, and, now I've got kind of fond of her, I

guess I shall let her stay along. It appears to me every house ought to have a nice girl in it."

Ray was not prepared to dispute this opinion. It opened rather a pleasant prospect for the future. He squeezed himself into the wagon without grumbling, and the query presented itself to his mind whether he too should get fond of Charity, but he did not give it utterance.

"How does mother like the new arrangement?" he inquired, carelessly.

"Oh, they're as thick as hasty-pudding."

Seated on Charity's little trunk, Ray was very amiable all the way home, though his legs had no accommodations to speak of. He had grappled with his father on a tough argument, and they were hard at it when old White trotted in at the gate. A pair of soft brown eyes were peeping through the vines at a tall, fresh-complexioned young man, who got out of the wagon and came striding toward the house. Then Charity stepped up stairs to her own little room, thinking Mrs. Prescott would not like to have a stranger by when she met her boy. She pulled the rose-buds out of her hair, and tried to smooth the ripples away from her forehead, that curled more and more coquettishly with every effort. Why she wished to look plainer and quieter than common was something little Charity did not try to explain even to herself.

Ray kissed his mother, and took out a new, crispy magazine and a lot of illustrated papers from the pocket of his coat, while at the same time he noticed a glass of wild flowers and ferns upon the table somebody had arranged beautifully. "Whew!" said he, going to the window a moment later, "you're just as much afraid of flies and fresh air as you used to be, ain't you, mother?" With that, some way, the mosquito-frame slipped out, and there came in a delicious breeze, scented by the little cocks of fresh-cut grass which dotted the door-yard.

Charity experienced a slight inward flutter which brought a touch of pink into her cheek, and made her eyes dewy and lambent, when at last she screwed her courage up and descended the stairs. She thought she was too humble a personage to attract the notice of the young son and heir; and he on his part was curious to see the young person who had so quickly won the good-will of every body at the homestead. "She's natural and unpretending, if she isn't handsome," thought Ray; and then he began to speculate as to whether she really were pretty or not. Ray was such a healthy human being, and had such an infectious laugh, and such beautiful white teeth, and such a positive, clear way of putting things, it was a delight to be in his presence. Twice during supper Charity laughed out a clear, silvery, rippling laugh, and her bronze-brown eyes overflowed with shy fun. After that Ray made up his mind about her looks. The house was twice as pleasant as formerly, now Ray had come. Every thing seemed to lose its stiffness and formality, and the bright warm weather showed a lovely face at all the doors and windows.

The next morning after his arrival Uncle Nathan drove round to the side-door in his shirt sleeves, with a ragged straw hat adorning his head. There were some bags of grain in the back part of the light wagon.

"Hullo, Charity!" he called. "I'm going to mill. Don't you want to get your sun-bonnet and hop in?"

"Dear me! how your father does go looking!" sighed Mrs. Prescott.

Ray had been reading on the lounge. He got up and poked his head out of the window.

"You'd better let me drive over to the mill. I can take Charity along, of course."

There! he had said Charity, and now the ice was broken. Charity sat near the open door in a little rocking-chair, with a black-and-white kitten in her lap, hemming a gingham neck-handkerchief for Uncle Nathan. She put her work by, and went and got her things in quite a pleasant flutter of excitement. As the young couple drove off, Dinah's black and smiling face was visible at the kitchen window. "Dat dar young Mass' Ray knows what he'm 'bout," thought she.

After that ride Ray and Charity made rapid strides toward an acquaintance. The young girl wore rose-buds in her hair every day, and let her pretty tresses curl as they pleased. As for Ray, he never seemed to tire of coaxing the smiles and blushes out of her downcast, bashful face. Ray was one of those rare young men who have an exceedingly good opinion of themselves. He loved to teach, and Charity loved to learn. As the days and weeks sped on Mrs. Prescott thought to herself her big boy had never been so contented at home before. Uncle Nathan put something in his pipe and smoked it, as the saying is. "If it's the Lord's will, amen," said he to himself, joyfully, for the orphan girl grew more and more into his heart.

Haying time had come and the few fields about the homestead were to be cleared of their beautiful waving crop. Ray put on a tow frock, that became his tall, lithe form, and went into the hay lot, and Charity went too. Her heart was full to overflowing. Happiness had cured her. As she grew strong and rosy she could do much to lighten Mrs. Prescott's burdens, so that that excellent woman's asperities of temper were softened down.

One day when masses of curdy white clouds were sailing through the sky, and the long summer shadows were falling over shaven fields, down at the end of a long meadow where the gold-green brook was babbling to the trees, something happened that is always happening—something good and sweet and beautiful.

But it troubled Charity. She went sadly homeward, and thought all the afternoon of packing her trunk, and going back to her old weary life. Toward evening Uncle Nathan and Ray came glowing and warm from their toil. The hay was all secured. The fields were clean as if they had been swept; and now

it looked as if the sultry day would end in showers. Charity brought them a cooling drink on the porch where they were resting, and as she handed Ray his glass her hand shook. But Ray got hold of it, and kept it in his own.

"See here, father," said he (and somehow his voice trembled, and the confidence with which he was endowed seemed to ooze away), "I want you to give Charity to me. She says duty to you won't let her promise to be my wife. She thinks it's wrong to come into this family and steal away the affections of an artless young man like me. I want you to get that notion out of her head; for I won't marry any other girl if I live to be a hundred. I honor her above all for earning her own living. Come, speak up for me, father. She's dreadful obstinate, and never will consent unless you do."

Uncle Nathan drew his hand across his eyes, and then he put out his arm, and somehow inclosed Charity within its round, and drew her close to his broad breast.

"Ray is a good boy," whispered he to the downcast face and little fluttering heart. "He never made my heart ache; and I guess he'd know how to treat a wife. If you could like him, I should be glad. We'll make him live here at home; for he sha'n't take you away from us. Now go and say something comforting to the boy."

Charity kissed Uncle Nathan twice, and then she went back to Ray. It seemed as though love had exalted her, and made her brave. Just then Mrs. Prescott came to the door, looking earnestly through her specs.

"What's to pay?" she inquired, characteristically.

"We've got a new daughter," said Uncle Nathan. "Don't scold them; it's all my doing."

By a sudden impulse the good woman went and put an arm round each of her children.

"Jess what I 'lowed," said Aunt Dinah, looking out between the vines, and sopping her old eyes vigorously. "'Pears like de hand of de Lord was in it."

THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.



"AS FOR DANGAIRE, POUF! DERE IS NONE."

CHAPTER XXII.

ADVICE REJECTED.

DURING dinner the ladies conversed freely about "that horrid man," wondering what plan he would adopt to try to effect an entrance among them. They were convinced that some such attempt would be made, and the servants of the inn who waited on them were strictly charged to see that no one disturbed them. However, their dinner was not interrupted, and

after it was over they began to think of retiring, so as to leave at an early hour on the following morning. Minnie had already taken her departure, and the others were thinking of following her example, when a knock came at the door.

All started. One of the maids went to the door, and found a servant there who brought a message from the Baron Atramonte. He wished to speak to the ladies on business of the most urgent importance. At this confirmation of their expectations the ladies looked at one another with a smile mingled with vexation, and Lady Dalrymple at once sent word that they could not possibly see him.

But the Baron was not to be put off. In a few moments the servant came back again, and brought another message, of a still more urgent character, in which the Baron entreated them to grant him this interview, and assured them that it was a matter of life and death.

"He's beginning to be more and more violent," said Lady Dalrymple. "Well, dears," she added, resignedly, "in my opinion it will be better to see him, and have done with him. If we do not, I'm afraid he will pester us further. I will see him. You had better retire to your own apartments."

Upon this she sent down an invitation to the Baron to come up, and the ladies retreated to their rooms.

The Baron entered, and, as usual, offered to shake hands—an offer which, as usual, Lady Dalrymple did not accept. He then looked earnestly all round the room, and gave a sigh. He evidently had expected to see Minnie, and was disappointed. Lady Dalrymple marked the glance, and the expression which followed.

"Well, ma'am," said he, as he seated himself near to Lady Dalrymple, "I said that the business I wanted to speak about was important, and that it was a matter of life and death. I assure you that it is. But before I tell it I want to say something about the row in Rome. I have reason to understand that I caused a little annoyance to you all. If I did, I'm sure I didn't intend it. I'm sorry. There! Let's say no more about it. 'Tain't often that I say I'm sorry, but I say so now. Conditionally, though—that is, if I really *did* annoy any body."

"Well, Sir?"

"Well, ma'am—about the business I came for. You have made a sudden decision to take this journey. I want to know, ma'am, if you made any inquiries about this road before starting?"

"This road? No, certainly not."

"I thought so," said the Baron. "Well, ma'am, I've reason to believe that it's somewhat unsafe."

"Unsafe?"

"Yes; particularly for ladies."

"And why?"

"Why, ma'am, the country is in a disordered state, and near the boundary line it swarms with brigands. They call themselves Garibaldians, but between you and me, ma'am, they're neither more nor less than robbers. You see, along the boundary it is convenient for them to dodge to one side or the other, and where the road runs there are often crowds of them. Now our papal government means well, but it ain't got power to keep down these brigands. It would like to, but it can't. You see, the scum of all Italy gather along the borders, because they know we *are* weak; and so there it is."

"And you think there is danger on this road?" said Lady Dalrymple, looking keenly at him.

"I do, ma'am."

"Pray have you heard of any recent acts of violence along the road?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then what reason have you for supposing that there is any particular danger now?"

"A friend of mine told me so, ma'am."

"But do not people use the road? Are not carriages constantly passing and repassing? Is it likely that if it were unsafe there would be no acts of violence? Yet you say there have been none."

"Not of late, ma'am."

"But it is of late, and of the present time, that we are speaking."

"I can only say, ma'am, that the road is considered very dangerous."

"Who considers it so?"

"If you had made inquiries at Rome, ma'am, you would have found this out, and never would have thought of this road."

"And you advise us not to travel it?"

"I do, ma'am."

"What would you advise us to do?"

"I would advise you, ma'am, most earnestly, to turn and go back to Rome, and leave by another route."

Lady Dalrymple looked at him, and a slight smile quivered on her lips.

"I see, ma'am, that for some reason or other you doubt my word. Would you put confidence in it if another person were to confirm what I have said?"

"That depends entirely upon who the other person may be."

"The person I mean is Lord Hawbury."

"Lord Hawbury? Indeed!" said Lady Dalrymple, in some surprise. "But he's in Rome."

"No, ma'am, he's not. He's here—in this hotel."

"In this hotel? Here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'm sure I should like to see him very much, and hear what he says about it."

"I'll go and get him, then," said the Baron, and, rising briskly, he left the room.

In a short time he returned with Hawbury. Lady Dalrymple expressed surprise to see him, and Hawbury explained that he was traveling with a friend. Lady Dalrymple of course thought this a fresh proof of his infatuation about Minnie, and wondered how he could be a friend to a man whom she considered as Minnie's persecutor and tormentor.

The Baron at once proceeded to explain how the matter stood, and to ask Hawbury's opinion.

"Yes," said Lady Dalrymple, "I should really like to know what you think about it."

"Well, really," said Hawbury, "I have no acquaintance with the thing, you know. Never been on this road in my life. But, at the same time, I can assure you that this gentleman is a particular friend of mine, and one of the best fellows I know. I'd stake my life on his perfect truth and honor. If he says any thing, you may believe it because he says it. If he says there are brigands on the road, they must be there."

"Oh, of course," said Lady Dalrymple. "You are right to believe your friend, and I should trust his word also. But do you not see that perhaps he may believe what he says, and yet be mistaken?"

At this the Baron's face fell. Lord Hawbury's warm commendation of him had excited his hopes, but now Lady Dalrymple's answer had destroyed them.

"For my part," she added, "I don't really think any of us know much about it. I wish we could find some citizen of the town, or some reliable person, and ask him. I wonder whether the innkeeper is a trustworthy man."

The Baron shook his head.

"I wouldn't trust one of them. They're the greatest rascals in the country. Every man of them is in league with the Garibaldians and brigands. This man would advise you to take whatever course would benefit himself and his friends most."

"But surely we might find some one whose opinion would be reliable. What do you say to one of my drivers? The one that drove our carriage looks like a good, honest man."

"Well, perhaps so; but I wouldn't trust one of them. I don't believe there's an honest *veturino* in all Italy."

Lady Dalrymple elevated her eyebrows, and threw at Hawbury a glance of despair.

"He speaks English, too," said Lady Dalrymple.

"So do some of the worst rascals in the country," said the Baron.

"Oh, I don't think he can be a very bad rascal. We had better question him, at any rate. Don't you think so, Lord Hawbury?"

"Well, yes; I suppose it won't do any harm to have a look at the beggar."

The driver alluded to was summoned, and soon made his appearance. He was a square-headed fellow, with a grizzled beard, and one of those non-committal faces which may be worn by either an honest man or a knave. Lady Dalrymple thought him the former; the Baron the latter. The result will show which of these was in the right.

The driver spoke very fair English. He had been two or three times over the road. He had not been over it later than two years before. He didn't know it was dangerous. He had never heard of brigands being here. He didn't know. There was a signore at the hotel who might know. He was traveling to Florence alone. He was on horseback.

As soon as Lady Dalrymple heard this she suspected that it was Count Girasole. She determined to have his advice about it. So she sent a private request to that effect.

It was Count Girasole. He entered, and threw his usual smile around. He was charmed, in his broken English, to be of any service to *miladi*.

To Lady Dalrymple's statement and question Girasole listened attentively. As she concluded a faint smile passed over his face. The Baron watched him attentively.

"I know no brigand on dissa road," said he.

Lady Dalrymple looked triumphantly at the others.

"I have travail dissa road many time. No dangaire—*alla safe*."

Another smile from Lady Dalrymple.

The Count Girasole looked at Hawbury and then at the Baron, with a slight dash of mockery in his face.

"As for dangaire," he said—"pouf! dere is none. See, I go alone—no arms, not a knife—an' yet gold in my *porte-monnaie*."

And he drew forth his *porte-monnaie*, and opened it so as to exhibit its contents.

A little further conversation followed. Girasole evidently was perfectly familiar with the road. The idea of brigands appeared to strike him as some exquisite piece of pleasantry. He looked as though it was only his respect for the company which prevented him from laughing

outright. They had taken the trouble to summon him for that! And, besides, as the Count suggested, even if a brigand did appear, there would be always travelers within hearing.

Both Hawbury and the Baron felt humiliated, especially the latter; and Girasole certainly had the best of it on that occasion, whatever his lot had been at other times.

The Count withdrew. The Baron followed, in company with Hawbury. He was deeply dejected. First of all, he had hoped to see Minnie. Then he hoped to frighten the party back. As to the brigands, he was in most serious earnest. All that he said he believed. He could not understand the driver and Count Girasole. The former he might consider a scoundrel; but why should Girasole mislead? And yet he believed that he was right. As for Hawbury, he didn't believe much in the brigands, but he did believe in his friend, and he didn't think much of Girasole. He was sorry for his friend, yet didn't know whether he wanted the party to turn back or not. His one trouble was Dacres, who now was watching the Italian like a blood-hound, who had seen him, no doubt, go up to the ladies, and, of course, would suppose that Mrs. Willoughby had sent for him.

As for the ladies, their excitement was great. The doors were thin, and they had heard every word of the conversation. With Mrs. Willoughby there was but one opinion as to the Baron's motive: she thought he had come to get a peep at Minnie, and also to frighten them back to Rome by silly stories. His signal failure afforded her great triumph. Minnie, as usual, sympathized with him, but said nothing. As for Ethel, the sudden arrival of Lord Hawbury was overwhelming, and brought a return of all her former excitement. The sound of his voice again vibrated through her, and at first there began to arise no end of wild hopes, which, however, were as quickly dispelled. The question arose, What brought him there? There seemed to her but one answer, and that was his infatuation for Minnie. Yet to her, as well as to Lady Dalrymple, it seemed very singular that he should be so warm a friend to Minnie's tormentor. It was a puzzling thing. Perhaps he did not know that the Baron was Minnie's lover. Perhaps he thought that his friend would give her up, and he could win her. Amidst these thoughts there came a wild hope that perhaps he did not love Minnie so very much, after all. But this hope soon was dispelled as she recalled the events of the past, and reflected on his cool and easy indifference to every thing connected with her.

Such emotions as these actuated the ladies; and when the guests had gone they joined their aunt once more, and deliberated. Minnie took no part in the debate, but sat apart, looking like an injured being. There was among them all the same opinion, and that was that it was all a clumsy device of the Baron's to frighten them back to Rome. Such being their opinion, they did not occupy much time in debating

about their course on the morrow. The idea of going back did not enter their heads.

This event gave a much more agreeable feeling to Mrs. Willoughby and Lady Dalrymple than they had known since they had been aware that the Baron had followed them. They felt that they had grappled with the difficulty. They had met the enemy and defeated him. Besides, the presence of Hawbury was of itself a guarantee of peace. There could be no further danger of any unpleasant scenes while Hawbury was with him. Girasole's presence, also, was felt to be an additional guarantee of safety.

It was felt by all to be a remarkable circumstance that so many men should have followed them on what they had intended as quite a secret journey. These gentlemen who followed them were the very ones, and the only ones, from whom they wished to conceal it. Yet it had all been revealed to them, and lo! here they all were. Some debate arose as to whether it would not be better to go back to Rome now, and defy the Baron, and leave by another route. But this debate was soon given up, and they looked forward to the journey as one which might afford new and peculiar enjoyment.

On the following morning they started at an early hour. Girasole left about half an hour after them, and passed them a few miles along the road. The Baron and the Reverend Saul left next; and last of all came Hawbury and Dacres. The latter was, if possible, more gloomy and vengeful than ever. The visit of the Italian on the preceding evening was fully believed by him to be a scheme of his wife's. Nor could any amount of persuasion or vehement statement on Hawbury's part in any way shake his belief.

"No," he would say, "you don't understand. Depend upon it, she got him up there to feast her eyes on him. Depend upon it, she managed to get some note from him, and pass one to him in return. He had only to run it under the leaf of a table, or stick it inside of some book: no doubt they have it all arranged, and pass their infernal love-letters backward and forward. But I'll soon have a chance. My time is coming. It's near, too. I'll have my vengeance; and then for all the wrongs of all my life that demon of a woman shall pay me dear!"

To all of which Hawbury had nothing to say. He could say nothing; he could do nothing. He could only stand by his friend, go with him, and watch over him, hoping to avert the crisis which he dreaded, or, if it did come, to lessen the danger of his friend.

The morning was clear and beautiful. The road wound among the hills. The party went in the order above mentioned.

First, Girasole, on horseback.

Next, and two miles at least behind, came the two carriages with the ladies and their maids.

Third, and half a mile behind these, came the Baron and the Reverend Saul.

Last of all, and half a mile behind the Baron, came Hawbury and Scone Dacres.

These last drove along at about this distance. The scenery around grew grander, and the mountains higher. The road was smooth and well constructed, and the carriage rolled along with an easy, comfortable rumble.

They were driving up a slope which wound along the side of a hill. At the top of the hill trees appeared on each side, and the road made a sharp turn here.

Suddenly the report of a shot sounded ahead. Then a scream.

"Good Lord! Dacres, did you hear that?" cried Hawbury. "The Baron was right, after all."

The driver here tried to stop his horses, but Hawbury would not let him.

"Have you a pistol, Dacres?"

"No."

"Get out!" he shouted to the driver; and, kicking him out of the seat, he seized the reins himself, and drove the horses straight forward to where the noise arose.

"It's the brigands, Dacres. The ladies are there."

"My wife! O God! my wife!" groaned Dacres. But a minute before he had been cursing her.

"Get a knife! Get something, man! Have a fight for it!"

Dacres murmured something.

Hawbury lashed the horses, and drove them straight toward the wood.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CAUGHT IN AMBUSH.

THE ladies had been driving on, quite unconscious of the neighborhood of any danger, admiring the beauty of the scenery, and calling one another's attention to the various objects of interest which from time to time became visible. Thus engaged, they slowly ascended the incline already spoken of, and began to enter the forest. They had not gone far when the road took a sudden turn, and here a startling spectacle burst upon their view.

The road on turning descended slightly into a hollow. On the right arose a steep acclivity, covered with the dense forest. On the other side the ground rose more gradually, and was covered over by a forest much less dense. Some distance in front the road took another turn, and was lost to view among the trees. About a hundred yards in front of them a tree had been felled, and lay across the way, barring their progress.

About twenty armed men stood before them close by the place where the turn was. Among them was a man on horseback. To their amazement, it was Girasole.

Before the ladies could recover from their astonishment two of the armed men advanced, and the driver at once stopped the carriage.

Girasole then came forward.

"Miladi," said he, "I haf de honore of to invitar you to descend."

"Pray what is the meaning of this?" inquired Lady Dalrymple, with much agitation.

"It means dat I war wrong. Dar are brigands on dis road."

Lady Dalrymple said not another word.

The Count approached, and politely offered his hand to assist the ladies out, but they rejected it, and got out themselves. First Mrs. Willoughby, then Ethel, then Lady Dalrymple, then Minnie. Three of the ladies were white with utter horror, and looked around in sickening fear upon the armed men; but Minnie showed not even the slightest particle of fear.

"How horrid!" she exclaimed. "And now some one will come and save my life again. It's *always* the way. I'm sure *this* isn't my fault, Kitty darling."

Before her sister could say any thing Girasole approached.

"Pardon, mees," he said; "but I haf made dis recepzion for you. You sall be well treat. Do not fear. I lay down my life."

"Villain!" cried Lady Dalrymple. "Arrest her at your peril. Remember who she is. She has friends powerful enough to avenge her if you dare to injure her."

"You arra mistake," said Girasole, politely. "Se is mine, not yours. I am her best fren. Se is fiancée to me. I save her life—tell her my love—make a proposezion. Se accept me. Se is my fiancée. I was oppose by you. What else sall I do? I mus haf her. Se is mine. I am an Italiano nobile, an' I love her. Dere is no harm for any. You mus see dat I haf de right. But for me se would be dead."

Lady Dalrymple was not usually excitable, but now her whole nature was aroused; her eyes flashed with indignation; her face turned red; she gasped for breath, and fell to the ground. Ethel rushed to assist her, and two of the maids came up. Lady Dalrymple lay senseless.

With Mrs. Willoughby the result was different. She burst into tears.

"Count Girasole," she cried, "oh, spare her. If you love her, spare her. She is only a child. If we opposed you, it was not from any objection to you; it was because she is such a child."

"You mistake," said the Count, shrugging his shoulders. "I love her better than life. Se love me. It will make her happy. You come too. You sall see se is happy. Come. Be my sistaire. It is love—"

Mrs. Willoughby burst into fresh tears at this, and flung her arms around Minnie, and moaned and wept.

"Well, now, Kitty darling, I think it's horrid. You're *never* satisfied. You're always finding fault. I'm sure if you don't like Rufus K. Gunn, you—"

But Minnie's voice was interrupted by the sound of approaching wheels. It was the car-

riage of the Baron and his friend. The Baron had feared brigands, but he was certainly not expecting to come upon them so suddenly. The brigands had been prepared, and as the carriage turned it was suddenly stopped by the two carriages in front, and at once was surrounded.

The Baron gave one lightning glance, and surveyed the whole situation. He did not move, but his form was rigid, and every nerve was braced, and his eyes gleamed fiercely. He saw it all—the crowd of women, the calm face of Minnie, and the uncontrollable agitation of Mrs. Willoughby.

"Well, by thunder!" he exclaimed.

Girasole rode up and called out:

"Surrender! You arra my prisoner."

"What! it's you, is it?" said the Baron; and he glared for a moment with a vengeful look at Girasole.

"Descend," said Girasole. "You mus be bound."

"Bound? All right. Here, parson, you jump down, and let them tie your hands."

The Baron stood up. The Reverend Saul stood up too. The Reverend Saul began to step down very carefully. The brigands gathered around, most of them being on the side on which the two were about to descend. The Reverend Saul had just stepped to the ground. The Baron was just preparing to follow. The brigands were impatient to secure them, when suddenly, with a quick movement, the Baron gave a spring out of the opposite side of the carriage, and leaped to the ground. The brigands were taken completely by surprise, and before they could prepare to follow him, he had sprung into the forest, and, with long bounds, was rushing up the steep hill and out of sight.

One shot was fired after him, and that was the shot that Hawbury and Dacres heard. Two men sprang after him with the hope of catching him.

In a few moments a loud cry was heard from the woods.

"MIN!"

Minnie heard it; a gleam of light flashed from her eyes, a smile of triumph came over her lips.

"Wha-a-a-a-t?" she called in reply.

"Wa-a-a-a-a-it!" was the cry that came back—and this was the cry that Hawbury and Dacres had heard.

"Sacr-r-r-r-r-emento!" growled Girasole.

"I'm sure *I* don't know what he means by telling me that," said Minnie. "How can *I* wait if this horrid Italian won't let me? I'm sure he might be more considerate."

Poor Mrs. Willoughby, who had for a moment been roused to hope by the escape of the Baron, now fell again into despair, and wept and moaned and clung to Minnie. Lady Dalrymple still lay senseless, in spite of the efforts of Ethel and the maids. The occurrence had been more to her than a mere encounter with brigands. It was the thought of her own care-

lessness that overwhelmed her. In an instant the thought of the Baron's warning and his solemn entreaties flashed across her memory. She recollected how Hawbury had commended his friend, and how she had turned from these to put her trust in the driver and Girasole, the very men who had betrayed her. These were the thoughts that overwhelmed her.

But now there arose once more the noise of rolling wheels, advancing more swiftly than the last, accompanied by the lash of a whip and shouts of a human voice. Girasole spoke to his men, and they moved up nearer to the bend, and stood in readiness there.

What Hawbury's motive was it is not difficult to tell. He was not armed, and therefore could not hope to do much; but he had in an instant resolved to rush thus into the midst of the danger. First of all he thought that a struggle might be going on between the drivers, the other travelers, and the brigands; in which event his assistance would be of great value. Though unarmed, he thought he might snatch or wrest a weapon from some one of the enemy. In addition to this, he wished to strike a blow to save the ladies from captivity, even if his blow should be unavailing. Even if he had known how matters were, he would probably have acted in precisely the same way. As for Dacres, he had but one idea. He was sure it was some trick concocted by his wife and the Italian, though why they should do so he did not stop, in his mad mood, to inquire. A vague idea that a communication had passed between them on the preceding evening with reference to this was now in his mind, and his vengeful feeling was stimulated by this thought to the utmost pitch of intensity.

Hawbury thus lashed his horses, and they flew along the road. After the first cry and the shot that they had heard there was no further noise. The stillness was mysterious. It showed Hawbury that the struggle, if there had been any, was over. But the first idea still remained both in his own mind and in that of Dacres. On they went, and now they came to the turn in the road. Round this they whirled, and in an instant the scene revealed itself.

Three carriages stopped; some drivers standing and staring indifferently; a group of women crowding around a prostrate form that lay in the road; a pale, beautiful girl, to whom a beautiful woman was clinging passionately; a crowd of armed brigands with leveled pieces; and immediately before them a horseman—the Italian, Girasole.

One glance showed all this. Hawbury could not distinguish any face among the crowd of women that bent over Lady Dalrymple, and Ethel's face was thus still unrevealed; but he saw Minnie and Mrs. Willoughby and Girasole.

"What the devil's all this about?" asked Hawbury, haughtily, as his horses stopped at the Baron's carriage.

"You are prisoners—" began Girasole.

But before he could say another word he was

interrupted by a cry of fury from Dacres, who, the moment that he had recognized him, sprang to his feet, and with a long, keen knife in his hand, leaped from the carriage into the midst of the brigands, striking right and left, and endeavoring to force his way toward Girasole. In an instant Hawbury was by his side. Two men fell beneath the fierce thrusts of Dacres's knife, and Hawbury tore the rifle from a third. With the clubbed end of this he began dealing blows right and left. The men fell back and leveled their pieces. Dacres sprang forward, and was within three steps of Girasole—his face full of ferocity, his eyes flashing, and looking not so much like an English gentleman as one of the old vikings in a Berserker rage. One more spring brought him closer to Girasole. The Italian retreated. One of his men flung himself before Dacres and tried to grapple with him. The next instant he fell with a groan, stabbed to the heart. With a yell of rage the others rushed upon Dacres; but the latter was now suddenly seized with a new idea. Turning for an instant he held his assailants at bay; and then, seizing the opportunity, sprang into the woods and ran. One or two shots were fired, and then half a dozen men gave chase.

Meanwhile one or two shots had been fired at Hawbury, but, in the confusion, they had not taken effect. Suddenly, as he stood with uplifted rifle ready to strike, his enemies made a simultaneous rush upon him. He was seized by a dozen strong arms. He struggled fiercely, but his efforts were unavailing. The odds were too great. Before long he was thrown to the ground on his face, and his arms bound behind him. After this he was gagged.

The uproar of this fierce struggle had roused all the ladies, and they turned their eyes in horror to where the two were fighting against such odds. Ethel raised herself on her knees from beside Lady Dalrymple, and caught sight of Hawbury. For a moment she remained motionless; and then she saw the escape of Dacres, and Hawbury going down in the grasp of his assailants. She gave a loud shriek and rushed forward. But Girasole intercepted her.

"Go back," he said. "De milor is my prisoner. Back, or you will be bound."

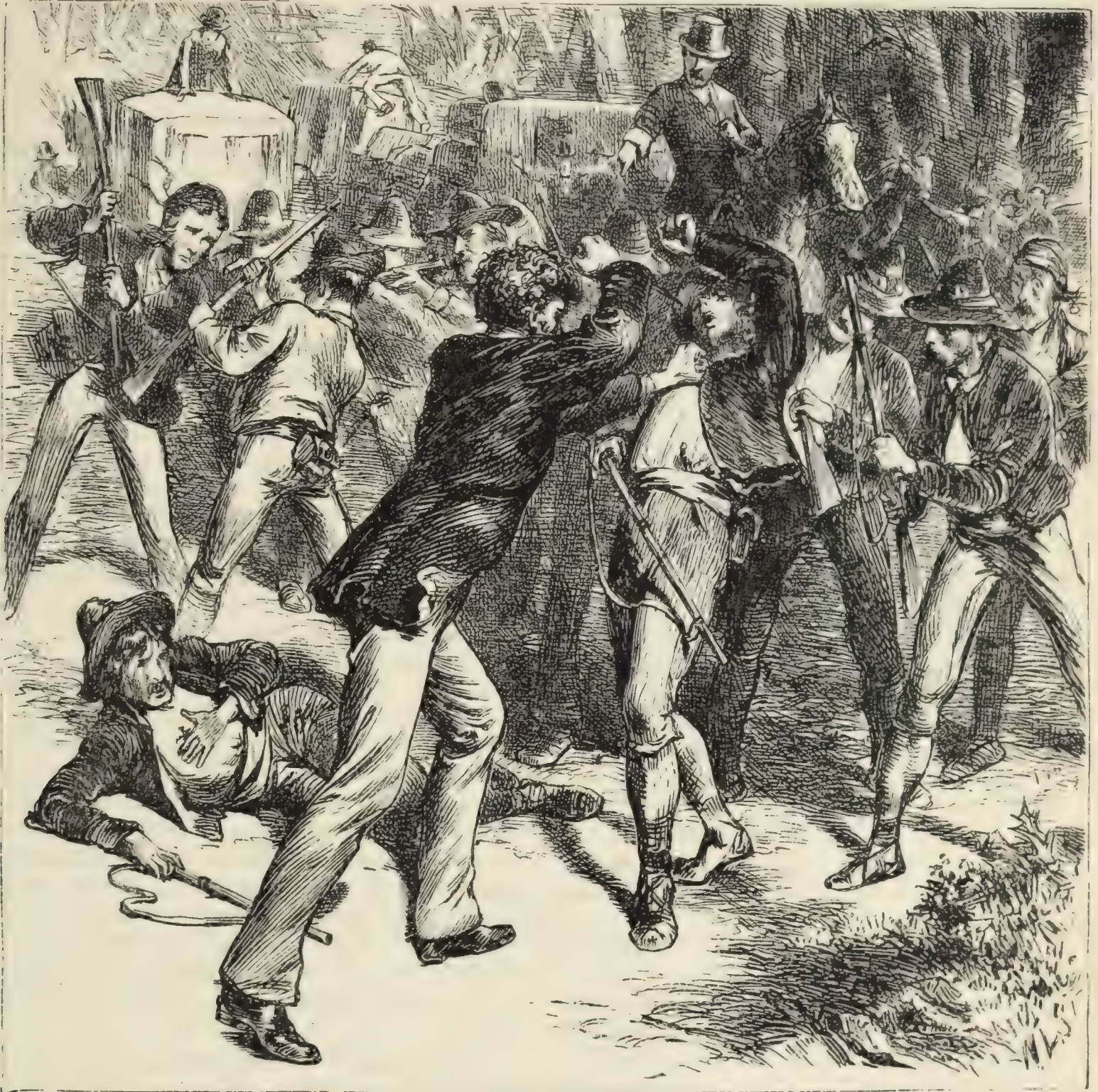
And at a gesture from him two of the men advanced to seize Ethel.

"Back!" he said, once more, in a stern voice. "You mus be tentif to miladi."

Ethel shrank back.

The sound of that scream had struck on Hawbury's ears, but he did not recognize it. If he thought of it at all, he supposed it was the scream of common terror from one of the women. He was sore and bruised and fast bound. He was held down also in such a way that he could not see the party of ladies. The Baron's carriage intercepted the view, for he had fallen behind this during the final struggle. After a little time he was allowed to sit up, but still he could not see beyond.

There was now some delay, and Girasole



THE MÉLÉE.

gave some orders to his men. The ladies waited with fearful apprehensions. They listened eagerly to hear if there might not be some sounds of approaching help. But no such sounds came to gladden their hearts. Lady Dalrymple, also, still lay senseless; and Ethel, full of the direst anxiety about Hawbury, had to return to renew her efforts toward reviving her aunt.

Before long the brigands who had been in pursuit of the fugitives returned to the road. They did not bring back either of them. A dreadful question arose in the minds of the ladies as to the meaning of this. Did it mean that the fugitives had escaped, or had been shot down in the woods by their wrathful pursuers? It was impossible for them to find out. Girasole went over to them and conversed with them apart. The men all looked sullen; but whether that arose from disappointed vengeance or gratified ferocity it was impossible for them to discern.

The brigands now turned their attention to their own men. Two of these had received bad but not dangerous wounds from the dag-

ger of Dacres, and the scowls of pain and rage which they threw upon Hawbury and the other captives boded nothing but the most cruel fate to all of them. Another, however, still lay there. It was the one who had intercepted Dacres in his rush upon Girasole. He lay motionless in a pool of blood. They turned him over. His white, rigid face, as it became exposed to view, exhibited the unmistakable mark of death, and a gash on his breast showed how his fate had met him.

The brigands uttered loud cries, and advanced toward Hawbury. He sat regarding them with perfect indifference. They raised their rifles, some clubbing them, others taking aim, swearing and gesticulating all the time like maniacs.

Hawbury, however, did not move a muscle of his face, nor did he show the slightest feeling of any kind. He was covered with dust, and his clothes were torn and splashed with mud, and his hands were bound, and his mouth was gagged; but he preserved a coolness that astonished his enemies. Had it not been for this coolness his brains might have been blown

out—in which case this narrative would never have been written; but there was something in his look which made the Italians pause, gave Girasole time to interfere, and thus preserved my story from ruin.

Girasole then came up and made his men stand back. They obeyed sullenly.

Girasole removed the gag.

Then he stood and looked at Hawbury. Hawbury sat and returned his look with his usual nonchalance, regarding the Italian with a cold, steady stare, which produced upon the latter its usual maddening effect.

"Milor will be ver glad to hear," said he, with a mocking smile, "dat de mees will be take good care to. Milor was attentif to de mees; but de mees haf been fiancée to me, an' so I take dis occasione to mak her mine. I sall love her, an' se sall love me. I haf save her life, an' se haf been fiancée to me since den."

Now Girasole had chosen to say this to Hawbury from the conviction that Hawbury was Minnie's lover, and that the statement of this would inflict a pang upon the heart of his supposed rival which would destroy his coolness. Thus he chose rather to strike at Hawbury's jealousy than at his fear or at his pride.

But he was disappointed. Hawbury heard his statement with utter indifference.

"Well," said he, "all I can say is that it seems to me to be a devilish odd way of going to work about it."

"Aha!" said Girasole, fiercely. "You sall see. Se sall be mine. Aha!"

Hawbury made no reply, and Girasole, after a gesture of impatience, walked off, baffled.

In a few minutes two men came up to Hawbury, and led him away to the woods on the left.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AMONG THE BRIGANDS.

GIRASOLE now returned to the ladies. They were in the same position in which he had left them. Mrs. Willoughby with Minnie, and Ethel, with the maids, attending to Lady Dalrymple.

"Miladi," said Girasole, "I beg your attention. I haf had de honor to inform you dat dis mees is my fiancée. Se haf give me her heart an' her hand; se love me, an' I love her. I was prevent from to see her, an' I haf to take her in dis mannaire. I feel sad at de pain I haf give you, an' assuir you dat it was inevitable. You sall not be troubled more. You are free. Mees," he continued, taking Minnie's hand, "you haf promis me dis fair han', an' you are mine. You come to one who loves you bettaire dan life, an' who you love. You owe youair life to me. I sall make it so happy as nevair was."

"I'm sure *I* don't want to be happy," said Minnie. "I don't *want* to leave darling Kitty—and it's a shame—and you'll make me *hate* you if you do so."

"Miladi," said Girasole to Mrs. Willoughby, "de mees says se not want to leaf you. Eef you want to come, you may come an' be our sistaire."

"Oh, Kitty darling, you won't leave me, will you, all alone with this horrid man?" said Minnie.

"My darling," moaned Mrs. Willoughby, "how can I? I'll go. Oh, my sweet sister, what misery!"

"Oh, now that will be really *quite* delightful if you *will* come, Kitty darling. Only I'm afraid you'll find it *awfully* uncomfortable."

Girasole turned once more to the other ladies.

"I beg you will assura de miladi when she recovaire of my considerazion de mos distingue, an' convey to her de regrettas dat I haf. Miladi," he continued, addressing Ethel, "you are free, an' can go. You will not be molest by me. You sall go safe. You haf not ver far. You sall fin' houses dere—forward—before—not far."

With these words he turned away.

"You mus come wit me," he said to Mrs. Willoughby and Minnie. "Come. Eet ees not ver far."

He walked slowly into the woods on the left, and the two sisters followed him. Of the two Minnie was far the more cool and collected. She was as composed as usual; and, as there was no help for it, she walked on. Mrs. Willoughby, however, was terribly agitated, and wept and shuddered and moaned incessantly.

"Kitty darling," said Minnie, "I *wish* you wouldn't go on so. You really make me feel quite nervous. I never saw you so bad in my life."

"Poor Minnie! Poor child! Poor sweet child!"

"Well, if I am a child, you needn't go and tell me about it all the time. It's really quite horrid."

Mrs. Willoughby said no more, but generously tried to repress her own feelings, so as not to give distress to her sister.

After the Count had entered the wood with the two sisters the drivers removed the horses from the carriages and went away, led off by the man who had driven the ladies. This was the man whose stolid face had seemed likely to belong to an honest man, but who now was shown to belong to the opposite class. These men went down the road over which they had come, leaving the carriages there with the ladies and their maids.

Girasole now led the way, and Minnie and her sister followed him. The wood was very thick, and grew more so as they advanced, but there was not much underbrush, and progress was not difficult. Several times a wild thought of flight came to Mrs. Willoughby, but was at once dispelled by a helpless sense of its utter impossibility. How could she persuade the impracticable Minnie, who seemed so free from all concern? or, if she could persuade her, how could she accomplish her desire? She would

at once be pursued and surrounded, while, even if she did manage to escape, how could she ever find her way to any place of refuge? Every minute, also, drew them deeper and deeper into the woods, and the path was a winding one, in which she soon became bewildered, until at last all sense of her whereabouts was utterly gone. At last even the idea of escaping ceased to suggest itself, and there remained only a dull despair, a sense of utter helplessness and hopelessness—the sense of one who is going to his doom.

Girasole said nothing whatever, but led the way in silence, walking slowly enough to accommodate the ladies, and sometimes holding an overhanging branch to prevent it from springing back in their faces. Minnie walked on lightly, and with an elastic step, looking around with evident interest upon the forest. Once a passing lizard drew from her a pretty little shriek of alarm, thus showing that while she was so calm in the face of real and frightful danger, she could be alarmed by even the most innocent object that affected her fancy. Mrs. Willoughby thought that she understood Minnie before, but this little shriek at a lizard, from one who smiled at the brigands, struck her as a problem quite beyond her power to solve.

The woods now began to grow thinner. The trees were larger and farther apart, and rose all around in columnar array, so that it was possible to see between them to a greater distance. At length there appeared before them, through the trunks of the trees, the gleam of water. Mrs. Willoughby noticed this, and wondered what it might be. At first she thought it was a harbor on the coast; then she thought it was some river; but finally, on coming nearer, she saw that it was a lake. In a few minutes after they first caught sight of it they had reached its banks.

It was a most beautiful and sequestered spot. All around were high wooded eminences, beyond whose undulating summits arose the towering forms of the Apennine heights. Among these hills lay a little lake about a mile in length and breadth, whose surface was as smooth as glass, and reflected the surrounding shores. On their right, as they descended, they saw some figures moving, and knew them to be the brigands, while on their left they saw a ruined house. Toward this Girasole led them.

The house stood on the shore of the lake. It was of stone, and was two stories in height. The roof was still good, but the windows were gone. There was no door, but half a dozen or so of the brigands stood there, and formed a sufficient guard to prevent the escape of any prisoner. These men had dark, wicked eyes and sullen faces, which afforded fresh terror to Mrs. Willoughby. She had thought, in her desperation, of making some effort to escape by bribing the men, but the thorough-bred rascality which was evinced in the faces of these ruffians showed her that they were the very fellows who would take her money and cheat her afterward. If she had been able to speak Ital-



"THEY SAW A RUINED HOUSE."

ian, she might have secured their services by the prospect of some future reward after escaping; but, as it was, she could not speak a word of the language, and thus could not enter upon even the preliminaries of an escape.

On reaching the house the ruffians stood aside, staring hard at them. Mrs. Willoughby shrank in terror from the baleful glances of their eyes; but Minnie looked at them calmly and innocently, and not without some of that curiosity which a child shows when he first sees a Chinaman or an Arab in the streets. Girasole then led the way up stairs to a room on the second story.

It was an apartment of large size, extending across the house, with a window at each end, and two on the side. On the floor there was a heap of straw, over which some skins were thrown. There were no chairs, nor was there any table.

"Scusa me," said Girasole, "miladi, for dis accomodazion. It gifs me pain, but I promise it sall not be long. Only dis day an' dis night here. I haf to detain you dat time. Den we sall go to where I haf a home fitter for de bride. I haf a home wharra you sall be a happy bride, mees—"

"But I don't want to stay here *at all* in such a horrid place," said Minnie, looking around in disgust.

"Only dis day an' dis night," said Girasole, imploringly. "Aftaire you sall have all you sall wis."

"Well, at any rate, I think it's very horrid in you to shut me up here. You might let me

walk outside in the woods. I'm so *awfully* fond of the woods."

Girasole smiled faintly.

"And so you sall have plenty of de wood—but to-morra. You wait here now. All safe—oh yes—secura—all aright—oh yes—slip to-night, an' in de mornin' early you sall be mine. Der sall come a priest, an' we sall have de ceremony."

"Well, I think it was very unkind in you to bring me to such a horrid place. And how can I sit down? You *might* have had a chair. And look at poor, darling Kitty. You may be unkind to me, but you needn't make *her* sit on the floor. You never saved *her* life, and you have no right to be unkind to her."

"Unkind! Oh, mees!—my heart, my life, all arra youairs, an' I lay my life at youair foot."

"I think it would be far more kind if you would put a chair at poor Kitty's feet," retorted Minnie, with some show of temper.

"But, oh, carissima, tink—de wild wood—noting here—no, noting—not a chair—only de straw."

"Then you had no business to bring me here. You might have known that there were no chairs here. I can't sit down on nothing. But I suppose you expect me to stand up. And if that isn't horrid, I don't know what is. I'm sure I don't know what poor dear papa would say if he were to see me now."

"Do not grieve, carissima mia—do not, charming mees, decompose yourself. To-morra you sall go to a bettaire place, an' I will carra you to my castello. You sall haf every want, you sall enjoy every wis, you sall be happy."

"But I don't see how I can be happy without a chair," reiterated Minnie, in whose mind this one grievance now became pre-eminent. "You talk as though you think I am made of stone or iron, and you think I can stand here all day or all night, and you want me to sleep on that horrid straw and those horrid furry things. I suppose this is the castle that you speak of; and I'm sure I wonder why you *ever* thought of bringing me here. I suppose it doesn't make so much difference about a *carpet*; but you will not even let me have a *chair*; and I think you're *very* unkind."

Girasole was in despair. He stood in thought for some time. He felt that Minnie's rebuke was deserved. If she had reproached him with waylaying her and carrying her off, he could have borne it, and could have found a reply. But such a charge as this was unanswerable. It certainly was very hard that she should not be able to sit down. But then how was it possible for him to find a chair in the woods? It was an insoluble problem. How in the world could he satisfy her?

Minnie's expression also was most touching. The fact that she had no chair to sit on seemed to absolutely overwhelm her. The look that she gave Girasole was so piteous, so reproachful, so heart-rending, that his soul actually

quaked, and a thrill of remorse passed all through his frame. He felt a cold chill running to the very marrow of his bones.

"I think you're *very, very* unkind," said Minnie, "and I really don't see how I can *ever* speak to you again."

This was too much. Girasole turned away. He rushed down stairs. He wandered frantically about. He looked in all directions for a chair. There was plenty of wood certainly—for all around he saw the vast forest—but of what use was it? He could not transform a tree into a chair. He communicated his difficulty to some of the men. They shook their heads helplessly. At last he saw the stump of a tree which was of such a shape that it looked as though it might be used as a seat. It was his only resource, and he seized it. Calling two or three of the men, he had the stump carried to the old house. He rushed up stairs to acquaint Minnie with his success, and to try to console her. She listened in coldness to his hasty words. The men who were carrying the stump came up with a clump and a clatter, breathing hard, for the stump was very heavy, and finally placed it on the landing in front of Minnie's door. On reaching that spot it was found that it would not go in.

Minnie heard the noise and came out. She looked at the stump, then at the men, and then at Girasole.

"What is this for?" she asked.

"Eet—eet ees for a chair."

"A chair!" exclaimed Minnie. "Why, it's nothing but a great big, horrid, ugly old stump, and—"

Her remarks ended in a scream. She turned and ran back into the room.

"What—what is de mattaire?" cried the Count, looking into the room with a face pale with anxiety.

"Oh, take it away! take it away!" cried Minnie, in terror.

"What? what?"

"Take it away! take it away!" she repeated.

"But eet ees for you—eet ees a seat."

"I don't want it. I won't have it!" cried Minnie. "It's full of horrid ants and things. And it's dreadful—and *very, very* cruel in you to bring them up here just to *tease* me, when you *know* I hate them so. Take it away! take it away! oh, do please take it away! And oh, do please go away yourself, and leave me with dear, darling Kitty. *She* never teases me. *She* is *always* kind."

Girasole turned away once more, in fresh trouble. He had the stump carried off, and then he wandered away. He was quite at a loss what to do. He was desperately in love, and it was a very small request for Minnie to make, and he was in that state of mind when it would be a happiness to grant her slightest wish; but here he found himself in a difficulty from which he could find no possible means of escape.

"And now, Kitty darling," said Minnie, after Girasole had gone—"now you see how very, very wrong you were to be so opposed to that dear, good, kind, nice Rufus K. Gunn. *He* would never have treated me so. *He* would never have taken me to a place like this—a horrid old house by a horrid damp pond, without doors and windows, just like a beggar's house—and then put me in a room without a chair to sit on when I'm so awfully tired. He was *always* kind to me, and that was the reason you hated him so, because you couldn't bear to have people kind to me. And I'm so tired."

"Come, then, poor darling. I'll make a nice seat for you out of these skins."

And Mrs. Willoughby began to fold some of them up and lay them one upon the other.

"What is that for, Kitty dear?" asked Minnie.

"To make you a nice, soft seat, dearest."

"But I don't want them, and I won't sit on the horrid things," said Minnie.

"But, darling, they are as soft as a cushion. See!" And her sister pressed her hand on them, so as to show how soft they were.

"I don't think they're soft *at all*," said Minnie; "and I wish you wouldn't tease me so, when I'm so tired."

"Then come, darling, I will sit on them, and you shall sit on my knees."

"But I don't want to go near those horrid furry things. They belong to cows and things. I think *every body's* unkind to me to-day."

"Minnie, dearest, you really wound me when you talk in that way. Be reasonable now. See what pains I take. I do all I can for you."

"But I'm *always* reasonable, and it's *you* that are unreasonable, when you want me to sit on that horrid fur. It's very, *very* disagreeable in you, Kitty dear."

Mrs. Willoughby said nothing, but went on folding some more skins. These she placed on the straw so that a pile was formed about as



"WHAT IS THIS FOR?"

high as an ordinary chair. This pile was placed against the wall so that the wall served as a support.

Then she seated herself upon this.

"Minnie, dearest," said she.

"Well, Kitty darling."

"It's really quite soft and comfortable. Do come and sit on it; do, just to please me, only for five minutes. See! I'll spread my dress over it so that you need not touch it. Come, dearest, only for five minutes."

"Well, I'll sit on it just for a little mite of a time, if you promise not to tease me."

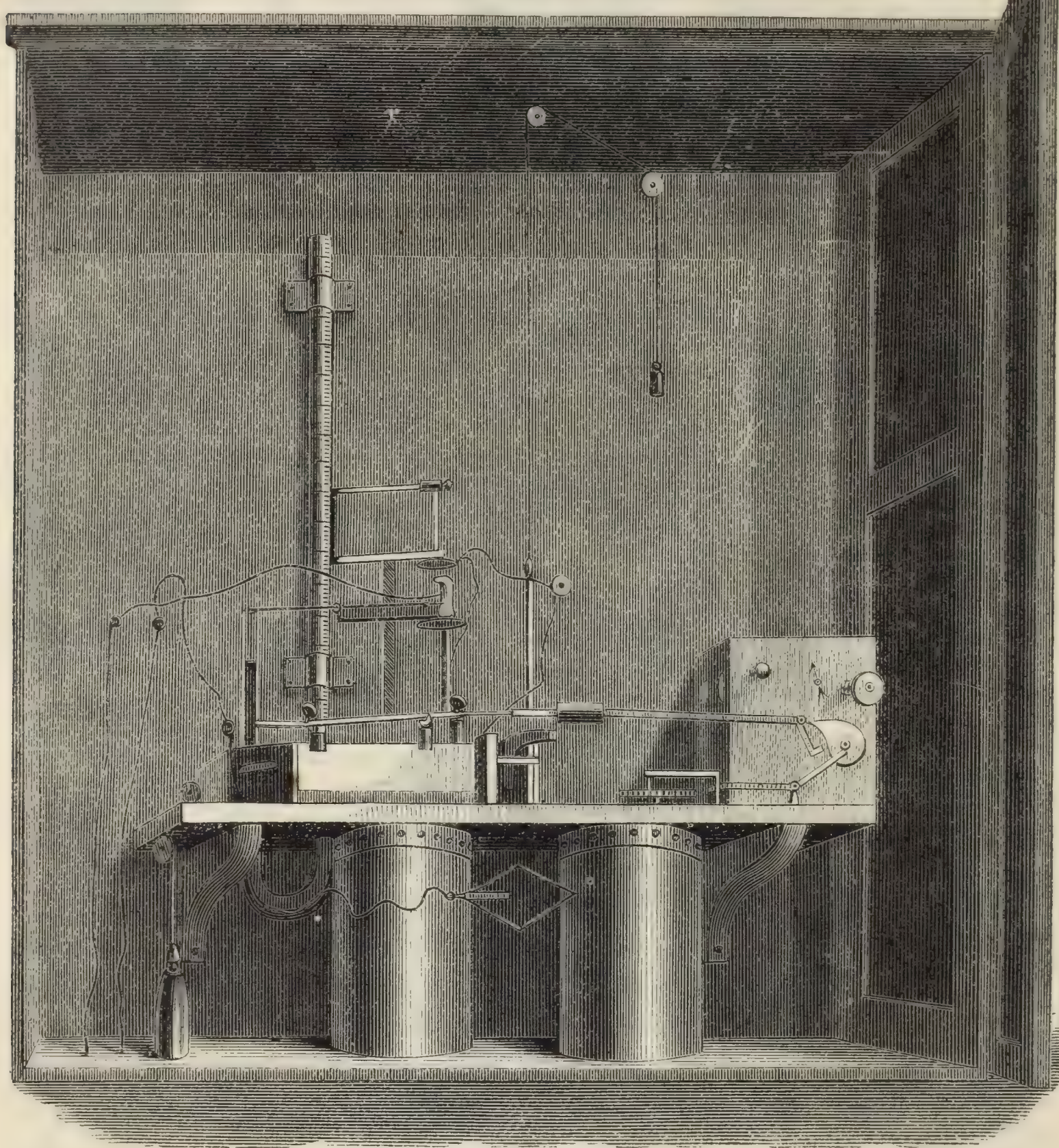
"Tease you, dear! Why, of course not. Come."

So Minnie went over and sat by her sister's side.

In about an hour Girasole came back. The two sisters were seated there. Minnie's head was resting on her sister's shoulder, and she was fast asleep, while Mrs. Willoughby sat motionless, with her face turned toward him, and such an expression in her dark eyes that Girasole felt awed. He turned in silence and went away.

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE STORM. THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE.

By PROFESSOR T. B. MAURY.



PROFESSOR HOUGH'S NEW PRINTING BAROMETER.

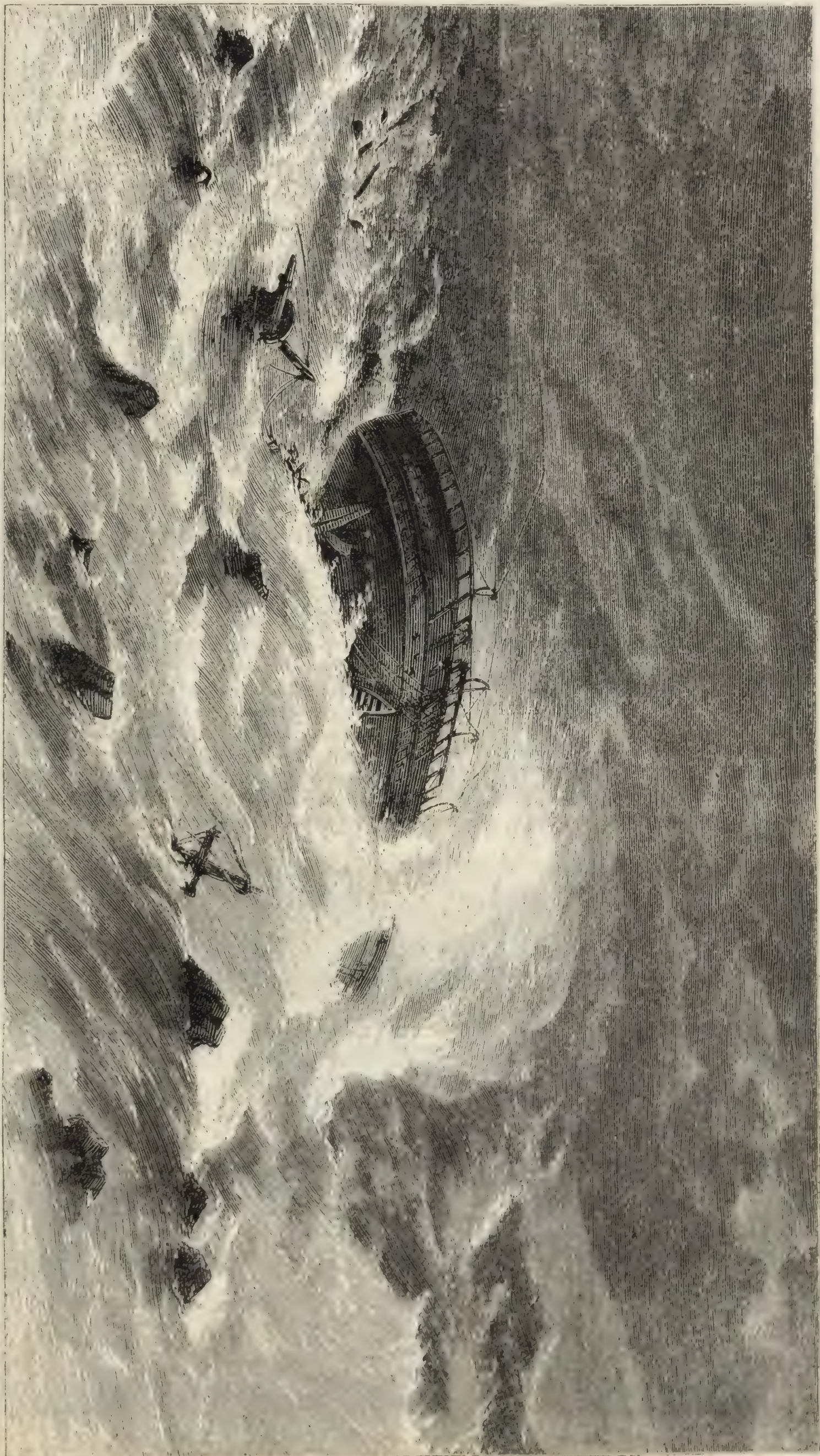
THE attempt to presage great weather phenomena is nothing new.

From time immemorial civilized society has sought after a plan for averting the violence of the storm and tempest as anxiously as it has sought to resist the deadly approach of the pestilence and the plague.

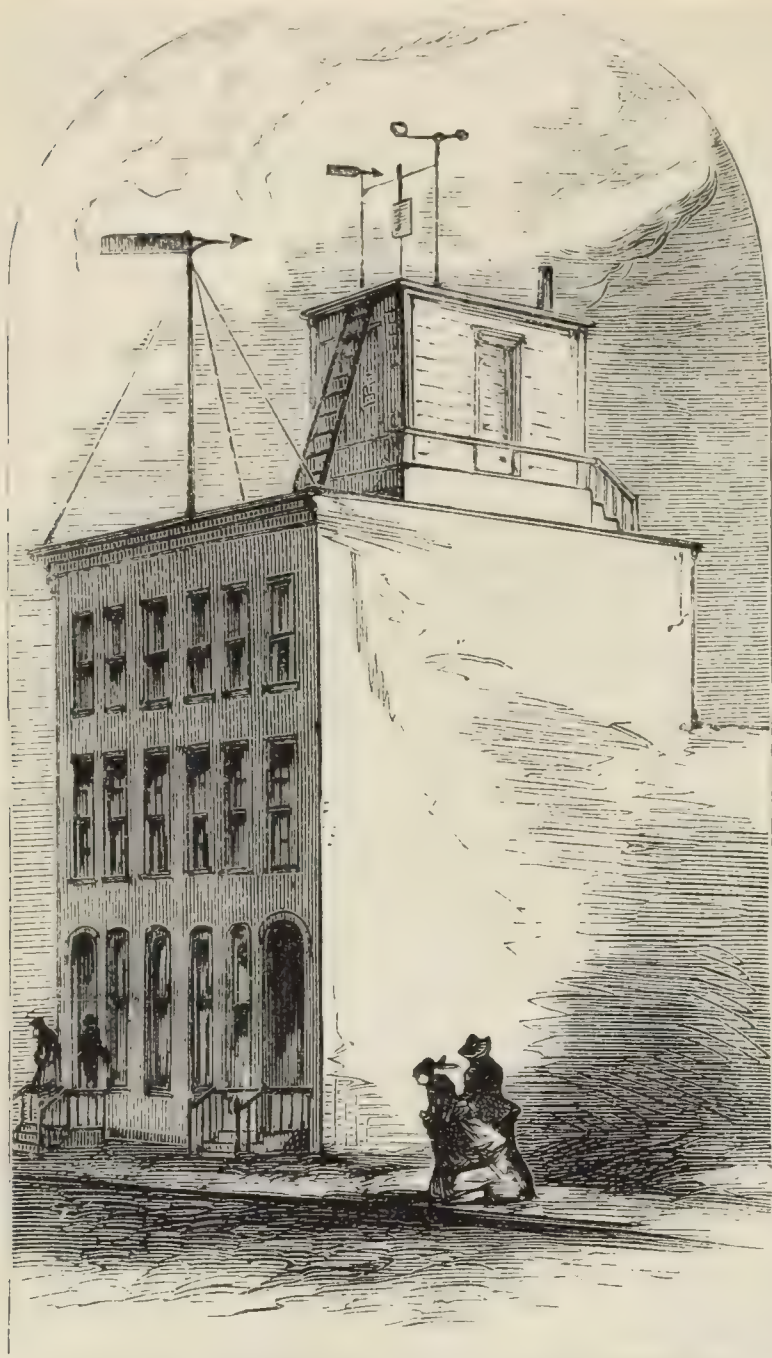
The Great Plague of London, historians tell us, carried off in a year about 90,000 persons. This was, however, in the rude and undeveloped condition of medical science, when the metropolis of England had but few hospitals, and every victim was left in his own house to spread and speed the march of the contagious foe. Appalling as such mortality seems for the year 1665, amidst the wretched and squalid dens of

the London poor, it has been overshadowed in modern times by a greater calamity. On the 5th of October, 1864, the storm which swept over Calcutta destroyed, *in a single day*, over 45,000 lives! Yet this is but one of a large number of similar occurrences rivaling in magnitude the great Indian disaster.

To give forewarning of approaching tempests on the coasts of the Adriatic, the Italian and old Roman castles, as described by an antique writer, had on their bastions pointed rods, to which, as they passed, the guards on duty presented the iron points of their halberds, and whenever they perceived an electric spark to follow, they rang an alarm-bell, to warn the farmer and the fisherman of an approaching



THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER," ON THE COAST OF ANGLISEA, FIVE MILES FROM POINT LYNDSE LIGHT-HOUSE.



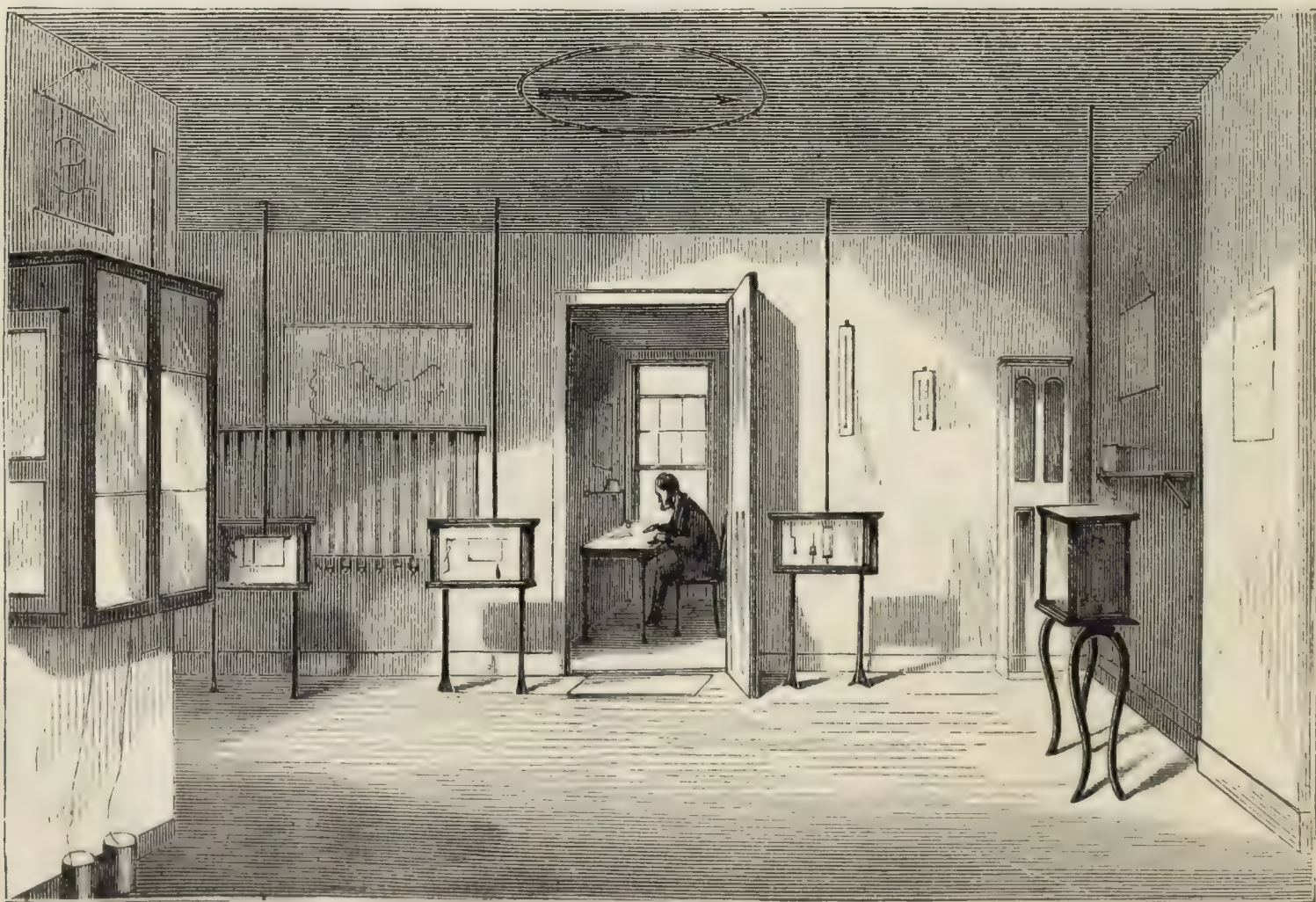
THE SIGNAL OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.

storm. It is interesting to note that this ancient Italian custom was widely spread over

the earth in former ages. And it is not difficult to connect it with those olden towers (not only in Ireland, Scotland, and Spain, but in Africa and the East, Upper India and China) in which the use of a similar conductor may have been one among the many objects of those relics of the past.

But, as the title of our article shows, a new element of science has been introduced—the electric telegraph—an invention whose mission of usefulness is destined to unlimited enlargement.

In November, 1854, while the Anglo-French fleet was operating in the Black Sea against the stubborn walls of Sebastopol, the tidings flashed across the wires that a mighty tempest had arisen on the western coast of France, and, by the warnings of the barometer, was on its way eastward. The telegram was sent by the French Minister of War, Marshal Vaillant, from Paris, and reached the allied fleet in good time to enable them to put to sea before the cyclone could travel the five hundred leagues of its course, and disperse or destroy the most splendid navies that ever rode those waters. The storm came with a fatal punctuality to the predicted hour. The Crimea, shaken, ravaged, scourged by its fury, presented everywhere a scene of havoc and ruin in the allied camp more fearful than any the fire of all the Russian forts combined could have inflicted. It is perhaps not too much to say that, but for that telegram and its timely storm warning, the congregated navies, far from home and shattered to pieces, could not have sustained the besieging armies, and the event of the great Eastern war might have been different from what it finally was.



INTERIOR OF INSTRUMENT ROOM IN OFFICE OF CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER.

So happily, in this instance, did theory (too often despised) blend with fact, that the French War Minister said, "It appears that, by the aid of the electric telegraph and barometric observations, we may be apprised several hours or several days of great atmospheric disturbances, happening at the distance of 1000 or 1500 leagues."

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—So far as we have been able to learn, the first idea of making use of the telegraph for conveying information in regard to the weather, with a view of anticipating changes at any point, occurred to Professor Henry, the eminent secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in the year 1847, as in the report of the Institution for that year, page 190 (presented to Congress on the 6th of January, 1848), we find the following paragraph:

"The present time appears to be peculiarly auspicious for commencing an enterprise of the proposed kind. The citizens of the United States are now scattered over every part of the southern and western portion of North America, and the extended lines of telegraph will furnish a ready means of warning the more northern and eastern observers to be on the look-out for the first appearance of an advancing storm."

Additional references to this subject were made in the reports of 1848 and 1849, in the latter of which we are informed that "successful applications have been made to the presidents of a number of telegraph lines to allow, at a certain period of the day, the use of their wires for the transmission of meteorological intelligence." Although subsequent reports referred to the intention of the Institution to organize a telegraphic department for its meteorological observations, it was not until 1856, as far as we can ascertain, that observations were actually collected and posted. In the report for 1857 we find that "the Institution is indebted to the national telegraph lines for a series of observations from New Orleans to New York, and as far westward as Cincinnati, which were published in the *Evening Star*."

In the report of 1858 it is announced that "an object of much interest at the Smithsonian building is the daily exhibition, on a large map, of the condition of the weather over a considerable portion of the United States. The reports are received about ten o'clock in the morning, and the changes on the maps are made by temporarily attaching to the several stations pieces of card of different colors, to denote different conditions of the weather as to clearness, cloudiness, rain, or snow. This map is not only of interest to visitors in exhibiting the kind of weather which their friends at a distance are experiencing, but is also of importance in determining at a glance the probable changes which may soon be expected."

The report for 1859 contains a list of thirty-nine stations from which daily weather dispatches are received, and the report for 1860 refers to forty-five stations. In the report for 1861 Professor Henry announces that the system has been temporarily discontinued in consequence of the monopoly of the wires by the military department, and in 1862 it seems to have been again resumed.

It is very evident that to our own country belongs the credit of first initiating and carrying into successful operation the systematic use of the telegraph for the above-mentioned object.

In the year 1857 Lieutenant M. F. Maury, then Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, appealed to the public and Congress, through the press, urging the establishment of a storm and weather bureau, and at the same time made an extensive tour through the Northwest, addressing the people with a view of rousing public attention to the vast importance of this meteorological system.

In the Journal of the American Geographical and Statistical Society for 1860 we read that "As long ago as 1851 we find the Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington urging the extension to the land—for the benefit of farmers, the shipping in

Less than three years after the occurrence of the famous "Black Sea storm," just mentioned, there appeared for the first time, and in an American paper, a formal proposition for the establishment of a general system of daily weather reports by telegraph, and the utilization of that great invention for the collection of meteorologic changes at a central office, and the transmission thence of storm warnings to the sea-ports of the American lakes and our Atlantic sea-board.

"Since great storms," says Mr. Thomas B. Butler, in his work on the "Atmospheric System and Elements of Prognostication," "have been found to observe pretty well defined laws, both as respects the motions of the wind and the direction of their progress, we may often recognize such a storm in its progress, and anticipate changes which may succeed during the next few hours. When it is possible to obtain telegraphic reports of the weather from several places in the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, we may often predict the approach of a great storm twenty-four hours before its violence is felt at New York."

On the coasts of the kingdom of Italy mariners are forewarned that a storm threatens them by a red flag hoisted on all the towers and light-houses of the principal localities, ranging from Genoa to Palermo, and thence up along the Adriatic. On the most dangerous points of the coast of England, where the fishing-boats and small craft that perform the service of the coast are exposed to formidable gales even during the most promising season, barometers put up by the Meteorological Bureau are at hand to warn the seamen of bad weather. A striking illustration of the importance of storm weather signals was recently furnished (March 8), when a tornado swept over St.

our ports, and the industrial pursuits of the country generally—of that system of meteorological co-operation and research which had been so signally beneficial to commerce and navigation at sea. The Brussels Conference indorsed this recommendation. Much stress, in these appeals to Congress and the people, has been laid upon the value of the magnetic telegraph as a meteorological implement; for it was held that by a properly managed system of daily weather reports by telegraph warnings of many, if not most, of the destructive storms which visit our shores or sweep over the land might be given sufficiently in advance to prevent shipwreck, with many other losses, disasters, and inconveniences to both man and beast."—(Page 6.) The same journal states that the Meteorological Department of the London Board of Trade, under Admiral Fitzroy, was established to co-operate with the suggestion of Lieutenant Maury, which statement is confirmed by the report of the English Board for 1866 (page 17), and also by Admiral Fitzroy himself, in his *Weather-Book*, where he tells (page 49), "from personal knowledge, how coldly Maury's views and suggestions were received in this country [England] prior to 1853." The great meteorologist, Alexander Buchan, secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, in his recent work, strikingly states the indebtedness of Europe to the United States for this system: "The establishment of meteorological societies during the last twenty years must be commemorated as contributing in a high degree to the advancement of the science. In this respect the United States stand pre-eminent."]]

Louis, destroying several lives and \$1,000,000 worth of property.

In former publications the writer has demonstrated at length the fire-sprinkled paths and tracks of these storms, some of which are generated in the torrid zone, and sweep over the Gulf of Mexico, and thence up the valley of the Mississippi; or, shooting off from the bosom of the Gulf Stream, strike upon the Atlantic coast, and thence commence their march upon the sea-board and central States of the Union. In these published papers the view taken of these tropic-born cyclones is, with some modifications, that announced in 1831, and then substantially demonstrated by Mr. William C. Redfield, of New York, viz., that they rotate *around a calm centre of low barometer, in a direction contrary to the hands of a watch in the northern hemisphere, and with the hands of a watch in the southern hemisphere.*

It would, perhaps, be impossible to give a more vivid and exact account of a cyclone (or typhoon) than the following account of the typhoon of the United States war vessel *Idaho*.* After depicting the forlorn condition of the vessel after she had passed through the semicircle of the storm, the eye-witness writes: "At half past seven in the evening the barometer had fallen from 30.05 to 27.62. Suddenly the mercury rose to 27.90, and with one wild, unearthly, soul-thrilling shriek the wind as suddenly dropped to a calm, and those who had been in these seas before knew that we were in the terrible vortex of the typhoon, the dreaded centre of the whirlwind. The ship had been fast filling with water, and fruitless efforts had been made to work the pumps; but when the wind died away the men jumped joyfully to the brakes, exclaiming, 'The gale is broken! we are all safe!' For the officers there was no such feeling of exultation. They knew that, if they did not perish in the vortex, they had still to encounter the opposite semicircle of the typhoon, and that with a disabled ship. It was as though a regiment of freshly wounded soldiers had been ordered to meet a new enemy in battle, and that without delay, for the cessation of the wind was not to be a period of rest. Till then the sea had been beaten down by the wind, and only boarded the vessel when she became completely unmanageable; but now the waters, relieved from all restraint, rose in their own might. Ghastly gleams of lightning revealed them piled up on every side in rough pyramidal masses, mountain high, the revolving circle of wind which every where inclosed them causing them to boil and tumble as though they were being stirred in some mighty caldron.

"At twenty minutes before eight o'clock the vessel entered the vortex; at twenty minutes past nine o'clock it had passed, and the hurricane returned, blowing with renewed violence from the north, veering to the west.

"The once noble ship, the pride not only of our own navy, but of the whole craft of ship-builders over all the world, was now only an unmanageable wreck. There was little left for the wind to do but entangle the more the masses of broken spars, torn sails, and parted ropes, which were held together by the wire rigging. An hour or two later the tempest began sensibly to abate, and confidence increased in the ability of the ship to hold together. When daylight dawned the danger was over, and we first became aware of the astonishing amount of damage the ship had incurred in bearing us through the perils of that dreadful night. It was evident that she had sacrificed herself to save us."

The writer was aware, when this view was first publicly sustained by himself, that it was not accepted by all meteorologists.

The observations, of the most reliable and extended character, made within the last few years, go far to show that the storms which descend on low latitudes of the earth from high polar regions are, as the storms of the tropical regions, likewise of a rotary or cyclonical character.

One of the most beautiful illustrations of the law which governs these atmospheric disturbances may be found in the gale which is so celebrated as that in which, on the 25th of October, 1859, the noble steamship *Royal Charter* went down, and several hundred lives were lost, in sight of the island of Anglesea, on the coast of Wales. "The *Royal Charter* gale, so remarkable in its features, and so complete in its illustrations," as Admiral Fitzroy has well remarked, "we may say (from the fact of its having been noted at so many parts of the English coast, and because the storm passed over the middle of the country), is one of the very best to examine which has occurred for some length of time."

At the fatal time the barometer, for over at least a thousand square miles of sea and land, was generally low, and had become so, gradually, during many previous days—some tell us as much as a whole week. On the west coast of Ireland all was quiet in the atmosphere; the sky in the north of Scotland was serene. On the 21st of September a vessel passed the Scilly Islands and encountered no gale, and on the 23d securely left the Channel soundings. On the 24th a vessel bound for Africa sailed from Liverpool, and met no storm. The Channel squadron noticed the low barometer of 28.50 inches. In London rain was incessant and heavy, and the wind was from the south, while at Liverpool the winds were cold and northerly. On the dark and rainy afternoon and evening of the same day the *Royal Charter* was making way around Anglesea, close in shore, to her sadly chosen anchorage on the north side of that island, just in the place where she would feel the full force of the next day's tempest. The tempest broke upon her the next morning near seven o'clock, and in one short hour "that

* *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1870: "A Night in a Typhoon."

doubly powered ship of iron," which had circumnavigated the globe, was destroyed, with nearly all on board. Another vessel, and a wooden sailing ship, *not a steamer*, the *Cumming*, and several smaller vessels, encountered the same gale but a few miles off, and by a few hours' sailing on the starboard tack (standing to the westward) ran out of the cyclone, and not one was wrecked, nor even materially injured. Had the *Royal Charter*, with her powerful engines and the use of her sails, followed their example on the morning of the 25th, all would, doubtless, have been right with her. The gale did not reach Liverpool until about twelve hours after the wreck of the noble vessel. Liverpool is about fifty or sixty miles from Anglesea.

The peculiarity of this gale which swept over the deck of the *Charter* was its *intense coldness*, being a *polar* current. Examining the accompanying diagram of "the *Royal Charter* storm," we see the tropical current advancing around the south and east of England with great force, to be, with greater force, speedily driven back by the polar current.

A letter from Dublin said, "In England you have had a tremendous gale (October 25-26). *Here* it was not felt." A dead calm and a *sharp frost* of unusual severity prevailed on the west coast of Ireland. A vessel returning from Iceland had heavy gales from the east-northeast between October 23 and 28.

"While at Anglesea," says Fitzroy, "the storm came from east-northeast, in the Irish Channel it was northerly; and on the east of Ireland it was from the northwest; in the Straits of Dover it was from the southwest; and on the east coast it was easterly—all at the *same minute*. Thus," he adds, "there was an apparent circulation of cyclonic commotion passing northward from the 25th to the 27th, being two complete days from its appearance in the Channel, while outside of this circuit the wind became less and less violent; and it is very remarkable that, even so near as on the west coast of Ireland, there was fine weather, with light breezes, while in the Bristol Channel it blew a northerly and westerly gale. At Galway and at Limerick, on that occasion, there were moderate breezes only, while over England the wind was passing in a tempest, blowing from all points of the compass in irregular succession, around a central, variable area."*

The phenomena of the *Royal Charter* gale have been given not as being peculiar or anomalous in the annals of cyclonology, but for the accuracy with which they were recorded, and because they furnish the reader with the type to which most American storms, and, indeed, all storms, more or less strictly conform, as geographical or orographical circumstances permit or prevent.

Storms similar in their conditions to that of the *Royal Charter* not infrequently occur in the United States, especially in the winter, when

the conflict of the two currents, the polar and the equatorial, in high latitudes, is marked by sudden transitions in January from mild, moist, and balmy weather to a sudden and fearful cold, below zero. The furious battle of the elements rages, and reminds us of the famous Homeric description of Hector's attack on the Grecian walls:

"As when two scales are charged with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods,
Till, poised aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight, nor this nor that descends."

It may suffice to give one instance of this in the great northwestern snow-storm of January last. Speaking of this storm, the *Chicago Times* of the 16th of January said:

"The tremendous storm which has just passed is without a peer in the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant.

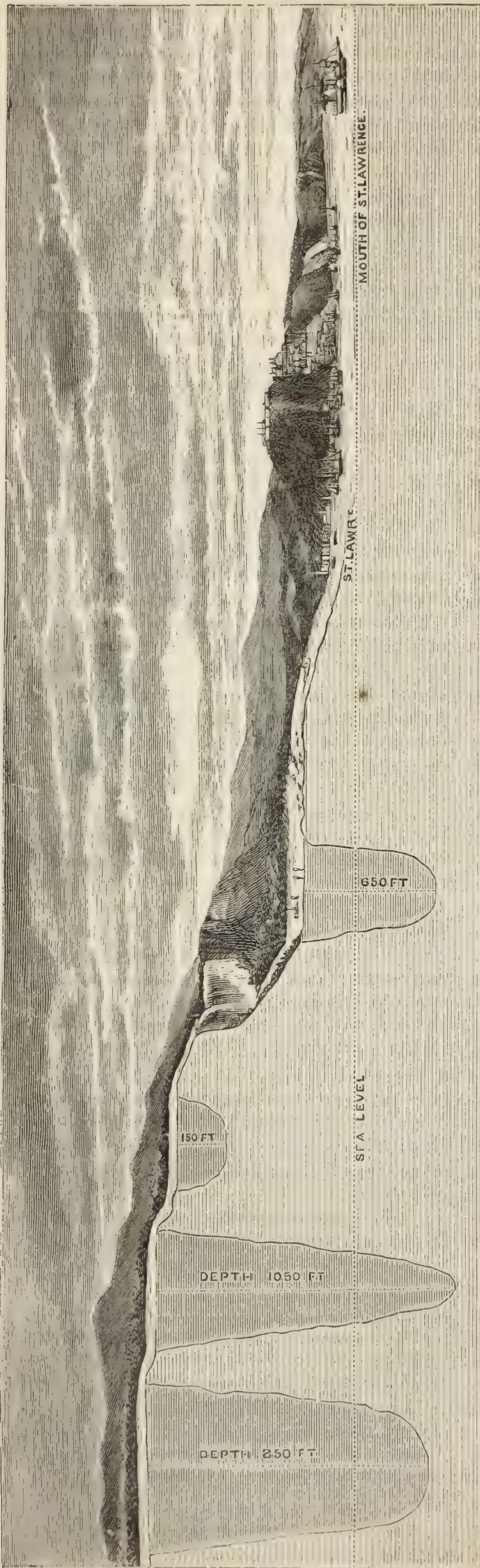
"The great snow-storm which visited Chicago on Friday (the 13th) first made its appearance on the 10th ultimo at Reno, among the Rocky Mountains, where it commenced its initiatory rage with such violence and with such a blinding fall of snow that the workmen repairing the Union Pacific track could not see ten feet before them. It made its appearance in Cheyenne on the 11th, and since then has been steadily advancing across the country. It has been one of those peculiar northwest storms whose coming was not indicated by the falling of the mercury in the barometer. On the other hand, the barometer rose, while the thermometer fell. *The immediate cause of the storm is indicated in the falling of the thermometer so suddenly after such mild weather.*

"The earliest direct news of the storm was received from Cheyenne, the most westward meteorological station, it having commenced to snow there about 4 P.M. on January 11. Reports were also received from Omaha, Duluth, and St. Paul on the same day, showing that the storm had also commenced in those cities. The storm continued, with no cessation of violence, till about midnight of the 12th, when the weather telegrams failed to give any further knowledge of it. It had suddenly disappeared; but only to strike Chicago with a premonitory drizzle of rain on the morning of the 13th, the same symptoms showing themselves in St. Louis and Milwaukee.

"The amount of snow that has fallen during the present storm is almost unparalleled; but, great as it is, it furnishes no gauge for the quantity of moisture that has reached the earth, as the amount of rain and sleet held in the snow makes it almost as heavy as salt. Another interesting feature of the storm has been its extreme duration, as compared with its violence. As bitter as the driving wind has been, the storm took thirty-nine hours to reach Chicago from Omaha, a progress which would give the very slow momentum of about ten miles an hour."

The Chicago storm was from the great polar current, and, as is the wont of westerly storms

* See Fitzroy's Weather Book, p. 300.



OROGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.

(from the orographic peculiarity of the country), made its way to the Atlantic along the lakes and through the valley of the St. Lawrence.

"With daily telegrams from the Azores and Iceland," Buchan says, "two and often three days' intimation of almost every storm that visits Great Britain could be had." The Iceland telegram would give tidings from the polar air current, and that from the Azores would advertise the movement of the tropical current.

It is highly important that the United States should have telegrams from the Pacific, and from the valley of the Saskatchewan, or some point in British America on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. The importance of reports from the southwest also was fearfully demonstrated in March, during the already mentioned interruption of the Signal Service, when the tornado in St. Louis destroyed many lives, and \$1,000,000 worth of property.

It is due to the cyclone theory, or "law of storms," here and heretofore advanced by the writer, to say that many of the storms which seem to be deviations from the cyclonic law are modified by *interfering cyclones*. This view was formally adopted by the committee of the Meteorological Department of the London Board of Trade. Mr. Stevenson, of Berwickshire, England, as quoted by Fitzroy in the Board of Trade Report for 1862 (page 33), has some striking observations, founded on his own invaluable labors: "The storms which pass over the British Isles are found generally to act in strict accordance with the cyclonic theory. In many cases, however, this accordance is not so obvious, and the phenomena become highly complicated. This is a result which often happens when two or more cyclones interfere—an event of *very frequent occurrence*. When interferences of this description take place we have squalls, calms (often accompanied by heavy rains), thunder-storms, great variations in the direction and force of the wind, and much irregularity in the barometric oscillations. These complex results are, however, completely explicable by the cyclonic theory, as I have tested in several instances. A very beautiful and striking example of a compound cyclonic disturbance of the atmosphere at this place was investigated by me in September, 1840, and found to be due to the interference of three storms." Mr. Stevenson gives a number of instances of interfering cyclones which confirm this view. The points of *interference*, where two cyclones strike and

revolve against each other, are best marked by a peculiarly and *treacherously* fine rain.

It may not inappropriately be added here that the cyclone theory, so strikingly illustrated by the hurricanes of the West Indies, has been demonstrated by Dove to apply to the typhoons of the Indian Ocean and China Seas. And Mr. Thorn has long since shown that the theory holds good for the storms of the Indian Ocean, south of the equator.

The following extract strikingly confirms what has been said. Mr. N. W. Goodwin, a resident of Superior, Wisconsin, writing me of the storms on Lake Superior, says:

"In my inquiries about these northeasters I have been informed by people living here, who have for years observed their peculiarities, that frequently steamers and vessels leave here and have pleasant weather down the lake, and that vessels leaving a short time after encounter these northeasters in all their violence; at the same time passengers from the southwest (Saint Paul) meet no storm until within a few miles of the lake.

"During these storms the upper strata of clouds, as seen through the rifts in the lower strata, move toward the southwest with seemingly as great velocity as the lower strata are moving toward the northeast.

"At times these storms will only reach a short way down the lake, and it seems as though the currents of air are moving in a circle, coming down from above and striking the surface of the lake, and then following it up until they encounter the influences of the land, hills, and woods at the head of the lake, and then turning and forming those currents that are seen through the lower strata of clouds moving toward the southwest.

"We have," Mr. Goodwin says, "a surer rule of forecasting these northeasters than by the barometer—that is, by the rise of the water in the lake. If the water first recedes, and then suddenly rises, look out for a heavy northeaster. But if it only rises, and *does not recede before* rising, the blow will be light."

We come now to examine the most important branch of our subject.

ORGANIZATION OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

It would be wanting in acknowledgment of great services which have been rendered to the whole country, and to science every where, not to mention the names of those who have been most directly engaged in establishing in the Signal Service Bureau a "Division of Telegrams and Reports for the Benefit of Commerce." Foremost in this work was the Hon. Halbert E. Paine, of Wisconsin, whose fine and cultivated intellect soon discovered the necessity for storm signals on the great lakes, and whose ability and commanding influence in Congress gave the proposition dignity and force. Warmly seconded by the Hon. Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, the distinguished chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House of Representa-

tives, in which he stands as one of the most able and conspicuous leaders, General Paine's advocacy secured an early adoption of the measure. The Hon. William W. Belknap, the Secretary of War, although from the first he intrusted the entire management of the service to the chief signal officer, has been the earnest and able supporter of the enterprise, which will always be an honor to his administration of the War Department.

It may be added that, without distinction of party, the whole people of the country, the press, both Houses of Congress, and the President have earnestly sustained and advanced this important branch of the public service.

The basis upon which all the operations of the Signal Service are conducted is that of *military precision and promptness*. This will be seen from the following circular:

WAR DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER.

Division of Telegrams and Reports for the Benefit of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 10, 1870.

[CIRCULAR.]

The following circular is published for the information of those desiring to enlist for appointment as non-commissioned officers in the army, for the duties of the "observation and report of storms, by telegraph and signal, for the benefit of commerce," under the late law of Congress and the authorization of the Secretary of War, and for such other duties as may be required in connection therewith.

Every candidate will be subjected to an examination, prior to enlistment, before a board appointed by the chief signal officer, which meets at this office, as may be convenient, and before which he must appear at his own expense. Testimonials as to good character and capacity, signed by persons known at this office, must be presented. The examination will be chiefly directed to accurate spelling, legible handwriting, proficiency in arithmetic (including decimal fractions), and the geography of the United States.

The United States is entitled to the whole time of the person enlisted; but the duties required are of such a nature that, with care and diligence, a good deal of time will be at the disposal of the persons employed, which may be devoted to reading or study, without detriment to the discharge of their duties. Thus time between the hours of reports can often be had for this purpose, and on frequent occasions when no active duty is pressing. A number of young men are already enlisted having such purposes in view. No employment of this nature can, however, be permitted to interfere, in any way, with that prompt and constant attention to duty which will be insisted upon.

Candidates, after successfully passing a physical and mental examination, will be enlisted in the general service of the United States, and will then receive the appointment of sergeant from the date of enlistment. If, however, after being under instruction, they fail to pass another examination, to be had before they will be put upon duty, they will be at once discharged.

Persons permanently relieved from duty for honorable reasons will be honorably discharged. The penalties for neglect of duty, bad conduct, etc., are dishonorable discharge, or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct.

All the duties will be performed strictly under the discipline of martial law—all persons in the military service being subject to trial and punishment for improper conduct or neglect of duty under the rules and articles of war.

The duties will be chiefly those pertaining to the observation, record, and proper publication and report, at such times as may be required, of the state of the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and rain-gauge, or other instruments (instructions in the use of which instruments will be given by this office), and the report by telegraph or signal, at such times as indicated and to such places as may be designated by the chief signal officer, of the observations as made, or such other information as may be required—the telegraphic reports to be forwarded by the regular telegraphic operators, or in such manner as may be directed. The utmost precision will be required in observations and reports. The specification of these particular duties is not to exclude others connected therewith which may be necessary.

The object of this plan is to insure the correctness and regularity of reports by having them made under military control. It being desired to make this body of men especially select, rigid examinations will be insisted upon.

Married men are not enlisted, and only persons between the ages of twenty-one and forty years.

The *military system* is one of the most strikingly beautiful and valuable features in the constitution of this Signal Service for the benefit of commerce. The advantages of having the whole corps of weather observers *in the army* are manifest and manifold. Each observer feels the responsibility of a sentinel at his post, which begets in him a sentiment of devotion to duty the strongest of which men are capable, and which has often led the soldier to imitate the example of the Roman guard at Pompeii, who, after nearly eighteen centuries, was taken from its ruins in his martial position, showing that he had not fled before the molten flood from Vesuvius. Experience has proved, what the sense of the government originally suggested, that observations would be most punctually and scrupulously taken at the different stations by men accustomed to the discipline and obedience, even in minutest details, of army subalterns.

They are required to work out no difficult problems in meteorology, but simply to observe and record the indications of their instruments, and to transmit the same without delay or inaccuracy. In doing this work, they have become by tri-daily practice as expert and exact in reading the glasses as any of our veteran scientific men—indeed, as much so as a Fitzroy or a Leverrier could be.

Regarding the Signal Corps scattered through and over all parts of the country, we may compare it to a regiment on drill three times a day, the telegraph instantly revealing to the commanding officer, General Albert J. Myer, at Washington, the slightest failure in any observer.

By this now widely spread and magnificently organized system the United States army, engaged under the chief signal officer, is in time of *peace* undergoing a thorough training in the art of telegraphy and signaling, at the same time that it is passing through a most thorough discipline, is being educated to science, and also serving one of the most important ends ever devised for the benefit of commerce.

At Fort Whipple, Virginia, *every man is taught to use the telegraph, and to become a skill-*

ful operator. He thus has a profession at all times lucrative to himself wherever he may be afterward thrown. The training, skill, and habits of exactness acquired by the Signal Corps in time of peace will be of the greatest value to the army in time of war. The telegraph is capable of indefinite utilization. General Von Moltke, it is well known, conducted the late operations of the German army on the battle-fields of France sitting in the rear with his map before him, and his telegraphic operator at his side, keeping him in communication with all parts of the field. It has been frequently said by distinguished military men that the telegraph will be one of the most effective weapons in any war that may now occur. How necessary for the government to keep up the efficiency of such a corps as that of which we have spoken!

Of its utility in time of war it is hardly necessary to say more than a word. These signals have been used in American military movements with great success, as in the famous movement of General Hood near Altoona, when by forced marches he found his way into General Sherman's rear, and seizing every road along which a courier could pass with the intelligence, was finally defeated by forces brought up by messages sent over the heads of his forces by the Signal Officer with General Sherman.

During the progress of war the force under General Myer would have a double office. They would communicate all the movements of the enemy and conduct the telegraphic business on the field and also in the rear; and that portion of the corps on duty at the signal station would keep up their weather reports, by which commanders would be informed of how their movements would be likely to be retarded by storms and rains, by heavy roads, by detentions of their supply-trains, by snow-drifts on their railroad communications, and by fatal floods in the rivers in their rear, and other weather phenomena affecting the very existence of their commands.

As the organization under General Myer now exists, the President and Secretary of War have a responsible military man at every important post in the country. If a warlike expedition appears on any part of our coast, causing a panic or stampede, there may be a thousand wild rumors of frightened message-senders. The government, however, is in the receipt every eight hours (and can be in the receipt every hour if it wishes) of a reliable message from its own agent, who reports on his responsibility what he saw and knows to be true; and this observer will not leave his post until ordered to do so. As a mere government police, therefore, the Signal Corps would be worth to the nation far more than it can ever cost, even if its operations should be more widely extended, as will speedily be done.

Each sergeant is sent to the Signal Service school of instruction at Fort Whipple, Virginia, where he is immediately supplied with Loomis's "Text-Book of Meteorology," Buchan's

"Hand-Book of Meteorology," Pope's "Practical Telegraphy," and the "Manual of Signals for the United States Army," together with all the instruments necessary for practical instruction. The books he must thoroughly master. He is required to recite once daily didactically, and to practice a certain time with the instruments. He is required to remain under tuition until considered by the instructor competent to take charge of a station and perform the necessary duties, when he is ordered before a board, consisting of three army officers, for examination, when, if considered incompetent, he is returned to Fort Whipple for further instruction and practice.

If, after a rigid examination, he is found capable, he is assigned to a station, and the necessary stationery and instruments furnished him (the latter consisting of the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, anemoscope, anemometer, and rain-gauge), and instructions to make three observations daily, viz., at the time corresponding with 7.35 A.M., 4.35 P.M., and 11.35 P.M., *Washington time*, so that every observer at each station should be reading his instruments at the same moment, and in the following order, viz., 1st, barometer; 2d, thermometer; 3d, hygrometer; 4th, anemoscope; 5th, anemometer; and 6th, rain-gauge.

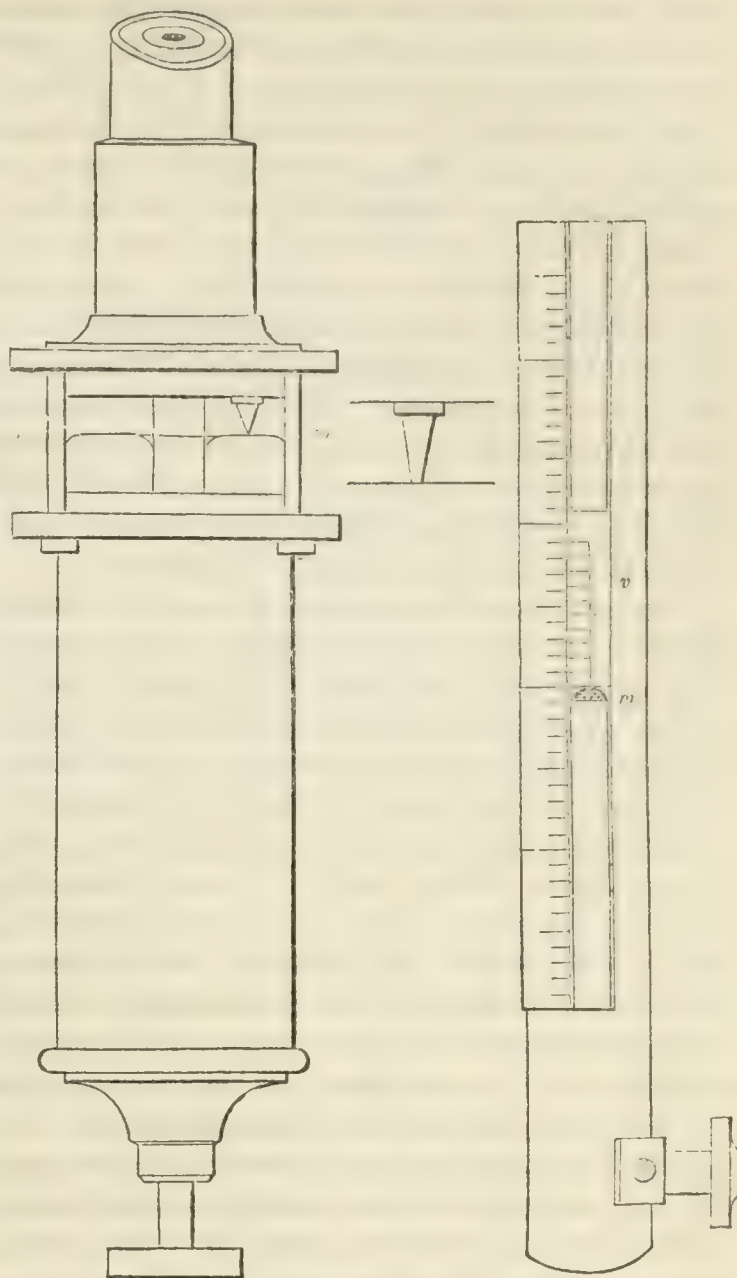
THE SIGNAL SERVICE STAFF.

General Myer is assisted by a staff of able and experienced officers, and by a corps of sixty-five observer-sergeants.

The Board of Preliminary Examination is composed of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Garrick Mallery, Captain First Infantry, U.S.A., and Brevet Captain H. W. Howgate, Second Lieutenant Twentieth Infantry. This board had examined previous to March 1 about one hundred and thirty applicants for appointment as observer-sergeants, of whom seventy-nine were recommended and assigned to instruction or other duty; most of those failing in examinations were deficient in the knowledge of decimal fractions and the geography of the United States.

The Board of Final Examination is composed of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Garrick Mallery, Captain First Infantry; Second Lieutenant Allyn Capron, First Artillery; Brevet Captain Henry W. Howgate, Second Lieutenant Twentieth Infantry. Of the seventy-nine observer-sergeants appointed before March 1 there were discharged for unfitness in final examination or for misconduct, four; reduced to the ranks for misconduct, two; discharged for unfitness after passing final examination, one; discharged for physical disability, two; discharged for failure to pass final examination, five—leaving sixty-five as the total number now composing the corps.

In addition to the duties discharged by the officers of the Examining Board, Colonel Mallery, A.S.O., has the general charge of the very large correspondence of the office; Captain Howgate has charge of the statistics and all observations of the service; and Lieutenant



SECTIONS OF GREEN'S STANDARD BAROMETER.

Capron has the difficult post of instructor of sergeants at Fort Whipple.

Where a single person has been required to do the work of a station, receiving full reports from all stations, the labor occupied twenty hours out of the twenty-four. But the rule now adopted is to provide each station with two men—one a sergeant in charge and the other a private soldier as assistant. The observer stationed on Mount Washington has been alone on the mountain most of the time, and always responsible for the work.

Besides the officers already named as composing the Board of Examination, General Myer is also ably assisted by Major L. B. Norton, the property and disbursing officer of the Signal Service.

Professor Cleveland Abbé, long known as an officer of the Cincinnati Observatory, and as an eminent meteorologist, is employed chiefly in the work of making out the daily synopsis of the weather, and deducing therefrom the weather "probabilities," which are given to the public by telegram through all newspapers desirous of furnishing them to their readers.

To the conspicuous ability of all of these officers is attributable the success of the enterprise.

"THE GLASSES."

If the invention of the mariner's compass enabled navigators, as Columbus and Magellan, to leave the close seas and shores of the main-

land, and strike their way across the great oceans in search of new continents, it is beyond dispute that (to use the words of a distinguished meteorologist) "the invention of the barometer has opened up a new world." Perhaps nothing has been so much in the way of meteorologic success as poor and unreliable instruments. To obviate this difficulty, numerous eminent laborers have made both common and self-registering instruments the study and experiment of a lifetime. The common barometer has undergone many and vast improvements within a few years, so that an old seaman like Lord Nelson would now hardly know a first-class Adie's or Green's barometer.

The ordinary barometer in use by Signal Office observers is that of Mr. James Green (the well-known scientific instrument maker of New York)—an instrument adopted by the Smithsonian Institution, and also by the American navy, as the most perfect to be obtained.

This barometer has its cistern furnished with a small glass index, which shows when the mercury is at the right height in the cistern. This is adjustable by a screw which works through the bottom of the instrument against the flexible bottom of the cistern. The instrument is ready for use when the mercury touches the little V-shaped index in the cistern. So simple and complete is this barometer that any one can use it, and it ought to be in the hands of all business gentlemen, and all who are interested in watching the mutations of weather.

In reading the barometer a *vernier* is used. The vernier (Figs. 1 and 2) consists of a piece similar to the scale of the barometer, and along which it slides. It will be seen from Fig. 1 that ten divisions of the vernier are exactly equal to eleven divisions of the scale; that is, to eleven-tenths of an inch. Each division of the vernier is, therefore, equal to a tenth of an

inch, together with the tenth of a tenth, or a hundredth, *i. e.*, to ten hundredths and one hundredth, or 0.11 of an inch. Similarly, two divisions of the vernier are equal to 0.22 inch, three to 0.33 inch. If the vernier and scale occupy the relative positions as in Fig. 1, then the barometer reads 30.00 inches. But if they

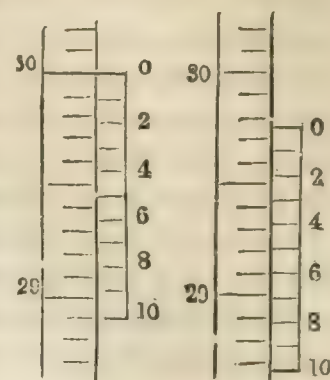


Fig. 1. Fig. 2.
FOR READING BY VERNIER.

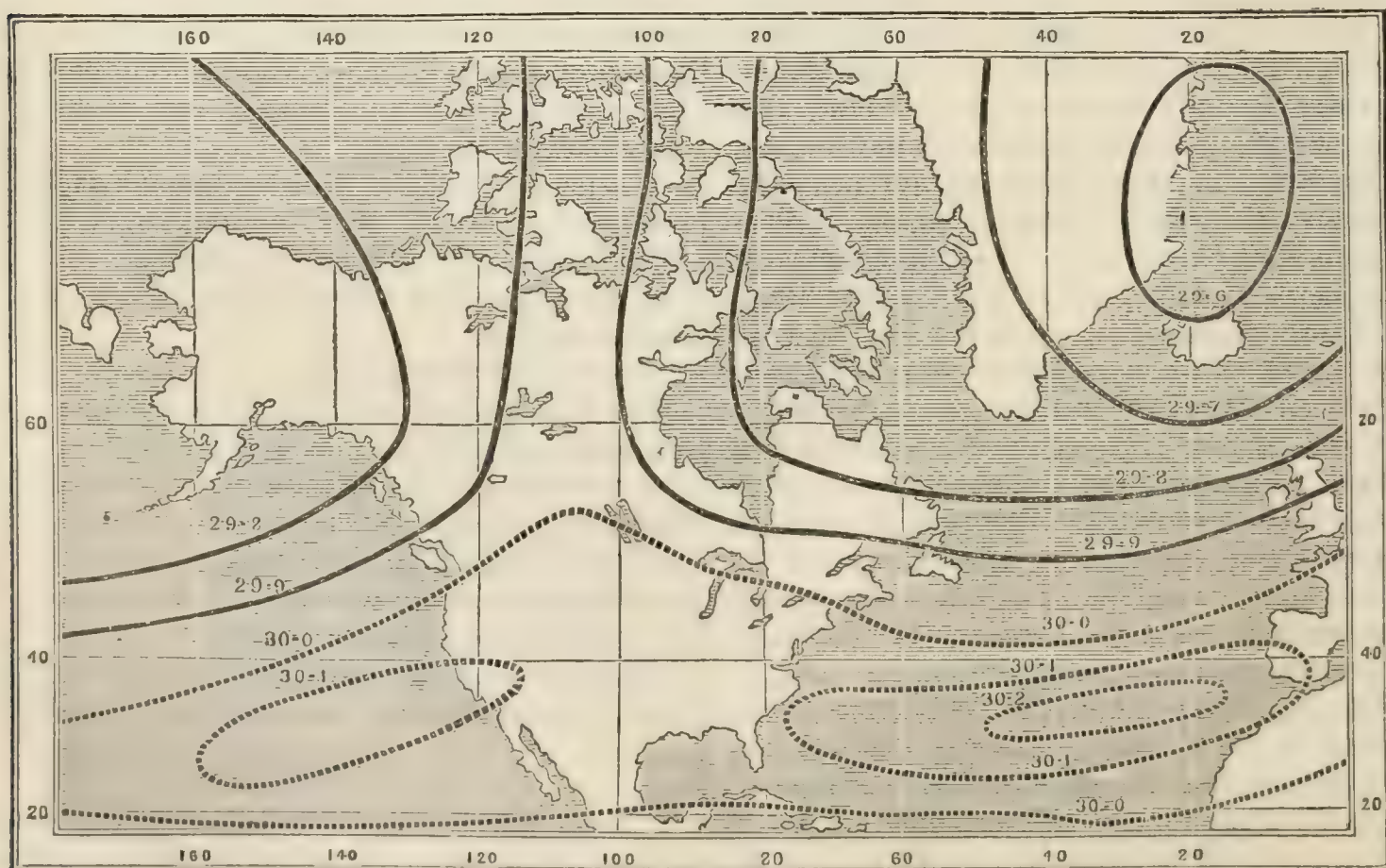
stand as in Fig. 2, we read thus: (1) The zero of the vernier being between 29 and 30, the reading exceeds 29 inches, but less than 30 inches. Hence the first figure is 29 inches. (2) Counting the tenths of an inch from 29 upward, we find the vernier indicates more than 7-10ths and less than 8-10ths, giving the second figure, 7-10ths. Casting the eye down the scale to see the point at which a division of the scale and one of the vernier meet in one and the same straight line, we find it at the figure 6—the last figure. And we read the barometer 29.76.

By this simple mechanical contrivance the barometer is read to so fine a degree that the variation of 1-100th of an inch in the mercurial column is detected!

BAROMETRIC OSCILLATIONS.

Latitude and longitude on the earth's surface mark very conspicuous differences in the mean barometric pressure, as will be seen by a study of the Isobarometric Chart for the United States.

The barometer has a slight fluctuation also under several influences. It rises when the moon is on the meridian in some places. It has a diurnal oscillation, amounting on the



MEAN ANNUAL ISOBAROMETRIC LINES FOR THE UNITED STATES.

equator to more than one-tenth of an inch, but in the latitude of New York to only 0.05 inch, the greatest height being about 10 A.M., and the least about 4 P.M. The nocturnal variations are much less. In the latitude of Philadelphia and New York the northeast wind causes another variation of one-fourth of an inch, due to the meeting of two atmospheric waves giving a still higher wave, and hence a higher barometer. There is also the variation due to the height of the observer's station above the sea. This is, of course, of the first importance. The other fluctuations are comparatively unimportant, and do not blind an observer to those ominous fluctuations which precede the storm, the tornado, and the hurricane. The oscillations which indicate a storm are very marked. The tornado which recently ravaged St. Louis was preceded by a gradual fall of the mercury in the barometer, for thirty hours previous, of an entire inch. At Boston, within thirty-seven years, the barometer has ranged from 31.125 inches to 28.47 inches, the difference being 2.655 inches. At London it has ranged through more than 3.5 inches; but in the tropics not so much.

During the passage of a cyclone the mercury oscillates rapidly. The most noticeable fall occurs from four to six hours before the passage of the storm centre. This fall is often over an inch, and sometimes two inches.

Great changes are *usually* shown by falls of barometer exceeding half an inch, and by differences of temperature exceeding fifteen degrees. If the fall equals one-tenth of an inch an hour we may look out for a heavy storm. The more sudden the change the greater the danger. *But it is too often forgotten that the fall of the mercury is a forewarning of what will occur in a day or two, rather than in a few hours.*

A variation of an inch is certain to be followed by a tornado or violent cyclone. In the tropics "the glass" has been known to show a fall of more than an inch and a half in one hour!

The following guides in predicting weather changes are selected from the "Barometer Manual" of the London Board of Trade, and are suggestive:

I. If the mercury standing at thirty inches rise gradually while the thermometer falls, and dampness becomes less, N.W., N., or N.E. wind; less wind or less snow and rain may be expected.

II. If a fall take place with a rising thermometer and increasing dampness, wind and rain may be expected from S.E., S., or S.W.; a fall in winter with a low thermometer foretells snow.

III. An impending N. wind before which the barometer often rises may be accompanied with rain, hail, or snow, and so forms an apparent exception to the above rules, for the barometer always rises with a north wind.

IV. The barometer being at 29½ inches, a rise foretells less wind or a change of it northward, or less wet. But if at 29 inches a fast first rise precedes strong winds or squalls from N.W., N., or N.E., after which a gradual rise with falling thermometer, a S. or S.W. wind will follow, especially if the rise of the barometer has been sudden.

V. A rapid barometric rise indicates unsettled, and

a rapid fall stormy weather with rain or snow; while a steady barometer, with dryness, indicates continued fine weather.

VI. The greatest barometric depressions indicate gales from S.E., S., or S.W.; the greatest elevations foretell wind from N.W., N., or N.E., or calm weather.

VII. A sudden fall of the barometer, with a westerly wind, is sometimes followed with a violent storm from the N.W., N., or N.E.

VIII. If the wind veer to the S. during a gale from the E. to S.E., the barometer will continue to fall until the wind is near a marked change, when a lull may occur. The gale may afterward be renewed, perhaps suddenly and violently; and if the wind then veer to the N.W., N., or N.E., the barometer will rise and the thermometer fall.

IX. The maximum height of the barometer occurs during a northeast wind, and the minimum during one from the southwest; hence these points may be considered the poles of the wind. The range between these two heights depends on the direction of the wind, which causes, on an average, a change of half an inch; on the moisture of the air, which produces in extreme cases a change of half an inch; and on the strength of the wind, which may influence the barometer to the extent of two inches. These causes, separately or conjointly with the temperature, produce either steady or rapid barometric variations, according to their force.

SELF-REGISTERING INSTRUMENTS.

But invaluable as is the ordinary barometer which has been described, the most valuable instruments are those which are automatic, or self-registering. Prominent among these are the celebrated self-recording barometer and the meteorograph invented by Professor G. W. Hough, Superintendent of the Dudley Observatory at Albany. Lord Rosse's telescope has not done more for astronomy than will the self-registering barometer do for meteorology.

Through the great kindness of Professor Hough, in sending me wood-cuts of his beautiful inventions, I am enabled to present these simple yet complete and consummate contrivances.

The diagram, Fig. 1, page 410, will illustrate the method of registering the height of the barometer and thermometer on a single sheet by the use of one set of mechanism:

Let D be a drum 6 inches in diameter and 7 inches in height, covered with a sheet of ruled paper. This drum is presumed to revolve at any convenient rate, say 1 inch per day. Let L be an iron or brass bar 24 inches in length, mounted on an axis passing through the point c. Let P be a steel pen attached to the end of the lever projecting over the centre of the drum. Let P' and P'' be platinum wires attached to the lever at 3 inches on either side of the axis c. The wire P' is over the shorter leg of a siphon barometer, and the wire P'' passes into the end of an open mercury thermometer.

Now if the lever L be elevated at the end over the drum, the wire P' will touch the top of a float resting in the shorter leg of the siphon barometer. If then a battery, B, and electro-magnet, E, be arranged as in the diagram, when contact is made with the float a current of electricity will pass through the circuit, and the electro-magnet E is operated. If then, when the circuit is completed, a blow be struck on the pen P, by means of the electro-magnet, or a hammer unlocked by it, the dot on the drum sheet will indicate the height of the barometer at that time. It is obvious that as often as the lever is elevated a record will be made. For the barometer an hourly record will be found to be sufficient.

If the lever L is rigid and firmly mounted, the mere

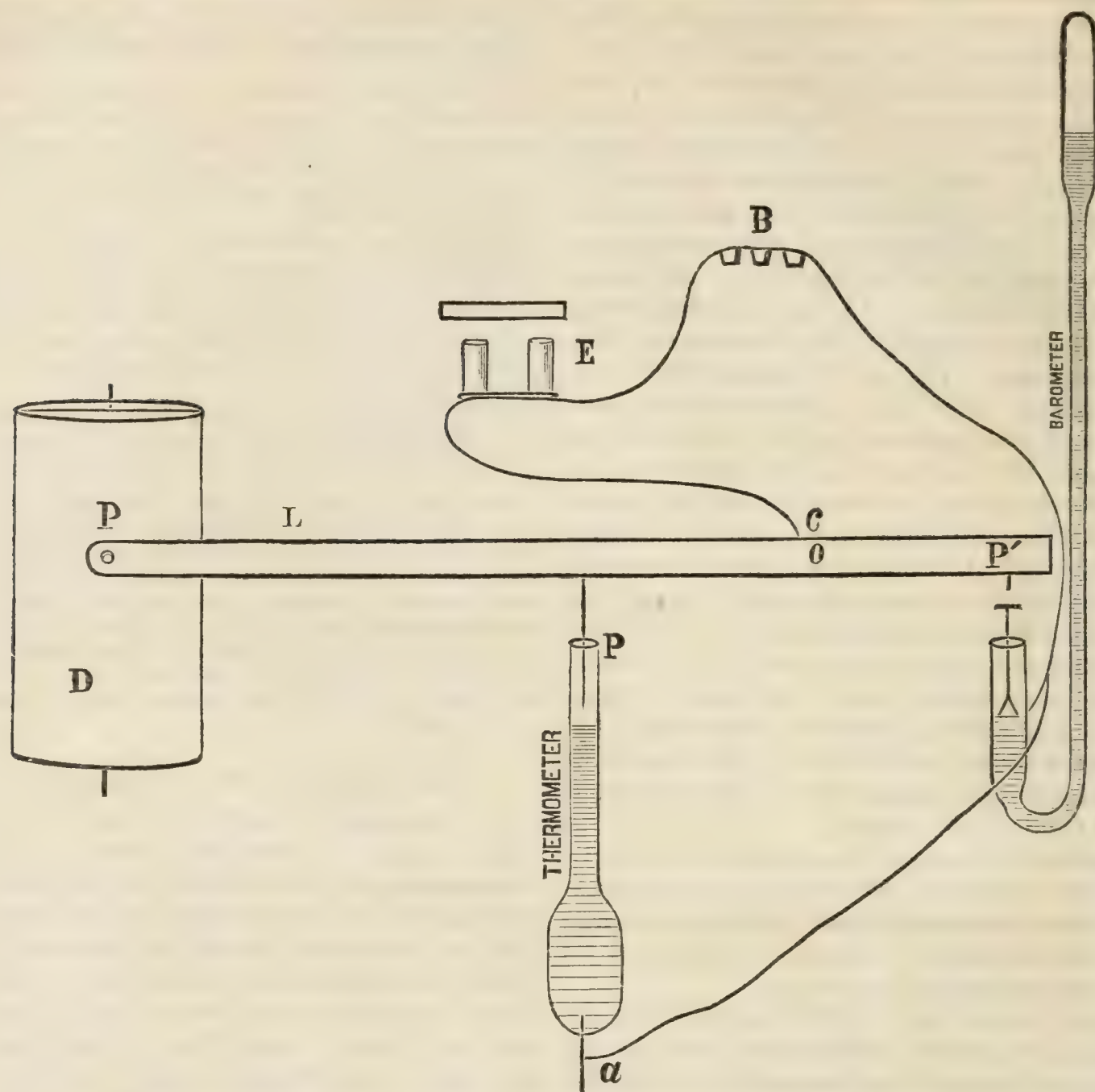


Fig. 1.—REGISTRATION OF THE HEIGHT OF BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER.

measurement of height by means of electrical contact can be carried to almost any degree of precision.

It was found from numerous experiments made some years since that the magnetic circuit is not completed for a distance of one-tenthousandth of an inch. Therefore, whatever source of error there may be in the results recorded by this method is due to the barometer itself. In practice, from records extending over nearly one year, it is found that the results are inside the errors of reading from the drum sheet.

A long experience has led to the conclusion that this degree of precision is sufficient for the investigation of barometric changes, and is but little outside the limit of error from reading a standard barometer.

An examination of the diagram will also show at a glance how the height of the thermometer is recorded. It should, however, previously be stated that the thermometer is a little larger than those in ordinary use, and has a platinum wire, *a*, cemented in the bulb, communicating with the mercury in the inside.

DESCRIPTION OF A NEW METEOROGRAPH. (WEATHER RECORDER.)

The following is a general description of a machine constructed for the Signal Service at the request of the chief signal officer.

It registers hourly the barometer and wet and dry bulb thermometers, and thus shows the atmospheric pressure, the temperature of the atmosphere, and its hygrometric condition—*i. e.*, its condition of moisture or dryness.

The engraving, Fig. 2, page 411, is a perspective view of this instrument. The recording lever, A, is a bar of iron about two feet in length, nearly balanced on the axis, supported by the clock-frame, C. The clock is constructed with rather stronger gearing than an ordinary movement, its office being to elevate and depress the lever A hourly, regulate the drum, D, and raise the two striking hammers, H and H'. It is provided with a half-second pendulum, and requires winding once in two days, the weight dropping in that time about three feet.

The shorter leg of the siphon barometer is shown at B, and the wet and dry bulb thermometers at T' and T. Directly over the leg of the siphon, as also over the two thermometers, the lever A supports a carriage, which is depressed or elevated whenever the lever A is in motion. The registering point, G, is connected with the lever, as shown in the diagram; and the curvilinear motion of the end of the lever is converted into rectilinear by allowing G to slide against a vertical steel rod.

To illustrate the action of the machine, we will suppose the lever A has reached its low-

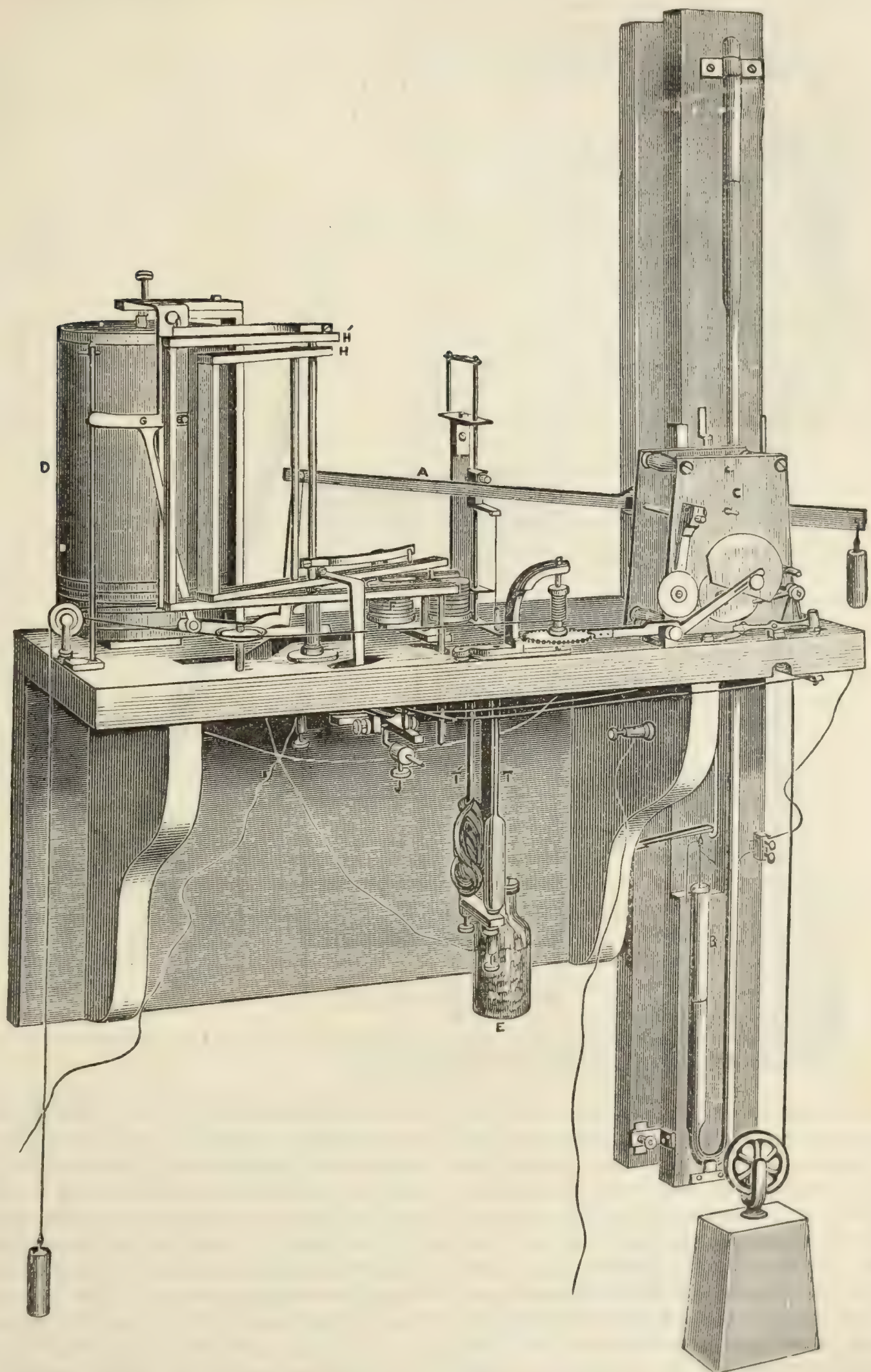
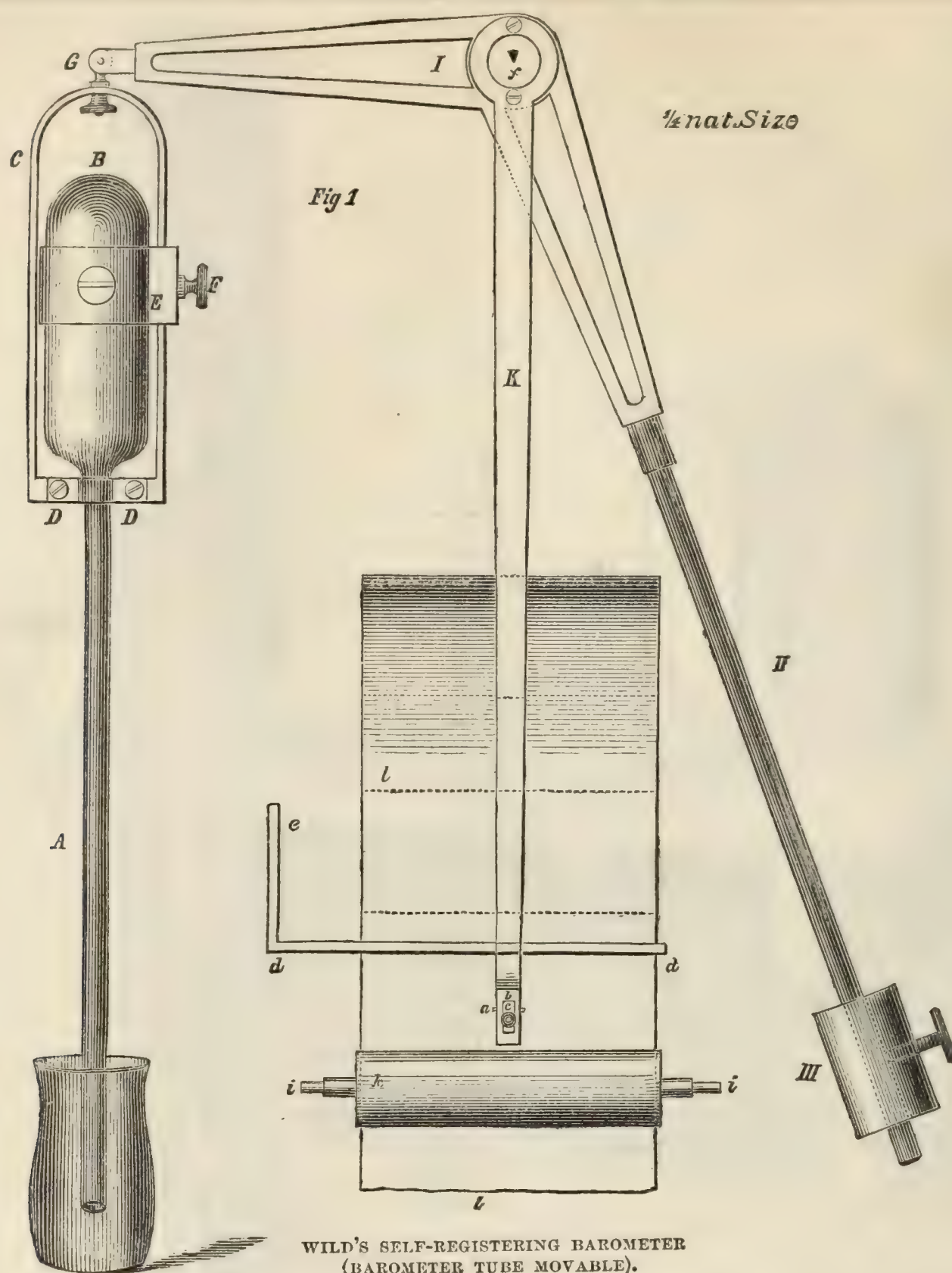


Fig. 2.—THE METEOROGRAPH.

est point, the registering pen G being at the bottom of the drum. Now, in order that we may be able to register the barometer on any part of the drum sheet, it is necessary that the striking hammer should be elevated and locked before the upward motion of the lever commences. As the hammers are raised by means of an arm carried by the hour shaft of the clock, at the point where the hammers begin to rise the snail for elevating the lever A is cut

away, so that it remains at rest during a period of fifteen minutes, the time required for elevating the hammers H and H'. As soon as this is accomplished the lever begins to rise slowly, by means of the double snail on the hour shaft, the time required for traversing the drum being about fifteen minutes. When the position of the lever is such that the carriage in the rear of the clock touches the float in the shorter leg of the siphon, an electric current is



WILD'S SELF-REGISTERING BAROMETER
(BAROMETER TUBE MOVABLE).

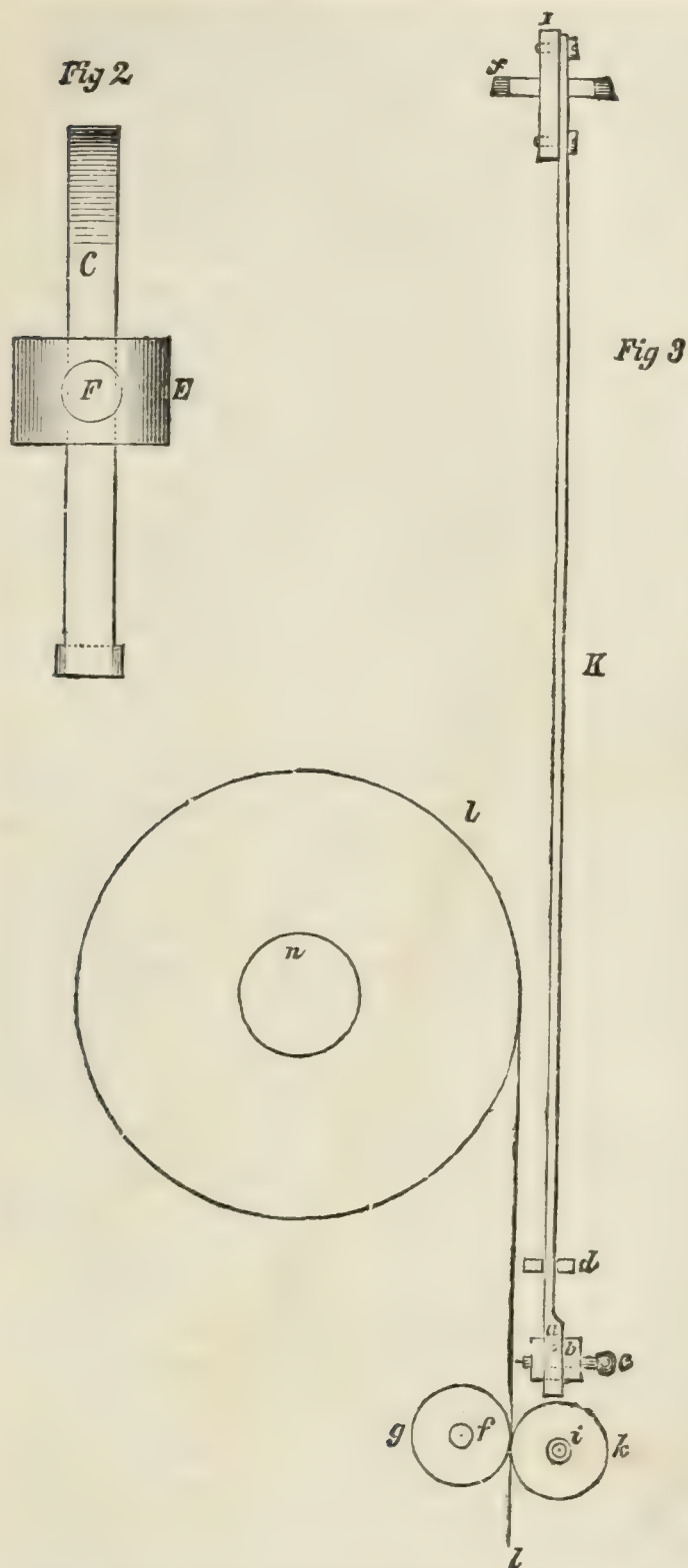
established through the magnet, F, which unlocks the hammer H, causing the pen G to make a record on the drum sheet. After the lever has reached the top of the drum it remains at rest fifteen minutes, while the hammers are being raised, when it is gradually depressed. So soon as the platinum wires—attached to the carriage over the thermometers—touch the surface of the mercury in the thermometer tubes, electric currents are established through the magnets F and J, simultaneously or successively unlocking the hammers, and, as the case may be, making records as before.

A complete double motion of the lever requires one hour. During this time the barometer and wet and dry bulb thermometers have each been recorded once. The records of the barometer and thermometers differ in time about half an hour. The wet and dry bulb thermometers are recorded within about one minute of each other, depending on the difference between them.

One of the most marked and wonderful feat-

ures of the invention of Professor Hough is that *it prints its own records*. And this is done by a single screw, which rises or falls with the mercury in the barometer. This screw carries a pencil, which traces upon a revolving cylinder or roll of paper a line showing the minutest movements of the column of mercury for every minute in twenty-four hours. *This same screw also gives motion to a series of wheels which carry types, by which, at the end of every hour, the height of the column of mercury is printed on a slip of paper to the accuracy of THE THOUSANDTH PART OF AN INCH!*

One of the most beautiful and simple contrivances used is a *Wild's self-registering barometer*, of which we give a cut one-quarter the actual size. It scarcely needs explanation except to say that the tube, A, is suspended in a cistern of mercury, represented on the left of Fig. 1. As the atmospheric pressure changes, the level of the mercury changes in the cistern, and the tube A rises or falls as the atmospheric pressure increases or diminishes. The weight of this



WILD'S SELF-REGISTERING BAROMETER (BAROMETER TUBE MOVABLE).

tube as it floats in the mercury, and also that of the arm, *I*, which supports it at *G*, is exactly balanced by the arm, *II*, to which is attached a sliding weight, *III*, adjustable by a small thumb-screw. *K* is a steel crayon-holder fixed to the balance *I II*, and to which is fixed a crayon, *c*, whose point is seen in Fig. 3 to impinge upon a sheet of paper, *l l*. This sheet is moved by clock-work. When the atmospheric pressure is increased, the tube *A* is forced to rise a little out of the mercury in which it floats, and as it rises at *G* the arm *I* is elevated. The crayon-holder, being fixed on the balance at the fulcrum, *f*, by two little screws, swings a little to the left, and the crayon which it carries with it makes a mark on the paper beneath it, which mark indicates the rise of the barometer, or the increase of atmospheric pressure. If the pressure decreases, the pencil, of course, moves in the opposite direction, and shows the barometric fall. The roll of paper on which the record is made by this automatic instrument is divided into rectangular parts, each one of which exhibits the atmospheric variations for twenty-

four hours. At the end of every day this part of the roll is detached and put by to be bound up in book form in the records of the office in which the instrument is kept.

The roll of paper is on a reel, *n*, passing between two rollers, *g* and *k*, as seen in Fig. 3.

By these perfectly simple devices, instead of obtaining only three daily recorded observations, the observer at every station gets a *continuous* and perpetual record for every second in the day. That is to say, instead of getting, as by the common barometer (observed three times a day), observations for three seconds in twenty-four hours, he gets them for as many seconds as there are in twenty-four hours, or 86,400. Thus it follows that the value of the self-registering barometer, as compared with the ordinary one, is as 86,400 to 3!

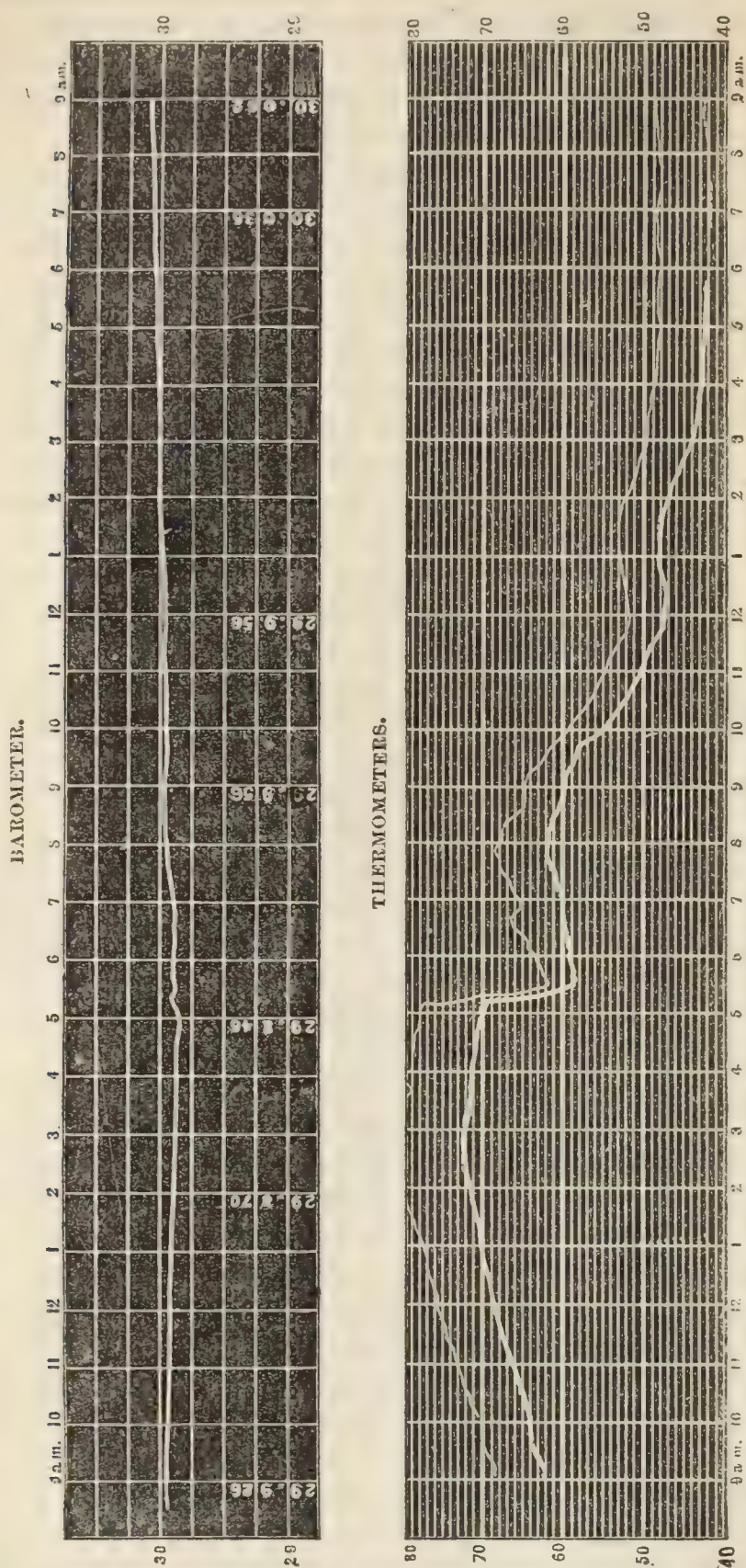
The marvelous accuracy and exquisite nicety with which all the observations forwarded to General Myer by the observers are marked ought to assure the public that nothing is wanting to give reliability to the published results and the "probabilities" issued from his offices. A self-registering barometer, as well as other instruments of equal sensitiveness, will be used by all the observer-sergeants. It is scarcely possible for this invaluable instrument to suffer derangement or to get out of order.

A third most beautiful and sensitive self-registering instrument is that of Mr. Peelor, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, used with great success and satisfaction by the Signal Service. This needs no battery, no electricity, to work it. A simple clock-work is all that is required, and its operations are as exquisitely accurate and trustworthy as the best navy chronometer.

A barograph and thermograph made by Mr. Beck, of London, similar to those used in the Kew Observatory, are on trial in the Signal Office, and good results are hoped from them. Their beautiful machinery might also be mentioned and described, but our space fails. Indeed, our limits have allowed mention to be made only of the most novel instruments employed by the signal offices. A specimen record of one of these is presented on page 414, showing the synchronous readings, on a given day and at a given place, of the thermometers (wet and dry bulb), the hygrometer, and the barometer, all upon one sheet of paper.

We have already spoken of the beautiful adaptation of Professor Hough's meteorograph to the work of *printing* its own registrations. The mechanics of meteorology have been advanced one step higher than this, and the registrations of the automaton are instantly and perfectly *photographed*. The sheet of paper, suitably prepared for photographic impressions, is made to slide, by means of clock-work, before a gas flame. The mercury in the tubes protects a portion of the paper from the action of the light of the lamp, while above the mercury the rays of the lamp fall unobstructed upon the paper, and, making their impression, reveal the exact height of the mercury in the tubes.

SPECIMEN RECORD.



DRAPER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC REGISTER OF BAROMETER AND THERMOMETERS AT NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1870.

(The upper line of the Thermometers is the Dry Bulb, the lower line is the Wet Bulb.)

The "photograph of a storm," page 415, shows the movements of the mercury in the two thermometers and barometer for twelve hours.

This process, by which the *weather is photographed*, is employed by General Myer, and these necessarily exact records will prove most attractive pictorial representations of the great storms in the atmospheric ocean for the study of meteorologists all over the world.

PRESENT OPERATIONS OF THE SERVICE.

Although the Signal Service is yet in its infancy, and must be patiently nursed and cherished by the people for some years before it can expect to do and discharge its full mission. Under General Myer's indefatigable care and skillful management it has already achieved much good, and more than compensated the public for the expense of its establishment. Since it was instituted last summer "the chief signal officer has," to quote the words of the *New York World*, "thoroughly organized and equipped a system which now embraces in its scientific

grasp every part of the land from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate of California, and from Key West to the Dominion of Canada."

Three times every day synchronous observations are taken and reports made from the stations—one at 8 A.M., one at 4 P.M., and the third at midnight. These observations are made by instruments all of which are perfectly adjusted to a standard at Washington. They are also all taken at the same moment exactly, these observations and reports being also timed by the standard of Washington time. The reports from the stations are transmitted in full by telegraph. By a combination of telegraphic circuits, the reports of observations made at different points synchronously are rapidly transmitted to the different cities at which they are to be published. They are, however, all sent of course to the central office in Washington. These reports are limited to a fixed number of words, and the time of their transmission is also a fixed number of seconds. These reports are not telegraphed in figures, but *in words fully spelled out*. There are now about forty-five stations for which provision has been made, and which are in running order. These have been chosen or located at points from which reports of observations will be most useful as indicating the general barometric pressure, or the approach and force of storms, and from which storm warnings, as the atmospheric indications arise, may be forwarded with greatest dispatch to imperiled ports.

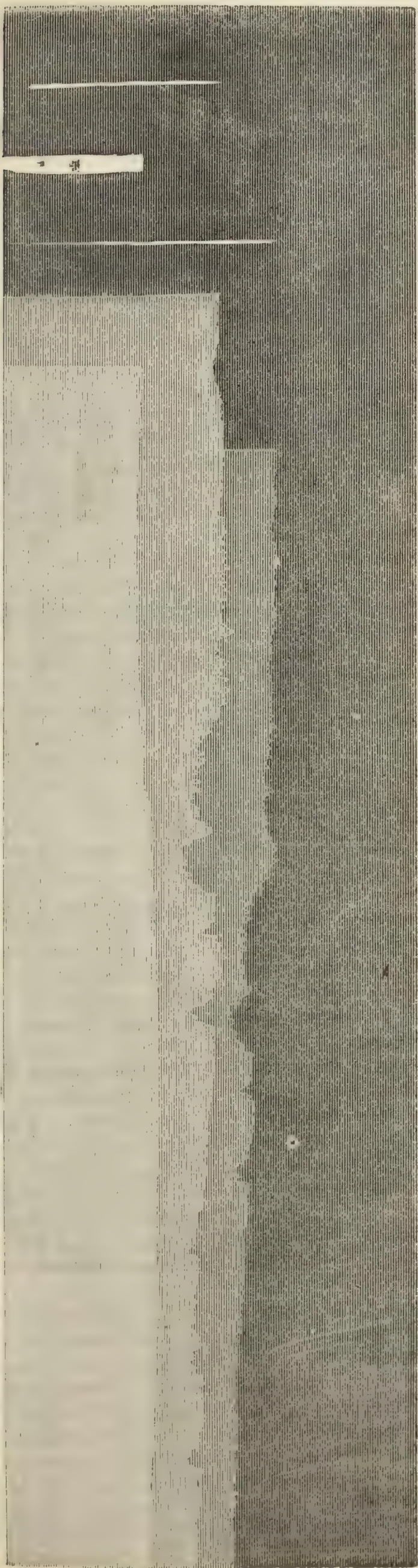
These stations are occupied by expert observers furnished with the best attainable instruments, which are every day becoming more perfect, and to which other instruments are being added.

The reports of observers are as yet limited to a simple statement of the readings of all their instruments, and of any meteorological facts existing at the station when their tri-daily report is telegraphed to the central office in Washington.

Each observer at the station writes his report on *manifold* paper.* One copy he preserves, another he gives to the telegraph operator, who telegraphs the contents to Washington. The preserved copy is a voucher for the report actually sent by the observer; and if the operator is careless and makes a mistake, he can not lay the blame on the observer, who has a copy of

* Thin paper with black carbon paper between the sheets. The pen is a dry *stylus*, and being pressed on the upper sheet, it makes a similar mark on the sheets beneath it.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A STORM.—(Print from Photographic Register from Noon, December 13, 1870, $\frac{1}{2}$ Inch per Hour.)



his report, which must be a fac-simile of the one he has handed to the operator. The preserved copy is afterward forwarded by the observer-sergeant to the office in Washington, where it is filed, and finally bound up in a volume for future reference.

When all the reports from the various stations have been received they are tabulated and handed to the officer (Professor Abbé) whose duty it is to write out the synopses and deduce the "probabilities," which in a few minutes are to be telegraphed to the press all over the country.

This is a work of thirty minutes. The bulletin of "probabilities," which at present is all that is undertaken, is made out thrice daily, in the forenoon, afternoon, and after the midnight reports have been received, inspected, and studied out by the accomplished gentleman and able meteorologist who is at the head of this work.

The "probabilities" of the weather for the ensuing day, so soon as written out by the Professor, are immediately telegraphed to all newspapers in the country which are willing to publish them for the benefit of their readers.

Copies of the telegrams of "probabilities" are also instantly sent to all boards of trade, chambers of commerce, merchants' exchanges, scientific societies, etc., and to conspicuous places, especially sea-ports, all over the country.

While the Professor is preparing his bulletins from the reports just furnished him by telegraph the sergeants are preparing maps which shall show by arrows and numbers exactly what was the meteorologic condition of the whole country when the last reports were sent in. These maps are printed in quantities, and give all the signal stations. A dozen copies are laid on the table with sheets of carbon paper between them, and arrow stamps strike in them (by the manifold process) the direction of the wind at each station. The other observations as to temperature, barometric pressure, etc., etc., are also in the same way put on them.

These maps are displayed at various conspicuous points in Washington—*e. g.*, at the War Department, Capitol, Observatory, Smithsonian Institution, and office of the chief signal officer. They serve also as perfect records of the weather for the day and hour indicated on them, and are bound up in a book for future use.

Every report and paper that reaches the Signal Office is carefully preserved on file, so that at the end of each year the office possesses a complete history of the meteorology of every day in the year, or nearly 50,000 observations, besides the countless and continuous records from all of its self-registering instruments.

When important storms are moving, observers send extra telegrams, which are dispatched, received, acted upon, filed, etc., precisely as are the tri-daily reports. One invaluable feature of the system as now organized by General Myer is that the phenomena of any particular storm are not studied some days or weeks after the occurrence, but while the subject is fresh

in mind. To the study of every such storm, and of all the "probabilities" issued from the office, the chief signal officer gives his personal and unremitting attention. As the observations are made at so many stations, and forwarded every eight hours, or oftener, by special telegram from all quarters of the country, the movements and behavior of every decided storm can be precisely noted; and the terrible meteor can be tracked and "raced down" in a very few hours or minutes. A beautiful instance of this occurred on the 22d of February last, just after the great storm which had fallen upon San Francisco. While it was still revolving around that city, its probable arrival at Corinne, Utah, was telegraphed there, and also at Cheyenne. Thousands of miles from its roar, the officers at the Signal Office in Washington indicated its track, velocity, and force. In twenty-four hours, as they had forewarned Cheyenne and Omaha, it reached those cities. Chicago was warned twenty hours or more before it came. Its arrival there was with great violence, unroofing houses and causing much destruction. Its course was telegraphed to Cleveland and Buffalo, which, a day afterward, it duly visited. The president of the Pacific Railroad has not more perfectly under his eye and control the train that left San Francisco to-day than General Myer had the storm just described.

While the observers now in the field are perfecting themselves in their work, the chief signal officer is training other sergeants at the camp of instruction (Fort Whipple, Virginia), who will go forth hereafter as valued auxiliaries. It has been fully demonstrated by the signal officer that the army of the United States is the best medium through which to conduct most efficiently and economically the operations of the Storm Signal Service. Through the army organization the vast system of telegraphy for meteorological purposes can be, and is now being, most successfully handled. "Whatever else General Myer has not done," says the *New York World*, "he has demonstrated that there can be, and now is, a perfect net-work of telegraphic communication extending over the whole country, working in perfect order, by the signal-men, and capable of furnishing almost instantaneous messages from every point to the central office at Washington. Think of a single jump by wire from San Francisco 2700 miles eastward three times a day! When General Myer undertook to put this system in working order, the telegraph companies said it was impossible—no such thing had ever been heard of in telegraphing. It is now a grand *fait accompli*, as much as the passing of the Suez Canal by ships or the escaping from Paris by balloons."*

At present the signal officer aims only to give a synopsis of each day's weather, and a statement of what weather may be expected or *will probably occur*. The "probabilities" so far

have been most beautifully verified and confirmed.

It is not thought wise to undertake more than can be securely accomplished. The synopses and "probabilities" are all that intelligent shippers and careful seamen require. Shippers will not send their vessels to sea if the weather synopsis indicates threatening or alarming weather.

Travelers can consult the "probabilities" before leaving home; and any severe storm that menaces any city or port is now specially telegraphed thither, and the announcement is made by bulletins posted in the most public places.

By the modest estimate of the signal officers, the following is a table showing percentage of "probabilities" that have been verified.

Fully verified.....	50 per cent.
Verified in part.....	25 " "
Failed	25 " "

It must, however, be borne in mind that the failures have often been due to lack of information from points where as yet no observer-sergeant is stationed.

FUTURE AIMS.

The Signal Service has, up to this time, acted upon the wise maxim of "making haste slowly," and undertaking to do nothing which was not in its power to do safely and securely, without risk of failure. It has acted upon the confidence it has in the people that they will patiently await the development of solid science, meantime leaving no stone unturned to hasten forward the observations which may lead to a more exact acquaintance with the habits, movements, and tracks of our American storms. Great progress has in a very short time been made in this knowledge, and every day new light is dawning upon the science of storms.

The instruments of the service have been bought on trial. They are undergoing the most varied experiments. In a short time, it is hoped, they will be greatly improved and perfected, and then the chief signal officer's results will be more satisfactory to himself, and his labors will be greatly facilitated. The celerity with which important results have already been attained by this officer has surprised and startled both himself and the friends of the great movement.

As soon as possible, therefore, the Signal Office will have its signal posts along the lakes and on our Atlantic sea-board, where cautionary signals will be displayed, warning vessels of approaching gales and storms, and also a signal for clear weather. These will be displayed by day and by night, by a very simple and suitable contrivance now being perfected by General Myer. In New York already arrangements have been made for displaying the signals to shipping in the harbor from a lofty structure on the roof of the Equitable Life Insurance Company's office, the best station that could be chosen. The display of these *storm*

* *New York World*, March 5, 1871.

signals proper will place the American Signal Bureau at once in a position to render inestimable service to shipping and all commercial interests.

These signals will at first be neglected by ruder and more unskillful seamen and shippers; but, as in the case of the famous Fitzroy signals on the English coast, every week will add new demonstrations of the value and utility of this system—one of the most splendid gifts bequeathed by modern science to the human race.

The signaling of storms and desolating cyclones to the unsuspecting seaman will, it is believed, mark a new era in our lake and coast navigation, and be the means of annually saving many lives and millions of dollars' worth of our floating property.

The comparison of these signals with the weather following the signals will be then a matter of special attention. Every discrepancy can then be carefully noted and probed, and every day the meteorologists in charge of the "probabilities" will find the means of rectifying any errors they may have fallen into, and daily increasing the accuracy and perfecting the plan of their forecasts.

The storm signals will be displayed at any hour of the day or night when the instrumental indications give notice of bad weather; and experience has already shown that generally at least twenty-four hours' forewarning can be given from the central office in Washington of all important weather phenomena. With the telegraph to premonish, forecasts for two or three days in advance are hazardous and unnecessary. For almost all practical purposes of life a day's notice of atmospheric disturbances is quite sufficient, and more reliable than longer premonitions. It will be a grand triumph for American science when the electric telegraph—an American invention—is so utilized that it will bring all citizens of the United States into electric communication with each other, and the most fearful storm, as well as the sunshine and shower, shall be every day a subject of forewarning or gratulation throughout the land, and even on the lakes and oceans that wash the American coasts.

MISS LANGTON'S PORTRAIT.

ST. ETIENNE is a little bathing establishment somewhere—not to be prosily exact—on the French coast. I say a bathing establishment, because it is this which really makes the place of any account; this, and not the small village with its château overlooking it, which constitutes St. Etienne proper. In the good old feudal days, when the lords of the soil took, as a matter of course, that unlimited license so sadly curtailed by the narrowing spirit of later times, there had been gay doings in that same château. The race of St. Etienne de Forsanz had always been used to grind the faces of their dependents with a charming in-

difference as to results. They had slept soft and lived well, however it might fare with those out of whom their ease was wrung, and who would as soon have thought of remonstrating with that invisible Power whose tempests sometimes swept down their harvests and swamped their boats as with the carelessly cruel line which from a height far removed from their common humanity—save in the accidents of birth and death—stretched out over their heads the rod of an absolute rule.

But all this was over now. The present representative of the family had neither the power nor the will to keep up the ancient state, and preferred getting rid of his much diminished revenues in Paris. So the walls that should have sheltered him stood lonely and moss-grown, and the people who should have been his serfs dwelt underneath, disgracefully free and contented, selling their cheese and eggs and fish to the best advantage, and luxuriating unhindered in dirt and disorder—a privilege, to be sure, with which, to do them justice, their former proud oppressors had never interfered.

But although the old château was deserted, or rather because it was deserted, it was one of the best features of a landscape rich in attractions. The scenery of St. Etienne is not so much striking as lovely. It has little of the bold, except just on the sea-shore, where the rocks are piled high and ragged, and where in a storm the great waves come climbing and clamoring in wildly enough. But turning to look inland, and keeping your back on the too-suggestive bath buildings, you see a soft green country rolling up and back in gentle swells, dotted with clusters of low thatched cottages scarcely rising over the abundant harvests about them, and behind, on the highest slope of all, looking down even on the leafy heads of its twisting chestnut avenue, with white glimpses of the road between, a gray irregular mass, with every seam and ivy stem outlined against the warm blue air that winks and trembles under the flood of the summer sunlight. Every where greenness, glow, and luxuriance, with that one sombre foil to give exactly the rest to the eye and shade to the thought needful for the perfect enjoyment of the picture.

Upon all this beauty there was but one blot—the bathing establishment mentioned in the beginning. Standing on the sea-shore you could, as I have said, turn your back upon it; but no such expedient availed when, seeking to reverse the view, you looked from the château's topmost turret down on the laughing land thrown out now against the dark rocks and the dim sea-distance. Here to turn your back on the building was to turn it at the same time on the finest points of view. You must bear with it as best you might, but with such a perpetual and growing irritation that you began to understand how the last St. Etienne de Forsanz had been willing to abandon his ancestral home rather than suffer from this constant eye-sore. Not that such a motive had in the least influ-

enced Monsieur Auguste's very willing exile ; only it might well have done so.

Ugly as it is, the establishment has its own sufficient reasons for existence. And they are better reasons than the deserted old château could boast in those utilitarian eyes to which a thing of beauty is not necessarily a joy forever. Tenantless, ivy-grown, dilapidated here and there, the picturesque towers were of worth only as they helped increase the attractions of the thriving speculation on which they frowned down so grimly. The place had been admirably chosen by one possessing a quick perception of the temporal, if not of the eternal, fitness of things. Just at one side of the rocky cliffs, it not only commands a wide, smooth beach, unsurpassed for sea-bathing, but the spring of medicinal waters from which it derives the better part of its reputation. The establishment is large, long, and straggling, a small village in itself, and filled, during the season, with that motley crowd which such a place is wont to assemble together.

From the railway station, twelve miles distant, you can reach St. Etienne by one of the diligences always in waiting for the incoming train. Or, if you do not grudge a slight extra expense, you can take an open carriage, and go at your own pace and will through the beautiful country. This had been the choice of two English travelers, father and daughter, on their way to the baths one soft May day in the year 1870.

As they neared their destination they began to overtake various loiterers scattered singly or in little groups along the road, all of whom turned to look, with a sort of idle curiosity, at the carriage and its occupants. Among them, but somewhat apart, was a young man with a pack on his shoulders, and a folded camp-stool in his hand. At the noise of wheels he too raised his eyes with a careless glance, which changed immediately into a gaze too absorbed even to notice the respectful flourish with which the driver touched his hat. Going on, the latter turned and spoke a few words in French to his passengers.

"What does he say?" asked the gentleman, bending forward. "Painter, eh? and handsome enough for one of his own models, if he was well brushed. Uncommonly dusty; but that's all in the way of art—hey, Alice?"

To this unique exposition of the artistic nature Miss Langton made no reply. It is doubtful if she even heard her father's words, occupied as she was in analyzing the look the young man had given her.

Too many admiring glances had been bestowed on Alice Langton to cause her any surprise now, but this was something else and much more than admiration; it was recognition, instantaneous and unmistakable, though qualified with a certain wonder. Yet that she had never before seen his face—a face not readily overlooked nor forgotten—she was equally certain.

In the midst of these reflections they reached the door of the great caravansary, from which flew forth a crowd of quick and obsequious attendants, eager to welcome milor and miladi, and save them, if that might be, the trouble of moving so much as an eyelid. Mr. Langton, with a muttered aside upon "a plague of French frogs forever hopping in the way," himself conducted his daughter to her rooms, and saw, first of all, every thing disposed for her requirements, possible or impossible; then, with a strict injunction not to move until his return, he took himself away to reconnoitre a little, according to his habit in any new surroundings.

The old château, of which he had had a glimpse before dismounting, especially interested him. A man of stirring, restless temperament, he delighted in those odds and ends of information readily acquired in traveling, and of about as much use to their possessors as so many fragments of china-ware which will never match, nor form, from all their variety, a single whole and serviceable dish. Having considered his new study from all accessible points without, Mr. Langton's next wish was to see something of its inside, and, impatient as usual, longed for some one to question at once. He had not long to wait. Hearing a step on the rocks below the ledge where he had seated himself, he jumped up and accosted the newcomer, with little ceremony, in the best French he could muster.

But Mr. Langton's best French was singularly bad. He could ask for a dinner or a bed intelligibly enough, at any rate, to get what he wanted; but once off the beaten track, he stood, unsupported by better knowledge, as helpless as a child that has lost its way. Now, having begun half a dozen different sentences, and made an utter failure of each, he broke off short, to groan in English,

"Confound such a language! there's no making head or tail of it."

"I speak a little English, if monsieur prefers," remarked the other, with edifying gravity.

"And why the devil were you too polite to tell me that at first? There, there! I beg your pardon."

"For calling me polite?" said the young man, with a smile.

"No, no, but for— Never mind! Now I look closer, it's the young painter."

"At monsieur's service," responded the other, lifting his hat again.

"Now, my friend, my name is Langton," said the English gentleman, abruptly, "and if you'll do me a favor you'll call me that, and not mosseer. You speak surprisingly well—for a Frenchman; and if you'd only leave those outlandish names alone, you would not be so much more out of the way than a real Englishman brought up on the Continent."

"As Mister Langtonne pleases," said the young artist, amused rather than annoyed by the oddities of his new acquaintance.

"You don't ask how I know you're a painter. More French politeness, I suppose; but I'm an Englishman, thank Heaven! and I don't beat about the bush." Upon which remark followed a recital of the previous encounter.

The acquaintance thus begun progressed so much to Mr. Langton's satisfaction that he was rather late in rejoining his daughter. He found her not taking the repose he had enjoined, but pacing restlessly up and down, stopping frequently before the window.

"Oh, papa," she answered his remonstrance, "nothing tires me so much as lying still here with nothing to do. I had the couch moved up before the window, and looked out until I quite got myself into a fever envying you. I knew you were exploring this lovely place."

"So I was, my dear," replied her father, complacently. "I've viewed it, I may say, from the four points of the compass. You remember the old shattow [such was Mr. Langton's pronunciation] I pointed out to you? I've found out all about *that*. It belongs to the family of St. Etienne de—Lord knows what; they go back to Sharleymane, I believe. While I was sitting staring at it, who should turn up in the nick of time but our dusty young painter. A downright good fellow, if he is a Frenchman; knows the country like a book, and has got the best part of it on canvas. I've been looking at his things. That young man is going to make his mark, take my word for it. Such tone! such feeling!" enthusiastically finished Mr. Langton, who fancied himself a great connoisseur of art, and who really did care for it in his way.

"But you'll see for yourself," he began again, abruptly. "I've given him an order to paint your portrait."

"But, papa—" began Alice, turning round in amazement.

"No buts, my dear, I beg. Remember what a comfort it will be by-and-by, when—ahem! And it's not an opportunity to be lost, I tell you, Alice."

"Shall I go at once?" asked Alice, smiling, and making as if to leave the room, "or can I wait until Miss Willetts comes?"

"Eh? Oh, you're laughing at me!" said her father, good-humoredly. "No, I think we'll wait till you're a little stronger, my dear. Singular Miss Willetts's relatives must take this time to be ill. You'll be very uncomfortable without her, I'm afraid?"

Miss Willetts was a decayed gentlewoman, to whom had been confided the care of Alice Langton's childish years, and who still remained with her in a nondescript position—half companion, half friend. She had been left, on the way, to stay with a sick niece living in a town some two days' journey from St. Etienne. This person, however, must have perceived and repented her unwarrantable liberty in falling ill at so inconvenient a time, for she proceeded to mend with such rapidity that Miss Willetts was able to join her party in a very short while.

This was especially fortunate, as it happened, for a little later Mr. Langton was summoned to England on pressing affairs that could not be shifted to other shoulders. He was obliged to go away, leaving his daughter to get well under the eye of the faithful Willetts—a sober, rather dull woman, but thoroughly devoted to Miss Langton. He went, too, having scarcely seen the commencement of the portrait, the arrangements for which, with the restless energy characteristic of his whims, he had lost no time in making.

To say that Miss Langton was left to get well is not, however, precisely correct, as that implies that she was ill, which was not now the case. A low fever had hung about her during the earlier spring-time, but this had passed off, leaving no other effect than a certain languor, greatly exaggerated by the anxiety of her father for his only child. He had caught at the physician's suggestion that change of air and scene might benefit Alice, and when on the Continent had listened as eagerly to some friend who recommended the medicinal waters of St. Etienne. These he at once concluded the one thing needful to restore her constitution, and forthwith whisked her off thither to regain at her leisure her former strength.

She certainly did not look like an invalid. A little paler, perhaps, now than was her wont; but she had never been a rosy beauty, though exquisitely fair. A great deal of wavy hair, rather blonde than golden; large, pensive, dark eyes; a figure somewhat tall and slight, but with that firm, elastic grace of contour and motion which comes only from abundant health—such was the Alice Langton that was about to be transferred to the canvas of René Dessart. The peculiarity of the face lay in a little droop of the corners of the mouth and eyelids, not sufficiently marked to make the face a grave one, but just enough to give it in repose a certain expression which I may call pathetic.

She was to be painted in an old Venetian costume which had been found in turning over M. Dessart's sketches. When her father had consulted her on the subject she had said, "It is your picture, papa, and you shall choose." So he had chosen this; and although, as he himself avowed, the selection of the dress had been made because it reminded him of a favorite one of Alice's, it was not the less effective, the coloring, at once brilliant and delicate, setting off to perfection Miss Langton's style of beauty. The lady in the original sits leaning a little forward from a high, dark chair, very faintly relieved with lines of gilding, the folds of her robe sweeping back to one side in stripes of the palest cream-color and rose. One hand holds, just beneath the low, square corsage, a round fan of soft white feathers, over which the eyes look expectantly; the other rests on the dark chair-arm; and a pet bird that has perched on the wrist half hidden in draperies of lace-work, stretching forward his little bill, seems to listen too.

Mr. Langton had been rather late in predicting that René Dessart would make his mark. His name was already known in the artistic world. One of his pictures, exhibited in the *Salon*, had won him much praise and the more substantial tribute of a medal. Greater authorities than his English patron looked confidently to a future worthy of the promise already given, and only lamented that he might endanger his own success by a waywardness that took too slight account of popularity. Not that he despised either fame or money; but these, though very good in themselves, must yield if they clashed with theories and ideals whose truth he felt inflexible. Art first; success, if that were to be, after. So ran his creed, to which he held with the fidelity of a simple, earnest nature.

He was not ordinarily a portrait-painter, and the facility, even eagerness, with which he acceded to Mr. Langton's proposition might well, under the circumstances, have surprised that gentleman, only it never occurred to him to wonder at a young artist's accepting any commission whatever. Paint was paint, and to be turned into bread and cheese as well in one way as another. Alice, however, who could take a juster view of the case, did speculate somewhat upon the motives which had led M. Dessart out of his usual *métier* to make an exception in her favor.

Whatever the cause, the result was, at any rate, an agreeable one. Indeed, these sittings soon became very pleasant to both of them. Their minds had so much in common, yet often at the same time such different points of view, that the interest of their conversation could not easily flag. Poor Miss Willetts, patient and silent, with her book in a corner, must have been pretty well bewildered with so much as she could comprehend of their widely ranging discussions, carried on sometimes in French, sometimes in English, which M. Dessart spoke fluently. Upon Miss Langton's remarking as much one day, he told her that, while a boy at school, his most intimate companion had been a young English lad, whom some chance had placed there also. They had lived thus intimately together for four years, had afterward entered the same studio, and dwelt together like brothers until death came between them.

"What I have of your language I owe to poor George. But my unfortunate accent, that is what he could not take from me; and I could never pass for your real English," he added, with a smile at the recollection of Mr. Langton's introductory words. Alice thought that that same accent, and little occasional odd turns of phrase, gave his speech a piquancy by no means to be wished away.

Mindful of his sitter's recent illness, M. Dessart would not allow her to fatigue herself too long with one position. In the intervals of rest she would loiter about the studio, looking at this and that, or gazing out on the richly varied prospect beyond, talking the while with the artist at his work. One day, thus making the tour

of the room, she saw, half hidden behind an easel, a port-folio which, in slipping, had unfastened itself, and disarranged its too-plentiful contents. She was free there to examine as she would; she knew that, and, drawing out the port-folio, she began to look over the sketches. M. Dessart could not see her as she sat thus behind him, but presently his quick ear noticed that the little rustle of the paper in turning had ceased altogether.

"May I know what is so happy as to engross mademoiselle?" he asked. "She has not spoken for many minutes."

"Such a strange picture, Monsieur Dessart! I like it—more than I can say—and yet—"

The artist, brush in hand, crossed the room, and looked over her shoulder.

"Ah! I had forgotten it was there," he said. "You see the resemblance?"

"To me, you mean? Yes, I think so; only so much too— Was it done very lately?" she asked, breaking off abruptly.

"Two months since. Mademoiselle will not finish? She was saying 'so much too—'"

Alice, who had begun to speak impulsively, had stopped short in a speech which she thought seemed almost to demand a compliment. But now, directly questioned, she must either refuse to answer or make the matter more marked by hesitation.

"Too beautiful," she said, hurriedly.

"Too beautiful!" repeated the young man, with a tone and look at once the most subtly flattering and the farthest removed from common compliment possible. Her eyes turned for relief to the picture, and both continued to look at it in silence.

It was a little crayon sketch, perfectly simple in subject, and yet, as Alice had thought, with something peculiar about it. The sea, lashed and broken after a storm, was glooming under the sullen twilight beginning to close about it. On the rocks of the shore stood a girl, a black mantle wrapped round her white robe and half falling off her fair hair. Her eyes were turning from the dark, waste waters before her to the dark, vague sky behind, where a single line of light gleamed out of the blackness with an intensity almost startling. Nowhere else was there even a glimmer, save for one dim star, guessed at rather than seen, struggling to look through the cloud about it on the shock of billows below. In those lovely, dilated eyes there was a helplessness, a hopelessness, a lonely terror, whose fascination seemed for the moment to draw the beholder into that same atmosphere of desolation, where presence yet was not companionship.

"The storm and the sea," said Alice, almost unconsciously thinking aloud. "He is on the sea, and she is looking—"

"For what will never come back." René Dessart's low, sad voice completed the pause.

"But, Monsieur Dessart," said Alice at length, abruptly, "two months ago you had not seen me. Then it is not—"

"A study from mademoiselle, she would ask? Mademoiselle, it is a study from a dream. Yes," he repeated, as Alice looked up at him in surprise, "a dream, a vision. When I came here first that scene, that face, haunted me day and night until I had placed it before my eyes. Then—I saw you, and I knew my dream."

As he spoke Alice recalled that look of wondering recognition which had struck her on their first encounter.

"How strange! Yes, it is very like me," turning again to the picture. "But, Monsieur Dessart, has my face that sad look?"

"Its possibilities. Please God they may never be more." He spoke in a strange, absent way, with eyes that, gazing into vacancy, seemed to see other visions there.

"Monsieur Dessart," said Alice, after a while, "I should so like this picture for my own. Or, perhaps," she continued, seeing that he made no reply, and fearing to have made a request which he might be equally unwilling to grant or to refuse—"perhaps you will be so kind as to make me a copy?"

"Mademoiselle, I shall never copy the sketch. I do not dare. I fear the omen. What I wish is to forget it. Many times I have thought to destroy it, but something held my hand. Then I placed it out of sight, and thought, no eye shall see it; I will not remember. Pardon, mademoiselle, that I should not regard any wish of yours, but I have the fear for *you*."

He spoke with an earnestness, a solemnity even, which had its effect on Alice, little superstitious as she was. Of course she could not urge the subject further. But it staid in her thoughts, nevertheless; and though she spoke of other things, her mind was not with her words. M. Dessart very quickly perceived this.

"You think still of the picture, mademoiselle?" he said, stopping his brush to look at her, as she sat before him, when the sitting had recommenced, with that pensive shadow in her eyes, quite lost in reverie. "It haunts you, perhaps, as it once did me? Ah, well; I know, then, that one must exorcise the phantom; it will not rest otherwise. I must not venture to make the copy; but if mademoiselle will honor me by accepting the sketch, all unfinished as it is, we will hope the spell is broken in her hand."

"But, Monsieur Dessart, you are too kind," cried Miss Langton, in surprised delight, with which mingled a little embarrassment. "I shall be very, very glad to have the picture, but I did not mean to seem such a beggar. I can only console myself," she added, laughing, "by thinking that if you had kept it, it would have been, perhaps, only to destroy it, as you said."

"And if I had kept it," said the artist, smiling too, "I should soon have found that I was copying it—in the spirit at least. Your eyes were getting sad as hers. So, do you see, it was nothing else than policy on my part. But," he continued, with some hesitation, "if mademoi-

selle chooses to overpay me—a thousand times—she will, perhaps, permit that I make for myself a little copy of this," touching the canvas before him.

How was she to refuse him what, after all, had he so chosen, he might have taken without the asking? So the exchange was settled to their mutual satisfaction.

Miss Langton did not realize how largely M. Dessart's society had contributed to her daily enjoyment until the artist went off on a few days' sketching tour, inveigled by a brother of the craft who had taken up his abode somewhat farther down the coast. Then she began to find St. Etienne a dull enough little place, and the patients, pursuing their tread-mill round of bathing, drinking, and bathing again, insufferably tedious. She was glad of any diversion, and looked forward with more interest than she would once have thought possible to a fête which was to be held at Quinet, the nearest railway station, and a thriving little town. It was one of the ordinary French fêtes, with the ordinary French characteristics—curious enough to a stranger, and the delight of the villagers, less critical than their Parisian brethren. There were the great panoramic displays, contained in a box-like building some dozen feet square; there were the jugglers going through their wonderful feats in the most matter-of-fact way, as if knives were made to be swallowed, and bodies to be cut in two and stuck together again without inconvenience to the owners; there were the circuses, with their horses that could count and tell the hour of day, and their acrobat turning leisurely on his head on the top of a tall pole, amidst the breathless ecstasy of the beholders; there was the traveling shooting-gallery, in appearance very like an itinerant daguerrean saloon, and adorned outside with a work of art representing two chairs and a coffin-like table, over which a high-colored and smiling gentleman, with eyes firmly fixed in the opposite direction, was firing a pistol, in presence of a woman and boy equally high colored, but with a solemnity of expression not exaggerated, perhaps, in view of so utter a lack of aim; there was the puppet army, of any nationality you happened to hate, whose movable heads you might have the satisfaction of knocking off with a death-dealing rubber ball at a *sou* the shot; while among these and many kindred marvels were scattered the refreshment-tables, with their detestable lemonade and "spice-bread," which, if it did not tempt the eye like Dead Sea fruit, certainly turned to something as unpalatable on the lips. Add a crowd of peasants in holiday costume, their bright southern faces all alive, every gesture a speech, and you have a scene, for a time at least, very amusing and attractive.

So Miss Langton found it. Having driven over rather late, she had not yet begun to weary of the novel experience. She was thinking how much her enjoyment of it would have been heightened by M. Dessart's appreciative com-

ments—and what a pity it was he should be absent just then!—when, like an echo to her thoughts, she heard his voice, and turned to see him, smiling, beside her.

“Why, Mosseer Dessart! what in the world brings *you* here?” cried Miss Willetts, amazed at this sudden appearance of one she had supposed miles away.

“He is going about seeking what he may devour,” said Alice, with a little laugh.

“Why, I’m sure there’s nothing fit to eat here!” exclaimed Miss Willetts, staring at the tables with no favor.

“I referred to artistic food. It was a figure of speech,” said Alice, solemnly, but biting her lip.

The young man took off his hat with great formality, but eyes sparkling with mischief. “I thank you, Miss Langtonne, for the comparison to that gentleman.”

Alice was a little taken aback. “I did not quite remember when I spoke. But it is true, is it not, Monsieur Dessart?” she persisted.

“I dare to hope not, if mademoiselle means the comparison.”

“No, no,” said Alice, forced to laugh by the gravity of his tone. “*Won’t* you forget my unfortunate speech? I mean you are looking for your choice little bits; are you not?”

“Perfectly, and they do not fail. For example;” and he called her attention to a pair of rustic lovers beside them. Both were in high holiday attire. The woman’s glossy black hair shone richer still beneath the snowy border of the tall white cap, the long lace-edged strings of which were thrown over her shoulders and fastened together with a knot of colored ribbon. From a single glance at them, as they sat together on their bench, one guessed that they had reached a very interesting stage of their interesting malady. Attitude, expression, all told the same story, which was rather confirmed than contradicted by a certain studied carelessness that each endeavored to assume. Alice Langton turned, with an involuntary smile, to M. Dessart; but her eyes fell confused beneath the look—mischievous, and something more—which met hers. She would not ask herself what was this difference of manner, this something which she had felt from the first moment of his approach, but began hurriedly talking to him, as he walked beside her, on the first thing that came to her mind.

“You have not told us yet how you came here, Monsieur Dessart? I am almost certain there was not a carriage left at St. Etienne.”

“Truly. In effect, I could find nothing more than a *brouette*. You do not know the word? *Tenez!* I have it—what your English call a barrow-wheel!”

“Oh no, no!” cried Alice, delighted at this little slip in one whose English, even if not idiomatic, was ordinarily so wonderfully ready. “When we have occasion to speak of that aristocratic carriage we call it a *wheel-barrow*, Monsieur Dessart.”

“Ah, yes! you are right. And as I did not

care to draw the gaze of the crowd upon such splendor, I chose rather to—walk.”

“Walk! But it is at least twelve miles from St. Etienne, and the day so warm!”

“Mademoiselle forgets the wandering habits of an artist. He carries his house on his shoulder, and marches through dust and sun as happy as—any other vagabond!”

“Still, if monsieur the vagabond can reconcile himself to comfort and respectability for once, I hope he will go back with us—unless our carriage also is too splendid. It seemed to me not so *very* far behind the—barrow-wheel!”

“It is the happy medium. I shall take a seat there with pleasure; and mademoiselle shall laugh at my English; is it not so?”

And then Alice met another of those quick, laughing glances with—what was it, beneath the surface?

They drove slowly home through the early evening, lighted by a warm, red, summer moon—so red that when the first beams began to rise over the edge of the hill, Alice, seeing indistinctly through a mesh of leaves, mistook them for a moment for some far-away fire. At which M. Dessart laughed in his turn.

“Is it that the English have no moon that they do not know her at sight?”

“They have a moon, but one superior to this beyond all comparison.”

“At least, then, they should not be ashamed to acknowledge her poor relations.”

“Acknowledge her poor relations! What a thoroughly English speech that is! It might almost make you pass for ‘the real English.’”

“I make you my salutation of the compliment, mademoiselle.”

“I have seen the sun rise and set, and the moon rise,” said Alice, after a pause, “but I never saw the moon set. And yet I suppose she does set?”

“Indeed she does, and with a beauty of her own all unsurpassed. And mademoiselle has really never seen it?”

“Monsieur is to remember that I have not, like him, taken my degree in such things.”

“But this is a thing so easy! One morning of this full moon, if mademoiselle likes to assist—”

“Ah! now you are quite French again,” said Alice, laughing. “Yes, I should like to lend my assistance, such as it is, to the ceremony.”

“The hour will not frighten you? The moon is very early, and will not wait even for Miss Langtonne, I fear.”

“Her politeness shall not be put to the test. I will be punctual.”

It was at a very matutinal hour indeed that they set forth the next morning. Miss Langton, eager for the expedition, did not find it at all too early, and, I am afraid, felt little remorse when poor Miss Willetts, dragged too soon from her comfortable bed, made her appearance, blinking and winking, and unmistakably stupid with sleep. But the veiled sky she did lament.

"What a pity!" she exclaimed. "And last night was so clear I expected a glorious prospect."

"I can not contradict mademoiselle—"

"But you can," retorted Alice, mirthfully.

"Then I would say that she deceives herself," continued the artist, breaking with a laugh from his assumed formality. "This is nothing more than a fog, which will lighten every moment, and leave only so much as shall give a greater beauty. So I believe. We shall see."

And they did see, a little later, when the great orb, not red now, but white, with a luminous pallor, made its way from mass to mass of the thin, torn vapor, now swimming, a mere outline, under the sweep of the cloud, now sailing out, full and clear, into blue spaces, till reaching so the summit of the low hill that limited the western horizon, it rested there for a moment, perfectly poised like a silver ball, and then sank slowly out of sight. An instant there was one bright edge there, and the next nothing—nothing but a flying vapor touched with the faintest hint of color, which was gone, too, before the eye could fairly hold it.

"And was our poor moon worth the trouble of watching out of sight?" asked the artist, finally.

"Worth it!" answered Alice, with a sigh of delight. "Oh, Monsieur Dessart, I think I shall never care for a sunset again!"

"But that is too unjust," he protested, with a smile. "Beauty interferes never with itself. We are in the midst of lovely things, each with a loveliness of its own, yet each but a part of the great, whole earth."

"Yes, we are in the midst of lovely things, and I—I know so few of them."

"What of that? They are there still. Better to feel them infinite than to possess all their knowledge, and have to sigh for new worlds," he added, smiling. "I would not like, I, to drink the draught to the last drop, and turn the empty cup in my hand. If life could lose its mystery, it would lose its sweetest flavor with it."

"Nevertheless," persisted Alice, laughing, "I can devote the whole of my allotted three-score years and ten to the pursuit of knowledge without any fear of that dreadful day when I shall stand up, disconsolate, and say, Behold the end of every thing!"

With M. Dessart's return recommenced work on the portrait, which was now, indeed, nearly done. As if by a common though tacit consent, neither ever spoke of the time when it should be finished and cease to be the bond between them. Neither ever said, When this happy, busy idleness is over I shall do this or I shall go thither. Were their minds more occupied with the future? I fancy not. They were living utterly in the cloudless present, without a thought that those golden summer moments must end.

"Only to think," said Miss Langton, turning from the window one day, "that I should so long have slighted that old château tower in

the exploring I have done under your 'careful and intelligent guidance,'—as the young ladies' schools say," she finished, laughing.

"Thank you," replied the artist, making a military salute with his brush. "Need I say how entirely that careful and intelligent guidance is at your service whenever you feel inclined to dare the dangers of the old turret's winding stair? In sober earnest, if you have no fear too much to fatigue yourself, you will find the ascent repay you well."

"If one were only a bird, to reach it at a single flight! Papa quite terrified me, I remember, with his description of all the climbing that was necessary. I was on no account to attempt it until I was quite strong again. But I think I am equal to it now, at least up to a million and one stairs; beyond that I can't promise."

There were not quite a million and one steps to the top of the old tower, but there certainly were a good many. The staircase wound up through the interior in a zigzag round that had forced more than one stout climber to pause for breath before reaching the end of his labors. Yet he might have chosen to go over it all again for the sake of what waited to reward him when, drawing his foot from the last step, he planted it firmly on the narrow platformed summit and looked around on the wide green land, so far removed as to seem a picture spread out before his gaze, rather than a world of which he was a part.

The day Alice Langton had chosen for her ascent was one of the brightest of that summer weather, and the change from the uncertain dusk of the interior through which they had been groping to the full flood of open sunlight was for the moment overwhelming. The day was very still: the sea lay in the distance seemingly as smooth as a "a painted ocean," but an ocean painted in such glorious depth of color as mortal hand never mixed. Every where blue, blue; endless and living, softly or darkly shaded, carrying the eye on and on to the dimmest stretch, till the beguiled vision seemed about to follow to the remotest shores around which it spread. It was long before Alice could look at any thing else; she found a fascination in every play of light, every line and sweep of color; she watched with ever-renewed interest the sunny water, entering the gloomy curve about the shore rocks, fall dead and dark in the shadow.

"Will mademoiselle turn into a statue before my eyes?" said M. Dessart at last. "So still, so silent! Where is the wandering spirit at this moment? In England, perhaps?"

"I was thinking if I were a painter—" began Alice, absently.

"And if you were a painter, what follows? A masterpiece of art, without doubt?"

"Yes, perhaps," laughing, as she came out of her abstraction. "No, I am not going on. Don't urge me to say what would not be very—polite to you."

"To me?" opening his black eyes. "Ah,

then continue, I entreat! If not, I shall think it was some very black suspicion."

"Nothing blacker than this: I thought if I were a painter, such a scene would make me throw down my brushes in utter despair."

"And for me, on that day when I believed to have fastened the innermost soul of nature to my canvas, with not a shade of meaning left unrendered—could such a day ever come—it is then *I* would throw down my brushes and go and hang myself! Oh, the poverty of a nature one can catch and frame and hang in a salon! Who would paint what he knows he could paint? Ah, no! it is the hidden and unattainable that we all sigh for."

"But, then, is the meaning of nature greater than the spirit that is to comprehend it?"

"But no. How greater? See you, mademoiselle; you look at that ocean and you find it vast, though you know not how many drops compose it; but if every drop could be ranged and marked before you, how great soever the number, what then? You no longer feel the vastness; you only—know it. Knowledge has destroyed its own life in destroying feeling. What I hold for truth, that is the paradox that we best understand what we do not quite understand. Our infinite spirit demands an infinite meaning. And the sum of all," he added, smiling, "is that one should not waste the beautiful reality of to-day in dry analysis."

"At this moment," he continued, leaning lightly on the low stone parapet around the tower-top, "I can sympathize with that unfortunate whose story they have told me. Standing like this midway between heaven and earth, he rashly concluded that he was a bird; so he took flight, but, alas! downward, not upward."

"Poor creature! what a singular delusion!"

"I do not know. Is one delusion more strange than another? Does not each of us recognize the folly of his own—after it has dropped with him to the ground? And your pet delusion, Mademoiselle Langtonne," turning to her with a smile, "what is that?"

"I think, at this moment, it is that I am to sit here always, watching this same sea and sky. Nothing is ever to change around me."

"And you would like that?"

"For the first hundred years, at any rate," answered Alice, laughing. "After that—"

"After that—the Fairy Prince's waking would be welcome—is it not so?"

"And you?" said Alice, quickly. "Confession for confession. What delusion are you cherishing?"

"At this moment, as you said, I do not think I am so happy as to have one. Delusion implies a hope, a belief, and I—I have but wishes."

"Wishes that are strong enough accomplish themselves; so say our transcendental American cousins."

"Do you tell me to believe that, mademoiselle?"

"I? Oh, I am no authority in such matters," she answered, evasively. "Only I have

picked up a little smattering of 'the absolute will' and 'the essence of being,' which some of them discourse so learnedly about. Oh, you are preparing to defend them. I know of old you are theory-wild. I dare say you are ready to prove there is no existence outside of ourselves."

"And why not?" he said, mischievously. "In effect, we carry our own atmosphere about with us, and see all things through it. Our good Baptiste is, perhaps, at this instant regarding that same ocean at which you gaze; but does he look at it with your eyes? Or, were you to change places, would he any the more see the beauty, or you only the bathers?"

"I certainly would not see a single bather there if I could have my way," exclaimed Miss Langton, laughing. "I would banish bathers and bath-house all together to some spot with which they were more in keeping. I confess I can not submit with a good grace to the law of contrast, continually putting deformity close to beauty."

"Yet those contrasts are sometimes very impressive. I remember once—it was in Switzerland—such another day as this; a day of perfect light. One found not so much that the sun shone as the whole air, and the lake too—the beautiful Lake Lemman: it was a lake of light. One had built out into it a long, narrow pier, and there, between the brightness of the blue air and the blue water, there sat an idiot boy, ragged and barefooted, muttering to himself."

"Oh, how cruel!" cried Alice; "how cruel!"

"It was very pathetic and very effective," he added, with a half smile. "The glory of summer life never filled my eyes and my soul as then, when I saw that poor idiot in the midst of all, but as blind as if he were buried under the ground. Better than a thousand pictures, a thousand poems, he gave it expression by his own lack."

"But," said Alice, after a pause, "as you say, that was pathetic, and so in its very sadness part of the beauty of the scene; but here it is different. There is nothing touching, certainly, about that ugly bathing establishment; not one association that is not commonplace. Look what a great blot it stands there! I wish it were a hundred miles away!"

"As for me, no!" said the young man, with a smile. "I can not defend it as a work of art, but I remember that but for it we should not be here."

"That is true, and it was very ungrateful of me to forget it. But, Monsieur Dessart, from your words a moment ago I should hardly have expected you to prefer humanity to art;" and she looked up at him with a smile.

"Humanity? But perhaps you give my speech a too wide interpretation. Should I grieve, I, if the only life between that hill-top and ocean were yours and mine here together?"

A dread and a delight came at once upon Alice Langton as she listened to the quick,

low words, so low that at the last she divined rather than heard them. Almost without thought of what she did she stepped through an opening in the turret wall beside her, and moving a few paces along the wide ledge extending just beneath, stretched out her hand to pull an ivy spray that fluttered toward her.

"Not there!—my God!" cried the young man, springing forward as he saw where she stood. Scarcely had she drawn back when a piece of the crumbling stone-work broke off and fell sheer down. She turned to go back, but her nerve was shaken; she trembled with an involuntary shudder.

"Not another step!" said he, with a quickness almost fierce. "Lean against the wall and look only at me. I will come to you."

She obeyed silently. A little more and he had placed her in safety within the upper wall.

Alice Langton knew that death had been very near her, yet there was a faint color in her cheek, almost a smile about her lips, as she turned to M. Dessart. But his face was utterly pale, the eyes were narrowed painfully under the set brows, and the hand that grasped the wall was rigid, as if every muscle were strung to the utmost tension.

"What is it?" she cried, in alarm. "You are suffering!"

"You put a knife in my heart, and ask of the pain?" he exclaimed, looking at her with a sort of passionate reproach.

She turned her face away, and the color faded out; a mist came before her eyes, and a ringing in her ears, that for a moment seemed to make every thing indistinct about her. She thought her consciousness was going, and made a strong effort to recall herself.

"I don't think I was meant to fill a high place," she said, with a lightness she was far from feeling. "My head is quite turned still. Shall we go down now?"

They walked home very silently, Alice still moving in a sort of bewilderment. The shadows lay almost motionless on the long sunny slopes, the leaves scarcely stirred on the trees, yet all seemed vaguely changed and troubled. She asked herself if it were really the same day on which she had gazed, an hour before, with such a contentment of repose. As quiet as ever, the peace was gone out of it.

She sat by her window very long that evening, with her eyes fixed on the old tower, rising dark against the clear, starlit sky. Once she smiled, but a sigh followed, and something—was it only that shadowy half-light?—gave her mouth and eyes a touching sadness.

When she went to the studio the next day it was with a resolution formed during those hours of lonely watching. But how to speak the words she had to say she did not yet know, and her mind was not the clearer for the consciousness of the artist's eyes upon her. He was very silent too, and for a long while the only sound in the room was the rustle of Miss Willetts's book as she turned the pages.

"You are pale to-day," he said, abruptly.

"I am always pale, I think," she answered, trying to laugh.

"Not like this. What is it, then? and that droop of the eyelids—do you know you have not lifted them since you sat there?"

"I must look my part, you know," she said, referring to the original picture.

"But pardon! If you will be like her, you shall raise your eyes. Ah! still a little. So!" And as their eyes met he leaned forward and smiled at her.

"I—I am very tired; I will rest now," she said, hurriedly; and as she spoke she did feel exhausted with the strong heart-beat that seemed to take her breath away. She got up and walked to the farther end of the room. He threw down his brush and followed her.

"I have suffered you to weary yourself," he exclaimed, anxiously. "How shall I be forgiven?"

"There is nothing to forgive. I might have spoken."

"But I who believed to know your face by heart in its least little change!"

"That is claiming a great deal," said Alice, hardly knowing what she was saying.

"Ah! mademoiselle believes me an impostor; is it not so? Will she lift her eyes and let me read them, or is she afraid—of what she might read in mine?"

He had bent down until she could not only hear but feel the breath of these whispered words. She could endure no more, and spoke quickly.

"My portrait is almost finished, is it not?"

"But yes," he answered, in some surprise at the abrupt question, "unhappily for me. *You* will not regret it, since I have so wearied you?"

"I shall be glad to have it done for papa's sake. It will be a pleasure to him when he loses me."

"Pardon, I do not comprehend. How, then, loses you?"

"Loses me, I mean, to another home. Did you think I was indulging in a sort of funereal foreboding? Marriage is not quite such an end of every thing, I hope; but it breaks up the old ties sadly."

The effort with which she spoke made her words seem hard and trifling. She knew it, and hated herself for it, but finished resolutely. The utter silence which followed was something horrible to her. Any thing to break it would have been welcome—even that little dry rustle of the leaves turning over, but they were too far from Miss Willetts's corner to hear that now. She felt his eyes upon her, but still he did not speak, and the stillness grew more and more oppressive to her expectancy, until, when at length he moved away, she felt as if in another moment she must have screamed aloud.

He crossed the room, but soon returning, came up to her. "See, it is finished," he said, holding out something in his hand. "Mademoiselle will spare me the little ribbon?"

His tone was as quiet as if those last words, which she had spoken with such an effort, had been the merest commonplaces. Was it possible, after all, that she had mistaken his feelings? As she turned toward him she ventured to look up in his face. Oh, the unutterable sadness of the eyes that met hers! the loneliness, the longing, in which a kind of weary resignation told of a hopelessness that could not even struggle! Only once had she seen such a look—on the face of his dream-picture. Was the omen he had feared for her sake to be realized now for him? For him? but for him alone? What was that pang that seemed to tear its way through her breast and choke her voice, was that—pity?

She fixed her eyes mechanically on the object he had placed in her hand, but at first with little idea of what she was looking at. When the mist had ceased to blind them she perceived that it was that copy he had begged to make. It was hardly to be called a copy, either—only a tiny reproduction of the head and bust. Fastened to it was a knot of pale violet ribbon, which she remembered to have worn the day before.

She returned it silently. As she gave it to him his hand closed suddenly about hers. She looked up, frightened, beseechingly; he understood the appeal, and answered it by raising the hand to his lips and kissing it again and again, over fingers and palm and soft little wrist, all the while looking down into her eyes with a smile whose tenderness had something of mockery in it. Then he let it fall as suddenly.

"Pardon," he said; "I shall offend you no more. And this"—looking at the little picture—"it will not forbid my lips, nor feel them."

Alice heard that last despairing tone in silence. She dared not look at him, dared not trust herself to speak, for fear of what might come unbidden.

It was the last sitting. That same evening came a message from England summoning her to her father, who was lying dangerously ill of a fever. She saw René Dessart but once, for a few minutes, before she went. He seemed again like what she had first known him; that one brief episode might have seemed to her almost a dream save for the deep, underlying sadness that had taken the place of his former elastic life. He held her hand in his at parting.

"It is forever," he said.

She shook her head silently.

"It is forever," he repeated. "Do you not know there is no more to come? And what is past—is past. Ah, well! you will forget, and I shall remember; that is all."

Her heart ached to undeceive him, but she knew well that of the words that came crowding to her lips not one must be spoken; so she left him with a simple farewell, which sounded in her own ears very cold as she said it.

It was the beginning of July when she went

away from St. Etienne. She was still watching in her father's sick-room when she heard the first rumors of the war that was so soon to fill all Europe with the sound of its violence. Mr. Langton, just arrived at the cross-grained stage of convalescence, was in a continual explosion over the newspapers; but it was not to these that Alice could turn for what she most cared to know. She would look at the portrait, the work of his hands, and remember what passionate words she had heard him speak of France; and night and day she thought about him, longing with a longing she knew to be in vain for some tidings of him. Presently this constant, secret preoccupation began to show its effects: she grew white and languid; when she sat, with heavy lids drooped listlessly, the life seemed gone out of her face; and when she raised them the great eyes, in their deep shadows, made a painful contrast. Mr. Langton had scarcely recovered fully when he found that his daughter needed all his care. Greatly alarmed, he set himself to discover what it was that appeared to be weighing on her, and his efforts at length drew from her a confession that she shrank from fulfilling the promise of marriage which she had given.

"Only let me stay with you, papa," she said; "no one else will care for me so. Don't make me leave you."

That was the argument of all others which would avail most against Mr. Langton's disappointment in the breaking of this engagement, which had been rather his than his daughter's doing. It was a connection in every way excellent, and specially recommended by family reasons; but, on the other hand, Alice was her father's darling, and he could not quarrel long with the prospect of keeping her for yet a while all to himself. So it came about that Alice Langton was freed from the tie that had become only a burden and a dread, since a real love had taught her heart to feel.

After this she was visibly better. Relieved of that nearest pressing trouble, she could wait more patiently for what the future might bring to pass. But that future looked very dark; and often she told herself, drearily, that the best she could hope for was only the knowledge of the end.

Yes, the days were very long and sad, with their news always the same—of fresh disaster, fresh slaughter and defeat. So the weeks crept by, and the long starvation of Paris began. Alice Langton would picture to herself the ghastly change and devastation of the brilliant city, shut in by a circle of fire, a relentless enemy without, suffering and strife within, the uproar of a riotous mob, and the desperate resistance of honor stung to fight, inch by inch, for a lost cause. Was he there in the midst of it? she asked herself, with a shudder; or—had all ended for him on some battle-ground that she should never know?

Christmas had come and passed. Its holly berries were shining red about the warm, bright,

lamp-lighted room where they were sitting, Mr. Langton absorbed in his newspaper, and Alice in a reverie that was very far away from her companions. Suddenly she was startled out of it by an exclamation from her father.

"Alice," he said, before she could speak, "you remember Mosseer Dessart?" (Remember him! her very heart seemed to stop beating to listen.) "He'll never paint another picture, poor fellow! 'Died too young,' " he went on, quoting from the paper. "Hem! yes; so did any body that died in this war. They say just what I always said about him—here, I'll read it."

René Dessart had fallen before Paris in one of those brave but futile sorties—forlorn hopes, doomed from the beginning. He had been shot through the heart, and must have died instantly. There was not the slightest trace of pain on his features, and, save for the open eyes, he looked as if sleeping. A touching little romance, continued the account, was hinted at. On his breast, just above the wound, was found a tiny picture—a portrait apparently; but the bullet had shattered the case, and only the outline of a head was still dimly discernible in the blood that had soaked through it. Underneath was fastened a narrow knot of ribbon, discolored too with the same dull red. Then followed some warm words of the young painter's promise, some regrets for his early death, and that was all.

"So that's the end of him!" indignantly commented Mr. Langton. "Well, well! And there's another French girl sent into mourning

for this confounded war!—I beg your pardon, Miss Willetts; but it is difficult to express my feelings in decorous terms."

A French girl! Too well Alice Langton knew whose pictured image had stirred with the last throb of the true heart beneath—in whose hair that blood-dabbled ribbon had once been knotted. Yes, that was the end, the very end, indeed; and dismissed so lightly, with just a breath of pity! Something like anger moved the dull quiet of her despair. She could not sit there and see those two go on working, reading, precisely as before. She got up and left the bright, warm room, and, unobserved, went out into the dark.

It was a melancholy night; not the clear, cold, Christmas weather, but a thick, cloudy sky, with a rising wind that told of a storm. What was it it recalled to her? Out of the dark there came up, like a picture before her eyes, that helpless girl's face, between the blackness of the sea and sky, watching, but as one without hope, "for what would never come back." She remembered how sadly he had spoken those words. The omen that he feared had come true for her now. Just so she stood in darkness, the waste of years stretching out before her, never to be less lonely; and behind her the only gleam of light in the recollection of those few happy days. But as she lifted the questioning agony of her eyes to that sky that had looked down on the peace in his dead, upturned face, she remembered suddenly how, far away, out of the cloud and the night, one faint star was shining in the heavens.

ANNE FURNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE,"
"VERONICA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

WOOLLING, *January 25, 18—.*

"MY DEAR ANNE,—You are now, I hope, well enough in mind and body to bring your mind to bear on what I have to say. I waited till such time as I thought your head would be clear a bit. And, not being muddle-headed by nature, I suppose it is clear by this.

"You and your mother gave up the marriage-settlement of your own accords. You was of age, and I didn't think well to refuse my consent, as you know. If I know it, says you, why does Uncle Cudberry go over the old track again? Fair and softly. I must take my time and say my say in my own way. Fair and softly goes far in a day. But as things have turned out, I feel it's a hard case for Doctor Hewson to have you and your mother on his hands at his time of life. And perhaps he may say, if Cudberry of Woolling had have held firm, my daughter and my daughter's daughter wouldn't now be depending on me for board and lodging. Not that he ever *has* said such a word to

me or of me as I know of. But I put a case. Now this brings me to what I have got to say. If you will come and live at Woolling, and be as one of my own daughters, there's a home for you as long as I last. After I'm gone my son Sam will be master, but your aunt Cudberry and you have always got on very comfortable together, and I dare say you could make it out still to be with her if Sam brings home a wife to Woolling. For I sha'n't leave my wife dependent on Sam Cudberry. There'll be a comfortable maintenance for her during her lifetime. The girls each has their bit of money separate. By reason they will likely break up and go different ways when once I'm underground. Or they may get married. Any way they'll be left so as they can steer clear of each other if they are so minded. Now there's my offer, and don't say no in a hurry. Take your time. If you come to my house you'll be in every particular treated the same as the Misses Cudberry of Woolling. You'll have the same allowance for your clothes as them. Neither more nor less. You'll have the same liberty

of going into Horsingham to see your mother and grandfather as my own daughters have. I expect every one in my house to understand that I am the master. But you have plenty of common-sense, and so have I, and I ain't afraid that we should quarrel. Your aunt Cudberry has been afflicting herself a great deal, as she couldn't get to see your mother or you, and she bids me tell you that she did go to Mortlands several times, and you know she don't often stir outside the garden fence at Woolling. Why, I believe, in the five-and-forty years we've been married, she hasn't been into Horsingham a score of times, and all told. But there was no getting to see you. And she hopes you've been told that she did come, so there's your aunt Cudberry's message, with her best love. Sam and his sisters—one or t'other of 'em—have been to your grandfather's house every day. And I suppose you know it. But I don't wonder at your not wanting to see *them*. Miss Cudberry has her merits, but she ain't soft-mannered, and she's apt to be trying when folks are not strong. But your aunt Cudberry would dearly like to see you, Anne. She has been cut up terrible. She has, indeed. Her own sister's own son! And she was very fond of George. I can tell you that for many weeks ours was a real house of mourning. Well, no more on that score, and I give you my word that you sha'n't be worried by any *scenes* or any thing, if you'll let me bring your aunt Cudberry down to see you—her and me; we won't say any thing about the girls till you're more up to them. Now think of my offer. You know I'm not a romantic kind of a man. But I mean just what I say, neither more nor less. And I remain,

My dear Anne,

"Yours very sincerely,

"S. CUDBERRY."

This letter was written in a small, cramped, but very legible hand, in crooked lines, on a very large sheet of paper. And it was sealed with a massive oval lump of red sealing-wax, bearing the impression of the Cudberry arms. I was greatly surprised at the offer contained in it. Knowing Mr. Cudberry as I did, it seemed to me a very wonderful thing that he should voluntarily offer to assume the responsibility of feeding, clothing, and housing a fourth young woman in his family. For he was always lamenting the cost of supporting the three daughters who had just claims on his care and his purse. I was not ungrateful. I was really touched by this proof of Uncle Cudberry's regard. But I own that when it occurred to me that it would be my duty to lighten my grandfather's burden by accepting this offer, I shrank very greatly from the prospect of passing my life at Woolling. I thought—nay, I was sure—that I would rather earn my bread by the labor of my hands than become a member of the Cudberry household. But the point I had to consider was not by any means what I would *rather* do. And then it was easy to talk of

earning my bread by the labor of my hands; but of what labor were my hands capable? Where could I find employment? The more I pondered the case the more clearly my conscience seemed to tell me that I had no right to refuse Uncle Cudberry's offer. And I own once more that I grew very cowardly and faint-hearted, and tried to fend off the growing conviction.

But when I showed the letter to grandfather, and talked it over with him, he speedily removed my scruples.

"Don't, my dear child," said he, "fall into the mistake of fancying that a given course of action must be right simply because it is painful. Self-abnegation is as much a snare and a temptation to some natures as self-indulgence is to others. But let *us* try to keep as steady a balance as may be."

Then he talked with me at length on the subject, pointing out how much more useful I could be, and—he said this because he loved me so dearly, and his love made it true in some measure—how much more happiness I could give to others around me, by remaining at Mortlands, than by going to Woolling. I had once before, he reminded me, refused to desert my mother at a time when she needed a daughter's tenderness and care far less than now. In brief, he persuaded me—not at all against my will—that the path of duty for me did not lie in the direction of Woolling. And we agreed together what manner of answer I should make to Uncle Cudberry. Also grandfather advised that I should not write at once.

"Mr. Cudberry bids you take your time," he said, "and it is due to him to let him see that you give his proposition some consideration. Write in a week."

Accordingly my letter to Woolling was dispatched the day after mother and grandfather went away to S—.

I wrote it as well as I knew how to write, and tried to make my words convey the real feeling of gratitude in my heart, and at the same time the firmness of my decision not to leave my grandfather's home. But I was very dissatisfied with the letter, after all. I had written it over twice—thinking it now too hard, and now too weak—and at last I sent off the third copy, not because I thought it satisfactory, but because I despaired of doing any better.

On the second day after the dispatching of my letter, the Cudberrys' "sociable" drove up to the garden gate at Mortlands. I had said in my letter that I should be very grateful to Aunt Cudberry if she would come and see me, and I added that I would see my cousins also, if they wished it. I thought, to say the honest truth, that I would take advantage of mother's absence to get this first interview over. It must take place some time, and I was better able to endure whatever pain might be connected with it than mother was. The first meeting would be the most trying, of course. And I own that I had not implicit faith in Uncle

Cudberry's power to spare me any "scenes," as he had undertaken to do.

Mrs. Abram was with me when the Cudberrys' visit was announced. She had a profound dread of my cousins, especially of Tilly—whom I do not think she had seen half a dozen times in her life—and would fairly have run away out of the room, if I had not begged her to remain. But I can not say that her presence had any encouraging influence, or one that tended to tranquilize my nerves.

Uncle and Aunt Cudberry came into the room first, and were followed by their three daughters. They were all dressed in deep mourning. I ought to have expected this, of course; but somehow the sight of their black garments gave me a strange shock, and contrary to all my resolutions, and despite all my efforts, I burst out crying.

I found myself, I don't know how, in Aunt Cudberry's arms. The poor woman hugged me close, and cried too, in a subdued, stealthy way, as if she were afraid of being seen. And she was altogether very quiet, and said only a broken word or two—"My dear child! My dear Anne! How are you, poor dear thing?" So that I soon grew composed, and did not again lose my self-possession. I am sure Aunt Cudberry had been lectured severely by her husband as to the necessity of behaving with tranquillity. Indeed she whispered to me, in the course of the visit, that Mr. Cudberry had threatened to "march her off without an instant's warning if she made a fuss." Also the girls appeared to be under some severe kind of discipline, which certainly had the effect of making their demeanor more quiet, if not less eccentric, than usual.

They shook hands with me, and kissed my cheek in rotation, each saying, one after the other, "Well, Anne!" And then they all sat down in a row on the sofa and stared at me, save when they chanced to catch their father's eye. He passed them in review every now and then; and when they perceived this, they looked out of the window—only to look at me again, however, so soon as he released them from his glance.

By-and-by Aunt Cudberry asked for my mother, and was curious to have all the particulars of her journey—asking how much it cost to go to S—; what I thought she would pay for a lodging; whether provisions were much dearer there than in the country, and so forth. To all which questions I made the best answers I could.

The girls, meanwhile, having, I suppose, somewhat slaked their curiosity regarding my appearance, had bestowed a good deal of attention on Mrs. Abram. With her, they were not under any awe of their father's displeasure, and they scrupled not to say what they pleased to her. Tilly had a rooted idea that Mrs. Abram was little removed from an idiot. The old story, which I had heard from the servants when a child, of her having once been in an

"asylum," had doubtless reached Tilly's ears by the same channel. She regarded the unconscious Mrs. Abram with an expression of mingled repugnance and compassion, made audible remarks about her to Henny and Clemmy as coolly as though she had been deaf, and talked to her with laborious distinctness, at the same time repeating the leading word of her phrase several times in a loud, threatening voice, such as I have heard used in teaching a dog some difficult trick.

Of the cause of Miss Cudberry's peculiar manner toward her, Mrs. Abram fortunately had no remotest idea. But it served to alarm and disconcert her terribly.

"Do you ever go out into Horsingham, Mrs. Abram?" asked Henrietta, looking at her sharply, with her head on one side.

"Into Horsingham? Oh, I—well, I sometimes—"

"Town, you know," interrupted Tilly; "shops—streets. *Streets!* Ever go into the streets, eh?"

"Not much into the streets, love—I mean Miss—a—a—Miss Cudberry."

"Ah! They don't trust her much by herself in the streets, you see," announced Tilly to her sisters. Then turning to poor Judith, "You walk in the garden, I suppose? Out there. *Garden!* where the flowers grow!"

"Not many flowers there, love—a—a—I ask pardon if I'm too familiar. It isn't the season for flowers now," observed Mrs. Abram, feebly.

Tilly stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, apparently to prevent an explosion of laughter at the imbecility of this remark.

"Well, but *that* isn't silly," said Clemmy, in a half whisper, to her eldest sister, "because this is not the season for flowers, you know, after all."

"La, Clementina, that's you all over!" retorted Henrietta, in her waspish way. "How can you be such a goose? I do believe you scarcely know whether people have their senses or whether they haven't. It don't seem to make much difference to *you!*"

"You think a great deal of the old gentleman, don't you?" said Clementina, in a somewhat less aggressive tone than her sisters.

This was an unfortunate phrase, inasmuch as it was habitually used by Keturah to designate the evil spirit whose snares occupied so large a share of poor Judith's thoughts. And in the confusion of mind to which she had been reduced, she did not for the moment conceive that Clementina's phrase referred to any other and less terrible "old gentleman," and was dismayed and bewildered by the question accordingly.

Clementina, on her side, was a good deal amazed at the result of her words; for Mrs. Abram remained, with dropped jaw and raised hands, staring at her.

"You know who I mean, don't you?" asked Clemmy, returning the stare with interest.

I came to Mrs. Abram's rescue, for she was by this time almost reduced to tears.

"Clementina says you are very fond of my grandfather, Mrs. Abram; and I can undertake to answer that question. Dr. Hewson has no more devoted friend than his sister-in-law," said I, speaking across the room, and with some little emphasis.

My interposition had the effect of causing instantaneous silence among the Misses Cudberry; and Judith, with an imploring glance at me, took the opportunity of the young ladies' attention being attracted away from herself to slip timidly out of the room.

As soon as she was gone, Mr. Cudberry rose and placed himself with his back to the fire, so as to get us all within his range of vision. And after a short pause, during which he surveyed his wife, his daughters, and me, with an inscrutable face, he thus spoke:

"Now, Anne Furness, I got your letter. 'Twarn't a bad letter, nor yet it warn't altogether a good, because it answered my offer the wrong way. Now I made up my mind to give you another chance; and I had a word to say as I thought might be well to say before my daughters, so as there should be no mistake, you understand, but every thing clear and plain between us."

Here he turned his wooden visage toward his daughters, who bridled and tightened their lips a little, but said nothing.

Mr. Cudberry proceeded with his usual slow deliberation,

"It may be as you think you wouldn't be treated quite kind at Woolling—not in the way of victuals, or that, but—in—in—in the way of—being jawed at, in short, or envied, or—"

"*Envied*, pa!" screamed Tilly, in irrepressible indignation. "Now that I will *not* stand!"

"Steady, Miss Cudberry," said her father, without any display of emotion whatever. "You stick to your agreement, and I'll stick to mine."

"There was nothing about '*envying*' in our agreement, pa; and I wonder at you making such an accusation against your own daughters!"

"'Specially when there's nothing to envy!' put in Henrietta.

"La, there now, my dears, don't ye put yourselves out, poor things!" said Aunt Cudberry, squeezing my hand furtively, and addressing her daughters in a deprecating tone.

"Now, if you have any notions of that sort, Miss Anne," proceeded Mr. Cudberry, quite ignoring the little interruption, "I can tell you as you needn't have 'em. Me and my daughters understand one another very well. I've told 'em as your coming to Woolling won't make a brass farthing of difference to them. They'll have their allowances same as usual. I sha'n't leave you any thing in my will. My will 'll stand as 'tis, *unless I'm put out and made to alter it*, which I should be uncommon sorry to have to do."

A blank look came over the faces of his daughters at these words, and an awful stillness fell upon them.

"So, therefore," said Mr. Cudberry, winding up his address, "I now make you the offer once more of coming to Woolling and being as one of us, without fear of any unkindness, or sharp words, or *envy*. No envy shall be shown toward you in my house so long as I'm master in it." There came a sparkle into his black eyes at each repetition of the word "*envy*," which he uttered with a kind of dogged enjoyment that was very characteristic of the man.

As if acting by preconcerted arrangement, the three Misses Cudberry rose from their chairs at this point, and said, "We hope you will come, Anne," one sister uttering the words after the other, beginning, as of right, with Miss Cudberry. And each, as she spoke, kept her eyes fixed on her father.

"Do 'ee, my dear!" said Mrs. Cudberry, humbly, and gave my hand another furtive squeeze.

I could but repeat my former refusal. But I tried to tell Uncle Cudberry how grateful I was for his proffered kindness. I assured him that among my motives for not accepting it there had not been any fear of meeting with unkindness at Woolling. And then I said a word or two to my aunt and cousins, thanking them also for being willing to receive me among them.

The relief expressed in the faces of the three girls, when I made it plain that I preferred to remain where I was, was unmistakable; and, though not very flattering to me, was, I reflected, natural enough. I had never been on cordial terms with them; and, despite my best endeavors, I should infallibly have proved an element of discord in the Woolling household.

Perhaps Uncle Cudberry also was relieved at heart by my refusal, although he let no such indication appear in his countenance or demeanor. They all took their departure in a short time, and before they went I had promised to spend a day at Woolling at the end of the week. I was averse to doing so, but I could not refuse Mr. Cudberry's request.

That evening, when we had been sitting at work by the fireside for some time, Mrs. Abram raised her head, after an interval of silence, and said, "Anne, you won't be angry, love, at what I'm going to say?"

"Angry? Surely not angry at any thing you say, Mrs. Abram."

"Well, love, I— Don't you think there's something very queer about the eldest Miss Cudberry?"

"She is undoubtedly eccentric."

"Oh yes, love."

There was another pause of considerable duration. Then Mrs. Abram resumed,

"But I don't mean exactly that, love. I— You're sure you won't be angry?"

I shook my head, and smiled at her.

"Well, then, love"—and here Mrs. Abram

dropped her voice to a mysterious whisper, and put her finger to her forehead—"to-day, once or twice, I did fancy that—that she was not quite right in her head!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

BEFORE my grandfather's return from the sea-side I had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Dodd. Strictly speaking, their visit was to Keturah, who had invited them to drink tea with her. And mighty preparations she made in the way of pastry for the repast; for this was a solemn occasion—a bridal entertainment; for although Alice had now been married nearly four months, she had not yet paid a visit to her old friend Keturah. Mortlands had been no place for feasting and making merry in during that drear time when my mother lay struggling for life, and the shadow of an awful affliction brooded blackly over us.

But the world must go on. Grass and flowers will cover the traces of death and disaster. We could not expect all around us to be darkened by our eclipse. So when Keturah, with some hesitation, asked me whether I thought the master or Mrs. Furness—she never called my mother Miss Lucy now—would have any feeling against her (Keturah) inviting the Dodds to a quiet cup of tea some day, I cheerfully answered that I was sure they would have no objection to such a sober festival being held in the kitchen at Mortlands. And Keturah appeared relieved by the readiness of my reply.

Alice and her husband arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon, and came, as they said, to pay their respects to me before going into the kitchen.

Alice looked as buxom and bonny and blithe a landlady of a way-side inn as one could desire to see. But I observed immediately that she wore none of the wedding finery which she might have been expected to put on on the occasion. No gay ribbon or artificial flower brightened her attire. She wore a gray stuff gown, with a little black silk handkerchief passed under her collar and pinned at her throat. This was the more striking in Alice, inasmuch as she had always loved bright colors, from the days of the blue bead necklace she had been fond of wearing as a girl. Dodd, too, although otherwise dressed in his ordinary attire, had a narrow band of black crape round his shining new hat.

And when I noticed these things there rose such a lump in my throat and such a dimness before my eyes that I could not speak for a minute or two. I could only grasp the honest hands they proffered me in silence.

Presently Alice, who was never troubled by bashfulness, began to talk; and once set going, her tongue was sure to run on nimbly for a good while. Dodd was much more timid and constrained than his wife. But gradually he became more at ease, and, if he did not con-

tribute much to the conversation, listened with evident complacency to Alice's voluble account of how prosperous they were, and how the little farm was thriving—they had bought a few acres of land that lay conveniently near to the Royal Oak; and what wonderful layers her poultry proved to be, even in the winter season; and how she had taken the liberty of bringing a few new-laid eggs and one or two other trifles as a present for Mrs. Abram. It afterward proved that Mrs. Dodd's notions of a present of country dainties was on a most liberal, not to say colossal scale. The taxed cart in which she had driven to Mortlands must have creaked under the weight of the pots of jam, store apples, eggs, home-made cake, and cherry brandy that constituted Alice's present to Mrs. Abram.

Alice made a sort of apology for making Mrs. Abram the sole recipient of her gift.

"You see, Miss Anne, me and Dodd we says to each other: 'Now we haven't got any way to please Mrs. Abram, nor any thing to give her as she'll care about—for I know she never touches dainties herself—unless it may be as it 'll please her to have something to give away.' That's how we made it out. 'Little Jane and the others 'll eat the stuff, and Mrs. Abram 'll enjoy seeing 'em.'"

I thought this displayed a more delicate appreciation of poor Mrs. Abram than Alice's unassisted intellect was capable of; and I had no doubt that the thought originated with her husband.

"You came here once or twice when my dear mother was very ill to speak to Dr. Hewson. He was sorry not to see you, but he was literally night and day occupied with my mother," said I to Dodd.

"Yes, miss; I did come. I wanted to say a word to the doctor about that business at my house. But I don't know as he could have done any thing either. Mr. Donald—"

Dodd stopped himself abruptly, colored, and withdrew his eyes from my face. I fancied I could guess why. He thought that the mention of Donald's name might be painful or embarrassing to me; but I resolved to overcome any such notion.

"Mr. Donald was robbed," said I; and I was quite surprised to find that it cost me an effort to say the words in an ordinary, tranquil tone. "He wrote to my grandfather to say so, but he gave very few particulars of the case."

"Well, a very queer case it was, Miss Anne. It put me about terrible."

"Why, you were none of you sharp, I think," said Alice. "If it had been after you had a wife to look after you, instead of before, maybe the rascal wouldn't have got off so comfortable."

"Nay, lass; thou'rt sharp enough; but I don't see as thy sharpness would have done much good in this case. The police could make nothing of it."

"Police!" echoed Alice, with blunt disdain. "Why, don't I know old Hogg, the constable,

and Williams, and one or two more of them? They're but a thick-headed lot. Old Hogg used to be quite intimate wi' my father when I was a little girl. Many a pipe they've smoked together. Nay, lad, I don't think any thing o' thy police!"

Dodd did not enter into the question whether the fact of Mr. Hogg having smoked many a pipe with Mr. Kitchen necessarily implied any peculiar thick-headedness on the part of the former; but he began to give me an account of the circumstances of the robbery, which I shall set down in a somewhat abridged form; for Dodd was by no means exempt from the common Horsingham failing of being excessively *long-winded*.

On the evening of the twenty-second of September, about half past eight o'clock, a man came into the bar of the Royal Oak, and asked if he could have a supper and bed there. The road had been thronged all day by vehicles, equestrians, and foot-passengers leaving Horsingham, for the races were over, and the house had been doing a brisk trade in serving casual refreshments to the thirsty, dusty passers-by. But it was chiefly a house of call. Few persons slept there, Diggleton's End being too short a stage out of Horsingham for any but foot-passengers, and the Royal Oak being a hostelry above the pretensions of ordinary tramps. Thus there was more than one clean, lavender-scented bed at liberty; and the stranger, having been shown a room, and expressed himself satisfied with it, sat down in the little parlor to await his supper. He was a singular-looking man, dressed in black, with a very bushy head of black hair, that hung down over his forehead, and a great white neckcloth wound round his throat, and partly concealing his chin and jaw.

"I didn't like the look of the chap from the first," said Dodd; "but a publican can't choose his customers by their beauty, you know, miss. I fancied he was one of them Methodys as travels in the religious line—a preacher, or something of the sort. Any way, whether he was or not, that's what he wanted to pass himself off for. For he began canting and talking about the sinfulness of the races, and pulled a great printed bill out of his pocket full of what *I* consider very bad language, miss. I've seen fellows distributing such bills to the folks going up to the race-course. And whether races is bad or good things, *my* opinion is, that's not the way to put a stop to 'em."

Alice looked a little grave at this; for her own former spiritual pastor had been very active in open-air preaching and bill-distributing, and the use of the vigorous sort of phraseology which Dodd—lacking the nice discrimination that perceives how circumstances alter cases—irreverently styled "very bad language."

While the supper was being got ready the black-coated stranger remained quite apart. He did not enter the bar, and seemed to desire to hold no communication with the other persons in the house. In short, he seemed to be

skulking. But this peculiarity in his demeanor Dodd confessed that he had partly set down to his being "one of them Methodys." For which instance of prejudice Alice justly rebuked him.

Presently, while the supper was being cooked, Dodd was surprised to see Mr. Donald Ayrлие enter the house. He had a little knapsack on his shoulders, and had walked from Horsingham. Dodd was still more surprised when Mr. Ayrлие asked if he could be accommodated with a bed for the night. But, of course, he readily answered in the affirmative. Mr. Ayrлие seemed tired and out of spirits. In answer to Dodd's respectful inquiries, he said that Dr. Hewson was very well; that he himself was bound for London; and that the coaches being all full in consequence of the race-week visitors taking their departure nearly all about the same time, he (Donald) had made up his mind to walk to a town some miles further on, where he hoped to get a place on a branch coach for London. Meanwhile, as it was growing late, and the night was dark and threatening, he would sleep at the Royal Oak, and resume his journey early in the morning.

In answer to an inquiry whether he would not have some food, he said yes; he supposed he had better have some supper—any thing they had. He had not eaten since the morning, and should be glad of a meal.

It occurred to Dodd that if Mr. Ayrлие had no objection he might share the supper of the traveler in the parlor; and to this Donald agreed, having previously ascertained that the stranger was not a Horsingham person. He did not wish, he said, to meet any gossiping acquaintance just then. But it seemed that the Methodist preacher—if such he were—made considerable objection on his part to having a companion at his meal. He did not wish to associate with any of the godless and depraved men who frequented race-courses!

"I got a little nettled at the fellow's blustering way," said Dodd; "and I told him that he needn't be afraid of meeting disrespectful company in *my* house; and that as to frequenting race-courses, why, he'd been doing that himself, according to his own account. But I said that if that was all that troubled him, he might make his mind easy, for the gentleman was a *real* gentleman, and lived with Dr. Hewson at Mortlands, and there wasn't many people in Horsingham as wouldn't feel it an honor and a pleasure to sit down to table with Mr. Donald Ayrлие. He seemed took aback when I said the name. 'Oh,' says I, 'you've heard of him?' 'Yes,' says he, 'I've heard of him. What brings him here?' 'Well,' says I, 'I didn't take the liberty of asking him, because at the school I went to, when I was a little lad, they taught me as it wasn't good manners to ask questions about other folks' business.' He thought it over for a minute or two, and muttered something about its being 'queer enough;' and then he said, 'Well, he can come, then. I

may do the young man some good by my discourse.' And I nearly bit my tongue in two, to keep from giving him a bit of my mind. But you know, miss, a landlord's a landlord; and the Methody paid for his supper and bed same as another—at least I was flat enough to think so then."

Donald went to his room and deposited his knapsack there. Dodd asked him, as he came down stairs again, whether there were any money or valuables in it, and he answered yes; there was all the money he had with him in it, excepting a few shillings in his pockets. Upon this Dodd begged him to lock his chamber door whenever he left it, so long as the knapsack remained within it. Dodd had no reason to suspect the honesty of the two country servants who composed his staff of in-door assistants; but he had an uneasy feeling on that evening, which made him anxious that no risk should be run.

"Almost like a kind of a warning, wasn't it, miss?" said Dodd, with some solemnity.

But Alice, whose mind was differently constituted from her husband's, observed that it was a stupid kind of a warning, then, just enough to make folks uncomfortable, and not enough to help 'em to take care of themselves; and that, for her part, she was convinced that Dodd all the while had his suspicions of the parson, and didn't like to say so *then*, even to himself.

Donald took the landlord's advice, and locked his bedroom door when he went down to supper, and left the key hanging on a nail in the bar.

At first the meal proceeded quietly enough. Dodd was in and out of the room, serving his guests himself, and he noticed that Mr. Ayrlic gave rather short answers to the other man's talk. But when the boiled eggs and bacon, which had formed the staple of the repast, had been cleared away, and the "Methody," as Dodd persistently called him, had ordered a tumbler of hot brandy-and-water, Mr. Ayrlic said that, although he was not inclined to drink himself, he would ask for a similar jorum, and would beg Dodd to take it in their company—"for the good of the house, and for auld lang syne, Dodd," he said," recounted Dodd. "'You and I are old acquaintances, Dodd,' he says. He's a real gentleman is Mr. Donald. One of the sort as isn't afraid to be kind to folks for fear they should take advantage o' him."

"Ah!" observed Alice, sententiously, "when folks is only made of Britannia metal, lad, they want to be handled careful; but real silver or honest pewter 'll stand a deal of rubbing. No fear of taking the plating off when you're made of the same stuff *all through*!"

Dodd accepted Mr. Ayrlic's invitation—the more willingly that he thought the latter did not particularly enjoy the company of the odd-looking stranger—but he could not remain in the parlor for very long together. Once, on returning to it from some business in the bar, he heard a name he knew very well uttered in

a loud voice, and saw that Mr. Donald looked very pale, and that his forehead was drawn into a stern frown, while the "Methody," leaning with both elbows on the table, and shading his eyes with his hands, was looking at him in a fixed, eager kind of way.

"What name was it that you heard spoken, Dodd?" I asked.

He hesitated an instant, and then answered, "Yours, miss."

"*Mine!*"

"'Furness,' miss. That was the name I heard," answered Dodd, in a manner which showed that he was very unwilling to say more on the subject.

After the first start of surprise I reflected that it was by no means unlikely that such a man as this itinerant preacher should have taken my father as a text whereon to expatiate against the evil and mischief of races. It was the evening of the twenty-second of September; and two days previously my father's losses had been widely enough rumored in Horsingham to have come to the knowledge of this man. I did not again interrupt Dodd's narrative; which proceeded to the following effect.

Donald speedily left the supper-table, and went to his own room. He took the key from the nail where it had been hung in the bar, and unlocked the door. The lock was out of order, and made a considerable noise when the key was turned in it. Dodd was clearing away the supper things when the grating of the lock sounded distinctly through the little house. The "Methody" asked what that was, and Dodd told him. Shortly afterward the stranger said he was fatigued, and should go to bed. He was so sleepy that he begged not to be disturbed next morning until he should call or ring. Then he went up stairs, and Dodd heard his chamber door shut. It was opposite to Donald's.

Soon afterward Donald came down stairs again. He did not feel inclined to sleep, he said, and would go out and smoke a cigar in the orchard behind the inn. The night was heavy, and he felt that he needed air. He remained out-of-doors for an hour. At the end of that time a storm, which had been gathering, burst with great fury. The thunder was loud and almost incessant, and then the rain came down with a rushing noise. Donald re-entered the house, said "Good-night" as he passed through the bar, and went up to bed.

The next morning he rose at seven, breakfasted, and asked for his bill. When he opened the division of his knapsack that had contained his money he discovered that he had been robbed. Every farthing was gone. There had been about fifty pounds, chiefly in bank-notes; but there had been a few sovereigns also. The whole house was in commotion. The servants were called up and questioned. Dodd was in dire distress. Donald, though of course much vexed at the occurrence, seemed, Dodd noticed,

to be more annoyed at being detained than at the loss of his money. He could not bear the idea of being kept there, still less of having to return to Horsingham. Dodd himself ran up stairs and knocked at the "Methody's" door. He thumped and called for a minute or so in vain. Then he tried to open the door, and found it locked. A vigorous kick, however, made it fly open, and the room was discovered to be untenanted. Dodd rushed down stairs again, bawling out that he had found the thief; but he only meant that he had found out who the thief was, for the stranger was off and away, doubtless hours ago. He had brought a little black leather valise with him. That lay open on the bed, and beside it a bushy black wig and voluminous white neckcloth.

How—when—could the robbery have been committed?

The "when" was doubtless during the hour that Donald had been walking in the orchard. The "how" was not difficult to understand. On going down stairs the second time Donald had merely turned the key and left it in the lock of his door. No grating noise had been heard; but that ceased to be surprising when, on examination, it was found that the lock had been copiously *oiled*. The oil had been taken from a lamp that burned in the passage. A torn bit of paper was found on the floor inside Donald's room, on which the robber had evidently wiped the oil from his fingers. It was part of a letter. Mr. Ayrlie had picked it up, the servant-woman told her master. Dodd asked Mr. Ayrlie for it, as it might furnish an important clew for the tracing of the thief. But Donald had said, "Oh no; it could not be of any use. It was an illegible scrap of writing." He was much more anxious to pursue his journey than to remain and be worried by the Horsingham police, who would in all probability fail to find the thief, after all. How could they describe him? The man had been disguised. Who could tell what he looked like without the wig and neckcloth?

In short, it ended in Donald's borrowing ten pounds of the landlord to take him to town, and setting off without waiting to give any evidence to the constable, who did not arrive at the Royal Oak until some minutes after Donald's departure. And from that day forth no trace of the Methodist preacher had been found, nor had the thief been discovered. It could not be doubted that the disguised stranger and the robber were one and the same. Perhaps a London thief who had come down, as many did, expressly to glean a harvest at the races; though Dodd admitted that Mr. Hogg had declared he didn't believe it was done by a "professional" hand.

"Mr. Hogg, indeed!" cried Alice. "Why, what should *he* know? There ain't much gumption in old Hogg!"

"It is a very strange business," said I. "How was it that when Don—Mr. Ayrlie returned to his room, and turned the key he

had left in the lock, he did not notice that it went smoothly and made no noise? For the robbery must have been committed by that time as you suppose."

"That very question I asked him, miss," replied Dodd, nodding his head twice or thrice. "And the fact is, that if the house had been still he *would* have noticed it. But you see that by that time the thunder and the rain were making such an uproar that it put any littler noises out of one's head. And then Mr. Donald said as he had been thinking of a many things, and his mind was so full of his own thoughts he didn't much heed what was under his nose. He didn't seem himself at all, didn't Mr. Donald—Mr. Ayrlie, I should say. But you see, miss, I remember him when he was a little short, blue-eyed chap, as wanted to catch the black bull at Water-Eardley with a rope and a running loop. He said that was the way they done in South Ameriky. Lord, what a nice little boy he was! Anyway, he *didn't* notice as the lock had been oiled, and so he lost his money!"

And this ended Dodd's history of the robbery at the Royal Oak.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Mr grandfather came back from the sea, having seen mother comfortably established in her lodgings there. And after his return he began to work in earnest, and found a good deal to do already. He labored hard, because nothing would have induced him to abandon his poor patients; and as the number of those who paid him increased, his time began to be very fully occupied.

Mother derived so much benefit from her stay at S—— that grandfather advised her remaining there for a longer period than had at first been determined on. She obeyed him somewhat reluctantly; for, with returning health and strength, her living interest in those dear to her returned also, and she longed to be with us at Mortlands.

Meanwhile our life there—the life of us women folks—was one of almost nun-like seclusion. Nevertheless, we heard occasional tidings of the outer world.

Of Gervase Lacer many rumors reached me—rumors, that is to say, dating from the period of his stay in Horsingham and Brookfield. For nothing had been heard of him, so far as I knew, since he had left our part of England.

Alas, I heard nothing but evil of Mr. Lacer! And much—most—of the evil that I heard I knew to be true. But my feeling for him was always one more of pity than anger. He had done ill, he had been weak, false, and selfish. It was all true. Still I did believe (and do believe) that the story of his neglected youth was in the main an accurate one, and I pitied him. But in Horsingham there was no voice raised in his favor; and, truly, I could not wonder at it. He had left debts there and at Brookfield. He

had disappeared stealthily and suddenly. He had borne a very bad character among his brother officers. He was a swindler, a blackleg—in brief, there was no word too bad for him. My kind friends, the Bunnys, were especially furious against him. Sir Peter could not, he said, get over the mortification of having introduced such a person to his friends. “A fellow of the *lowest origin*, I’m told. If he had even been a man of family! But he deceived me on that score. I give you my word, he deceived me completely.”

Of Matthew Kitchen I heard that he was—not popular, but prosperous. He was growing rich very rapidly. Water-Eardley, or at least the property upon it, had been sold by auction. When Mr. Kitchen’s claims were satisfied there remained little for the other creditors. The remainder of the lease had also been sold. The purchaser of it, to every one’s surprise, was the dissenting preacher whose ministrations the family of the Kitchens had attended for many years. But that person did not hold his purchase long. It presently appeared that Mr. Matthew Kitchen himself was the real buyer. He sublet every acre of the land to a neighboring farmer, saving only the garden and shrubbery, and within a very short time he and his family were installed in my old home. It was a strange turn of Fortune’s wheel, I thought, which had made Selina mistress of Water-Eardley Manor.

Between Alice Dodd and her brother there was a breach which grew wider day by day. They rarely saw each other. Mrs. Matthew Kitchen declared that she could not invite the wife of a publican to visit her. Selina’s native, stolid self-sufficiency had grown to portentous proportions with her growing prosperity. She did no active harm. She obeyed her husband, and reared her children, and ruled her household, and performed the public ceremonies (whatever they were, I know periodical new bonnets entered into her conception of them) of her religion. A most respectable woman! Who could say a word against her? And yet I have rarely come in contact with a character which had so little that was *humane* as Selina’s.

From Woolling there came from time to time vague murmurs, like the sound of a distant sea, of—an impending marriage in the Cudberry family. Mrs. Hodgekinson’s son was supposed to be paying marked attention to one of the young ladies. I did not know, and I do not know to this day, why Mr. William Hodgekinson was commonly spoken of by the appellation of “Mrs. Hodgekinson’s son.” He was Mr. Hodgekinson’s son also, but no one ever mentioned his father. Neither did they usually call him briefly Will Hodgekinson, or Young Hodgekinson, or Mr. Hodgekinson junior. No; he was almost invariably “Mrs. Hodgekinson’s son.” I wondered sometimes whether, when he should be married, the world would speak of him as “Young Mrs. Hodgekinson’s husband!” and—contemplating the probability of

his marrying Tilly Cudberry—I really thought it very likely. I even allowed my fancy to conjure up a time when he might be known to mankind as “Miss Hodgekinson’s papa!”

We received no hint of any matrimonial project direct from the Cudberrys; so, of course, on the not very frequent occasions when I saw my cousins I refrained from asking questions which time would infallibly answer if I held my tongue and waited.

The spring came, and then my dearest mother returned to us, wonderfully strengthened and restored. It must not be supposed, however, that she was ever again the pretty, bright, youthful-looking mother whom—despite traces of care and sorrow—I had seen on the day on which she kissed me and blessed me and signed away her marriage-settlement; that had been a delicate-complexioned, brown-haired, graceful woman who seemed barely to have reached middle life. The figure that I received in my arms on the threshold of Mortlands was a very different one. In the first place, it was bent and bowed. It was an *old* figure. Then the face was sallow and colorless, the still abundant hair gray, the mouth tremulous. But the eyes—the eyes were those of my own darling mother! soft, clear, and sad—as they had ever been—and full of ineffable sweetness. She had gained considerable outward calm; and she talked to us all almost cheerfully. A little pale gleam of sunlight flickered over the surface of her spirit. What dark and undying sorrow lay within its depths God only knew; she never spoke of it.

Little Jane’s joy at mother’s return was characteristically intense and undemonstrative. She sat quiet and attentive until the first words of welcome and the first bustle of arrival were over. Then, having waited her opportunity with astonishing self-control, she toiled up stairs—a laboring journey, for little Jane’s legs were still very small, and had never been very strong—and brought down her sampler and laid it on mother’s lap.

I do not think mother would have noticed it—at all events she might not—had I not luckily guessed the child’s errand, and prepared my mother to admire the great work.

Jane flushed and grew pale at the praises which mother bestowed upon it. Presently she said, with earnest, dilated eyes,

“I *would* give it to ’oo; but my own muvver must have it. My own muvver would be *so* sorry if I didn’t give it to her. ’Oo wouldn’t. ’Oo don’t love Jane de best; but I love ’oo.”

Mother had been with us again about two months—they had glided away with peaceful monotony—and the summer was near at hand, when one afternoon my grandfather sent for me to his study. It was an unusual hour, and an unusual summons, and I entered with a little trepidation. Grandfather’s face did not altogether reassure me. There was sorrow in it, but something besides sorrow which I could not decipher.

"Anne," said he, holding out his hand to me, "Donald's father is dead."

"Oh, grandfather!"

"He died in India. Poor Steenie! We were children together. I—I was very fond of him." Grandfather hid his face in his hands for a few minutes. I did not interrupt his sorrow. My own eyes were dim.

"Well," said grandfather, raising his head and tossing back his thick white hair with a quick, decisive motion that was habitual with him, "now I have something else to say to you. I'm going to ask your opinion, or rather to ask you to approve—approbation is the only comfortable sort of advice, you know, little Nancy—to approve what I have done. I have written to Donald."

He stopped.

"Yes, dear grandfather?"

"And have begged him to come down here without delay."

"Here! To Mortlands?"

"Yes, child. I must see him. It is right that I should. I don't think he will refuse to come to his father's old friend at this moment. Do you think he will, Anne?"

"No—no, dear grandfather. I—I don't think he will refuse to come to you."

"And you, Anne—will you forgive me if I put you to a little pain in meeting Donald? You will bear that for me?"

"Oh yes, dearest grandfather! And please don't mind my crying a little. Don't misunderstand my tears. It makes me think so of the old days. It brings back that birthday story you told me once about yourself and 'Steenie,' school-boys together, and that first evening that Donald came—and—and—let me cry! Oh, let me cry a little; it will ease my heart!"

CHAPTER XLV.

It was more than eight months since I had seen Donald when he arrived at Mortlands. He did not come down immediately on my grandfather's summons, having to prove Captain Ayrle's will, and to arrange a good deal of business connected with it. But he (Donald) lost no time in writing to my grandfather, and in assuring him that he would come and see him as soon as it was possible for him to do so.

Captain Ayrle had died possessed of a considerable fortune, all of which—with the exception of an annuity to an old body-servant, a mourning ring to my grandfather, and one to Colonel Fisher, and a few such trifles—he bequeathed unconditionally to his son.

The same mail which brought the tidings of his death brought also a long letter from him to my grandfather. He had written it but two days before he died.

In it he said that he had for some time been aware that his days were numbered, and that,

although his physicians encouraged him to hope for some years of life, he himself neither expected nor desired to live very much longer. He was quite willing to go to his rest, feeling old and lonely, and having done his work in the world.

"Old!" cried I, when my grandfather read me this portion of the letter. "Why, he was younger than you are, grandfather."

"Yes, a few years—four or five, I suppose. But I have not lived thirty years of my life in India; and, besides, my work *isn't* yet quite done. I hope to make a shift to hobble on until it is done, little Nancy. Steenie *was* lonely, you see. His boy was almost a stranger to him. He could scarcely look forward to having Donald out there; and as to *his* coming to England, he had given up the idea years ago. He had got into a certain routine of life—into certain habits and customs—and it would never have suited him to begin all over again, as it were. Poor Steenie was the gentlest, sweetest-natured, most high-minded fellow imaginable from a boy upward. But he had a good deal of soft indolence in his character—a good deal of *vis inertiae*."

"That is not like Donald," said I, musingly.

"Donald! *Donald!* Good Heavens, no!" cried my grandfather. "Donald is about as energetic a human being as I ever encountered in my life. And he wastes no power in *fuss*. His poor father wrote me all this long letter about him. His wish was that Donald should stay near me. He says that in the young man's letters to India he has always spoken of me as having been a second father to him, that all Donald's affections seem centred here, and that it is a great consolation to him—to Captain Ayrle, that is—to feel that his son is surrounded by true friends. 'For,' he writes, 'Donald loves the familiarity of friendship; he is shy and warm-hearted, like his dear mother; and he would find life a dreary business without kindness and affection.'"

"So we most of us should, I suppose," said I.

"Some natures can do better without them than others. Don't you fancy that if you gave Sam Cudberry Donald's money, and liberty to do as he pleased with it, he would not be apt to pine or find life savorless for want of affection? You smile at the very notion. Poor Steenie goes at some length into money-matters, explaining to me the particulars of his fortune; and he charges me to give Donald my best advice as to the disposal of it. My advice on such points will not be worth much, but I look on Steenie's last request—which he makes to me with a good deal of solemnity—as sacred. And therefore I have, as I told you, begged Donald to come here and let me talk with him and show him his father's letter."

On a fair evening at the end of May Donald arrived at Mortlands. Long bluish shadows were lying on the grass-plot in the garden. A nightingale, hidden in a tangle of fresh young

foliage, was preluding in low, rich, liquid tones, and had not yet burst forth into the full rapture of his song. I have never understood why the nightingale's note should be termed sad and lamenting. To me—even when I have been most sorrowful myself—it has ever seemed the very soul of rapture; an intense, quivering rapture, such as no other sound conveys to my imagination. It is true that in its very ecstasy there is something akin to pain, something suggestive of the mysterious sadness which underlies our highest joys—and our highest joys *only*.

Mother had been prepared for Donald's arrival, but she showed no agitation such as we had feared might overcome her at the sight of him. Ever since her return from the sea-side she had been free from any hysterical attack. Nothing seemed to have much power to excite emotion in her. I was often reminded when I looked at my mother of the words of a song I had heard years ago:

"I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart."

We were all sitting out in the garden when Donald arrived—all we women, that is, for grandfather awaited him in his study.

My mother was lying half reclined in an easy-chair just outside the dining-room window, Mrs. Abram was near her, in the shadow, knitting, of course, and with a queer little tract lying open on her knee, and embellished with a wood-cut which I am convinced could have had nothing to do with the letterpress; for it represented a young woman in a low gown and a straw hat trimmed with flowers, standing at a cottage door in apparently tender conversation with a youth attired in the extreme of fashion of about the year 1810.

Little Jane was gravely studying her next day's lesson in the spelling-book, seated on the ground not far from mother's chair. I had a book, but was not reading. I was lazily listening to the nightingale, and drinking in the sweet evening scents, and letting the calm minutes float by me—watching *their course*, almost, as one watches the ripples of a stream.

We had heard no sound of arrival when Donald appeared among us. Keturah, it seemed, had been on the watch for him, and had taken him into my grandfather's room at once. Donald had been at Mortlands nearly an hour before I saw him.

He bent over my mother and took her hand. He shook hands also with Mrs. Abram. Then he turned toward me. At first I believe he was going merely to bow to me; but I held out my hand, and he took it for an instant, and then relinquished it in silence.

I can not express the chill at my heart which Donald's demeanor gave me. It was like a numbing blow. I was instantly depressed, and shrank into myself, remaining silent, or speaking in monosyllables.

I had expected to feel some pain in meeting Donald, but not this pain.

Presently my grandfather came to the dining-room window and called us in. It was too late, he said, for mother to remain out-of-doors; there was a heavy dew falling.

We all obeyed his summons, and entered the dining-room; and Keturah brought tea and meat, and we sat round the table and ate and drank, and some attempts were made to converse with ease and cheerfulness; but it would not do. That first evening was altogether blank and disappointing. How could our life go on if all our subsequent intercourse were to be equally constrained?

I saw grandfather watching me uneasily, and glancing from me to Donald, and from Donald to me. I feared that he—who had not seen our first meeting—would blame me for the coldness which was manifest enough. And yet I felt that in this case I was not blamable. There was no opportunity for explanation between grandfather and myself that night. I told myself, in reflecting upon the events of the evening in my own room, that Donald must be excused for his chilling manner on our first meeting; that he possibly was unaware how severe his demeanor had been toward me; that without any doubt he too had suffered—he was too utterly sincere for me not to believe in the reality of the attachment he had formerly professed for me, and in the grief he had shown on that day when we parted at Water-Eardley—and that in a day or two he would recover self-command enough to resume something of his old familiar manner toward me. I told myself all this, and it sounded sage and reasonable; but—it was utterly unconvincing. My heart would not be thus logically comforted, and—shall I confess it?—I cried myself to sleep.

The next day Donald behaved to me in the same chilling way, and the next day, and the next day after that. His intercourse with the rest of the family became genial as of old. To my mother he resumed the respectful tenderness he had shown her from his childhood. To Mrs. Abram, to little Jane, to the servants, he was his own old self, softened and made naturally graver by the losses and sorrows which had befallen him and us. But to me he never softened. He avoided me whenever it was possible to do so, and when he was compelled by circumstances to address me, it was with a rigid formality which was never for a moment relaxed.

After enduring a week of this, I went to my grandfather and told him that, loath as I was to do any thing which might make his position difficult, or which might cause him pain, I felt it to be impossible for me to go on living under the same roof with Donald Ayrle, eating at the same table, forming part of the same family circle, while he plainly showed me, in every look and every tone, that my presence was irksome and distasteful to him. And that I would

ask his (grandfather's) leave to pay a promised visit to Woolling. I had no doubt I should be able to extend the visit to a few weeks, by which time Donald would in all likelihood have departed from Mortlands.

Grandfather was distressed by my words. And he was all kindness and affection to me. But he was unable to deny that Donald was treating me badly. He was grieved, surprised, puzzled, he said; but he could not deny the fact.

"And what, after all, have I done to merit such treatment, grandfather?" I said. "If Donald had ever—had ever—felt for me as he once professed to feel, surely he could not have grown thus rancorous. It is unreasonable—cruel!"

I broke down, and cried bitterly. My womanly pride would have prevented me from yielding to this weakness in Donald's presence; but I was so sure of grandfather's sympathy, so confident that he would not misinterpret my emotion, that I gave way to it, after a momentary struggle, unrestrainedly.

"Come, come, my dear child," said grandfather, stroking my hair fondly, "this will never do! I can not have my little Nancy made unhappy. I can not have her driven from my house for all the Donalds in the world. He has some crotchet in his head; there is some misapprehension. I must try to set it right."

"Oh, pray, dear grandfather, say nothing to Donald about this! I could not bear that he should think—that he should fancy—"

"Have no fear, my Nancy, that I shall compromise your feminine dignity. Donald shall fancy nothing but the simple truth, so far as I am able to set it before him."

However, I still persisted in my project of going to Woolling for a little time. I wrote to Aunt Cudberry, who returned a cordial invitation to me to come and stay for as long a time as I could. Grandfather, after a little opposition, came round to my plan. In truth, I felt that some change was becoming absolutely necessary for me. I was nervous, and wretched. I had now no special active duties to perform for my mother. I could be well spared for a week or two. Even grandfather would miss me less, now that he had Donald. The daily meeting with Donald—hoping each morning to find in him some semblance of his old self, some beam of the former frank kindness toward me in his eyes—and the daily disappointment of his cold and distant greeting, was almost more than I could bear. I felt so helpless, so unable to appeal to our old affectionate friendship. My tongue was tied, my spirit was fettered, by the remembrance of Donald's declaration at Water-Eardley. How could I go to him and beg him to take me back into his heart? How could I do so—*now*? My feeling toward him fluctuated. Sometimes I thought that, but for the remembrance of that day when he had asked me to be his wife, I could have knelt down before him and taken his hand, and cried, "Donald, let us love each

other and trust each other as we did when we were children. If I have pained you, forgive me. Be kind and gentle with me, Donald, for I have suffered greatly, and my heart is sore."

At other times my pride rose, and my sense of justice was outraged by his frigid demeanor. What had I done, after all? How had I merited to be so treated? I had never willingly deceived him by word or deed. It was too harsh, too unreasonable. I would shake off my depression, and care no more for one who evidently had ceased to care for me.

But whatever other phase of feeling I passed through, I never attained to that of *not caring*.

Mother expressed a little surprise at my determination to go to Woolling. Would they behave kindly and considerately to me there? She was afraid they would be rough, and that I should find myself in an uncongenial atmosphere. But she did not seriously oppose my going from the first; and when grandfather told her that I was running the risk of growing morbidly sensitive and depressed, and that a change—even a change to the society of not too sympathetic persons—would do me good in mind and body, she even urged me to depart.

Accordingly one day I had my clothes packed in a little black box, and quietly mounted in a fly from Horsingham, to be driven to Woolling. Mr. Cudberry had offered to send for me; but I preferred to go in my own fashion.

As the fly left Mortlands garden gate Donald appeared, on his way home to dinner, and the driver of the fly knowing him, and seeing him glance curiously to discover the occupant of the vehicle, touched his hat and pulled up to give Donald an opportunity of speaking to me.

I was heartily vexed at the man's proceeding; but there was no help for it.

"Oh, Anne! Is it you?" stammered Donald, in considerable surprise, when he saw me.

"Yes; I—I—am going—"

"Going! You are not going away?"

There was more impulse and warmth in his manner as he leaned forward into the coach to look at me than I had encountered from him for many a long day. For once his cold manner would have been the best for me. It would have given me courage. The little gleam of sunshine melted me. I could scarcely speak, and made a desperate and not wholly successful struggle to keep back my tears.

"I am going on a visit. I—I have not been quite well, and the—the—change is thought good for me. Good-by."

I signed to the driver to go on. As he drove away I leaned back in a corner of the coach and covered my face with my handkerchief; not, however, before I had seen Donald's face for one brief moment as he stood, hat in hand, beside the garden gate and looked after me. He looked very sad. There was a wistful, tender expression in his eyes, and his forehead was knitted into painful lines. It seemed as if—almost as if he was sorry to see me depart.

And yet how could that be? He had shown me that my presence irked him—so, of course, he could not regret me.

Besides—

CHAPTER XLVI.

I OCCUPIED a rambling, sloping-floored chamber in the old part of the house at Woolling. I had chosen it myself. A long occupation of the guest-chamber at Woolling was dreadful to my imagination. It had been prepared for me by Uncle Cudberry's express order. He never interfered in the household arrangements save when his wife or daughters sought to relax his tight grip of the purse-strings. But on this occasion he had, as he told me, explicitly commanded that the *best* spare room in his house should be prepared for me. However, I persuaded him (after having tenanted it for one night) to allow me to change my quarters.

The best room was stuffy, low-pitched, small-windowed, carpeted, curtained, dreary beyond description. Drab hangings of some thick woollen stuff excluded all air from the bed, whereon were piled feather-stuffed pillows and a great mass of down covered with blankets and counterpanes, which it made one gasp to look upon in the hot summer weather. My new chamber was bare and poorly furnished enough; but one breathed there, and could get a pleasant peep at the landscape behind the house from the old-fashioned lattice windows in the thickness of the wall. These reasons I alleged for wishing to occupy it; but there was, besides, another reason, which I could scarcely avow, but which was a powerful one with me. In the "best" room I should have been exposed to frequent incursions from my cousins, whereas in the old part of the house I was much more secluded and inaccessible.

I think that I rather conciliated the girls—unconsciously I am bound to confess—by removing from the best room. My occupying it at all had been contrary to those mysterious traditional laws which governed the home life of the Cudberry family. That sacred apartment was for elder guests. I was too young and altogether too insignificant to have any right to the dignity which was conferred by sleeping therein.

No limit had been fixed for my stay. I was to remain, Uncle Cudberry said, as long as I liked, and the longer the better. In my own mind I had resolved not to return to Mortlands until Donald should be gone, unless any unexpected circumstance should meanwhile make my presence desirable to my mother or grandfather. But I said nothing about my resolution at Woolling.

The days passed away monotonously, but peacefully on the whole. Little sharp speeches and the general *angularity* of character which distinguished my cousins hurt me no more as they had once done. My mind and heart were

now preoccupied with other and graver things. They all saw and said—for their candor in expressing any thing unpleasant was quite perfect—that Anne had grown dull and mopish and "quite like an old woman." But they would add to this observation others such as the following: "Oh, well, of course, you know, it can't be expected that Anne should have got over all the troubles so quick!" or "Ah, I don't suppose that you'll ever be what you were again, Anne Furness. And perhaps, on the whole, it is for the best; for your spirit was terribly high—now wasn't it?"

But, on the whole, as I have said, the days went by peacefully. I was able to spend a good many hours by myself. The inclination for solitude had grown on me of late. The Cudberrys considered it part of my general "mopishness," and, luckily, did not take it as a personal affront to the family. I used to sit up in the sloping-floored room I had chosen and stare out over the landscape for hours at a time. The house would be quite silent—that part of it at all events—and the summer sunlight would quiver on the floor, and cast there the shadows of the diamond-paned lattice; and the flies would buzz around me with a sleepy sound, and the whole air would seem to be the quintessence of dreamy indolence, which entered into one's very blood.

Once Uncle Cudberry asked me what I did up there in my room all the morning; and when I most truthfully answered, "Nothing," he shook his head, and gave me a lecture against listless idleness.

"Oh, Uncle Cudberry," said I, "we are born not only to *do*, but to be and to suffer. Let me 'be' and 'suffer.' I feel a sort of vegetable life in me when I sit at the open window with the air breathing on my forehead. I don't know that I am altogether idle; I am 'being.'"

Neither the girls nor poor dear Aunt Cudberry in the least understood this speech; but I think Uncle Cudberry did, for he snubbed Tilly when she screamed out in hilarious disdain of my stupidity, "Good gracious, Anne! A vegetable life! What will you say next? And comparing yourself to a verb—'to be,' 'to do,' or 'to suffer!'" Well, for my part, I should be very sorry to get into that condition. I always had an active mind, and always shall have."

Upon which her father told her that an active mind and an active tongue were by no means the same or even similar things. And he took care that I was not molested in my solitary hours after that.

Sam Cudberry was not very frequently at home during the day. To use his own phrase, he "fought shy" of me. I reminded him of unpleasant topics. Indeed, he frankly said that he couldn't bear being made to remember any thing disagreeable; and that he couldn't look at me without remembering how he had been "let in" by Lacer; and he should think that *that* was disagreeable enough for a fellow, wasn't it? By Jove! In answer to some inquiries of

mine he admitted that the extent to which Gervase Lacer had cheated him was only by defrauding him of the amount he (Sam) was to have received as a bribe for holding his tongue about the fatal race-horse whose failure had ruined us all. "He *did* want to borrow some ready tin," said Sam, with a cunning grin; "but I wasn't quite so green as all *that* comes to!—not if S. Cudberry, Junior, was aware of it. But he did me all the same, because I stumped up something to make my sister Tilly hold her tongue. And she got a sort of hold upon me; and she got the money, and I got—nothing! And you catch Tilly giving up a dump when she's once grabbed it! And once, when soft sawder didn't do when I tried to coax her out of what she'd had of me on false pretenses, and I tried to bully her, she threatened to go to the governor and split upon the whole thing then and there. That's a nice kind of sister for a fellow to have, isn't it? So you see, Anne, you can't wonder at my not particularly enjoying the sight of your countenance at the family dinner-table."

I very coolly assured him that our distaste for each other's society was quite mutual, but that so long as I remained the guest of his father and mother I should take care to treat him with civility. And so we remained on perfectly peaceable terms.

But, coarse, selfish, and unfeeling as Sam Cudberry was at all times, something had occurred quite recently to ruffle his temper to an unusual degree. He had been paying assiduous court to Barbara Bunny, and Barbara Bunny one day point-blank refused him. There was no disguise or concealment about the fact in the family. Sam came home and complained loudly of Barbara's behavior. It was a curious scene, and I witnessed it all very quietly from a corner behind Aunt Cudberry's arm-chair in the drawing-room, where we were all assembled after dinner.

"It's come to something, I think," said Sam, stamping about the room, and beginning to pull off a pair of lavender-colored gloves he had donned for the occasion (for Sam had not been dining at home, but had passed the morning at Horsingham)—"it's come to something when a Cudberry of Woolling is refused by a Bunny!"

Here he gave his smart glove a violent wrench; but being suddenly restrained by prudential considerations, he stopped, looked at it, drew it off carefully, folded it within its fellow, and put them both into his pocket.

"Refused? Never!" screamed the girls in chorus.

"La, my! Well, there now, never mind, poor dear thing!" said Aunt Cudberry, with an agitated voice, and her most gutta-perchian changes of countenance. A stranger would have supposed her to be smiling affably had he looked merely at her mouth, and to be on the point of crying had he confined his attention to the upper part of her face.

"Never mind, ma!" echoed Tilly. And certainly it *was* a singular phrase wherewith to ad-

dress a rejected wooer. But Tilly did not regard it merely in that light, for she proceeded: "Oh, it's all nonsense never minding! But you would see the family trampled in the mire, for all you'd care, ma. But *Bunnys* are not going to gallop quite over us, I hope! Not *Bunnys*!"

"This is your friend, Miss Anne," said Sam, suddenly turning to me. "What do you think of this?"

"Really, Sam, my predominant feeling is surprise. I had no idea that you intended to propose to Barbara."

"Well, p'raps not; but *she* had, I can tell you."

"I have never, to speak honestly, seen any thing in Barbara's manner toward you which could be taken for encouragement."

Here Henny observed in an audible "aside" that people's notions differed, and that Anne's idea of what was encouragement to a gentleman and what wasn't might possibly vary very widely from the standard of demeanor which was expected in Sir Peter Bunny's daughter. Henrietta was always peculiarly venomous toward me; but I had not the smallest intention of allowing myself to be tempted into a quarrel with her; so I proceeded, addressing Sam—

"But though I must render this justice to Barbara, I am very sorry, Sam, for your disappointment. And if your feelings were engaged—"

"Oh, feelings be blowed! You don't fancy I'm a-going to fret myself about *her*, do you? And as to disappointment, I know whose the loss is, I flatter myself."

Well as I thought I knew my second-cousin, I stared at him in momentary surprise on hearing this speech. He caught my look, and regarding me sideways sulkily, said,

"Well?"

"Well—I—well, then, since you are neither heart-broken nor even greatly disappointed, I confess I don't see what you complain of."

Here I was fallen foul of by the whole party. Even Aunt Cudberry shook her lopsided cap at me, and said,

"Why, deary me, Anne, think what they sprung from, poor things, you know!"

The girls were furiously indignant, and Tilly was impelled by the excitement of her wrath to rise to quite lofty regions of eloquence. If Bunnys were to trample on Cudberrys of Woolling, what hold-fast and security remained in the world for law and order? Even Virtue's self might be disdained and disregarded, at that rate. And could I—I who had the honor to be, however distantly, connected with that family—excuse and condone the presumptuous temerity of a Bunny? Tilly was sorry for my state of mind if I could do so.

"Why, come," said I, in a momentary lull of the storm I had raised, "after all, the whole matter amounts to this: Miss Bunny and Lady Bunny and Sir Peter may all entertain the highest respect for your family, only Barbara does not like Sam well enough to marry him. You

can't pretend that she is bound to fall in love with him merely because his name happens to be Cudberry! Suppose a similar thing to take place here, would any of you think yourselves obliged to marry the first man that asked you, whether you liked him or not, just because he had a longer genealogy than you have?"

"One of *us*!" cried the three sisters in shrill scorn. And then Tilly added, with extraordinary emphasis, "Oh, that's a *very* different thing!"

And, what is strange, but true, she really thought so.

When Uncle Cudberry came to be told of Sam's unsuccessful suit he displayed no such violent indignation as his children had done; but he was obviously displeased. He vented his displeasure, however, chiefly on the head of Sam for having ever entertained the idea of allying himself with what Uncle Cudberry called "them sort of breed."

"And pray what was you a-going to live on, S. Cudberry, Junior, if I may take the liberty of inquiring?" said he, at supper that evening, in his driest manner.

"Why, Barbara 'll have something. Her governor means to shell out pretty handsome for her. Of course I found that out beforehand; and you've been telling me for two or three years past that when I married you'd make some suitable arrangement for me. You know you've said so."

"Ay, ay, if so be you'd ha' married to please me, son Samuel. And as to two or three years, my lad, it's a sight longer ago than that! For you are—let me see—how old is our son, Mrs. Cudberry?"

"Forty-two next Michaelmas, poor dear," replied his wife, in a plaintive tone.

"You're a old bachelor, you know, that's what you are. In fact," looking round on his discomfited offspring, "you're every one of you getting on in life. I don't see much chance for you. Even Sam here, as can do, as you girls can't, go and ask some 'un to have him, it's no go. The lass sends him off with a flea in his ear! Maybe that when I'm under the turf, and Sam Cudberry the younger reigns in my stead, some woman or other 'll marry him to be mistress of Woolling. But on his own merits—dash me if I don't begin to think it's a poor look-out altogether!"

It was in this way that Mr. Cudberry displayed the mortification and ill-humor which Sam's rejection had evidently caused him. His three daughters retired from the table in a quiver of speechless anger, and his wife shed abundant tears. Sam was the most unconcerned of the party.

I really pitied the girls, and would have said some kind or soothing word to them if I had been permitted to do so; but at my first attempt they flounced off to their own rooms, and for once I could sympathize with their irritated feelings.

I was sitting at the open window in my bed-

room at about half past ten o'clock that night, when I was startled by a very gentle tap at the door. At that time all was quiet. The household kept early hours, and there was no sound of voice or footstep to be heard. I had put out my candle, and there was no light in my room save a faint glimmer near the window from the starry sky.

I listened nervously, and in about a minute the tap was repeated. By this time my intellect had arrived at the conclusion—doubtless obvious already to the reader—that any person coming to my room with a felonious intention would undoubtedly omit the ceremony of knocking at the door. So I called out softly, "Who is there?"

"Me!" was the ungrammatical but re-assuring response; for I recognized Clementina's voice in the utterance of the monosyllable.

I immediately opened the door and admitted her. She must have groped her way up in the dark, for she held no light in her hand. And, indeed, the regulations as to the quantity of candle allowed per week to each bed-chamber were very stringent at Woolling, and necessitated the greatest care if one desired not to be obliged to go to bed in the dark.

"Why, Clemmy," said I, "is it you? Come in. Is there any thing the matter?"

"Oh, nothing particular. It's only—only about me."

I made her come and sit down near me by the window; and, though the night was warm, I threw a shawl over her shoulders, for she had come from her own room in her petticoat and a little thin white jacket, and had removed her shoes in order to tread noiselessly. Her hair hung down on one side of her face, and was carelessly tucked up with a comb on the other. All this I saw by the starlight, my eyes being accustomed to the dimness. And as Clementina sat down, and, leaning her arm on the window-sill, looked up at the sky, I was struck by something graceful in the outline of her face and figure which I had never noticed there before.

"Oh, Clemmy," said I, impulsively, "why don't you always wear your hair loose? You look so much better."

"What, like this?"

"No, not exactly in that disheveled fashion; but less tight and formal than you usually put it up. You have quite pretty hair. I never knew it before."

"We never wear our hair loose. We don't think it looks proper," answered poor Clemmy, with a half-doubtful shake of the head.

That "we" appeared to her to be a tower of strength.

"Well," said I, "what brought you here at this hour, Clementina?"

"Do I disturb you?"

"No; as you see, I was not thinking of going to bed yet a while."

After a good deal of hesitation, and in the peculiar phraseology of the family, which by this time I had learned to comprehend very

fairly, Clemmy at length confided to me that she had a suitor whom she "liked very well" (in non-Cudberry English, was very fond of), and who wished to ask her parents' permission to marry her. But she had always hitherto dissuaded him, on one pretext or another, from speaking to her father. And now the suitor was getting out of patience, and poor Clemmy did not know what to do, and had come to me for advice.

"But, good gracious, Clementina, if you like him, and are willing to marry him, why should you not let him speak to your father?" I exclaimed.

She was silent.

"Is he very poor, or is there any thing in his circumstances which would be likely to make Uncle Cudberry refuse his consent?"

"Oh no! He's—if you'll promise not to tell again without my leave, I'll tell you who it is. It's Mrs. Hodgekinson's son."

So far as I knew, there could be no possible objection to this young man. He was an only son, and his parents were rich farmers, who were much respected in the county.

"Why, Clemmy," I cried, giving her a kiss, "I congratulate you! It seems to me to be a most suitable match in every way."

It was curious to see Clemmy's newly-awakened feelings struggling with the habitual stiffness and hardness of the family manner. She first drew back quite abruptly from my proffered caress, and then returned my kiss timidly, and said, "Oh, thank you, Anne!"

"I remember that—that young Mr. Hodgekinson." I had been on the point of calling him "Mrs. Hodgekinson's son," from the sheer force of example. "I remember that he seemed very gentle and good-tempered."

"Yes; he's very good-tempered."

"And well-looking, I think?"

"I—we all think him quite nice-looking," said Clementina, demurely.

"And his parents are on friendly terms with yours, and you are neighbors; and, upon my word, it seems to me that you could not have made a better choice!"

"Oh, but—"

"But what?"

"Why, they thought—we thought—or at least *she* thought—that he was going to propose to Tilly."

Then it all came out. William Hodgekinson's visits to Woolling had been interpreted by the whole family as having for their object to pay court to "Miss Cudberry." Miss Cudberry came first; that was the rule of the family. Any marrying or givings in marriage which might take place among the Cudberrys ought, in right and justice and propriety, to commence with Miss Cudberry, and the rest might follow in due succession. But perversely to select the youngest of the three sisters, and to pass by the prior claims of the two elder ones, was a high crime and misdemeanor, whose enormity weighed poor Clemmy down, and made her

tremble at the prospect of revealing the proposal that had been made to her.

I consoled her and re-assured her as well as I could. "Your lover"—Clemmy nearly jumped off her chair at the word—"did not deceive Tilly by paying her any marked attention, did he?"

"Oh no! At least— The fact is, he is afraid of Tilly—awfully afraid of her! But then, of course, you know, we all thought—at least they all thought—naturally, that she was the object of William's coming—Miss Cudberry, you know!"

"Well, well, my dear Clemmy, that can't be helped," I rejoined, rather impatiently. "They were all mistaken, and nobody can be blamed. People don't fall in love by the table of precedence, and I am sure it would be very unreasonable to expect that they should."

In my own mind I had little doubt that Uncle Cudberry would look on the proposed alliance very favorably, and would in no wise resent the fact that it was his youngest, and not his eldest daughter, who was thus sought in marriage; and I tried to convince Clemmy of this, and to point out to her, as delicately as I could, that if she had her father on her side she need not fear any other member of the family.

But Clemmy was in mortal terror of her father; and before she left me she had gained from me a promise, which I suppose was the main object of her coming to me, that I would take upon myself the task of breaking this mighty matter to Uncle Cudberry the next morning.

MONA.

FROM THE BRETON.

At even-tide sits Mona, still
In reverie, by the spring;
Her little head is thinking not
Of any happy thing.

For, like a broken string of pearls,
Her silent tears run down;
And in the clear pool absently
Play her bare feet and brown.

A little bird sits on a branch,
And, singing, thus doth say:
"O maiden, with uneasy feet
Stir not the water, pray;

"For when you the water trouble
With restless feet so small,
I can not my likeness see therein,
Nor the little stars at all."

The maiden says: "Oh, fear you not,
Nor, little bird, complain;
The troubled water will soon be pure
And mirror-like again.

"But, ah! when oft I wandered here,
Happy, at twilight dim,
With Jannik in the olden time,
Why saidst thou not to him,

"Oh, Jannik! Jannik! trouble not
The maiden's heart so clear,
Lest heaven be mirrored there no more,
Lest there no stars appear?"

A LETTER OF COLERIDGE'S.

[HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.]

DE QUINCEY judges Samuel Taylor Coleridge's to have been "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtilest and most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men;" and Lowell says that he had "the finest metrical sense since Milton." Others describe his conversation—dreamy, wandering, ethereal, exalted—as having a wondrous charm, unheard from any other lips. He held his listeners often in a kind of rapture, so magically fascinating were his words.

All that such a man wrote has a peculiar interest; and the interest is all the greater when that which he wrote touches upon subjects near to his heart, is illustrative of his traits, and reflects his mental life. The hitherto unpublished letter given below is full of his poetic sensibility and sensitiveness, and abounds with the evidences of his literary genius. Better than all, it shows the greatness and tenderness of his heart, which was full of the charity about which he talks, and which was easily wounded by the misconception of it by men.

Coleridge began the unhappy habit of taking opium, according to De Quincey, at Malta, in 1804; but others who have written of him say that it was earlier in his history. De Quincey says that he first used this drug not as a relief from pain or irritation, but as a source of luxurious sensations. Coleridge himself often denied this, and impliedly denies it in the letter below given. This letter was drawn out by the scandals which reached Coleridge's ears as having been circulated by his enemies on account of his use of opium. It is addressed to a near friend, whom these scandals had apparently influenced to treat Coleridge with coldness, to say the least. It is a most eloquent and tearful appeal to his friend to exercise charity toward him. Incidentally the letter refutes—if we may give credit to Coleridge's testimony in behalf of himself—De Quincey's charge that he was a plagiarist. Indeed, De Quincey seems to have labored to cast, in many things, reflections upon his friend, and thus to have misled the world with reference to Coleridge's true character. It is to aid in rehabilitating that character, to give an insight into the real heart of a poet whose verses must be read still for many generations, and who will long be loved for his verses, that I have thought it best to publish this beautiful essay, which, written in 1817, has lain neglected and silent for over half a century among other letters of his, to re-appear now as a witness in his favor.

G. M. T.

BOSTON, 1871.

LETTER FROM S. T. COLERIDGE TO R—— F——.

DEAR SIR,—This creeping along the coast, and passing for three or four hours every day through a current of changed air, has already evinced its healing powers, and I believe that tranquillity alone is wanting to bring me back at least to the state of health which I enjoyed when I dined at

your house. But one of the *sine qua nons* of this is that all should be even and clear betwixt you and me; and therefore I entreat, not merely your *attention* to this letter—that I am sure you will give—but your perusal of it under the influence of a previous self-determination to a gentle and friendly state of mind. Wherein I deemed myself to have erred in former years I told you shortly after the renewal of our acquaintance, and in a very different tone, I am conscious, from that in which I should have related the same things of a friend, or even of an indifferent person; for it was not my object to *palliate*, and it is most painful to me at all times to be talking of myself. This has been repeatedly my answer to Mr. and to Mrs. G——, when facts have arisen and come to their knowledge which were confutations of calumnies, and presented my conduct in a new and favorable light. It is too hateful to my nature, I have said. I am conscious that I have injured no man; been kind (alas! improvidently so) to all within my sphere of power; that I have never practically resented or retorted the most grievous wrongs; and, finally, that with the exception of the having been *unwittingly* seduced into the dread necessity of taking narcotic and antispasmodic drugs, and of their consequences, namely, the *occasional* prostration of strength, and the uniform exacerbation of a sensibility and a cowardice in *inflicting* pain which were too strong before. And, permit me to add, the anguish of my mind concerning which, my anxiety to warn others against the like error in the very commencement, and the total absence of all concealment, have been, far more than the thing itself, the causes of its being so much and so malignantly talked about. (For instance, who has dared blacken Mr. Wilberforce's good name on this account? Yet he has been for a long series of years under the same necessity. Talk with any eminent druggist or medical practitioner, especially at the West End of the town, concerning the frequency of this calamity among men and women of eminence.)

Except this only, and after humbling myself in sackcloth and ashes before my Redeemer, I could rise up and to my fellow-men declare aloud, I have been an *innocent* man!

But I ask no palliation, no interference of friendliness or of allowance, for all that period which has passed since the day I made the arrangement with you as the representative of Messrs. G—— and F——. Would that I could as thoroughly defend my cause on the side of duty owing by me to myself; or acquit myself of exceeding my strength, both of body and mind, from the anxious desire to give you satisfaction, and the terror of even appearing to break a promise, *conditional* only, as I understood it to be, and as, in the very nature of my powers, it must have been, viz., that I would use my utmost exertions, and that, judging from what I had been able to do on former occasions, I *believed* that I should be able to finish the tract within the time specified.

I have, therefore, but one request to make of you—that you would review the whole with your own eyes, and through an air cleared of all the mists of prejudice which have steamed up from the swamps of slander. "Lie boldly," says Lord Bacon in his aphorisms; "something will be sure to stick." "Lie boldly," said an Italian; "if

it be only believed for a single day, it will not be without effect." The most ample confutation can only heal the wound, but not prevent a *scar*; and a calumny of a man talked of by thousands, and, from his habits of retirement, known to few, is a sort of mule breed, with malignity for its male parent, and the credulous lust of gossiping for its dam—the cockatrice, or flying serpent of the prophet, which owes its venomous sting and piebald color (the black uppermost, and the lurid white below and almost out of sight) to the scorpion, its father, but its *wings* to the foolish bird, its mother. I blame you not. Spite of ourselves, let any occasion or misunderstanding have disturbed the temper or heated us, and former influences rush in upon the mind; yea, even those to which we had given no voluntary conscious assent.

If the circumstance were such as required it—above all, if it were a third person of whom I was speaking to you—I would go farther, and assume the privilege of a Christian friend in pointing out to you the many ill consequences which I have observed from the harshness and hastiness of censure too often exercised by men who, having been themselves bred up in an outward strictness (such, I mean, as distinguishes the stricter Dissenters from the members of the Established Church, in the rejection of theatres, cards, balls, etc.), and have afterward betaken themselves, of their own impulse, to a religious life—the sharpness, I say, exercised by such men toward minds struggling toward the light with sincere aspirations, but whose habit from infancy had been so different.

Oh, what anxiety of loving-kindness and forbearance does not Christ command, and St. Paul recommend and exemplify! It is this reflection which makes me wish that all the more severe professors would impose it on themselves as a duty first to study the history of the Donatists, and, indeed, of all those parts of ecclesiastical history which record the sad exchange of minor immoralities—faults of carelessness and weakness—for spiritual vices, for impatience, haste in exclusion or abandonment of a weaker brother—in short, want of love, and hollowness of heart in the habitual phrases of self-crimination and self-debasement, the fiftieth part of which, if truly, deeply, and practically felt, would be more incompatible with anger and harsh judgment toward others than water with fire.

Secondly, to study more deeply and meditatively our Saviour's doctrine concerning the heart, and what is meant thereby. "Ye shall be judged by your *actions*." Who said this? He who, as God, knew the heart in the right of his Father's omniscience, and of his own, and to whom, therefore, the *whole* visible and invisible being of the agent is contained in what that Judge will deem to be his *actions*. "Ye shall be saved by *faith*," said the mere, the inspired, mortal, the Apostle of the Gentiles; for man, as concerning others, must construe actions by outward deeds—which latter are indispensable *parts*; but woe for those who take them as the *whole*, or who overrate them!

Even in this life, observes an excellent writer, the Christian is distinguished from the man of the world, as well as from the Pharisees, in this—that the latter judge their neighbor solely by what he *does*, the former by what he *is*. The latter,

therefore, take a *part* for the whole, *appearances* for truths, and neither make allowance for the far greater part that they can not see, nor for the prejudices of false perspective with which they see what little they do see. The Christian likewise interprets the whole by a part, but *he* does it in love and hope and humility; he takes in (in his scheme of probability) his neighbor's *aspirations* for good, his *principles*; and in his judgment of his neighbor he still tries to counterbalance the sum or rule of temptations yielded to by the unknown weight of those which have been resisted! I have had proof, he says to himself, that my neighbor *loves* the light—that as often as he has been called upon to *deliberate*, and then to decide, he has given proofs that neither money nor the world's praise can *bribe* him. St. Augustine had been a sensualist in his youth and early manhood. What! Shall we call his deeds of this kind actions, and yet deny that name to all his painful hours of study and composition, and to the works which resulted from them—to works which benefited myriads, while his worst *actions* (alone so called) had injured himself chiefly? Will a Christian forget what such a man might have made himself *in the world*, if he had devoted such learning, talents, and genius to the world? Will he forget, or set down as nothing, that, knowing all this, and with very brilliant preferment and other lure held out to him industriously, he preferred obscurity and the necessity of laboring for the bread of the day? No! The Christian will endeavor to take in all that the man has earnestly wished and attempted to do; and as long as his neighbor can not err with impunity to his own mind, as long as he sees in him no vices of impurity or hatred (vices that are certain *symptoms* of what a man *is*, and not mere instances of what he has *done*), as long as he finds his neighbor kind and gentle, and eager to serve and benefit his fellow-creatures, and without selfishness—at least without any conscious selfishness, with no other selfishness than what is perhaps involved in every act of weakness, as, for instance, the weakness of sacrificing his own interests (therein failing in some duty to his friends and family) to the *present* distress of some *one present* connection or acquaintance—so long will the Christian hope and believe *well* of his neighbor, and act accordingly. The needle trembles, indeed, and has its dips and declinations, but it is pointing to the right pole, or struggling to do so; and as long as God does not withdraw his polar influence, nor the soul its polar susceptibility, I must not dare withdraw *my* love—no, "not for seventy times seven."

I will conclude these general remarks with a few words respecting myself. I am not, I have it not in my power to be, an author of mechanism. My human will is confined exclusively to the one act of earnest commencement—of *attempting*, and of persevering in the attempt. Sheet afters heet do I often cancel or obliterate, which in *the way of trade* might have done as well or better; but I *dare* not send off what dissatisfies my own judgment, and this without the least thought of or reference to literary reputation. I can not write, no, not even for a newspaper, the commonplaces of the age, or what is supplied to me by *memory*, by passive recollection of other men's writings. It must be *my own* to

the best of my consciousness—the result of earnest meditation and an insight into the *principles*. These two points lie sadly in the way of profit, and even of my inward comforts and ease of mind; yet I dare not even wish them to be otherwise. I dare not even wish to compose with the facility of appropriation from the books and the conversation of others that Southey possesses. This does not lessen Southey's merits or my sense of his wider immediate utility; but *I am not Southey*—and according as it is given to each, each must act.

The third and last point is a grievous *calamity*, which I would fain have otherwise, but can as little effect the change as I can make myself taller, or give myself strong nerves. It is this: that in the thing itself I had the only aiding motive; and with regard to motives *ab extra*, what would be a stimulant to persons in general is to me a narcotic.

S. T. C.

SPECIMENS OF BOYS ABROAD.

A DISTINCTION is sometimes made by philosophical writers between the historical and the non-historical races; and while the Jews and Greeks head the historical races, and their ideas and annals run through the whole record of mankind, and unite in our new civilization, the Africans from the south of Egypt and Morocco take the lead among the non-historical races, who are not supposed to have added any thing to the intellectual capital of mankind, or made any mark upon its history. Yet these backward people are undoubtedly to have their day, which will bring their obscure pupilage into notice, and so make their whole career historical. May we not trace something of the same distinction in the periods of our personal life? and do not children belong to the unhistorical class until maturer years bring them into full human fellowship, and throw light and meaning upon their early days? Boys in themselves are not historical as such—for they do not write their own history—and little or nothing is known of them until they become men, and they and the world at large care to know, and, perhaps, record how the traits of the famous man can be seen in the promise of the boy.

What an immense power is in this way now entering the field in Europe and America—these millions of boys who have not yet begun to speak and write for themselves, or have any part in the history of the age, but who in six or seven years will begin to act upon public opinion, and in ten or twelve years have the fortune of the world very much in their hands! Some half a dozen of them will be the great men of the twentieth century, and every incident and trait of their present character, circumstance, and conduct will become famous in history and poetry, painting and sculpture. Our boys who are now fourteen years old will in seven years be voters, and in ten years will be entering that twenty-fifth year which is said to bring with it generally a full initiation into

every emotion and experience that belong to our human life. Why is it that we know so little about them? Is it because we neglect to observe or question them, or because there is very little to observe or question in them, and their minds have not come out enough to let us see what they are, or to judge what they are likely to become? They certainly are not philosophers or historians, and we can not expect to read their full characters and prospects now, when it is so difficult for those of us who are of very sober years to see ourselves truly, and know how much or little is in us, and how well or ill we are to do within the time that still remains to us. Yet boyhood is deserving of far more careful study than it usually wins; and while so many books are written to amuse and instruct boys, it is a pity that so little is written to show what boys actually are, and to make their own notions, tempers, and ways tell their story and intimate their career.

Most probably the priestly masters of the confessional have a good deal to say on this subject, and could tell us some facts that parents and teachers too often overlook; while the sagacious physician must have important data to communicate, alike from the nature of the boy's constitution, and observation of his countenance and habits. A very important book might be made upon the general subject from all the various sources, and it might be made interesting as well as instructive by giving full accounts and illustrations of the dress, manners, usages, plays, and education of boys in all ages and countries, with, perhaps, some eye to the unity of race and tendency that appears to run through the career of all the sons of Adam in that boyish period which their great progenitor never passed through. Perhaps because Father Adam never was a boy he sowed his wild oats later than most of his sons, and yielded to the cunning of the groveling serpent at a time of life when the best of them have learned something of the wisdom of the winged dove. He, poor man, never learned to play as we have done, and we ought to make large allowance for his short-comings from his want of the schooling that comes with a boy's sports, and fits him to take the ups and downs of life as they happen. This matter of boyish sports is of itself a great subject, and might be treated in a new way—by considering them in their bearing on the health and strength, the intellect and will, as well as in their relation to the seasons of the year. The boy's year is a great subject, surely, for poet and philosopher, moralist and historian, artist and naturalist, to illustrate.

I have no idea of beginning any such undertaking, but only wish to give a few stray notes of observations of boys in Europe as far as my memory will serve me. I am sorry that I did not think more seriously of the subject at the time, and go more where boys most congregate for study or play, that I might mark more fully their ways and tempers. It is somewhat mem-

orable that you do not see so many boys about the streets in England as here at home. They seem to be kept out of the way, and a good deal under authority, instead of being left to themselves so much as with us. The guide-board that pointed the way to Rugby, and the view from Windsor Castle that brought the towers of Eton so fully into sight, suggested how much a visitor might learn of English ways and hopes by visiting those two great schools where so many of the men of England have been boys, and who have learned to use their fists and legs as well as their heads and tongues; but I did not venture within those classic precincts, and had to be content with what has been so often and so well said of their inmates, with the addition of a hint here and there that extremes meet in the characters of the urchins who bear up the hope of the future there, and that while many noble young fellows take a bold stand for religion, there are cases quite in the other direction, which show that school training and church worship do not wholly keep out the world, the flesh, and the devil from those privileged boys. Stranger traits to an American present themselves in quarters less auspicious, and it is startling to find in England bright and industrious boys quite willing to work, but yet wholly without education, and indebted to some chance charity even for their knowledge of reading and writing.

In Germany education is more thorough and general, yet the English habit of keeping boys under the thumb seems to prevail, as, in fact, it prevails throughout Europe. In Southern Germany, where the Roman Catholic religion is so prominent, the Church seems to take direct control of the education of children and youth, and every morning you can see schools going through their drill before the altar, and saying the creed and catechism as our school-children say the spelling-book and go through their reading lessons. Among the rural villages of Germany you see more that looks like our American life; and in Saxon Switzerland, as it is called, the boy who asks you to hire his horse, and who undertakes to be your guide, is as quick and sharp as if he had been trained to turn a penny in Boston or New York.

In France you do not meet many of the better class of boys about the streets; nor are those scape-graces—the *gamins* of Paris—as conspicuous in quiet times as the descriptions of some travelers would lead you to suppose. You find some specimens of the French boy so peculiar as to puzzle you to know where to place them. Look, for instance, at those two fellows that are coming into the famous church of St. Germain, and who are as dirty as chimney-sweeps, and with a sharpness of eye and quickness of motion that might mark them as adepts in thieving or any sort of mischief. What are they about there—to say their prayers or to pick pockets? They seem to settle the doubt and define their position by going to the great basin of holy water, which stands within an

iron railing, and by reaching forward toward the consecrated element there; but only one of them is long enough in the arms to reach the water, and his shorter-limbed companion is content with touching the other's wet fingers, then crossing himself, and so taking the blessing by proxy. This looked to me like an honest proceeding, and the dirt of these boys did not blind me to their act of devotion, for there is ample historical proof that devotees may be very dirty, and that loss of cleanliness is not loss of church caste. But the pompous beadle did not seem to take so mild a view of their presence, and before his uplifted staff and ominous frown the poor fellows took to their heels. Who they were I could not tell; but they evidently had their school-books with them. Yet to an American it was wholly incomprehensible how such begrimed hands and faces could have passed muster in any place called a school. How they should seem so to love the Church and yet be repelled by its officials, was also a puzzle to me. In fact, the whole relation of the Romish Church to the people of Paris is a riddle; for nowhere in Europe does the Church appear to be so beautiful, and so fully and freely open to the people, and nowhere does there appear to be less hearty affection between the Church and the mass of the people (especially the men) than there. These beautiful edifices, whose doors are actually opened wide in summer a great part of the day, so that you can see the altar from the street, and you are thus called to read as you run and worship as you work, have been again and again assailed and pillaged by the populace, and this, too, not merely in the old reign of terror, but in these new days of liberality and toleration. Whether these dirty boys would have liked to crack the crown of that domineering beadle, or lift their hand against the priests of St. Germain Church, from which they were driven, I can not say, although no love went with that rapid exodus, I am sure.

In Switzerland an American feels more at home than any where else, so far as the mind and ways of the people are concerned. They are an independent, industrious, and go-ahead race in the main, and their boys have much of the American love for education and thrift. The whole of the rural population, men, women, and children, seem bent upon picking up the pennies in the traveling season; and the boys use their spare hours after school in carving wood toys, selling them, with fruits and milk and honey, to travelers, and doing what they can to help on the great business of guiding travelers on their way, and looking after them in general. I saw the Swiss school boys and girls in great force at the grand national jubilee at Geneva in September, 1869; and it was not difficult to imagine that the spectacle was a scene in New England or New York, so thoroughly was the idea of popular education taken for granted, and so heartily did every body seem to think that liberty meant treating every body

well, and giving to others the same courtesy that you ask for yourself. The girls were as bright and well-bred as our American school-girls, yet far more simple in their attire; and I do not think that any class of young ladies who have graduated from our New York public schools within ten years would have been content with the simple white dress, pink or blue ribbon, with perhaps a plain cross of crystal or brooch of agate from the mountains near by, that formed the attire of these Swiss high-school girls, who had the place of honor in the procession and at the festival. The boys were well disciplined, yet very wide awake and ready to see the fun about them. Great was their glee when the delegation from the Canton of Berne came up with their fine band of music, and a droll fellow, dressed up as a bear, with the skin and head of the animal upon him, went through his antics as a veritable Bruin. Although these lads talked French, they seemed to laugh and shout American, so universal is the language of joy that we all seem to hear it in our own tongue. Those girls and boys will never forget that day's march along the bank of Lake Geneva, within sight of Mont Blanc, where they each threw a bunch of flowers before the new monument, with its two stately statues representing the union of Switzerland and Geneva. We Americans who marched under our brave old flag in that procession, with cheers from the Swiss all along the route, could perhaps understand the enthusiasm of this jubilee of union from our own recent experience as a nation. We knew what nullification and secession meant, and what union and liberty are worth. When on July 4, 1876, we celebrate the centennial of our national independence, we may take a hint from this Swiss festival, and call out the millions of our school-children to march by the statue of Washington, under the flag of our country, and throw their offerings of flowers at the feet of the Father of our Country, in reverence for the God who has made us a nation.

There was something in the emotion of the Swiss during this festival that I did not wholly understand at the time, for there seemed to be no danger in view to account for their intense feeling of escape, and the attempts at secession did not appear to be sufficiently alarming. Events since have explained and justified the free Switzers in their rejoicing at the commemoration of the union of their cantons. They evidently did not like the Jesuits, nor Louis Napoleon, their patron; and well has it been for Switzerland that Geneva has been kept out of their clutches, and now stands in the liberty of her lakes and mountains, instead of being drawn into the despotism and anarchy of France. Louis Napoleon tried that same game with us in the Latinized Mexican empire, with its over-neighborly approaches; and we might well carry our sacred stars and stripes along with the Swiss cross in that jubilee of national union and liberty.

Instead of pursuing this general strain of

remark upon the boys of Europe, I must be content with two or three sketches of youths who made an impression upon me on the way to Italy, and while there. A Savoyard urchin comes in first for notice. As we went from Chamounix to Martigny, on the way to Zermatt and the glacier of the Rhone, we took the same excellent guide who had piloted us the day before over the Mer de Glace. After jogging along a while on our mules, we waited a little, while he stopped at a cottage on the road, and rejoined us with a lad whom he presented as his son, and whom he wished to take with him over the famous Tête Noire Pass. The young fellow, although not bargained for by us, at once made himself very useful, ready to trudge on after us when we rode, or to get into the saddle when any of us chose to unbend our legs by dismounting for a walk. He was a wiry, plucky, wide-awake boy, of some thirteen years of age, and we learned enough of his education and way of life to understand the habits of that famous valley of Savoy. He went to school the few months of its continuance, and then did what he could to help the family pick up a living. He had received evidently a church training, for when we were moved by the mountain scenery, especially by our last look at the calm, majestic head of Mont Blanc, to sing out the "Gloria in Excelsis," the boy and the father joined in the hymn, and said the Amen with the fervor of chanting priests. Yet the little fellow was not wholly above the ways of this world, and perhaps in this respect he was like those same priests; for when we came to a small chalet where refreshments were for sale, and we three Americans took our glasses of delicious fresh milk, and told the guide to take his share, he chose to concentrate his drink into a glass of raw brandy—not a large glass, indeed—which he shared with his boy. To see this Savoyard stripling drink brandy, as if it were no unusual thing, was a somewhat startling experience, and I suppose that the habit comes from the craving for some strong stimulus to help the guides climb these mountain passes, and especially to tug up the hardest heights. To see wine offered to children is unusual to our American eyes, and even the light potation of red wine and water which was set before the ten thousand Swiss school-children at Geneva—one bottle for every three persons, with ample allowance of fruit-cake, which was slices of bread spread over with stewed prunes—was quite enough to make us open our eyes, and think of our land of steady habits. There was not enough of the brandy, however, to trouble the sobriety of the guide or his boy, and they guided us safely up the mountain to that grand view of the Bernese Alps, then down into the valley of Martigny, through the vineyards, then in all the stir and glee of the grape harvest, to our excellent hotel, where we parted from them, not without evident signs of disappointment on their part that we did not take

the father with us as our courier through the valley of the Rhone, and allow him to send the three mules back to Chamounix under the escort of that plucky boy. As I think of that hard day's journey, and of the traces of the fine new road which the engineers of Louis Napoleon had laid out through the French portion of the pass, I can not but regret the abandonment of this noble undertaking, and the incapacity of France to carry out her proper work without the constant spur of ambition, and the ruling hand of military despots. That boy may see new times for his country, and he who was born Italian, and has been made French by annexation, may be Italian again, especially if Italy comes to herself and to her true place among the nations.

We push on now to Zermatt; we climb the Gorner Grat, from which there are to be seen scores of dreary mountain peaks, in that horizon of desolation, that tempts you to think of the Golgotha of all history, and the fitting place for chanting the miserere of mankind; then back to Visp; then up the heights, a day's journey, to the marvelous glacier of the Rhone; then on to Hospenthal and the Meierhof, the only hotel in Europe that withheld my letters, and kept postage and all; then over the St. Gothard Pass into Italy by Bellinzona and Lake Maggiore. He who drove the extra horses up the St. Gothard, and on the top of the mountain touched his hat to us suggestively for a fee, was too big to be called a boy, though hardly a man, and quite a specimen of pluck and skill with his team in that trying ascent, and in face of that pelting rain and snow. After a night's rest at Bellinzona, on the borders of the lake, I went out sight-seeing early in the morning; and after looking at the luscious grapes in the market-place, I strayed into the most conspicuous church, St. Peter's, in the central square—a showy edifice of the style of the sixteenth century, when Catholicism felt so much the warmth of the revived classic form and colors, and rejoiced in covering the walls of not very costly buildings with frescoes of very human and sometimes fleshly saints and angels. A priest at a side chapel was going through the service of the early mass somewhat heavily, and a boy was waiting upon him, with eye more intent on the people around than on the altar or minister, and was only recalled, apparently, from his roving gaze by the pause for the Amen, which he gave in a very mechanical tone. Near the door and at the broad vase of holy water knelt a woman in black, probably a widow, with a stout little boy in a red cloak, who leaned upon the brink of the font, and seemed to be amused by the bronze tree that rose up from the midst of the water, with bronze birds in its branches—perhaps a representation of faith and the mustard-tree that grows from the least of seeds, yet shoots up so high and broad as to have the birds of heaven upon its branches. There was something to think of in that priest with his restless acolyte, and that mother with her play-

ful boy. This was still Switzerland, yet wholly Italian except in name, for Bellinzona is one of the three capitals of the canton of Ticino, which is almost wholly Roman Catholic, and in scenery and population Italian, with little of the thrift and independence that usually go with our idea of the Swiss. We surely would sooner take our chances with the merry school-boys of Geneva than with those sluggish devotees of Ticino, although they may find comfort in their lovely valley and their ancestral home, not without some share of hope in the better times coming.

I have space now only to add a sketch of boys in Rome and Naples. Rome is the metropolis of deportment, and the Pope is the head master of the ceremonies that go into every sphere of life. I confess to being much impressed by the frequent spectacle of Roman school-boys. Here is a school of boys, with their master, near the castle of St. Angelo, apparently on their way to see St. Peter's and the Vatican Museum. The master is a pattern of costume and deportment, with stately long blue cloth cloak and dress hat of the conventional stove-pipe shape, and all the boys are reduced copies of the master—quite like him in their rig and bearing. It was an odd sight to an American, and little of the genuine boy seemed to show itself under those stiff hats and sweeping cloaks. Very likely this stateliness may be the Roman art of securing decorum and reverence; but American boys could never stand it, and their fun would be sure to leak out to belie the majesty of their gear, and trouble the dignity of their leader and the quiet of their march. Yet these young Romans are undoubtedly full of play, and in the charming grounds of the Villa Borghese they often are allowed to give vent to their fun, as when the scholars of the schools of the religious orders resorted there for exercise, and their priestly teachers seemed to leave them free to run and jump and kick and strike the ball very much after our own fashion, showing that even in Rome boys will be boys.

But it is important to have a glimpse of the boys of Rome who are not under such aristocratic rule, and who are left more to themselves. Here is a pretty good specimen of them, the young fellow of perhaps fourteen or fifteen years, who waits upon a prominent sculptor, who is an honor to American art. I went many times to that studio, and always watched that boy. He was good-looking and bright, but such a listless, lounging, lazy creature, except when the spur was put to him, I never saw. He could drop at once to sleep in the morning over his book, unless he were sent on some errand, or set to some stirring work. Yet he had good manners, and could touch his cap and salute you with rare grace; and he, moreover, delighted to do any thing a little out of the common way—such as to go to the restaurant to order our breakfast to be sent to us, or to welcome any new guest. He seemed to have no motive to study, to see no reward, no hope of

occupation or respect, coming to him from the spelling-book, the arithmetic, and geography. Here in America, where an intelligent boy learns to read and write and cipher under the spur of ambition, with the prospect of thrift before him, Antonio (I believe that was his name) would not nod over his book in the morning, but would see hope and money in its pages. What names those Romans have, and how little they answer to the promise of their names! This Antonio had none of Mark Antony's restless fire; and the Michael Angelo who brought me a roll and glass of wine in H——'s studio was not after the pattern of the sculptor of the "Moses" or the architect of St. Peter's. The listless boys of Rome should teach us how much our schools owe to the practical spirit of our country, and that a prospective motive, as well as books and teachers, are needed to make boys study instead of going to sleep.

I can not but note the contrast between this Roman stripling and an Irish boy who has been working for me in the country. He applied for the place last summer, and wanted "a dollar a day, wet or dry"—that is, in all weathers—money enough to hire a well-educated man in Rome, with several tongues at his command. I could do no better than engage him, and he tugged away at the hoe and in the stable like a good fellow. He lost no day or hour by idleness or mischief, and his first money went into a nice Sunday suit of clothes, and he was not long in taking my hint as to the savings-bank, where he became a capitalist, and, of course, a conservative citizen, mortally opposed to all vagabondism, reprobatism, and communism. I happened to allude to his case in an off-hand letter to the *Evening Post*, and somebody showed it to him without my knowledge, and Jimmy seemed to be subdued instead of puffed up by the notice, as if quite sensible of the duty resting upon him to do his work well and be a good specimen of industry and thrift. He turned up again this spring, after the winter schooling, and again the lad impresses me with the wonderful power exercised over our youth by their opportunity of having a good education, and the prospect of getting a good living with what they learn from books as well as from work. Surely Jimmy and Antonio represent very different aspects of history and life, and although Antonio has seen more pictures, statues, and processions, Jimmy is more in the way of promotion, and he probably will do more for his Church than the listless Roman.

Here is a final specimen of an Italian urchin from the far south—from the vicinity of Naples—who illustrates a different aspect of life. Naples itself is full of all sorts of original life, with more than its due share of perverse people, young and old; but I will note now only one case, a little fellow who came to our car window as we stopped, I think at Capua, on our return to Rome. He looked up wistfully into my face without asking for a gift, and was probably above being a beggar, if any Neapolitan

ever is above the mendicant condition. It occurred to me to try an experiment upon him that might give him pleasure and not be to me any loss. The kingdom of Italy, to which Naples belongs, had not then annexed Rome, and the Italian currency, whether coin or paper, did not pass in the Papal States, a fact which made us look well to our pockets before going from one jurisdiction to the other. I found that I had in my pocket only one half-franc of Victor Emanuel's currency, and was thinking how to get rid of it when this boy appeared. It had seen some service, and was torn nearly through the middle; but it was all there, and perfectly good in trade. I gave it to the youth, who took it with a look of incredulity, as if suspecting a hoax; and he then showed it to the conductor, who assured him with a smile that it would pass. I never saw more joy in a human face than that which flashed over this stripling as he saw the new fortune that had come to him so suddenly. That half-franc!—about ten of our cents—he had probably never had, perhaps never hoped to have, so much money in his hands at once before. His joy gushed up like a fountain, and took him with it into the air at a bound; then it shot him off in a tangent to the old fruit-woman who sat in front of the station with such a taking show of apples, pomegranates, grapes, and figs on her table and in her baskets. Perhaps human nature likes to see the mother in times of joy; and certainly the Italian nature is so fond of the mother as to make of her a divinity; so that it was uncertain whether the boy sought for his own natural mother or only the motherly heart in general in this solid dame. After having her sympathy in his new wealth he disappeared a while, as if in search for other sympathizers, and when the train moved off he re-appeared, and seemed to be subsiding into tolerable equanimity over his treasure.

I throw out these sketches of boys abroad without stopping to urge the lesson of the story. I might show that if boys have not definite opinions, or a set philosophy of life, they have strong sensibilities and wills, and may be trained to love the best principles and do the best things when these are set before them with force in example and life.

CONTRASTS.

WHAT in the shadowy corn is lying?

Chirping and fluttering, breast to breast,
Two fledgeling sparrows that dream of flying—
And the broken spoils of an empty nest!

What in the furrowy corn is growing?

Tossing over the narrow walk,
Two open lilies on one stem blowing—
And a bud that hangs from a broken stalk!

Who in the breezy corn is hiding?

Sheltering under its high green roof,
Two happy lovers with laughter chiding—
And a girl who sits and sighs aloof!

Editor's Easy Chair.

"THERE be also Triumphs Military, or Tournaments, for the honor and love of Ladies. So we find that King Edward the Third, happening to fall in love with a noble lady of his kingdom, and desiring both to honor her and please himself with her presence, invited all noble ladies to behold a Triumph at London, to be there performed by the nobles and gentlemen of his Court." This is a setting of the tune which the Vocal Society of New York prefixed to the programme of its winter concerts, at which it sang some of the Oriana madrigals; and Oriana and all her court did not hear them so well sung—certainly not better sung (for, upon reflection, none of us could have heard them in the year 1600) than the happy audience in Steinway Hall upon the evening of the first day of this summer. There used to be madrigal singing occasionally at the old Apollo, and the word is fascinating. It suggests the most silver fluting of soft voices, clear trebles, true basses, and a mingling in harmonies that delight like the music of Chaucer.

So, when two or three years ago it was announced that on a certain evening there would be madrigal singing at Steinway Hall, there were a multitude who amidst all the brilliant seductions of the Italian operatic Muse cherish a firm faith in the quaint old English goddess of sweet sounds, and who were early at the hall. They were surprised by their own number; and there was a delightful freedom from constraint in their appearance and feeling. It was not a full-dress occasion, but one of the sincerest and most intelligent enjoyment. Indeed, it was plainly an audience capable of the truest pleasure in music, and entirely confident that it was about to have it. Nor was it disappointed. When the little door at the side of the platform opened, and the "nobles and gentlemen," followed by the ladies of the court, began to appear, they seemed of the same feeling and expectation with the audience—and, indeed, as if they were part of the audience stepping upon the platform. There was a general aspect of tastefulness and propriety; there was nothing extravagant in dress, nothing of that elaborately meretricious suggestion which so often spoils the pleasure of a concert, and which Coleridge so plainly perceived and described:

"Nor cold nor stern my soul! Yet I detest
These scented rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast
In intricacies of laborious song.
These feel not music's genuine power, nor deign
To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint;
But when the long-breathed singer's up-trilled strain
Bursts in a squall, they gape for wonderment—
Hark! the deep buzz of vanity and hate!
Scornful, yet envious, with self-torturing sneer
My lady eyes some maid of humbler state,
While the pert captain or the primmer priest
Prattles accordant scandal in her ear."

This was precisely what those who had come to hear the madrigals did not perceive; but rather the poet's wish seemed to have been gratified:

"O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and gray
(Whom, stretching from my nurse's arms, I kissed),

His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play
By moonshine, on the balmy summer night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light."

The Vocal Society of New York is composed of practical musicians, some professional singers and some amateurs, but all lovers and masters of their art. Indeed, better concerted singing could nowhere be heard than that of the last concert of this year, which must be always memorable with those who were there as one of the most finished and admirable musical performances they ever heard.

The great defect of concerts generally is the total want of tone—however full of tune they may be. There is a famous virtuoso, or a collection of them, masters, perhaps, in their way, but each intent upon his separate, individual triumph. Then there is a great deal of padding, or performance introduced to fill up, and to allow the hero or the heroine the opportunity of necessary rest. This padding has no relation to the other music. It is merely ear-catching. The whole concert is a series of scraps, of unrelated solos and choruses and mere *tours de force*, and there is no harmony, nor unity, nor satisfaction. Every thing is fragmentary, and the impression is one of confusion. It is, in fact, precisely not what it is called: it is not a concert. But in the concerts of the Vocal Society the first and most permanent impression is that of delightful completeness and unity. There are sometimes solos, but no selfish prominence. Every singer is so much a lover and a master that you feel all to be subordinated to the general effect. If the whole chorus except one singer should suddenly stop, that one would not depend upon the rest to float him through, and his own part would still be perfectly rendered. This consciousness of individual excellence relieves you of all apprehension, and makes you sure of every movement, of every note. The singers respect their art, their audience, and themselves.

The madrigal music is very quaint and peculiar. It is, like the songs and poetry of the time, objective, and not in the least passionate or reflective. There is a joyous strain, not quite simple, indeed, but artificial, like the pastoral verses of the old literature. Thus John Peret:

"All creatures now are merry-minded:
The shepherds' daughters playing;
The nymphs are fa-la-la-ing;
Yon bugle was well winded."

Or Thomas Morley, in 1592:

"My bonny lass she smileth
When she my heart beguileth.
Fa la la.
Smile less, dear love, therefore,
And you will love me more.
Fa la la."

And John Wilbye, in 1609:

"Stay, Corydon, thou swain;
Talk not so soon of dying.
What though thy heart be slain;
What though thy love be flying?
She threatens thee, but dare not strike.
Thy nymph is light and shadow-like:
For if thou follow her she'll fly from thee;
But if thou fly from her she'll follow thee."

The music to these pretty lines is light, sunny, tripping; full of beautiful modulations, and exquisitely harmonized. Its whole effect depends upon its rendering. Its character must be comprehended, and it must then be skillfully and tastefully sung. The melodies are slight, but the effects are enchanting. There is often a certain superficial following of the leading descriptive sentiment which is very pretty. "But if thou fly from her she'll follow thee" naturally suggests a bright, fugue-like movement, in which every thing depends upon delicacy of execution; and which is so well done by this society that, as you listen, the chasing shadows over a summer hill-side seem rippling into music.

This kind of artificiality is natural enough; for the most familiar and popular madrigals are of the time of Elizabeth, the most artificial of women; and it is curious to observe the essential difference in their character from that of the modern music. The force of the spirit of an age in every form is pleasantly illustrated in a madrigal composed by Caryl Florio, not a contemporary of Thomas Morley and of John Wilbye, nor one of the shepherds of Diana who sang "Long live fair Oriana!" but the contemporary of younger Easy Chairs than this, and the admirable accompanist of the very concerts we are describing. His madrigal, "Farewell to May," was sung at two of this winter's concerts:

"Among the falling apple flowers
The mated robins sing;
The hyacinths are fading fast—
It is the last of spring:
Its sweet last day! 'O why,
Sweet maiden May,' we sigh,
'Wilt thou not linger?' Hush! for June
Delays until she goes:
For we must see the violets fade
Before we pluck a rose."

It is very charming, and was delightfully sung. But it is a study in a manner not quite natural to the composer. It is skillfully and successfully done; but the modern tone steals into the music unawares. It is a little sad and thoughtful. Even the lover of the old style, and so apt a disciple, who buries himself in its character and sweets, can not wholly escape himself and his time. Indeed, nothing could more forcibly and characteristically illustrate the difference of popular poetic sentiment in the world of the madrigal and that of our music than two stanzas which were printed upon opposite pages of the programme of the last concert. On one page is the quatrain from one of Wilbye's madrigals:

"Sweet honey-sucking bees, why do ye still
Surfeit on roses, pinks, and violets,
As if the choicest nectar lay in them,
Wherewith ye store your curious cabinets?"

On the opposite page are these lines from Schubert's spirit-chorus in "Rosamonde":

"Ponder deeply, labor truly,
Child of earth to heaven aspire;
If thy work be finished duly,
Worthy thou the laborer's hire."

This last chorus and its composer show the catholic range of the choice and taste of the society. It sings the madrigals as they have never been sung in this country—if any where else; but with the same excellence and appreciation it sings more modern music. The choruses in Mendelssohn's "Antigone"—choruses, glees, and songs of Handel, Schubert, Schumann, and Gade

—of Hiller, Gounod, Dr. Callcott, and Horn's "Cherry Ripe"—are upon the programmes. Nor is there any sense of abrupt change from one to the other, the purpose and the spirit of all being the same. Boston, with all its really good music and its Harvard concerts, must not suppose that it monopolizes all. Among its multitude of sweet sounds the Easy Chair has never heard any concerted singing comparable to that of the Vocal Society of New York. The fullness and force and symmetry of sound, without noise or excess; the crisp, clear, precise accentuation; the exquisitely delicate shading of trained voices under perfect control—are all equally remarkable. And the society has been most fortunate in its conductors—Dr. Brown last year, and Mr. Joseph Mosenthal this year.

Of course among the singers there are individual names familiar to various musical circles; and it is only just, when artists so conscientious show us how music ought to be sung, to give their names honorable publicity. In the last concert, for instance, every solo was notable for its excellence. Mr. G. E. Aiken's bass song from Handel's "Semele," Miss Beebe's soprano in Hiller's quintette, Miss Simms's serenade by Gounod, and Mr. William L. Leggat's tenor song by Schubert, were all models of conscientious and admirable singing. And the response of the audience must have shown them how deep a feeling there may be in a great audience for the best music rendered in the best way. And the singing of Cooke's glee, "Strike the Lyre," in which the parts were taken by Mr. Bush, alto, Messrs. Rockwood and Beckett, second tenor, and Mr. Aiken, bass, was a marvel of excellence. The tone and truth of Mr. Bush's alto were remarkable.

Indeed, superlatives of praise were soon exhausted, and the delight of the evening was somewhat shadowed by regret for the absence of those who would have so truly enjoyed it. And the Easy Chair records this memorable concert that readers elsewhere may know what a signal success concerts are which spring wholly from a sincere love of music and an honest wish to give pleasure to other lovers.

THE fond and beautiful relation between Klopstock and his wife is familiar to all students of German literature; but it could hardly have been more tender and mutually helpful than that between Hawthorne and his wife, who recently died in England. In a day like this, of the absolute annihilation by the interviewer of the most sacred personal privacy, those who remember the early days of Hawthorne's married life at the old manse in Concord would be very slow to recall its impression in print. But the world is rightfully interested in the domestic life of every person who has delighted it; and when that life was peculiarly happy, and both husband and wife are dead, it is neither a useless nor an ungrateful task to record their mutual dependence and service. Mrs. Hawthorne's name is publicly known both as the editor of Hawthorne's Note-Books, and as the author of a very pleasant book of foreign travel; and it was for her own sake as well as in respect to the memory of her husband that so conspicuous a group of friends and mourners stood around her grave when she was buried.

One of those friends, who had known her for many years, wrote in a letter that was published: "I never knew before how beautiful she was! But now over her high brow and regular arched eyebrows, with the soft hair parted back, there hovered a look of peace so pure and heavenly that the whole countenance seemed radiant, as if she were absorbed in a happy dream. The mouth, too, half parted, showed her fine teeth, and it looked as if it would presently open to say, 'Ah, you do not know—you can not believe—how blessed and beautiful is what we call Death! Dear children and friends, never in all my existence have I known what true joy was before!' Her most eloquent look, as you have seen her when deeply moved by some grand thought, the presence of some loved friend, or a profound experience, would have seemed to you cold and dull beside this ecstatic, rapturous, upward gaze." Her face was so mobile, and its lines so melted in expression, that all portraits were very unsatisfactory, and the engraving in *Harper's Weekly* wanted, as is inevitable in such cases, that subtle light of tenderness and sympathy which was peculiarly characteristic. There was a photograph made in Dresden, but those who knew her can understand how she would have felt the necessary unlikeness and injustice of the portrait that would result from the sitting: so that her soul seems to have withdrawn from the process, leaving her features in the hands of the tormentors. One who knew her most intimately, and always, said of her that in looking at her she was always reminded of the lines of some poet:

"Created woman with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her on her face."

When they were first married Hawthorne and his wife lived in the plainest manner at the old manse; but her exquisite taste and thoughtfulness made every thing beautiful around them. This was long before his genius was recognized, and his occupation was writing stories for the old *Democratic Magazine*, edited by John O'Sullivan—the stories which were afterward collected as the "Mosses from an Old Manse." By-and-by, about four years after his marriage, he went back to Salem as surveyor in the Custom-house, and presently fell a victim to the cruel system of our civil service. A wily partisan obtained signatures to a petition for the appointment of a successor, either stating that the incumbent wished to retire, or in some manner concealing or confusing the fact that it would displace Hawthorne. Within an hour after he returned to his home with the news that his office was gone, and that he didn't see exactly where future dinners were to come from, his wife wrote to the friend just mentioned. She said that she met his anxious face and words by telling him that she had saved from his earnings enough to keep them in bread and rice for a few weeks, and was so glad that he could now write his romance, and would have a fire kindled immediately in the study. Then she asked her friend what she could do to keep up the household supplies when the bread and rice were gone.

This friend, her most affectionate counselor through life, knowing Mrs. Hawthorne's taste and skill in art, suggested that she should make lamp-shades of lovely forms, decorated with fig-

ures from Flaxman, in her beautiful penciling. She employed herself constantly with this work until Hawthorne's first pecuniarily successful book was published, the "Scarlet Letter." The estimate of Mrs. Hawthorne's mental powers was very high by those who knew her best. The one to whom the Easy Chair is so much indebted for the judgment of the truest intimacy says that the wife was not, as has been said, on a different intellectual plane from the husband, although their mental idiosyncracies were singularly contrasted, making the equal union only the more beautiful. Her wifely ministration was as daintily done as Ariel's spiriting, which was instinctive to a fine nature dealing with an individuality so rare as Hawthorne's and a habit so shy. She was very social; he had grown up entirely in the shade, and wholly unused to society; and as they were both more than thirty years old when they were married, she felt that it was too late to attempt to break up his secluded habits. And there was this advantage even in his extreme and, as it sometimes seemed to strangers, morbid shyness, that it had become an impregnable barrier against the intrusion of strangers. His wife thought that the work he had to do in the world was too important to allow any time to be wasted in attempting to reform his social habits.

In the hermitage thus made for him by domestic circumstances acting upon his extreme sensibility Hawthorne was not in the dark. How clearly he saw his Note-Books show. Nothing eluded him. He looked at stones and walls and apple-trees as if nobody had ever seen them before; he walked among men with eyes that pierced them; but he wore the invisible cap upon his own head. Meanwhile his wife felt that in guarding his solitude she did not selfishly seclude him to herself, but for the work to which his genius called him. She had no jealousy of his study, of his books, or of his pen, as many wives of authors and artists have had. And while she defended him from much of the fret of ordinary care, he, in turn, protected her by a manly tenderness and an ever-vigilant sympathy from the shocks to which she was peculiarly liable, the moral shocks given by selfishness and cruelty, which she could never learn to expect. Mrs. Hawthorne, fortunately for her husband as for herself, could readily bear all the common providential vicissitudes of life, as they are called, but she could not comprehend the malice and untruth of society. Moral evil stunned her as the crime of Miriam and Donatello stunned Hilda in the story of the "Marble Faun." It was, perhaps, this very susceptibility to a pain "past all balsam and relief" which was a supreme charm to Hawthorne's imagination. In its presence he seemed sometimes to doubt whether his own power to gaze steadily at the evils of human character, and analyze them, and see their limits, was really wisdom or a defect of moral sensibility.

In Tennyson's "In Memoriam" there is one passage which expresses the supremest self-renunciation, and which is really the spiritual culmination of the whole series, or poem, for it is truly an organic whole. Nor is there so high a reach of purified emotion elsewhere in our literature. The imagination of the poet follows his friend from strength to strength, and from glory to glory, in the unseen world, and suddenly he

exclaims, in the midst of his fond and passionate longing :

"Tho' if an eye that's downward cast
Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,
Then be my love an idle tale,
And fading legend of the past ;

"And thou, as one that once declined,
When he was little more than boy,
On some unworthy heart with joy,
But lives to wed an equal mind ;

"And breathes a novel world, the while
His other passion wholly dies,
Or in the light of deeper eyes
Is matter for a flying smile."

Precisely such self-renunciation the best friend of Mrs. Hawthorne felt in her, for she says, in words which are a paraphrase of this poem : "Their mutual relation was truly a moral reverence for each other that enlarges our idea of what is in man ; for it was without weakness, and it enabled her to give him up without a murmur when he came to need 'so much finer conditions' than she could command for him with all her love and all his appreciation and enjoyment of it. And thus it was, as she also said in the very hour of her bereavement, 'Love abolishes death.'" They were both past thirty when they were married, yet their love, says her friend, "was 'first love' with both of them, though the flower bloomed on the summit of the mountain of their life, a genuine *edelweisse*."

A year ago Mrs. Hawthorne wrote from England, where she had made her home, and where she lies buried : "I find the most heart-satisfying cordiality, as of old, among my friends here. It seems as if they all could not express enough or do enough for me. It is wonderful how my husband is loved, admired, revered by every body of value ; and they are kind enough to include me and the children in the rich esteem in which they hold him." She contrasted this with the fact—which every body may well ponder who thinks that if he can make a living in no other way he can, at least, write—that in America all Hawthorne's works never brought him an average of a thousand dollars a year. Of course Mrs. Hawthorne did not expect that works of so rare a literary art as her husband's would be sold in this country in such numbers as many poorer books ; but it was *for her* an unanswerable argument that this immense difference between his English and his American readers proved that he belonged more to "Our old Home" than to this country. Her reverence for her husband's genius, her noiseless and constant devotion to him, her profound trust and delight in his answering affection, justify the words of the *Tribune* that "the world owed a great debt to this woman"—greater, as another friend, Mrs. Waterston, suggests, than any one but Hawthorne knew.

As the Easy Chair writes these words, which may possibly give to some who never before heard the name of Sophia Hawthorne a kindly impression of her always, it recalls the brown old manse at Concord, at the end of the long avenue of black ash-trees. The road beneath them, leading straight to the house, is grassy—it is, indeed, greensward rather than road ; and the gable roof of the old house, seen under the trees, has a stately, if rustic, respectability. It is a summer morning, and a lady clad in white is drawing in the shadow of the trees a wicker wagon, in which a child lies sleeping. In a lit-

tle study at the back of the house, which looks out upon the field of Concord fight and its modest monument, and upon the winding river, and into an orchard with rank grass muffling the trunks of the mossy old apple-trees, sits a man writing. The stream flows sluggishly along ; there is no sound from the neighboring village, except when the church-bell rings for noon. It is a plain, tranquil landscape, and all is silence and repose. It was of such days and of this place that Hawthorne, the man in the study, wrote : "But now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put.....The treasure of intellectual gold, which I had hoped to find in our secluded dwelling, had never come to light. No profound treatise on ethics, no philosophic history, no novel, even, that could stand unsupported on its edges ; all that I had to show, as a man of letters, were these few tales and essays which had blossomed out like flowers in the calm summer of my heart and mind."

THERE were two or three public events in the city during the early summer which are well worthy remembrance ; and the Easy Chair will here remind the future reader of this magazine that it was in this year that the statue of Professor Morse was erected in the Central Park, upon one of the most delightful of June days, and that the day and evening were devoted to appropriate festivities. In the morning there was an excursion on the bay, with music and speeches ; and in the afternoon the unveiling of the statue ; and in the evening congratulatory addresses from Professor Morse himself and others, at the Academy of Music, in the presence of an immense multitude. The occasion was fortunate in many ways. The event which was commemorated is one of the great events of history. We are too near to it, perhaps, to estimate its profound significance. But the discovery of the means of instantaneous communication around the globe—the absolute annihilation of time and space for the purposes of human intercourse—is one of the most prodigious and memorable of incidents. To commemorate so great an event the day was singularly beautiful ; the place is as fine as the country affords ; and the orator was the oldest of our famous poets, and one of the most honored citizens of the country.

The statue itself is of bronze, and of heroic size. The figure rests the left hand upon a telegraph instrument, and with the right holds a telegraphic dispatch. The costume is a furred cloak, which is disposed gracefully around the form, and both the attitude and the head and face are striking likenesses. The designer of the statue is Byron M. Pickett, and his success is conceded. By four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon the company was assembled in the Park upon the green at one side of the principal drive, and the services began by an address from Governor Hoffman of New York. They were met, he said, to witness the completion of a statue erected to a man yet living. And this was certainly a striking fact, and probably unique in our history. The statue was unveiled by Governor Claflin of Massachusetts, the native State of Morse, and Mr. Bryant then delivered an address.

It was felicitous, like all his addresses. Mr. Bryant, in later years, is one of the most frequent

of orators, but he never disappoints; his speeches are all admirable, both for what he says and for the manner in which he says it. For almost half a century, as he said, he had known Mr. Morse. He was then an artist, and to him the fraternity of artists is indebted for the organization of the Academy of Design. In 1832, upon the packet ship *Sully*, from Havre to New York, after some conversation upon certain experiments which had shown the identity of electricity and magnetism, Mr. Morse was impressed by the conviction that there might be a gentle and steady current of the electric fluid which would convey messages and record them. In 1835 Mr. Morse showed its practicability at the New York University; but, like all inventions, it was received coldly and indifferently, as if it were the harmless fancy of a visionary. Even Mr. Bryant confesses that he had doubts whether it could be more than a delicate scientific pastime. In 1838, according to Mr. Morse's own statement, the telegraph appeared in Washington as a suppliant for aid to demonstrate its power. It had friends, but the session ended, and it fell into the limbo of unfinished business. It was not until 1842 that it was again submitted to Congress, and a bill was passed on the very last night of the session. Mr. Morse had his instruments adjusted at each end of the Capitol to show the feasibility of his project. "I talked to the members," he says. "I explained the working of the instrument hour after hour. I gained many adherents; still I saw that many were yet incredulous, and many even scouted at the idea as preposterous, and pronounced my instrument the toy of a crack-brained enthusiast. It was toward the close of the session, and there were yet two or three hundred bills to be passed before they came to mine. It was late at night; and finally I gave up in absolute despair, and left the Capitol with a sad heart. I was bankrupt, having spent all that I had upon my discovery. I walked down the Capitol steps with exactly fifty cents—all that I had in the world—and a more disconsolate individual it would have been hard to find. After a wakeful night, I arose in the morning to find my bill passed, and a new era in the history of science begun." Then came Ezra Cornell, and gave it his stout aid. Then a host of others, until the dream was a dream no longer, but an impregnable and beneficent fact.

In the evening there were music and addresses at the Academy of Music. Dr. Loring of Massachusetts, Dr. Sampson of Washington, General Banks, Rev. Mr. Gallagher, Mr. James D. Reid,

and Judge Daly made addresses, and at the appointed hour a dispatch was sent from the platform "to the telegraphic fraternity throughout the world," to which Mr. Morse signed his name, amidst the enthusiasm of the audience. His address, which was very interesting, was full of good feeling and generous recognition of his friends and co-workers in the good cause. In 1842, he said, he laid the first submarine telegraph cable, one moonlight night, in the harbor of New York; and he added that to Cyrus W. Field, more than to any other individual, belongs the honor of heroically pushing to completion the telegraphic communication between Europe and America. And so the venerable father of the telegraph, having foretasted in the day's celebration his own immortality, received the personal congratulations of troops of friends.

A week or two before there was another immense assembly at the Cooper Institute, gathered to celebrate the commencement, and to offer a tribute of friendly homage and gratitude to Peter Cooper. There were many thousand pupils, who united in an address to the founder of the Cooper Union, who, having honestly made a great fortune, has devoted so large a part of it to so noble a purpose. In the most quiet and unostentatious way Mr. Cooper, with his council of friends, has developed his intention of gratuitously furnishing useful technical instruction to young people who are too poor to pay for it elsewhere. The number who have enjoyed the opportunities provided by him is very great; and it is impossible not to feel that not the least of his services is the spectacle of so noble a consecration of riches honorably earned. Great riches are always worshiped for themselves. We know all about the camel struggling at the eye of the needle, but we are willing to take the risk. We know that money is the root of all evil, but we know, also, that our cases would be exceptions. Ours is a sordid city and a sordid age, as all others have been. And it is, therefore, pleasant to see how riches may be turned to great and noble public service, instead of being used wholly for a personal and private enjoyment.

The men of whom New York may be truly proud are such as Morse and Fulton and Cornell and Vassar and Cooper and Wells—those who enrich mankind with beneficent inventions or with opportunities of every kind of instruction. There is no glory surer, no fame more satisfactory, than theirs. They are of the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem, whose name upon the angel's list led all the rest.

Editor's Literary Record.

GEORGE GROTE, the celebrated historian, died on the 18th of June. He was born in 1794, and was therefore seventy-seven years of age—six years older than Lord Macaulay (who died in December, 1859) would be, had his life been spared to the present time. Mr. Grote's grandfather, whose ancestors were German, in partnership with Mr. George Prescott, founded the London banking house of Prescott, Grote, and Co. George Grote was educated at

the Charter-house School, but in his sixteenth year became a clerk in his father's bank, devoting his leisure hours to literary and political studies. His "History of Greece," the work by which he will be known to future generations, began to be published in 1846, and was completed in 1851. Political motives first suggested and largely influenced this undertaking. He was in politics a liberal, if not a republican. As early as 1821 he published in pamphlet form a re-

ply to an article on parliamentary reform, by Sir James Mackintosh, in the *Edinburgh Review*. He also wrote a work on "The Essentials of Parliamentary Reform." It was about the time of his reply to Mackintosh that he began to collect the materials for his great work. It was his design, as stated by Mr. Hallam, "to counteract the influence of Mitford in Grecian history, and construct a history of Greece from authentic materials which should illustrate the animating influences of democratic freedom upon the exertions of the human mind." And Mr. Hallam very justly adds that "in the prosecution of his attempt he has displayed an extent of learning, a variety of research, a power of combination which are worthy of the very highest praise, and have secured for him a lasting place among the historians of modern Europe."

During the preparation of his history Mr. Grote was drawn away from his literary project by his interest in the reform movements of his own time and country. In 1832 he was elected from the City of London to Parliament, where he remained until 1841. He was a strenuous though unsuccessful advocate of voting by ballot. Shortly after the publication of his history he published an elaborate work, entitled "Plato and the other Companions of Socrates."

COUNT AGENOR ÉTIENNE DE GASPARIN, the distinguished French publicist and statesman, died in France quite suddenly, early in June, aged sixty-one years. Count Gasparin was connected with the Guizot ministry of Louis Philippe. From 1842 to 1846 he was a member of the French Chamber of Deputies. He was a zealous Protestant, and an earnest advocate for the abolition of slavery. His name should be a household word in this country, ever to be associated with that of Lafayette, on account of his efforts in our behalf during the late civil war. In the darkest days of that conflict he published "The United States in 1861," "The Uprising of a Great People," and "America before Europe," by which treatises he did more than any other foreign statesman to enlighten the Old World concerning the principles involved in our struggle for nationality. Since 1848 Count Gasparin has held no political office, nor taken any part in public affairs.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

DR. MARTYN PAINE'S *Institutes of Medicine* (Harper and Brothers) has been submitted to a severer test than that of the literary critic, and has secured a more conclusive verdict than his encomium. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the first edition was published, and yet nothing newer has taken its place. The author has, by revision and appendices, kept pace with the progress of medical science, and this ninth edition of the "Institutes" is quite up with modern thought and present knowledge. The book is professional rather than popular; yet it is a useful book for the household physician as well as for the regular practitioner. The physiological argument for the existence of an immaterial soul is original and forcible—original in that it employs the materialist's weapons against materialism, and forcible in that it is based on no doubtful assumptions, and contains no *ad captandum* arguments, but is founded on the un-

questionable facts of physiology. We wish it might be separately published, and couched in a form less scholastic and more popular.

Dr. TYNDALL is one of the most successful of that class of scientists in Great Britain who have devoted themselves so largely to the attempt—to quote his own words—"to extend sympathy for science beyond the limits of the scientific public." There lie before us two publications from his pen, *Scientific Addresses* (C. C. Chatfield and Co.) and *Fragments of Science* (D. Appleton and Co.). The former is a little pamphlet of seventy-five pages, one of the "University Series," and contains three of the papers comprised in the other, larger work—a respectable volume of a little over four hundred pages. Of the various articles which it contains, the most interesting to us have been the first three, the sixth, and the seventh. In the last but one of these he discusses, though very briefly, materialism, or rather, to speak more accurately, he defines it. He maintains, what few modern philosophers would probably deny, that the *physical* growth of man, like that of plants, is a purely material phenomenon; and he also asserts, what nearly all psychologists would admit, that every mental act involves a material change in the nervous tissue; but he also asserts, what many materialists do not concede, the unbridged gulf between mind and body—a chasm "intellectually impassable" between the mental and the material. He evidently has small faith in any help from the Bible in solving any scientific problem, its account of the creation of man being in his mind only "that grand old Hebrew legend." He thinks it scientifically demonstrable that prayer can never "call one shower from heaven, or deflect toward us a single beam of the sun;" and special providences are classed by him, with miracles, as events incredible, or at least quite unsubstantiated. However, his book is by no means largely theological. His treatise on the "Scientific Use of the Imagination" is interesting and serviceable in pointing out a wider function for that much-abused faculty than is ordinarily granted to it; and his lectures on "Radiation," "Radiant Heat," "Chemical Rays," etc., are purely scientific. There is perhaps no writer in the English language who possesses in a more eminent degree the power of stating abstruse scientific truths in such a manner as to bring them within the comprehension of the unscientifically educated mind.

We have no faith in any of the "every-man-his-own-doctor" treatises. It is a proverb with the legal fraternity that "he who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client;" and the proverb, slightly modified, is equally applicable to the man or woman who attempts to substitute a little dangerous learning for the medical skill of an experienced practitioner. But there are exigencies of not infrequent occurrence in every household when the mother must be a *quasi*-physician for the time that necessarily intervenes between the unexpected accident, or the sudden and alarming attack, and the arrival of the family physician, and for such exigencies she has need to be prepared beforehand. For this purpose she will find *Till the Doctor Comes, and How to Help Him*, by Dr. G. H. HOPE (G. P. Putnam and Son), an admirable little treatise. It is short, concise, practical. It is written by a

physician, and appears to be medically safe without being difficult of comprehension. How to treat burns and scalds, sprains and broken bones, poisoning, and how to nurse in the common diseases, croup, measles, scarlet fever, and the like, are among its themes. It is a book to put on the shelf by the medicine chest, for the furnishing of which also it gives ample directions.

To write any thing containing useful information of a scientific character in a style sufficiently clear and vivacious to enable it to compete with the novelettes which form so large a proportion of the literary food of our children must be a rather difficult matter; but we think Mr. JACOB ABBOTT has accomplished it in his series of "Science for the Young," the second volume of which, *Light* (Harper and Brothers), is now before us. We have not much to add to what we have already said of this series, except to say that a more careful reading of the first volume, and a partial perusal of the second, confirm the judgment expressed by us in a previous number of the Magazine on the publication of the volume on "Heat." Either book is admirably adapted for reading aloud. If the father will devote half an hour an evening to reading to the entire family, he will carry them through these two volumes in two or three months, and will find that in explaining to the younger members of the family the various principles involved he has himself obtained accurate and fresh knowledge concerning heat and light. We are reading the volumes in course in this way ourselves, and the verdict of young and old, from the boy of seven to the oldest in the family group, awards them a place in interest above any of the ordinary story-books. The illustrations are admirably adapted both to enhance the interest and to make clearer the scientific explanations.

Charles Scribner and Co. add to their "Illustrated Library of Wonders" the *Wonders of the Heavens*, by CAMILLE FLAMMARION. The style is occasionally too Frenchy, as though the subject had overpowered the imagination of the author, and poetry had got the better of fact. The book, nevertheless, states the substantial facts concerning the wonders of the heavens in language which makes them clear to the popular apprehension; and certainly the reader will find in this volume, not, indeed, any thing like a complete treatise on astronomy, but something very like a key to assist him in reading the enigmatical language of the starry heavens.

TRAVELS.

THE half-conscious but inevitable prejudice with which we always take up a new book of European travels was partially disarmed in the case of Mr. CURTIS GUILD'S *Over the Ocean* (Lee and Shepard) by a sentence in the preface: "The author has aimed to give many minute particulars which foreign letter-writers deem of too little importance to mention, but which, nevertheless, are of great interest to the reader." Mr. Guild has been successful in this aim, and it gives his book a peculiar and indescribable charm—of reminiscence to one who has traveled the same ground, of vivid reality to one who has not. The inevitable guide-book does come in occasionally, but not often. Where the author describes scenes which other tourists have already made familiar to us his descriptions are not ex-

ceptionally fine. But he sees much which other writers have not noticed, or have thought commonplace. His account of Westminster Abbey does not differ widely from a score or more we have read in the past; but his graphic and humorous account of a London "bus," and of an English banking house, is as entertaining as it is fresh. This picturing of the every-day life of Europe, in its most notable contrasts to our own, is the peculiar feature of the book, runs more or less through every chapter, and renders it peculiarly "readable."

The Lands of Scott, by JAMES F. HUNNEWELL (James R. Osgood and Co.), is hardly to be classed among books of travels. It is rather a commentary, geographical and archæological, on the poems and novels of Walter Scott. The author is unmistakably an enthusiastic admirer of the Scottish romancer. He carries us to the scenes which Walter Scott has made immortal by his pen, and interweaves an account of the various stories with a description of the localities where they were placed by the novelist. One must needs be as enthusiastic an admirer of Walter Scott as Mr. Hunnewell himself to read his volume through; yet every one who has been entranced with any of these unequalled romances will find it pleasant and profitable to visit some of the "Lands of Scott" under the author's guidance; and any traveler meaning to embrace Scotland in his European tour will find that a rapid reading of this volume will add materially both to the present enjoyment and the permanent value of that portion of his trip. Allusions which he will meet every day in guide-books and from the people of the country, otherwise incomprehensible, will become plain to him by the aid of Mr. Hunnewell's key.

Mr. FAIRBANKS has told, in simple and unpretentious, but pure, English, the *History of Florida* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). It is a romantic story, full of adventure, of dauntless courage, of invincible ambition, of a certain kind of religious zeal, but of a monstrous chivalry that hesitated at no falsehood and no bloody crime when dealing with either hapless savages or unfortunate Huguenots. One can not read without a new sense of the enormities which a false religion inspires the terrible story of the massacre of Ribault and his companions, "not as Frenchmen but as Lutherans." Now that the thoughts of so many are turned toward this haven of invalids, the history of Florida possesses more than a mere local interest.

Mr. LEDYARD BILL sends us a book which he entitles on the back, *Climate for Invalids, etc.*; on the side, *Minnesota, California, Florida, Nassau, Fayal, Adirondacks*; and on the title-page, *Minnesota—its Character and Climate*. Since the author did not know how to characterize his own book, we may be pardoned for our inability to do so. However, if we were to christen it we should accept *Etc.* as its true name, it being composed apparently in about equal parts of a little volume, half guide-book, half travels, on Minnesota, and of sundry articles of a miscellaneous character not wholly incongruous, which lay, perhaps, in Mr. Bill's portfolio awaiting a chance to come before the public. The book is published by Wood and Holbrook. Despite its miscellaneous character, it will be well for invalids seeking a cli-

mate that can cure or counteract consumption to read it.

FICTION.

THERE is perhaps no living writer of fiction whose portraiture of English society are more photographically life-like than ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S. It is this which gives to *Ralph the Heir* (Harper and Brothers) its chief interest to us. The tangled story of the four lovers' lives is more intricate and involved than interesting. There is no hero in the book to awaken the reader's sympathies; and though one sorrows for poor Clarissa, still there is no broken heart to give a tragic interest to the simple story of her mistaken and unrequited love. As to Ralph, the heir, it is difficult to bear with his weakness and vacillation with any patience, or to show to him half the forbearance that is shown by Sir Thomas and his daughters. But the novelist carries us through various phases of English life, which he depicts with rare fidelity. Neeft the tradesman, the leather-breeches shop, the villa at Hendon, the stables at the Moonbeam, the hunt, the chambers of Sir Thomas, the bachelor life of Ralph in London, and, perhaps best of all, Moggs, Ontario Moggs, and his audience in the parlors of the Cheshire Cheese, are all capitally drawn, with less coloring than Dickens or even Thackeray would have employed, but with more real fidelity to actual truth—the difference between Trollope and Dickens in their descriptions of English life being that one painted and the other photographs. That which is to our thought the most interesting, as it certainly is the most characteristic, feature of the book, is the view it gives of a "rotten borough." One might read a good many parliamentary blue-books and political newspapers and not get so good an idea of English political life—of how, in particular, an English election is conducted—as he will get from reading the account of the canvass at Percycross. And from the reading of that account the American rises with a considerably enhanced respect for his own institutions, and a new sense of the truth that the corruption of his own land is far less, though more exposed and pronounced, than that of the Old World.

It can hardly be asserted that *Little Men* by Miss ALCOTT (Roberts Brothers), is a natural story, or doubted that it is an entertaining one. The description of an actual boarding-school, with its humdrum life, would be as tedious as any thing that can well be conceived of, and that Miss Alcott is able to invest a story of boarding-school life with any interest must be taken as one of the evidences of her genius. There is hardly enough in the story itself to sustain the reader's interest in it; and despite the author's bright style and vivid descriptions, and, best of all, her hearty sympathy with youth, the book drags a little if one attempts to read it directly through. It is more entertaining read as a series of sketches than as a single connected story. We beg leave to doubt whether, on the whole, it would be for the best interest of any well-ordered school for the boys to have unlimited liberty to slide down the balusters at the risk of broken heads, and every Saturday night, after their bath, to chase each other over the house in a sham battle with the pillows. We are inclined to think that Mr. Bhaer's original

method of compelling the guilty boy to inflict the flogging on the teacher would lose its moral effect if it were generally adopted. We protest that for a boy to bring a lying accusation against himself to shield a friend is a very mistaken kind of heroism. Had we been present, we should have been tempted to admonish Mother Bhaer that it was not a safe operation to let her baby suck the spoon in which she had just administered a dose of medicine to a ragged urchin just picked from the street, the nature of whose disease she did not know. But, after all, the lesson which these improbable incidents are meant to teach, and do teach, is a good one—this, namely, that personal sympathy with children, in all their life, even their pranks and good-natured mischief, is the first condition of acquiring influence over them, and hence is the first condition of any true and good government in school or family. The children will be sure to read "Little Men" with interest, and the parents can read it with profit.

Ina (James R. Osgood and Co.) is an American novel in that it is by an American writer, but in every thing else a foreign romance. The scene is laid in Italy; the plot is Italian; the fierce, passionate love and hate are Italian; the pretended marriage, the long concealment, the final *dénouement*, the assassination of the guilty lover by the brother of the victim of his guilty passion, are all Italian. There is dramatic power in the story, but it is not a pleasant one—hardly a healthful one—and reminds the reader in its general tone and character quite too strongly of the average libretto of an Italian opera. And yet there is artistic power in it that leads us to hope from the young authoress a better and more genuinely American novel in her next production.

We are sorry to see Dodd and Meade's imprint to such a story as *The American Cardinal*, for we had learned to consider their name almost a guarantee of excellence; and such a reputation as they were acquiring among the publishers of religious literature is not to be lightly cast away. "The American Cardinal" may prove popular; but if it does we shall think more poorly of the average American novel-reader than we even do at present. We do not join the general hue and cry against sensational novels. The story that produces a healthful and genuine sensation, of hatred of wrong and of sympathy with some special virtue, is not to be condemned because its incidents are more startling than the cultured critic can commend. He must not forget that there is as great a difference in the moral as in the physical sensitiveness of men, and that different minds need different spicing in their books, as different palates need different condiments in their food. But a novel that tries to be sensational and is not is unpardonable; and this unpardonable sin against literature is committed by "The American Cardinal." That it is entitled "a novel" does not justify the author in travestying the faith and spirit of the Romish Church; and he will hardly expect any of his intelligent readers to accept Bishop Frances as a fair portraiture of a Roman Catholic bishop, or the abduction and imprisonment of Arthur Cleveland in the Vatican as a possible incident. Fidelity to truth is the first condition of the true novel, and justice is the first condition of all controversial

literature, even that which is couched in the guise of a romance; and "The American Cardinal" is neither just nor true.

In the *Mills of Tuxbury* (Loring) VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND undertakes to deal with the same problem with which Miss Phelps has dealt in the "Silent Partner." One can not read the one story without thinking of the other, and yet there is, except in the one point, no resemblance between them. In style Miss Townsend's book is much simpler; in incident and dramatic power much more artistic; in insight into the heart of the working-classes, and in the poet's sympathy with them, much inferior. There are no such characters, really, despite the half-finished outlines in which they are drawn, as Sip Garth and Stephen Garrick. Yet we think the inferior story the more interesting, and the more sensational story the more natural, of the two. The aim is the same in both, and it is a good one, not to propose any legislative or politico-economical solution of the perplexing problem of labor and capital, but to contribute something indirectly to its solution by showing that "hands" have hearts, and by awakening for them a living sympathy as living men and women. In the "Mills of Tuxbury" Miss Townsend carries this to the difficult point of bringing us into a sympathetic appreciation of those terrible temptations which hard labor, no culture, and dire poverty sometimes engender, without affording excuse, or even, perhaps, palliation, for the brutal crimes to which, as in the case of Hardy Shumway, they sometimes drive men.

While so many are seeking to curtail the time of duration of the marriage tie, the title of *Marrried for Both Worlds*, by Mrs. E. A. PORTER (Lee and Shepard), is really startling. But there is nothing startling in the book. It is not a discussion of marriage at all. Quietly assuming that a true marriage is a union which death is not strong enough to sunder, the author tells the story of a young and lovely woman who, with the calmness which only a Christian faith can give, saw her beloved husband waste away and die, leaving her at the age of eighteen to carry out some generous plans which he had originated and in which she had been his aid. He bequeathed to her also the care of his mother, old and querulous; and, caring for her, Esther passed many years in an unlovely home, returning at the mother's death to the work in the city which her husband had commenced. The plot is simple. The characters are such as we daily meet, except that Esther herself is perhaps too ideally beautiful. But the daily increasing love she bore her husband—manifesting it not in sickly sentimentalism, but in daily thought of his wishes—the combined gentleness and strength with which she discharged the duties and bore the trials of life, make the story a beautiful lesson of wifely devotion. The style is plain, but in some places the author becomes eloquent in truth and strong in sarcasm.

We have half a dozen children's books of various merits. The object of *Battles at Home* and *In the World* (H. B. Fuller) appears to be to enforce the motto of the title-page, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." They are both healthful books, with no mock religion and no gloomy asceticism about them. The battle is the old battle with sin and

temptation, but it ends in a victory at last, and, by showing the young how they can conquer, incites them courageously to try.—*Tattered Tom* (Loring) is the story of a street Arab, the Arab being a girl with a boy's name. The author, HORATIO ALGER, Jun., has evidently studied his subject with care, and drawn his portrait from the life. The first part of his story, which contains the street Arab, is by far the best part of the book. No real interest is added to it by the plots and counterplots of the latter chapters, and "Tattered Tom" is more interesting by far in her original character than when converted into Miss Lindsay.—The object of *Belle Lovel* (Randolph) is to counteract the tendencies of the age toward frivolity by contrasting two sisters, and tracing the process by which the heroine is at length converted from a useless belle to a genuinely Christian young lady. But the merit of the design is counterbalanced by the weakness of the execution, and, like some unpleasantly good people, the book impairs its influence by a certain ostentation of moral excellence.

POETRY.

It is somewhat difficult for the critic to comprehend what is the merit which has given to Mr. BICKERSTETH's long epic, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," readers counted by the thousands. We doubt whether any modern poem of equal length has proved equally popular. We are reasonably sure that Morris's unequalled volumes have had no such circle of readers, and that even Tennyson has written no large poem so widely read in this country. It is still more difficult to comprehend the secret of this popularity when we turn from the epic, which appalls us by its length, to the shorter pieces gathered into one volume under the title of the opening poem, *The Two Brothers* (Robert Carter and Brothers). Solomon sagely advises his readers to be neither wicked nor righteous overmuch; and we suspect the secret of Mr. Bickersteth's popularity lies in the fact that in literature, as in morals, the popular crown is apt to be awarded to eminent mediocrity. His rhymes run easily. Their meaning lies upon the surface. One may read them easily, as one would a newspaper leader, without the trouble of much thought; and to the majority even of readers thinking involves a deal of trouble. Mr. Bickersteth, though not a great poet, is a good Christian, and his experiences, the common experiences of hundreds of thousands of fellow-Christians, are pleasantly expressed in smoothly flowing verse, more happily, doubtless, than his readers could express them. So his verse will do good by deepening experiences that are common but yet need cultivation; and they are not characterized by any so serious literary faults that they will cultivate religion at the expense of good taste.

JOHN HAY's *Ballads* contain some poetry so good that it intensifies our regret at that which is poorer and more popular. We do not particularly wonder that "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso" should go the round of the papers, and give their author a cheap and transient fame; but we do wonder that the man who could write "A Woman's Love" and "The Sphinx of the Tuileries" could also write the "Pike County Ballads." It is not at all surprising that the theatre should be packed night

after night by a crowded audience, laughing and cheering the drunken profanity of Toodles, but it would be a cause for a new lamentation if a Fechter or an Edwin Booth should assume the part. Passing by the "Ballads," and overlooking one or two other pieces which, without their positive profanity, contain assaults on Christian faith and feeling less offensive only because more disguised, we find a variety, a strength, and a genuine poetic beauty in some of the other poems which have pleasantly disappointed us.—On the whole, we find John Hay at once a better and a worse poet than R. H. NEWELL (Orpheus C. Kerr). He is better because he is a true poet, worse because he prostitutes a higher talent to an inferior use. Mr. Newell's *Versatilities* (Lee and Shepard) are largely humorous, though not exclusively so. His soberer poems are quiet and pleasant pieces of versification, not rich or strong, nor entitled to a permanent place in American literature, but pleasant reading. His humorous pieces are, for the most part, comic without being farcical, and with no pretense of literary purity or a moral tone are, at all events, not profane.

There are three other volumes of poems on our table that deserve mention, each of them possessing some excellences, though neither of them likely to get very much the public ear or impress very much the public heart. *A Woman's Poems* (James R. Osgood and Co.) comes to us anonymously. The authoress had no need to fear putting her name to them. They are decidedly above the average of published poems; a certain simplicity, both of figure and language, imparts a real charm to what does not claim to be in any sense great, but only pleasant, poetry. They are all short, which is a merit, and rarely does any poem elaborate more than a single thought, often only a single simile—as, for example, in "A Child's First Sight of Snow:"

"Oh, come and look at his blue, sweet eyes,
As through the window they glance around,
And see the glittering white surprise
The Night has laid on the ground!"

"This beautiful Mystery you have seen,
So new to your life, and to mine so old,
Little wordless Questioner—"What does it mean?"
Why, it means, I fear, that the world is cold."

—Mrs. HOOPER's *Poems* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) are more pretentious, but not so good. She has essayed more, and accomplished less. The "lady" interprets nature. Mrs. Hooper writes the language of feeling almost exclusively. In such poems as "The Duel" and "Too Late" there is a good deal of dramatic power, a good deal of insight into human experience, and marked ability in portraying it, and yet a nameless something is lacking necessary to enable it to take full hold on our hearts. It is not cold, and yet we easily read it coldly, and find ourselves less affected by the poem than moved by some measure of respect for the pen that wrote it.—In *Thistle-Down* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) we find very little but a pleasant versification of common thoughts and feelings—just such poems as one often reads with pleasure to-day in the daily or weekly press, only to forget to-morrow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, in the preface to the American edition of his *Thoughts about Art* (Roberts Brothers), defends himself

from the charge of egotism that has been brought against him, but proceeds in the body of the book to give ample justification to the accusation. There is something to those not initiated in art mysterious about the effect it produces on nearly all who essay the delicate and difficult task of art criticism. It begets a peculiar egotism in judgment, and censoriousness in expression. There are some slashing critics in literature; there are few or no others in art. There are men who, because it is their province to sit in judgment on books, assume to speak oracularly from half an hour's investigation on subjects on which a lifetime would be all too short to afford any full and accurate knowledge. They are, however, exceptional. The most egotistical of critics speaks deftly of such a work as Darwin's on the "Origin of Species" or the "Descent of Man." But every man who visits the National Academy assumes to form on the instant a verdict on works which have occupied months in execution, and years of patient study in preparation; and the professional art critic lays down the law like a second Moses, and executes it like an inspired Samuel. Mr. Hamerton's book is not free from the faults of his profession. It is a volume of art criticism; it is, we might almost say, therefore, characterized by a certain dogmatism and self-assertion which would hardly be suffered anywhere else, but which, in such a book, would hardly be noticeable were it not for the disavowals of the preface.

But, despite his spirit of charmingly unconscious self-conceit, which condemns all *genre* pictures as unworthy to be compared with landscapes (Mr. Hamerton himself being a landscape painter), and commiserates the uncultured tastes of the people who know no better than to prefer "little figure pictures," "rustic figures," "bits of incident connected with the domesticities," to landscapes—nay, perhaps because of this naïvely simple self-conceit, Mr. Hamerton's volume is exceedingly entertaining, being written in the easy, vivacious style—sharp, pointed, satirical—which we would expect of the art critic of the *Saturday Review*. And while his judgment is not always sound, and the reader must always pause and examine for himself the question discussed, whether of art or ethics, and come to an independent judgment on it, yet he can not read a chapter anywhere, and scarcely a page, without getting some thoughts well worth his consideration. In short, Mr. Hamerton does not do our thinking for us, but compels us to do our thinking for ourselves, and accomplishes as much good by stimulating us to disagree with him, and discover the falsity of his positions, as he does by the direct truths he inculcates. His themes, too, are not strictly, at least not exclusively, professional. His discussion of the relative merits of photography and painting is admirable, though it hardly does photography full justice; his essay on picture-buying, though only partially true, as it seems to us, is as useful by reason of its doubtful statements as for those that are indubitable; and there is an after-dinner conversation about furniture which we wish might be reproduced in such a form as to be read by every householder in the land, if not for the practical utility of its separate suggestions, at least for the sake of its central truth, that "a house ought to be a work of art, just like a picture."

Soule's *English Synonyms* (Little, Brown, and Co.) possesses at once the advantages and disadvantages of brevity. It is a small volume of a little over 400 pages. It is therefore inexpensive and convenient. It comprises simply the synonyms without any discussion of their respective etymologies, or of the delicate yet sometimes important differences in their significations. It is therefore easily used and readily comprehended. In these respects it is an advantageous manual both for the youthful writer, who has not the patience, or perhaps the skill, to employ a more elaborate treatise, and for the busy writer, who wants a synonym quickly, and has not the time to study with care the delicate shades of meaning of various ones that offer. But these very advantages carry with them some compensating disadvantages. We might almost say there are no synonyms in language—*i. e.*, no two words with exactly the same meaning. So this book, which attempts no discriminations, will often mislead the writer who trusts himself wholly to it. Thus it gives as synonyms of "atheist" the terms "infidel," "skeptical," and "freethinker," albeit very few of modern skeptics or freethinkers are atheists at all. So, again, it gives as the first two synonyms for "atonement" the words "expiation" and "propitiation," words which are themselves far from being, properly speaking, synonymous. We expiate a crime; we propitiate an individual. These examples, taken at hazard from a single column, illustrate the necessary defect of such a work as this; or, rather, they indicate what is alone its legitimate use. The reader or writer who employs it strictly as a dictionary of synonyms will find himself led into perpetual errors. He, how-

ever, who accepts it as a reminder of words forgotten that need only to be brought to mind, or as a guide to words whose accurate meaning the larger dictionaries alone can give him—who employs it, in other words, as an index either to other works, or, so to speak, to the treasure-house of his own memory—will find it an exceedingly useful assistant.

President MUNSELL'S *Psychology* (D. Appleton and Co.) is intended as a text-book for schools and colleges, and ought not, therefore, to be subjected to the same test as if it assumed to be an original contribution to mental science. Perhaps all we can expect of a text-book is that it will give us the net result of the special school which the author accepts and seeks to interpret. But it is not all a text-book ought to give. The student who has taken what purports to be a course of study in mental science ought to be able to give clearly and succinctly the theories of such thinkers as Maudsley, Huxley, and Bain, and his reasons for rejecting them. From Dr. Munsell's book he gets no other reason than the author's authoritative declaration that they "are absurdly false."—MONROE'S *Public and Parlor Readings* (Lee and Shepard) appears to be one volume of a series. It is devoted wholly to humorous selections. To make such a collection without descending to the vulgar is not an easy matter. Mr. Monroe has, however, accomplished it; and with very few exceptions there are no selections in his book to which even a fastidious critic could object.—MR. TILESTON'S *Hand-Book of the Administrations of the United States* (Lee and Shepard) is really a pocket edition of our national political history given in its most compressed form.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

OUR summary of scientific progress for the month contains nothing very striking or novel, few announcements of any moment having been made since the date of our last number. As regards *Astronomy*, the following pages will be found to contain a valuable account of the eclipse expedition of December, 1870, with a statement of what has been accomplished and what yet remains to be done in regard to our knowledge of the physics and character of the sun.

To *Terrestrial Physics* an important contribution has been made by Dr. Carpenter, in his lectures and articles upon the currents of the Mediterranean Sea, and the application of the observations there discussed to a theory of oceanic circulation, such as the general surface movement of the waters toward the poles, with a corresponding deep-sea movement from the poles toward the equator, and the more superficial course of the Gulf and other ocean streams. Numerous earthquakes are recorded in South America and elsewhere, and some interesting local modifications of climate have been indicated as the consequence or concomitant.

In the line of *Geographical Exploration* we have the reports of the survey of the Lakes, under

the Engineer Department; the geological, botanical, and physical survey of Louisiana by the officers of the Louisiana State University; the survey of Mr. Clarence King in Utah, Wyoming, and Colorado; that of Dr. Hayden in Utah and Montana; of Captain Raymond on the Yukon River; of Professor Verrill on the coast of New Jersey; and of the Tehuantepec and Darien regions by officers of the United States government. We also have a report that is believed to be authentic of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, and of his probable return to England; and also of the travels of Dr. Hooker in the interior of Morocco.

In *Zoology* valuable papers have been published by Dr. Lütken on the ganoid fishes; by Plateau on the influence of salt and fresh water upon the crustaceans, etc.

The most important announcements in *Paleontology* are the discovery of a species of pterodactyl in the Rocky Mountains; the determination that the *Mosasaurus* possessed a well-developed arch and posterior limbs; and also the existence of numerous species of fossil land lizards and of crocodiles in the Rocky Mountain basins—all by Professor Marsh. Professor Leidy has continued his descriptions of interesting new forms of fossil vertebrates from the same region.

In *Anatomy and Physiology* we have numerous papers upon the action of chloral and bromide of potassium upon the system, and the little value of the supposed antidotes to snake bite, such as ammonia injections, etc., and the influence of alcoholism upon the system, as based on observations on the French soldiers during the late war, etc.

In *Botanical Physiology* an important paper has been published upon the movement of the chlorophyl grains. In *Economical Science* we have the announcement of progress in the artificial culture of fish, especially the hatching of many millions of eggs of shad, by the New York State Commissioners, in the Hudson River, and of a large number in the Rappahannock, and also of the comparative failure, for the present season, of the attempt to introduce salmon into the Delaware.

In *Necrology* the most important announcement for many months past is that of the death of Sir John Herschel; and that of Dr. Schultz-Shultzenstein, an eminent botanist, has also been mentioned. For fuller details in regard to the points just referred to, as well as others of minor importance not herein mentioned, we would refer our readers to the succeeding pages of the "Scientific Record," as also to the "Scientific Intelligence" in the *Weekly*.

COMMUNICATIONS TO THE SOCIETY OF PHYSICS AND NATURAL HISTORY OF GENEVA.

Among first-class institutions devoted to scientific research in Europe, the Society of Physics and Natural History of Geneva has always borne an honorable part, its publications containing material in all branches of science of the utmost value. The last volume of the memoirs embraces the usual annual summary by the president of the papers presented to the society, in this instance for the year extending from June, 1869, to June, 1870. Among the more important of these are the following: A memoir by Professor De la Harpe upon the theory of numbers, in which he shows that cubes have a common measure among themselves. Professor Schaix gives a conjectural map of the region of Central Africa indicated by Livingstone as containing the source of the Nile. Professor Plantamour reports upon the results which had been accomplished by himself and Professor Hirsch in connection with the geodetic survey of Switzerland. Professor Gautier discusses the observations made by the Moravian missionaries upon the coast of Labrador, where the thermometer ranges from a very low temperature in winter to quite a high point in summer. M. Risler, in the course of experiments upon evaporation from the soil, ascertained that during the years 1867 and 1868 about seventy per cent. of the amount of rain which fell was passed off annually by evaporation. M. Forel, in a somewhat similar investigation, discovered that the Rhone furnished a larger amount of water than could be supplied by the rain-fall of the country, and concluded that the excess was derived from the direct condensation of the moisture of the atmosphere upon the glaciers and the snow-fields of the mountains. M. Forel also suggests an ingenious method of obtaining the temperature at the bottom of lakes, namely, by drawing up a quantity of mud and testing its temperature imme-

diately, the degree ascertained being sufficiently near that of the water itself at the bottom to answer all purposes.

Numerous communications were made in reference to the existence of man in prehistoric times; one of these, by M. De Saussure, describing the contents of a cavern occupied during the reindeer period; while another paper, by Professor Desor, had reference to objects of the bronze age from the Lake of Bienné, where they were found under four feet of mud. Dr. Waller publishes a paper upon the absorption by the skin of different substances dissolved in chloroform, such absorption being generally much more rapid than when alcohol or acid solutions of the same substance were employed. Thus, in experimenting upon an albino rat, he found that if one of the feet of the animal were plunged into a chloroformic solution of atropia, a marked dilatation of the pupils of the eye was observed in two or three minutes, while this substance dissolved in alcohol produced the same effect only after a much longer period.

Professor Plateau presents a paper upon the flight of coleoptera, and Dr. Marcet gives the result of investigations upon himself while ascending various high mountains, especially Mont Blanc, showing a variation of temperature of the body at different altitudes during repose and on the march. He found that, during the ascent, the temperature fell considerably, but that it soon became normal on coming to rest. The unpleasant sensations experienced at great elevations are also accompanied by a remarkable depression of the temperature of the body. M. Humbert announces a curious instance of mistaken instinct in animals, in the fact that a specimen of *sphinx*, or hawk-moth, was observed to be attracted by the representations of flowers painted upon the tapestry of an apartment, and that it applied its trunk successively to many of them without discovering the illusion, showing that some insects, at least, are guided by sight rather than by smell.

Professor A. de Candolle suggests the inquiry as to whether it may not be possible to discover some remains of animals and of plants belonging to the period of the elevation of the Alps, and remaining buried in the eternal snow since that time. He thinks that such fossils may yet be found in the cavities or fissures at the summits of high mountains, and proposes to prosecute inquiries in this direction.

We present, in this brief summary, a mention of some only of the more popular and interesting communications to the Genevan society, there being still a number, of more or less scientific value, that we have not referred to. We shall give a special account hereafter of the important researches of Professor Claparede relative to the bryozoa and annelides.

RESPIGHI ON SOLAR PROTUBERANCES.

The April number of the *American Journal of Science* contains an interesting account of observations upon the solar protuberances, by Professor Respighi, translated for its columns, from the Italian, by Professor Wright. The conclusions arrived at are, in the main, similar to those of Professor Zöllner, of which we have previously given an account; the essential idea seeming to be that the photosphere is an incandescent

liquid mass or stratum, by the weight of which various gases, especially hydrogen, are confined and compressed in the interior of the sun at an elevated temperature, and that these occasionally rise toward the surface with great velocity, until they force themselves through with a rapidity greater or less according to the depth from which they emerge. The Professor suggests that it is these agitations and eruptions which constitute the protuberances, and that the hydrogen issuing from the body of the sun serves as an aliment to the chromosphere, thus repairing the repeated losses of the latter by its not improbable combination with the substance of the photosphere; and it is suggested, also, that possibly this immense stratum of incandescent hydrogen—to wit, the chromosphere—may be the principal source of heat radiated from the sun.

The solar spots, according to Professor Respighi, are neither cavities nor clouds, but are superficial modifications or partial obscurations of the photosphere, produced by scoræ or scum floating upon it; or, as it were, solid masses of islands floating upon the liquid stratum.

CARBOLIC ACID AS A PRESERVATIVE.

Reference has been made in some of the scientific journals to experiments upon carbolie acid as a means of preserving objects of natural history, and the anticipation has been indulged by many that, by means of this powerful agent, we shall be able to replace all the ordinary methods of taxidermy. This, however, is a very great mistake, since it can be used to a small extent only in the preparation of entire bodies of animals that are to be preserved dry—because the process of desiccation will inevitably proceed until the original form of the animal is entirely lost. For many purposes, however, carbolie acid has proved of much value as a preservative, and its uses are increasing. Thus, diluted with about fifty times its bulk of water, it forms a capital substitute for alcohol in preserving fish and other objects; and, in fact, the larger fish, such as rays, sharks, etc., can be kept much better by its aid than even by means of alcohol. Added in small quantity to very weak spirit, it very materially increases its strength.

Although it can not be used as a substitute for the usual methods in setting up birds and mammals, it can be employed to very great advantage in keeping them fresh until they can be properly skinned. An experiment of this kind was once made by Dr. Totten, of New York, who prepared a solution of one dram of carbolie acid, one and a half ounces each of glycerine and dilute alcohol, and injected it into the mouth, the rectum, and under the skin of a large cormorant. The bird was kept on board ship until it reached New York, a period of about two months after its capture, and was then sent to a taxidermist, who found it to be in a perfect condition, and who was able to mount it as satisfactorily as if it had been but just killed.

EFFECT OF EXERCISE AND DIET ON ELIMINATION OF NITROGEN.

Dr. Parkes has lately announced to the Royal Society the result of some experiments upon the effect of diet and exercise on the elimination of nitrogen, and gives as a general result, as far as

temperature is concerned, that a non-nitrogenous diet, continued for five days, neither raised nor lowered the heat of the axilla and rectum; also that when the nitrogenous diet of a healthy man was reduced by one-half, for five days, and he was then kept for five days without nitrogen, he was able on the fourth day after such deprivation to do a very hard day's work. In Dr. Parkes's opinion the force necessary for great muscular work can be obtained by the muscles from fat and starch, though changes in the nitrogenous constituents of the muscles also go on, which have as one effect an increased though not excessive elimination of nitrogen after the cessation of the work.

CEMENT FROM FURNACE SLAG.

Furnace slag can be made to furnish an excellent cement by selecting such portions of it as are readily dissolved in dilute hydrochloric acid. On subjecting it to the action of the acid silica is thrown down, which is afterward to be washed, dried, and pulverized. One part of this is next to be mixed with nine parts of powdered slag and the necessary quantity of slacked lime. This matter soon hardens, and rivals the best cement in its durability.

THE LATE SOLAR ECLIPSE.

We have the pleasure of presenting herewith a report of the late solar eclipse, and of the results accomplished by it, as furnished directly for the Record by one of the most eminent of our American astronomers, and one who occupied a prominent part in the observations made:

The weather along the narrow line of the late total eclipse was generally unfavorable. Out of twenty or more parties of observers, whose positions extended from the Atlantic to the Adriatic, about half saw nothing whatever of the total phase, and most of the other half were seriously interfered with by the clouds. The Americans were generally more fortunate than their European brethren. At Xeres, near the Atlantic coast of Spain, Professor Winlock's party was entirely successful. So was the English party at Cadiz under Lord Lindsay. At Oran, in Algeria, the station selected by Professors Tyndall and Huggins, a dense black cloud covered the sun a few minutes before the critical moment, and did not disappear till all was over. At Syracuse the party from the Naval Observatory, Messrs. Hall, Harkness, and Eastman, were successful; while at Catania and on Mount Etna none of the parties saw any thing.

The first object of nearly all the parties was to learn something of the constitution of the corona, and especially to confirm or disprove the observations of the American observers on the eclipse of August 7, 1869, which seemed to show that the corona consisted of a glowing gas. The instrumental means employed for this purpose were the spectroscope, the polariscope, and photography.

One of the best organized spectroscopic parties was that at Xeres, under charge of Professors Winlock and C. A. Young. They had four or more spectroscopes, of which two were used by English volunteers. Their observations confirmed the existence of bright lines in the spectrum of the corona, which had been observed by Harkness and others in 1869, but which the En-

English astronomers were slow to believe in. The most remarkable of these lines is a green one, supposed to be identical with one of the lines of iron, and with the line found by Angstrom in the aurora and in the zodiacal light. This line was traced by Professor Winlock to a distance of near 20' from the sun's limb. Professor Young traced it 16' on the west, 12' on the north, 14' on the east, and 10' on the south.

The other two spectroscopes were arranged so as to collect the light from the entire corona and protuberances at once. With one of these Mr. Abbay saw only two lines—the one that just referred to, and the other the F line. With the other Mr. Pye saw also the lines C and D3. All except Mr. Abbay saw a faint continuous spectrum without dark lines.

But the most interesting observation was the following by Professor Young: "Just previous to totality I had carefully adjusted the slit tangential to the sun's limb at the point where the second contact would take place, and was watching the gradual brightening of 1474 and the magnesium lines. As the crescent grew narrower I noticed a fading out, so to speak, of all the dark lines in the field of view, but was not at all prepared for the beautiful phenomenon which presented itself when the moon finally covered the whole photosphere. Then the whole field was at once filled with brilliant lines, which suddenly flashed into brightness and then gradually faded away, until in less than two seconds nothing remained but the lines I had been watching." There can be little doubt that these bright lines emanate from the same atmosphere, the absorption of which causes the dark lines of the spectrum, the same rays which, by contrast, look dark alongside of sunlight being bright when the sunlight is cut off by the moon. The existence of this atmosphere was long ago inferred from the dark lines of the solar spectrum, and Secchi had inferred that it formed a very thin layer over the surface of the photosphere, from noticing that the dark lines faded out at the extreme edge of the sun; but Young was, so far as we know, the first and only one to recognize it during an eclipse by its own bright lines.

The well-organized parties under the eminent English spectroscopists Messrs. Roscoe and Lockyer were prevented by clouds from seeing any thing; and, so far as we can learn, none of the other observers did more than confirm some of the phenomena observed by Winlock and his party.

All the observers describe the continuous spectrum of the corona as being devoid of dark lines. This has been regarded as showing that the corona shone almost entirely by its own light, because the dark lines are seen in the spectra of all bodies which shine by reflected sunlight. But the polariscope observations seem to show that there is much reflected sunlight in the corona. In Professor Winlock's party, Professor Langley observed with a Savart's polariscope attached to a small telescope. The bands were distinctly seen on the corona, and were brightest where normal or tangential to the limb. It is understood that Professor Pickering, who used an Arago's polariscope, also saw evidences of polarization. But Professor W. G. Adams, of London, who observed in Sicily, saw no evidence of polarized light, while his assistants saw it very

plainly. On the whole, the evidence seems strongly in favor of polarization, and therefore of some reflected light.

Striking a general average among all the observations and the conclusions to be deduced from them, it may be fairly concluded that the sun is surrounded by four or more envelopes.

1. A gaseous layer about five hundred miles thick, containing a great number of chemical elements, which produce the ordinary dark lines of the spectrum by elective absorption.
2. The red chromosphere and prominences, composed mainly of glowing hydrogen, and extremely irregular in outline.
3. A sphere of some very rare gas, hitherto unknown, shining mainly by its own light, and forming the base of the corona: the new green line proceeds from this gas.
4. Irregular masses of light, extending a degree or more from the limb of the sun, the origin and nature of which is involved in obscurity. These are found in the photographs, so they can not be purely optical illusions; but it is still an open question whether they originate in our atmosphere, in the planetary spaces, or in the neighborhood of the sun.

DETERMINATION OF THE MASS OF THE MOON BY TIDAL OBSERVATION.

At the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences on the 19th of April, 1871, Mr. William Ferrel, of the United States Coast Survey, gave an account of his discussion of tidal observations with reference to determining the mass of the moon. He used in this investigation a series of observations made for the Coast Survey during nineteen years—a full lunar cycle—at Boston, Massachusetts, and a similar series of observations made at Brest, France, from 1812 to 1831 inclusive.

Without going into the mathematical form of the investigation, he endeavored to show that the moon's mass must be mainly inferred from the ratio which the spring and neap tides bear to the constant or average tides. This ratio, however, does not depend entirely upon the moon's mass, but varies greatly for different ports, the heights and times of the tide being modified by local circumstances: and consequently the tides have not been hitherto considered an available means for determining the mass of the moon.

In addition to the constant, to be determined by observation, introduced into the conditions by Laplace for determining the moon's mass, Mr. Ferrel has introduced another, depending upon friction. Hence, there being three unknown quantities to be determined, including the moon's mass, he uses the condition depending upon the moon's parallax in addition to the two used by Laplace. Without the introduction of this additional constant and the additional condition for eliminating it, Laplace's conditions for the determination of the moon's mass entirely fail when applied to the Boston tides.

Laplace selected Brest, where the tide has a direct and short approach from deep water, and, neglecting the effect of friction referred to, obtained, as is well known, the value of $\frac{1}{74.96}$, in terms of the earth's mass, for the mass of the moon. At Brest the ratio of the half-monthly inequality to the co-efficient or half range of the constant tide is about .358, that of the constant tide being about 2.25 meters, and that of the

mean spring-tides about 3.05 meters. At Boston the same ratio is only about .14, the co-efficient of the constant tide being 4.91 feet, and that of the mean spring-tides 5.58. From data so widely different Mr. Ferrel has deduced, by means of the introduction of the term depending upon friction, two values exhibiting a remarkable agreement, viz., from the Brest tides $\frac{1}{77.14}$, and from those at Boston $\frac{1}{78.64}$.

STRUCTURE OF MOSASAURUS.

In the *American Journal of Science* for June Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, has an article on some new fossil reptiles discovered by the Yale party last summer in the Rocky Mountain region. The cretaceous fossils described are of great importance, as they prove conclusively that the mosasauroid reptiles had a well-developed pelvic arch and posterior limbs, although up to the present time no satisfactory evidence of this had been discovered; and the eminent paleontologists who have recently made this group an especial study considered them probably destitute of these appendages. Some of the species discovered by Professor Marsh were much more attenuated than any hitherto described. One of them, which is named *Clidastes wymani*, was about thirty feet in length, and had the terminal caudal vertebræ less than one-twelfth of an inch in transverse diameter.

In the same paper are notices of several new species of tertiary crocodiles from Wyoming, which were discovered in the same ancient lake basin as the serpents and lizards already described by Professor Marsh.

COINCIDENCE OF THERMOMETRIC AND SUN-SPOT CURVES.

Mr. Stone, the astronomer royal at the Cape of Good Hope, in comparing the thermometric curves taken at the Cape since 1841 with those in Wolf's observations on the sun spots, finds an agreement between the two series so close as to induce him to think that the same cause which leads to the excess of mean annual temperature leads equally to a dissipation of solar spots, and also that there is an approximately decennial period of such temperature. He leans, however, to the opinion that the connection between the variation of mean temperature and the appearance of the solar spots is indirect rather than direct, and that each results from some general change in the solar energy.

FISHES OF CUBA.

A recent number of the "Annals of the New York Lyceum of Natural History" contains an elaborate paper, by Professor Poey, of Havana, upon the genera of the percoid fishes found in the West Indian seas.

AQUEOUS SOLVENT FOR SULPHUR.

Various experiments have been made for the purpose of finding an aqueous solvent for sulphur, this being considered a very great desideratum in facilitating the use of this substance as a medicine. Dr. Pole announces that if flowers of sulphur, previously well washed and dried at 212° Fahrenheit, are mixed with an aqueous solution of pure anhydrous carbonate of soda, and the whole digested together at a temperature of 212° for ten hours, an appreciable quantity of sulphur

will be taken up. Linseed-oil is another solvent for sulphur, the amount increasing with the increase of temperature.

SPRINKLED FABRICS.

We have heretofore referred to a method for coloring the fabrics now so much in vogue, in which a ground color is dotted over with minute specks of different shade. We have since learned that after the dye is sprinkled upon the surface of the cloths or fabrics they should be folded face to face, and either passed between rollers or pressed by blocks, so as to drive in and further distribute the color on the cloths.

NEW FOSSIL LAND LIZARDS.

At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences Professor Marsh, of Yale College, described several new species of fossil land lizards which were discovered in the tertiary deposits of Wyoming by the Yale scientific party during their explorations last summer in the Rocky Mountain region. Some of these lizards were as large as any now living in tropical America, but all were quite distinct from any hitherto found. They represent a new genus, which was called *Glyptosaurus*, in allusion to the fact that the head and parts of the body were covered with highly ornamented bony plates. Four species were described, which are readily distinguished by the form and ornamentation of the shields on the head. The largest of these, *G. sylvestris*, was about four feet in length; the smallest, *G. anceps*, apparently about two feet. The other species were intermediate in size, and were called *G. nodosus* and *G. ocellatus*. These interesting remains will be described in full by Professor Marsh in an early number of the *American Journal of Science*.

MONSTROSITY IN A HORSE'S HOOF.

Some of our readers may be interested in an account of a curious monstrosity in the hoof of a horse, as reported in the Proceedings of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal. In this animal a supernumerary digit was formed on each fore-foot, incased in an asymmetrical hoof, a similar condition occurring on the hind-foot, but with less regularity. This specimen recalls very vividly the peculiar condition of the hoof in the extinct genus *Hipparion*, which, according to many writers, is one of the original ancestors of the genus to which the modern horse belongs.

FOSSIL CETACEANS IN HOLLAND.

Much interest has been excited in Europe by the discovery, in Holland, of extensive beds of remains of cetaceans and other marine vertebrates, as many as eight new genera and sixteen new species having been secured, together with the walrus and the remains of seals. The collection is in charge of the Vicomte du Bus, who is preparing a report for publication.

CUNDURANGO—A REPUTED SPECIFIC FOR CANCER.

The State Department at Washington has lately received, through the minister from Ecuador to the United States, specimens of a plant known as cundurango, found in the province of Loya, in Ecuador, to which marvelous qualities in curing cancer and other similar diseases are

ascribed. The physicians of Quito have been experimenting upon this substance, and report most wonderful cures, and a limited quantity of the plant has been sent to the United States in order to secure proper experiments upon it on the part of the American faculty. No intimation is given of the botanical character of the plant, the fruit of which, however, is said to be highly poisonous.

Its virtues were first discovered, according to a communication accompanying the specimens, entirely by accident. An Indian had been suffering fearfully for a long time from internal cancer, and his wife undertook to relieve him by shortening his life by poison. For this purpose she selected the cundurango; but not being able to obtain it at the time of its fruit-bearing, she made a decoction of the bark. To her astonishment, the first application appeared to benefit the patient rather than otherwise, and by a continuance of this remedy he was completely cured in a short time.*

"LANDLOCKED SALMON."

Among the objects of great interest to American sportsmen and those prosecuting inquiries in regard to the food fishes of the country are the so-called "landlocked salmon," found in Maine and elsewhere, and about which there has been much diversity of opinion. These are known especially as inhabiting Sebago Lake and its streams, some tributaries of the Penobscot, the lakes in the neighborhood of Ellsworth, and the Schoodic lakes at the head of a branch of the St. Croix River. This fish has been actually described as a distinct species—from Sebago Lake, as *Salmo sebago*; and from near Ellsworth, Maine, as *S. gloveri*; the Schoodic fish being, we believe, without any specific appellation, unless it be *S. hardinii*, as named by Dr. Gunther.

Whether this fish be really a "landlocked salmon"—that is to say, a true sea salmon that has changed its habits to such an extent as to dwell permanently in the fresh-waters—is the subject of inquiry on the part of Mr. Livingstone Stone, who is rather inclined to take ground in favor of a specific difference. He finds, as might be supposed, that there is no reason for referring the landlocked salmon, whether of three varieties or of only one, to the brook trout, the difference in the size of the scales, the dark spots instead of red, the shape of the head, and many other points, being such as to distinguish them. On the other hand, the close relationship to the sea salmon is shown in the character of the scales and spots just referred to, in the development of a conical tusk in the lower jaw, in the similarity of the parrs to the salmon parrs of the same size, and the great size of the eggs, equal in this respect to those of the salmon; in the form of the yolk sac, which is elongated like that of the salmon, instead of being rounded like that of the trout; in their ascending streams at night; in the short period of spawning; and in spawning at night and lying quiet during the day, the reverse being the habit of the trout, which spawns during the day and lies quiet at night. The relation is, therefore, much more close to the true

salmon; and the remaining question is as to whether it be really the same as the true sea salmon or not. Mr. Stone, however, thinks the difference in the number of eggs of the Sebago salmon, as he calls it, and that of the sea salmon, is a very important point. Thus, while the latter produces from nine to fifteen thousand eggs per season, or an average of about one thousand to each pound in weight of the fish, the landlocked salmon, although of about one-third the weight, averages only six hundred eggs per season, or about two hundred to the pound. Furthermore, there is not now, nor has there ever been, any thing to prevent these so-called "landlocked salmon" from going to the sea whenever they preferred; and the fact that they do not migrate is considered by Mr. Stone as strong proof that they never possessed the instinct to do so.

MAREY'S APPARATUS FOR RECORDING THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

We have referred in a previous number to the interesting apparatus devised by Professor Marey for registering the movements of the flight of birds and insects, and gave at the time a diagram of the comparative path described by the point of the wing in each. The author during the disturbances caused by the late war in France was steadily occupied in continuing his researches, and presented to the Academy of Sciences, some months since, a continuation of his series of communications, in which he discusses the movement which the action of the wing produces upon the body of the bird itself. He shows that the progression of the bird when flying, in consequence of the beating of its wings, takes place along an undulating line, the sinuosities of which are produced by the slight leaps of the animal. These movements can in certain cases be appreciated by the eye, as when watching the movement of gulls following a vessel at sea, and regulating their motion by the speed of the vessel. It is very difficult, however, according to Mr. Marey, to ascertain to what movement of the wing these displacements of the body of the bird correspond; and the determination of the periodical variation of the quickness in the movement forward of the bird is impossible by means of our senses. To accomplish this object the author has added to his previous apparatus an arrangement for noting and recording these movements with absolute precision; and from a critical study of the indications he comes to the conclusion that on registering simultaneously both the vertical oscillations of the bird and the movements of the wing, it will be found that each revolution of the wing is accompanied by two complete oscillations of the bird—one of these coinciding with the depression of the wing, and the other with its elevation. He also finds from the investigation bestowed upon the indications of the instrument that in depressing its wings the bird is raised, to fall again at the end of this period of depression, while at the same time the bird accelerates its horizontal velocity. In raising the wing the bird rises anew, again to fall back, and in the second period it loses much of its horizontal velocity; and this latter fact gives the clew to the mechanism of the second ascension, showing that this ascent is made at the expense of the velocity acquired by a mechanism analogous to that of the boy's kite, which,

* Since writing the above we learn that a gentleman left Washington some weeks ago for Ecuador with the especial object of procuring a large quantity of cundurango for medical purposes.

moving against the air and presenting against it an inclined plane, is elevated at the expense of the horizontal force applied to it. The experiments of the author have satisfied him that this second ascent is wanting when the bird at the end of its flight has not acquired a velocity at the expense of which it can be produced.

In a subsequent notice Mr. Marey promises to exhibit the result of attempts made by him to reproduce synthetically the mechanism of flight—that is to say, for the purpose of realizing by means of a weighty apparatus the effect of sustentation in the air, and of the horizontal forward motion which the bird obtains by the action of its wings.

ACTION OF BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM.

Since the first introduction of bromide of potassium into the *materia medica* there has been a great diversity of opinion in regard to its value as a remedy, some praising it extravagantly, and others denying it any specific virtue. Most writers, however, are satisfied that, judiciously administered, it is a substance of very great merit, although its mode of operation is even yet not entirely understood. According to Dr. Amory, its effects are produced by the direct action on the blood-vessels, or the vaso-motor system which controls the action of these vessels; and he thinks that this action will account for and explain all the physiological and therapeutical influences of the drug. He states that the bromide is easily absorbed by the mucous membrane and by the skin, provided the water in which it is dissolved is below the temperature of 75°; that its elimination is conducted by the skin and the kidneys, and that in therapeutical doses it is not eliminated by the intestines or the lungs; that it passes out of the skin without decomposition; that the larger the dose the more intense and enduring the influence in the vaso-motor system; and that its action in the general nervous system is consequently dependent upon that of the vaso-motor nerves, upon which it acts as a sedative. The highest value of the remedy as a medicine is said to lie in its remedial powers over epilepsy, being of signal service in the vast majority of cases, while absolutely curing very many, and rarely failing to diminish the number and violence of the attacks where it does not cure. One advantage of the bromide of potassium is said to be that it can be given without any danger whatever. Certain inconveniences sometimes present themselves, such as the production of acne, or other eruptions on the face or elsewhere, although, on the other hand, such diseases have sometimes been cured by it. In full doses it is said sometimes to cause redness of the palate, epigastric heat, salivation, drowsiness, confusion of mind, depression, failure of memory in a remarkable degree, weakness of the arms and legs; but all these evils disappear entirely on the discontinuance of the remedy, no permanent ill effects having been observed to follow its employment.

BRITISH MUSEUM FISHES.

In the work by Dr. Gunther upon the fishes of the British Museum, to which we have already alluded, reference is made to the neglect in Great Britain of the opportunities of scientific research furnished by the cruises of the British vessels of

war, and invidious comparisons are made between this line of conduct by them, on the one hand, and that of the German, Russian, and United States governments on the other. During the early years of the present century very important contributions were made to the British Museum by such parties as those of the *Beagle*, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the *Sulphur*, the *Samarang*, the *Herald* and *Plover*, the arctic expeditions, etc., which, however, according to Dr. Gunther, have of late found no imitators. At the present time the British Museum depends for its additions—in the department of zoology especially—upon purchases made from private parties with funds granted annually by Parliament, while other national establishments rely mainly upon the efforts of collectors officially attached to government vessels, who bring in copious material, and of much greater novelty and scientific interest.

CHOLERA.

Our readers are well aware of the varying opinions entertained by men of science in regard to the cause and propagation of cholera as a disease, and are familiar with the persistency with which it has been asserted by some that the disease arises from the development of a particular kind of fungus. An elaborate report has just been published by Dr. Lewis upon the microscopic objects found in cholera evacuations in India; and after a careful inquiry, under very favorable circumstances, he comes to the conclusion that the cryptogamic theory must be abandoned. He finds that the so-called cholera cells of Dr. Swayne and others are of various kinds, some of them certainly not fungoid in their nature, while others are ova of acari and of intestinal worms. The cysts upon which Dr. Hallier dwells with so much weight Dr. Lewis could not find in fresh cholera discharges, although he had repeatedly developed them. Other unusual bodies proved to be either fragments of tissues or ova, none of them peculiar to cholera. Cultivation does, however, succeed in developing from the cyst certain cryptogamic bodies, although only three per cent. of the experiments were successful; and similar cysts were found to be developed in discharges other than choleraic. The bodies resembling spores, so common in cholera discharges, Dr. Lewis finds to be either globules of a fatty nature, altered blood cells, corpuscles imbedded in a tenacious substance, or a globular condition of certain infusoria.

The subject of the so-called *micrococcus*, which Dr. Hallier supposed to be the germ of cholera, Dr. Lewis examined critically, without being able to find any evidence to prove the existence of such bodies or having such relations.

The general results reached by Dr. Lewis, as summed up by him, are, first, that no cysts exist in choleraic discharges which are not found under other conditions; second, that cysts or "sporangia" of fungi are very rarely found under any circumstances in alvine discharges; third, that no special fungus has been developed in cholera discharges, the fungus described by Hallier being certainly not confined to such; fourth, that there are no animalcular developments—either as to nature or proportionate amount—peculiar to cholera, and that the same organisms may be developed in nitrogenous material even outside the body; last, that the supposed débris

of intestinal epithelium is not of this origin, but appears to result from effused blood plasma.

CHARACTER OF SUN SPOTS.

According to a recent communication of Professor Zöllner, as given in *Nature*, "the sun spots are slag-like by the radiation of heat on the glowing and liquid surface of the sun, the products of the cooling having again dissolved in consequence of the disturbance of equilibrium produced by themselves in the atmosphere. When these disturbances are not only local, but generally distributed, the formation of new spots is but little favored at the times of such general motion of the atmosphere, because then the most essential conditions of the surface are wanting for a severe depression of temperature by radiation—namely, the rest and clearness of the atmosphere. But when the surface has again gradually become quiet after the dissolution of the spots, the process again recommences, and acquires in this manner a *periodic* character, in consequence of the mean relationships of the surface of the sun, which may be considered as attaining an average in long periods. The distribution of the spots in area must, according to this theory, be determined by the zones of greatest atmospheric clearness, which, as has been shown, generally coincide with the zones of the greatest abundance of spots."

TURTLES OF NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In a lecture upon "The Origin of Species," by Professor Cope, lately delivered at Germantown, he remarked upon the differences between the turtles of the northern and the southern hemispheres. These are mainly that the under side of the shell, in the southern forms, has eleven plates, while that of the northern has but ten. The northern turtle withdraws its head between the two shells by bending its vertebral column, but the southern throws its head around one side under the shell, much as a bird buries its head under its wing. In the turtle of the southern hemisphere both bones of the pelvis are united to the lower shell by a vertebral brace; in the northern, they are entirely separated. These are the strong characteristics of the two varieties; but in the upper bed of the mesozoic age, in the green sands of New Jersey, turtles are found which have some of the characteristics of those of the southern hemisphere. In these, however, the bones of the pelvis are not joined to the lower shell, but there are slight projections on the shell immediately under the pelvis, which nearly approach a junction.

ANTIQUITY OF THE CAT.

In a late communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris Mr. Lenormant calls attention to the fact that the common cat was introduced into Egypt at a comparatively late period; so much so, indeed, that it is not mentioned at any time in the Bible, and it is believed to be without a generic name in Hebrew. It was unknown to the Assyrians and Babylonians; and in their peculiar nomenclature the lion and the panther were referred to the dogs, for want of a different point of comparison among their domestic animals. It was not until the Semite period that we find any pictorial illustrations of this animal. Tardy as was its introduction, however, into

Egypt, it seems to have been still later in getting into Greece and Rome, delineations of it being entirely wanting on the monuments of these countries. Its place as an exterminator of rats was supplied among the Greeks by the fitch-marten, or European polecat; while the Romans made use of another species of weasel for the same purpose. According to Professor Pictet, the names of the cat, in all the European languages, do not belong to the earlier period of the Aryan language, but are of a recent date, and derive their origin from the Latin *catus*. As a domestic animal, nevertheless, the cat was of decided antiquity in India, even if unknown to the primitive Aryans.

ANTIQUITY OF THE PIG.

According to Mr. Lenormant, the pig was not known as a domestic animal in the primitive civilization of Egypt. It is not mentioned in the text either of the ancient or of the middle empire, while figures of it are entirely wanting on the monuments of these two great periods of Egyptian culture. At that time, however, the pig, in its wild state, must have been abundant in the marshes of Lower Egypt, where it still occurs and supplies food to many of the Mussulman fellahs, in spite of the prohibitory precepts of the Koran. The lack of figures of the wild boar in the ancient Egyptian monuments is, perhaps, to be explained by the idea of absolute impurity which the Egyptian religion attached to the wild and domestic pig preventing them from considering it as either game to be pursued or flesh to be eaten. But at a later period of Egyptian culture the animal makes its appearance in the monuments of the country, although not prior to the time of the eighteenth dynasty, during which drawings of pigs were represented upon the rural scenes, and painted upon the walls of the tombs.

FAYRER ON SNAKE BITES.

Our readers will pardon us for having so much to say in reference to supposed remedies for poison by snake bites; but the importance of the subject must be a sufficient excuse, as we are at present adrift in regard to any reliable remedies, those that have been accepted with implicit faith for so many years having proved to be, in the opinion of competent investigators, almost entirely worthless. The method of injecting ammonia into the veins, as devised by Dr. Halford, of Australia, and brought forward with so much positiveness, seems, after all, of little or no practical value, at least in other places than Australia. This is shown most conclusively by the detail of a series of experiments, the results of which have been lately published, by Dr. Fayrer, of Calcutta, as having been made with great care.

The conclusions to which Dr. Fayrer arrives are that, in the present state of our knowledge on the subject, we can do but little in these cases except to neutralize or counteract the action of the poison, while, as to antidotes, he has but slight hope of the discovery of any thing that shall prove to be such in the ordinary sense. His experiments were made, of course, chiefly upon lower animals, with a view to test the effects of the poison as administered by himself, supplemented by observations of cases where he was called to visit patients professionally. The

animals experimented upon were the ox, horse, goat, dog, cat, pig, mungoose, fowls, fish, harmless snakes, poisonous snakes, lizards, frogs, toads, etc. He found the intensity of action of the poison of different serpents to vary quite considerably, that of the cobra perhaps being considered as representing the most venomous, while the *Calophides* and the *Crotalide* are generally treated by the natives as being much less so than the others.

The general symptoms of poisoning he considers to be of much the same character. In some cases the convulsions, however, are more marked than in others, death being preceded in some by a more lethargic appearance; but in every case the symptoms all point to exhaustion and paralysis of the nerve centres, every function failing rapidly, and vitality soon becoming extinct. A complete loss of consciousness is generally preceded by local paralysis, great depression, faintness, exhaustion, nausea, vomiting, hemorrhage, relaxation, and involuntary evacuations, not unfrequently of a sanguineous or muco-sanguineous character. Little is shown by a post-mortem examination beyond the marks of the fangs and of the wounds immediately around them; although in certain cases infiltration and perhaps decomposition of the tissues appear. The lungs are not congested, nor is the heart overloaded. The viscera appear natural, and death does not seem to be dependent upon the disturbance of any one particular function. A remarkable difference is seen in the effect upon the blood by the bite of different species. Thus, in the case of the lower animals, the blood coagulates firmly on being removed from the body when death follows from poisoning by the colubrine snakes, while in cases of death by the poison of the viper it remains permanently fluid. No explanation is given of this peculiarity. From experiments Dr. Fayrer ascertained that the poison acts with more vigor on warm-blooded animals, birds being especially sensitive—a fowl sometimes being known to die in a few seconds. The power of resistance generally appears to be in proportion to the size of the animal, although cats seem to resist the influence of poison almost as long as dogs of three or four times their weight. Cold-blooded animals he found to succumb to the poison more slowly, though fish, non-venomous serpents, and mollusca all die. He, however, agrees with the observation of Dr. Mitchell and others, that poisonous serpents are not affected by their own bite; that is, that a cobra may bite itself or another cobra with no evil result, but that the less poisonous serpents are somewhat affected by the more poisonous kinds, although slowly. Strange as it may appear, the bodies of animals that are poisoned by snakes may be eaten by man and animals with impunity. Of this the experimenter had frequent proof. He found, however, that the blood of an animal that died from snake poison is itself poisonous, and that if injected into another animal it destroys life. Although venomous snakes are not affected, or but slightly, by snake poison, they readily succumb to strychnine or carbolic acid, the latter substance appearing to destroy them very rapidly, and to be an object of special aversion.

The usual remedies in the way of antidotes, Dr. Fayrer considers of very little account, as be-

ing either powerless or quite inert. A ligature, excision, or cautery, if applied in time, appears to be the only rational remedy that can be of any avail in a really poisonous case. Stimulants are not unfrequently judiciously recommended; but as antidotes, in the ordinary sense of the term, they have no special value.

GOURAMI FISH.

The gourami is by no means difficult to transport, having been successfully carried from the Mauritius to China. Quite recently twenty or thirty small ones were taken from Mauritius as far as the Isthmus of Suez, the water in which they were placed having been changed every day. On reaching their destination they were placed in a fresh-water canal, where they are thriving. This fish is said to breed readily, commencing in the second year, and attaining in time a weight of eight or ten pounds, although considered best when weighing only about four pounds.

PECULIARITIES OF MADEIRAN ENTOMOLOGY.

The entomology of the island of Madeira, according to Mr. Wollaston, presents some very peculiar features, as compared with that of the main-land; this being especially the case in regard to the coleoptera. From a late review by Mr. Wallace, in *Nature*, of the paper of Mr. Wollaston we learn that the most striking facts indicated are: first, the affinity of the Madeiran with the Mediterranean fauna; second, the total absence of certain large divisions of coleoptera abundant in that fauna; third, the number of new and peculiar species and new and anomalous genera; and fourth, the unexampled preponderance of apterous species. This characteristic is exhibited very strikingly by the fact that species are apterous in Madeira which are winged elsewhere; also that genera usually winged embrace apterous species only in Madeira; and again, by the presence of peculiar or endemic apterous genera, some of which have winged allies, while others belong to groups wholly apterous. This shows, evidently, according to Mr. Wallace, that there is something in Madeira which tends to render wings rudimentary; and Mr. Wollaston himself suggests that it is connected with exposure to a stormy atmosphere. He observes, further, that many of the winged species have wings more developed than usual; and Mr. Darwin, applying his peculiar views of selection to the case, gives as the explanation that the act of flying exposes the insects to be blown out to sea and destroyed, and those that flew least lived the longest; and by that process the race became apterous. On the other hand, with species to which flight was a necessity, the strongest-winged lived the longest, and thus their wings became more and more developed in each successive generation.

THEORY OF ATMOSPHERIC GERMS.

In a paper on the "Theory of Atmospheric Germs," by Dr. Sansom, published in the April number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, after a critical examination and testing of the various views held by different writers on this question, the author comes to the following conclusions: "1. Putrefaction, mildew formation, and the appearance of organisms can be checked or

absolutely prevented by the existence of certain agents in the air supplied to a putrescible body. 2. The power of such agents can in no sense be measured by their chemical constitution and characters. From many experiments, the following expresses their order of efficiency from weakest to strongest: (1.) chloride of lime; (2.) sulphurous acid, ammonia, sulphuric ether; (3.) chloroform; (4.) camphor; (5.) iodine, phosphorus, creosote, carbolic acid. 3. The agents which stop fermentation are vegetable, not animal, poisons. Fungi will grow in the presence of hydrocyanic acid and of strychnia. 4. Comparative experiments show that a given volatile agent is far more efficient when it is contained in the air supplied to a putrescible solution than when an equal quantity is mixed with the solution itself. 5. All fungoid organisms can be prevented by the presence of a minute proportion of creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, hydrochloric acid, or sulphurous acid in the air, though beneath the surface of the fluid are found numerous bacteria and vibrios. There seems to be no escape from the conclusion that the germs of fungi exist in the air, and are destroyed by the volatile poisonous agent."

PROCTOR ON THE SOLAR CORONA.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor has published in the April number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science* a critical discussion of the observations made during the eclipse of last December, with special reference to the interpretation of the solar corona. It may be remembered that just before the eclipse took place he showed within what limits the problems to be solved by the phenomena in question were restricted, and stated that the principal object to be reached was the determination of the questions connected with the corona. He now proceeds to show to what extent the ground has been covered, how far his own anticipations have been fulfilled, and what yet remains for further inquiry. In this paper he introduces what he considers a reform in the nomenclature of the sun, substituting the word "sierra" for that colored layer or envelope of prominence-matter in the sun to which the name chromosphere has usually been given. The paper is followed by a summary of the fruits of the various eclipse expeditions; namely, in the first place, that the corona has at length been photographed, so that its peculiarities may be studied at our leisure, without fear of mistakes arising from inexact delineation; second, that the connection between the ring-formed and the radiated corona has been demonstrated by the photographic and other evidence, showing how the height of the bright inner corona corresponds with that of the outer corona (this is thought by him to be a most important discovery); third, that the fact of one of the lines of the corona spectrum being identical with Kirchhoff's 1474, a line seen in the spectrum of our own aurora, has been abundantly demonstrated; fourth, that the region in which the Fraunhofer lines have their origin has been ascertained and shown to be an atmospheric envelope (which may be some two or three hundred miles deep) lying immediately above the atmosphere; fifth, that the theory that the sierra is of the nature of an atmosphere has been invalidated, and that the earlier opinion (which Professor Respighi had supported on the evidence

of his spectroscopic observations) has been confirmed, if not demonstrated, namely, that the sierra consists of multitudes of rosy prominences, resembling the large ones in all other attributes except size.

CARPENTER ON MEDITERRANEAN CURRENTS.

An interesting communication in regard to the currents of the Mediterranean has lately been made, in various journals, by Dr. William B. Carpenter, based upon the result of his experiments made on board the *Porcupine* during the deep-sea sounding surveys in the Mediterranean in the past year. We have already given our readers a synopsis of the results obtained in the summer of 1869, on board the *Porcupine*, during the expeditions of which Dr. Carpenter was also a member; and although the work of 1870 does not include dredgings at such enormous depths as three miles, it is scarcely inferior in value. One of the most important points reached was the determination of a deep-sea current in the Mediterranean running to the westward, as the counterpart of the surface current from the eastward through the straits. This had been suspected for a long time, in view of the fact that a current was continually entering the straits from the Atlantic; it being, of course, readily inferred that this surface current was to restore the level of the Mediterranean, lowered by the immense amount of evaporation. In the opinion of some the effect was simply to concentrate the salt of this inland sea and cause it to saturate the lower strata, and perhaps even to form solid beds of salt at the bottom. This supposition, however, can easily be proved to be untenable. The method adopted by the *Porcupine* party to show the existence of an outward under-current consisted in the use of what was called the "current drag," an apparatus so constituted as to present a resisting surface so much larger than that of the boat from which it was suspended that although the latter might tend to move in the direction of the surface current, this would be counteracted by the action of the under-current upon the "drag." In some instances the effect was simply to retard the velocity of the surface movement; but in others the boat was actually carried against the surface current by that of a lower depth.

A chemical examination of the water brought up from great depths in the Mediterranean proved, as suspected, that the deep-sea water was more salt than that at the surface, and that, consequently, the tendency to saturation existed, but nothing could be found to show the existence of a bed of salt at the bottom; and strata of water of less density were met with below those of greater density. It will, therefore, be readily understood that the outward current in large part carries with it the excess of salt produced by the surface evaporation referred to. The cause of the circulation itself is due, according to Dr. Carpenter, to purely hydrostatic action, which he explains as follows: The water of the Mediterranean is continually losing by evaporation a larger amount than is returned to it by rain or rivers, and consequently the inflow from the Atlantic must take place to keep up this level. If this inflow consisted of fresh-water the total quantity of salt in the Mediterranean would re-

main the same, and the density would therefore undergo no increase. But as the upper current of salt-water brings in a certain quantity of salt, in addition to that which the Mediterranean basin previously contained, the density of this water is increased, and a column of it reaching to any given depth becomes heavier than a corresponding column of Atlantic water. Consequently the excess of downward pressure will displace the lower portion of the column of water, which will flow outward as an under-current. The withdrawal of a portion of the lower stratum will produce a renewed reduction of the surface level, taken in connection with continued evaporation, and this will occasion a further inflow of Atlantic water, which in turn undergoes concentration. And this interchange will be maintained perpetually, there being, on the one hand, a tendency to the restoration of the level lowered by excessive evaporation, and on the other a tendency to a restoration of the equilibrium disturbed by excess of pressure. The inflow and outflow will thus keep each other in check, so that neither the

lowering of the level nor the increase of density will ever exceed a very limited amount.

This explanation, Dr. Carpenter thinks, received additional confirmation by the phenomena observed in the currents of the Baltic. Here an immense amount of fresh-water is received from the lakes and rivers, which tends to dilute the waters of the sea. An outflow is established from the surface, which, of course, being continued without any counteracting tendency, would in time wash out every particle of salt, were it not for an under-current which brings back into it the salt-water from the North Sea. Thus, while the surface current is tending to reduce the level of the Baltic to that of the North Sea, the influx of fresh-water into the Baltic and the outflow of a portion of the salt-water must tend to diminish the density; and the equilibrium is maintained by the inward passage of a body of salt-water from the depths. The case is, therefore, exactly the reverse of that of the Mediterranean, but such as would be expected in view of the hypothesis advanced by Dr. Carpenter.

Editor's Historical Record.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of June.

The Ohio Democratic Convention assembled at Columbus June 1, and nominated General George W. Cook for Governor. The resolutions recognize the new Constitutional amendments, denounce the Ku-Klux bill, and favor universal amnesty. The Republican Convention, June 21, nominated Colonel Noyes for Governor.

The New Hampshire Legislature was organized June 7. The Democrats had, by an alliance with the Labor Reform party, obtained a decisive majority. Mr. James A. Weston, the Democratic candidate, was chosen for Governor of the State.

The President has appointed George W. Curtis of New York, Joseph Medill of Chicago, Alexander G. Cattell of New Jersey, Damson A. Walker of Pennsylvania, E. B. Elliott of the Treasury Department, and Joseph H. Blackfan of the Post-Office Department, to carry out the object of that clause in the Appropriation bill, passed March 3, 1871, authorizing the President to prescribe such rules and regulations for the admission of persons into the civil service of the United States as will best promote the efficiency thereof, and ascertain the fitness of each candidate in respect to age, health, character, knowledge, and ability for the service into which he seeks to enter. The Board was to convene on the 28th of June at the Interior Department.

The United States army has been finally reduced to a peace footing, in accordance with the act of Congress of July 15, 1870. Under this arrangement our regular army will consist of one general, one lieutenant-general, four major-generals, and three brigadier-generals, with the usual complement of staff in the field. Besides, there will be the adjutant, quartermaster, commissary, and surgeon generals, with their respective subordinates; the Corps of Engineers, the Ordnance

Department, the Signal Corps, ten regiments of cavalry, five regiments of artillery, twenty-five regiments of infantry, the Military Academy, and a body of Indian scouts. The rank and file will consist of 30,000 enlisted men, apportioned as follows: engineers, 300; infantry, 15,000; cavalry, 10,000; artillery, 3635; non-commissioned staff, 6; ordnance sergeants and men, 30. The Indian scouts will foot up 1000; company laundresses, 1700; employes of the Quartermaster's Department, 2500. The total number of enlisted men and attachés for whom rations will have to be issued is 35,284. It is expected that it will be necessary to re-enlist 6000 during the year to keep the army up to this standard.

In response to a call by Mr. G. W. Miller, Superintendent of the Insurance Department of New York State, delegates assembled in New York city, May 24, from eighteen States, constituting a National Insurance Congress, to carefully investigate the whole subject of insurance as a matter of governmental supervision. The congress consisted entirely of State commissioners and superintendents. After a session of nine days, during which important reports were submitted by the various committees appointed, the congress was adjourned until October 18.

The statue of Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, was unveiled in Central Park, New York, June 10. Addresses were delivered on the occasion by Governor Hoffman, William C. Bryant, A. Oakley Hall, and Cyrus W. Field. The event was celebrated in the evening at the Academy of Music. Congratulations to Professor Morse by telegraph were received from all parts of the country, from Canada, from Havana, and other quarters.

DISASTERS.

There was an explosion of three tons of powder in the powder-mills at Enfield, Connecticut,

May 25, demolishing the building in which the accident occurred, and killing three men.

The steam-boiler of a tug-boat exploded at Port Huron, Michigan, May 25, killing seven men.

The shaft of a coal mine at West Pittston, Pennsylvania, operated by Blake and Co., and owned by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, caught fire May 27. There was no other egress for the miners there at work, and of 37 men and boys 16 lost their lives before succor could be rendered, and several died after being rescued. The shaft was 280 feet in depth. At the funeral of eight of the miners the Rev. Mr. Evans stated that he had attended the funerals of 6400 men during a residence of thirty-nine years in Luzerne and Schuylkill counties.

During the first days of June the city of New Orleans was in some portions flooded through a break in the canal to Lake Pontchartrain. The break was on Hogan Avenue. One hundred squares of the city, including 2500 houses, were inundated. The injury to property was estimated at \$500,000.

A hurricane struck Galveston, Texas, June 12, and continued with great fury for eight hours, destroying telegraphic and railroad communication, and inflicting serious damage upon the city and its shipping. Several ships were sunk, and St. Patrick's church, which had just been completed, was blown down.

The schooner *Little Belle*, which left the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, laden with provisions and a general outfit for the cod-fishery, was driven on the lee shore, midway between St. Johns and Conception Bay, and dashed to pieces. Forty of the crew, including two women, were drowned.

OBITUARY.

Brigadier-General Thomas J. Rodman, the inventor of the Rodman gun, died at Rock Island, Illinois, June 7. He was appointed to the West Point Military Academy in 1837.

Commodore Josiah Tatnall died at Savannah, Georgia, June 15, aged seventy-four years.

The Hon. C. L. Vallandigham died at Lebanon, Ohio, June 17, from the effects of a shot-wound accidentally inflicted by himself on the previous day.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

On May 11 the revolution in Colombia was terminated by a compromise between President Correo and the rebel General Herrera.

Advices from Rio Janeiro, dated May 23, announced that the Brazilian government had presented to the Chambers a bill for the emancipation of all slaves belonging to the crown. Convict slaves also are to become free after seven years' imprisonment, their owners to be indemnified from the treasury.

On the morning of June 11 the city of Tampico, Mexico, the stronghold of the insurgents, was stormed by the government forces, and taken at the point of the bayonet.

EUROPE.

After the entry of the French troops into Paris the conflict between the Thiers government and the Commune proceeded rapidly to its conclusion. The following circular to the prefects of Departments was issued by M. Thiers May 25:

"The course which events are taking justify the belief that we have now 80,000 men in Paris. General Cissy has taken up his position from the railway station at Mont Parnasse to the Ecole Militaire, and is proceeding along the left bank toward the Tuileries. Generals Douai and Vinoy are inclosing the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the Place Vendôme, in order subsequently to advance upon the Hôtel de Ville. General Clinchart, having made himself master of the Opera, the St. Lazare railway station, and the Batignolles, has carried the barricades at Clichy. General Ladmirault is approaching the foot of Montmartre with two divisions. General Montaudan, following the movement of General Ladmirault, has taken Neuilly, Le Vallois, Perrey, and Clichy, and is attacking St. Ouen. He has taken 105 guns and crowds of prisoners. The resistance of the insurgents is gradually declining, and there is every ground for hoping that if the struggle is not finished to-day, it will be over by to-morrow at the very latest, and for a long time."

The loss of the government forces in taking possession of the city, after May 22, is estimated as less than 3000; that of the Communists as 10,000 killed and 20,000 prisoners. The "last ditch" of the insurgents was found in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The final surrender was made on the 28th of May. General Vinoy was appointed military governor of the city; but subsequently Paris was divided into four commands, under Generals Vinoy, Ladmirault, Douai, and Cissy.

On May 23, the day after the entry of M'Mahon's army, the Archbishop of Paris and his fellow-captives were transferred from the prison of Mazas to that of La Roquette. The next evening M. Darboy, the archbishop; the Abbé de Guerry, curé of the Madeleine; three Jesuit fathers; and M. Bonjeau, president in the Cour de Cassation, were shot. On the night of May 26-27 sixteen others, held as hostages, appear to have been shot, all but one of them being priests, including M. Sabatier, the curé of Notre Dame de Lorette. The total number of those summarily murdered in this manner, so far as known to Major-General Borel, whose official report is our authority, was sixty-four. The surviving prisoners would have been shot on the 27th had they not withdrawn to a portion of the prison and barricaded themselves. The insurgents made an unsuccessful attempt to burn them alive.

Among the buildings destroyed were the Tuileries, the Palace du Quai d'Orsay (in which the Council of State held its sessions), part of the Palais Royal, of the Ministère de Finances, of the Hôtel de Ville, of the Palais de Justice, and of the Caserne Napoleon III.; the churches of St. Eustache and St. Sulpice; and the Odéon, the Lyrique, and the Porte St. Martin. The bibliothèque of the Louvre was destroyed, but the museum was saved.

This destruction of property and life led to the summary execution of a large number of the captured insurgents. MM. Assi, Rossel, and Rochefort were imprisoned to await trial. M. Delezcluse was killed during the conflict in Paris.

Some changes have taken place in the Thiers cabinet. M. Lambrecht succeeds M. Picard as Minister of the Interior, and General Cissy has been appointed Minister of War, to succeed Le Flo, who becomes the French minister to Russia.

On the 31st of May Prince Napoleon addressed a letter to M. Jules Favre full of bitter denunciation of the men of September 4 and their policy. He says: "The 4th September, the armistice discussed at Ferrières, the defense of Paris, the preliminaries of Versailles, the 18th

of March, the peace of Frankfort, the burning of Paris—behold your mournful dates! History will call you *l'homme fatal*. It will find in your conduct but one motive for action—the hate for the name of Napoleon.” He admits that the empire had committed great faults. “But,” he adds, “our disasters date from you. Let each bear his part. Without doubt it was a grievous error to count too much upon the forces of France, and to commit in 1870 the fault which Prussia committed in 1806; to look too much to our victories under the great republic and the first empire; to think too little of the powerful enemy we had to combat; to contemplate the Crimea in 1854 and Italy in 1859, instead of calmly looking in the face the German forces in 1870, headed by remarkable men. I neither wish to nor can I deny these faults, for which the Napoleons pay far more heavily by their heart-felt grief than by their mere exile; but the Emperor has never sought to cling to the throne by a peace which might save his power by imposing too great sacrifices on France. Mark! we have one consolation, that of having fallen with the country, while, on the contrary, your elevation dates from its misfortunes.” In conclusion, he urges that safety can only be found in a free expression of the popular will.

The National Assembly, June 8, abrogated the law proscribing the Orleans princes by 484 yeas to 103 nays, and proceeded to declare valid the elections of the Duke d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville to seats in the Assembly by a vote of 448 to 113.

Jules Mires, the celebrated banker, and founder of the *Crédit Foncier*, died early in June, aged sixty-two years.

A telegram from London, June 5, announced the completion of the submarine telegraph between Singapore and Hong-Kong. This enterprise brings London, New York, and San Francisco into direct telegraphic communication with China.

The 16th of June was celebrated in Germany by the triumphal entry of the German armies into Berlin, and in all papal countries as the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Pope Pius IX. to the papacy. The present pope is the only successor of St. Peter who has reigned for twenty-five years.

The transfer of the Italian capital to Rome was to take place July 1.

A marriage has been arranged between Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh—the second son of Queen Victoria—and the princess Thyra of Denmark, the third daughter of Christian IX. The princess is nineteen years of age, and the duke twenty-seven.

A dispatch from Constantinople, dated June 7, announced that a conflagration had broken out in that city, involving 200 houses.

ASIA.

The naval expedition to Corea, consisting of five vessels, commanded by Admiral Rodgers, and accompanied by Mr. Low, our minister to China, left Nangasaki, Japan, on the 17th of May. The expedition was undertaken for the purpose of endeavoring to make a treaty with the Korean authorities for the protection of shipwrecked sailors of civilized nations, who, when hitherto cast upon the shores of that peninsula, have been enslaved,

murdered, or otherwise ill-treated. The expedition, accompanied by the ships of other European nations, including a French, and, it is believed, an English and Prussian vessel also, reached its destination about the 1st of June. A dispatch from Admiral Rodgers, dated June 3, stated that Minister Low and the Korean envoys had exchanged professions of amicable intentions, which, however, were soon followed by a conflict. “The *Monocacy*, the *Palos*, and four steam-launches, under Commander Blake, were sent, June 1, to examine the river Sable at a point called Difficult Passage on the French chart No. 2750, at a point where navigation was most perilous. Masked batteries, manned by several thousand Koreans, were unmasked, and opened a heavy fire without warning upon our people. The French ship in advance fought gallantly. Our vessels, bearing up, drove the enemy from their works. The tide swept all the ships past the batteries. They anchored, and threw shells among the retreating enemy. The vessels returning received no fire, the enemy having been driven from their forts. Our people displayed great gallantry, and only two were slightly wounded.”

Advices from Singapore, dated May 26, reported a volcanic eruption, accompanied by an earthquake, on the island of Rua. The country was completely devastated, and 400 dead bodies had already been recovered. The outflow from the craters attained great dimensions, filling up the country to a depth of one hundred feet for miles around. Disrupted fragments that were thrown high into the air aided the work of destruction. After the shock had passed there were still eruptions of volumes of steam and hot water.

A report has been received by the State Department at Washington from Minister Low, giving an account of a series of earthquakes at Bathang, in the province of Se-chuen, China. After an unprecedented rise of waters, April 1–11, the country for nearly 400 miles around was convulsed by earthquakes. Eight temples were thrown down, 2421 dwellings were destroyed, and 2298 persons crushed by the falling walls. A fire broke out among the ruins, raging for five days, and destroying the lives of hundreds who were lying wounded and helpless among the ruins of their homes. Steep hills sunk out of sight, and in their places naught is seen but yawning gulfs; while in other places the earth upheaved, leaving hills many feet in height.

The mail steamship *China*, arriving at San Francisco June 12, reported that on May 23, in latitude 34° 54', longitude 143° 42', she saw a junk flying a signal of distress, and ran alongside, blowing a steam-whistle, but was unable to board the junk, as it was rolling heavily. After some time had elapsed hands were seen waving from the cabin windows, and finally five persons were rescued from the wreck. They report that they were driven off the Japanese coast in a terrific gale. Eleven of the crew had died of starvation.

Reports reached San Francisco, June 12, of the burning of a cooly ship, which on the 4th of May left Macao, China, with a cargo of from 500 to 600 coolies, for Peru. She was burned to the water's edge, about fifty miles off Hong-Kong. It is supposed that over 500 coolies lost their lives by being burned or drowned.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer mingles in none of the political wranglings of the time. Pleasantry is non-partisan. Now and then, however, a waggish hit is so palpable, and is so thoroughly enjoyed by those who are hit, that it is right and proper to pass it around for the general delectation. Of such is the following, told by way of illustrating the significance of the "new-departure" movement, and the recent utterances of Mr. Jefferson Davis and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens:

A negro on his (supposed) death-bed desired to make his peace, as he expressed it, "with eternity." Said the father confessor to him: "Now, Cæsar, are you quite sure you have forgiven all of your enemies? Do you freely forgive your neighbor Brown for the great injury he has done you?" To which Cæsar meekly replied, "Massa, if I's gwine to die, den I forgib him; but if I gets well, den dat niggah better look out for hissef, sah!"

DOING good under difficulties is thus illustrated in the experience of a missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in Missouri:

"At the first settlement I came to I found that there had never been a Sunday-school in that region, and the people could hardly understand what I wanted. One had never seen a Sunday-school, and thought there must be some trick about it. Having some books with me, I proposed to give him one. 'No, Sir, I don't want it; I can't afford it; for I know, if I take it, there'll be some sort of officer arter taxes on it.' I wrote on the fly-leaf, 'No tax to be collected on this book,' and then he consented to take it.

"To ascertain the condition of the settlement, I asked a woman, 'Is society good?' She replied, 'I reckon so. I don't know him myself, but never heard any thing bad against any man by that name round these parts.'"

This resembles the answer that another missionary of the society, exploring "The Pines" in New Jersey, got from the wife of a hunter, at whose cabin he called. "Are there any Presbyterians in these parts?" "*I don't know if husband ever shot any. I'll ask him.*"

An old man in Kentucky told the missionary, "I'm strong against Sunday-schools, because it's wrong to *bias* the minds of children."

Another missionary of the society, in Illinois, writes: "I spent a night with a man who boasts of eleven children, and owns that he never paid twenty-five cents for books or papers for them, although his tobacco costs him \$20 a year."

DURING one of the visitations of Bishop Talbot in Nebraska he had occasion, as bishops and ministers often have in new and sparsely settled territories, to hold service in a log school-house, in Richardson County, for the pioneers. In the course of the service he gave out a hymn, read it through, and, as there was no one present to "raise the tune," commenced the singing himself. Finding that he was executing a solo he omitted the second verse, and passed on to the last. One of the pioneers noticed this nefarious proceeding, and, not being willing to submit to it, jumped up and shouted, "*Hello, mister!*

you've skipped!" The fact was patent. The bishop sang the missing verse; and, as he has a magnificent voice, the pioneer was clearly justifiable in demanding the execution of the whole programme. The bishop tells this to *his* friends; we to *ours*.

WE have a very good story of the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler that has not yet found its way into the newspapers: When a student in college it was binding on the students to attend the college church—a duty which to him was very irksome. On one occasion he heard the preacher (who was also a professor) advancing propositions like the following: (1.) That the elect alone would be saved. (2.) That among those who, by the world, were called Christians probably not more than one in a hundred belonged really and truly to the elect. (3.) That the others, by reason of their Christian privileges, would suffer more hereafter than the heathen, who had never heard the Gospel at all. Mr. Butler, whose audacity was as conspicuous as his reverence, made a note of these propositions, and on the strength of them drew up a petition to the faculty, soliciting exemption from further attendance at the church, as only preparing for himself a more terrible future. For, said he, the congregation here amounts to six hundred persons, and nine of these are professors. Now, if only one in a hundred is to be saved, it follows that three even of the faculty must be damned. He (Benjamin F. Butler), being a mere student, could not expect to be saved in preference to a professor. Far, he said, be it from him to cherish so presumptuous a hope! Nothing remained for him, therefore, but perdition. In this melancholy posture of affairs he was naturally anxious to abstain from any thing that might aggravate his future punishment; and, as church attendance had been shown in last Sunday's sermon to have this influence on the non-elect, he trusted that the faculty would for all time coming exempt him from it!

The result of this petition, written out in an imposing manner, and formally presented to the faculty, was that Butler received a public reprimand for irreverence, and, but for the influence of one or two friends in the faculty, would have been expelled.

IN one of his first law cases General Butler said, in the usual way, when the case was called, "Let notice be given."

"In what paper?" asked the venerable clerk.

"In the *Lowell Advertiser*," said Butler, selecting a local paper detested by the party to which the clerk and the judges belonged. There was a pause.

"The *Lowell Advertiser!*" said the clerk, restraining his feelings. "I don't know such a paper."

"Pray, Mr. Clerk," said Butler, "don't begin telling the Court what you don't know, or there will be no time for any thing else!"

THE story of Antony and Cleopatra, so wonderfully told by the "divine William," is, in plain, brief prose, simply this: She commenced to reign

in the year 51 B.C., and reigned twenty-two years. She "carried on" in a naughty way with Cæsar, and afterward set up a canoe, in which she went a-sailing, dressing, or rather undressing, herself so as to look like Venus rising out of the sea; about her were lovely children, like Cupids, fanning her; the handsomest of her women, habited like Nereids and Graces, were leaning negligently on the sides and shrouds of the vessel. It was a regular, first-class, marine "Black Crook" affair. She successfully "went for" Tony. Afterward she went into the bug business, and cultivated the asp for ulterior and nefarious purposes. The end of her career has recently been done into verse, and is thus tersely and perspicuously set forth:

She got a little p'ison snake,
And hid it in her gown;
It gave its little tail a shake,
And did her job up brown.

She tumbled down upon her bed,
Where she was wont to lie,
Removed her chignon from her head,
And followed Antony.

THE Rev. Dr. Eddy gives an amusing account of the manner in which, at his own request, his standing in the church was depreciated. Soon after his settlement in Harvard Street he asked that the pulpit be remodeled. It was an elegantly made pulpit, but too high, too large, too cumbersome. One evening he appeared before the society, and was asked how much lower he desired to have the pulpit. He answered, about eighteen inches. Upon which an excellent brother arose, and moved "that the minister's standing be lowered eighteen inches." It was so voted.

THAT was a lucid and satisfactory reply of a witness in a horse case, recently tried in Binghamton, in answer to the question of counsel: "Have you ever made any examinations in the abdominal regions?" To which the witness replied, "No; all of my examinations have been made in Broome County."

DR. ISAAC WATTS wrote many touching lines about thankfulness for mercies, spiritual and temporal, but none more pleasing than the hymn commencing

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!

* * * * *

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold!

No man with a pure mind would dream of making light of such lines as these; yet a Boston person has the effrontery to submit the following as an improvement:

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
And as I never speaks to them,
They never speaks to me!

WE are indebted to a correspondent at Reading, Pennsylvania, for the following, which happened in Charleston, South Carolina, forty years ago: A gentleman who entertained a good deal of company at dinner had a colored man as an attendant who was a native of Africa, and who

never could be taught to hand things invariably to the left hand of the guests at table. At length his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him; and as the coats were then worn in Charleston *single-breasted*, he told Sambo always to hand the plates, etc., on the button-hole side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor negro, on the day after he had received this ingenious lesson there was among the guests at dinner a foreign gentleman who wore a double-breasted coat, and Sambo was for a while completely at a stand. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and finally, quite confounded at the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming, in a loud voice, "*Buttons on both sides, massa!*" handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

IN 1867 Judge F—— held the Butler County circuit, or district court, in Iowa. One John O'Hagan was under indictment for assault with intent to commit great bodily harm. The evidence showed that the defendant had discovered that the complainant had gathered a load of wood, defendant's timber, which he was removing on an ox-sled; that on the instant he approached the complainant, a gray-headed man, with a gun, and threatened him with condign punishment. The State was represented by a gentleman who indulged in the following flight: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, mark the hideousness of the offense: in the depths of the primeval forest, in the long-drawn aisle of the dim woods, while all nature was shrouded in the white ermine of winter, this poor old man, whose head was whitened with the frosts of many winters, having with tremulous fingers succeeded in gathering a few fagots to warm his thin blood, was accosted by the prisoner, with a murderous weapon, with fire in his eye and blood in his heart—without a single witness—*no other human being there save the Creator, the oxen, and the sled!*"

IN a recent political contest in the oil region of Pennsylvania, a candidate who had been accused by his opponent of want of patriotism during our late unpleasantness, took occasion in vindicating himself to say: "Fellow-citizens, my competitor has told you of the services he rendered in the late war. I will follow his example, and I shall tell you mine. He basely insinuates that I was deaf to the voice of honor in that crisis. The truth is, I acted a humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the country to rally to the defense of the nation, I, fellow-citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit that glows in every American's bosom, hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man, fellow-citizens, now lie bleaching in the valley of the Shenandoah!"

AN old story, revamped, and slightly added to, comes to us in a new English book:

In traveling over a rugged road in Texas Mr. Hawkins discovered that his favorite dog, Growler, was missing. He was much annoyed at this incident, but was nevertheless disposed to have some fun out of it. Shortly after discovering his loss he saw a countryman girdling a tree, and cried out to him,

"I say, mister, did you see a dog come by here that looked as if he were a year, or a year and a half, or two years old?"

"Yes," responded the woodman, who thought the traveler engaged in a little chaffing, "he passed about an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours ago; and is now a mile, a mile and a half, or two miles ahead; and had a tail about an inch, or an inch and a half, or two inches long."

"That will do," said Mr. Hawkins, striking his horses right and left with the whip. "You have done for me to the extent of a foot, or a foot and a half, or two feet;" and he trotted in the direction of the Ohio.

SPEAKING of familiar old rhymes, in a paper contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine*, in January, 1863, the following statement is made:

It is in "Winder's Almanac," for 1636, printed at Cambridge, that we first find the now well-known popular memorial verses, differing only slightly in the wording:

April, June, and September
Thirty daies have, as November;
Ech month else doth never vary
From thirty-one, save February,
Which twenty-eight doth still confine,
Save on leap-year, then twenty-nine.

This is an error, for in a copy of Grafton's "Abridgement of the Chronicles of Englande," dated 1570, may be found the following:

Thirty dayes hath November,
April, June, and September;
February hath xxviiij alone,
And all the rest haue xxxi.

THE recent laying of the corner-stone of the Cornell Memorial Church (Methodist), which is to be a beautiful and costly building, calls to mind the following: A plain, zealous Methodist, who stood looking at the elegant marble church of that order on Arch Street, Philadelphia, as sorrowfully as if it were some whitened sepulchre built in honor of the prophet by the Pharisees, who had derided him in his life, seeing Bishop S—— approaching, exclaimed, with a sigh,

"Ah, Bishop, what would John Wesley say if he could look upon such a thing as this?"

The bishop, surveying the edifice as if for the first time, replied,

"If he had traveled as extensively as I have in the country, he would say, 'This is decidedly the finest specimen of church architecture in the connection.'"

This narrow and now obsolete way of looking at things has another illustration: When Dr. Rice was at the head of the Theological Seminary at Prince Edward, a parish in Virginia sent to him for a minister. Of course they wanted all the gifts and graces—a scholar, orator, pastor, fine writer, and a perfect gentleman—all for four hundred dollars a year. Dr. Rice answered by advising them to send to heaven for Dr. Dwight. He was the only such man he knew; and as he had been living a good while on spiritual food, he might possibly live on four hundred dollars.

COLONEL FRANK H——, a temperance orator of some celebrity, was, not long since, addressing a large audience in a city not far from New York, and depicting the misfortunes that had befallen

him in consequence of intemperance. He, however, took occasion to say that he felt deeply thankful that he had succeeded in escaping two of the greatest evils that could befall any man—one was the penitentiary, the other the Legislature! As there were several honorable members of the "lower house" present the felicitations of the speaker were appreciated.

GIVE US BACK THE TAILS.

If we, as Mr. Darwin says,
From monkeys are descended,
Old Time, in changing things, hath not
As yet the matter mended.
Descendants of our ancestors
Have no such times as they,
Who had no rent of house or tax
Of government to pay.
No tailor bills came in—Dame Nature
Clothing gave—
And freaks of fashion did not make
Of monkey-girl a slave.
So the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
And, Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.

No hurrying out of bed had they,
No bolting breakfast down,
No hasty walk to shop in fear
Of some old boss's frown.
The lady-monkey sat not up
Till day the night did rout,
In waiting for the lodge to close
And let her husband out.
They had no votes, 'tis true, but they'd
No officers to keep,
And o'er defaulter's cash account
They never had to weep.
So the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
And, Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.

They had no fashion's promenade,
Where beauty's feet could stray;
But then the old boss-monkey had
No milliner to pay.
They had no wine, the monkeys young,
Through night to keep a-storming;
They saved thereby (you know yourself)
A headache in the morning.
A peaceful race were they, who ne'er
To war's appeal did fly;
They saved thereby occasion for
A Joint Commission High.
A smarter race were they than that
Which from them hath descended,
And Time, by changing things, hath not
As yet the matter mended.
For the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
So, Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Please give us back the tails.

THE recent organization in this city of a gigantic railway corporation, which is to bring us into speedy communication with Texas and Mexico, reminds us of a description of Texas by a citizen who "knew that ar country through and through."

"Texas," said he, "is the hottest and the coldest, the wettest and the dryest, the richest and the poorest, the best and the meanest—has the best women and the meanest men, more pretty ladies, with prettier little feet and no calves to suit, more sickness and less health, more streams and less navigable waters, more corn bread and less corn, more flour and less biscuit, more cows and less milk and butter, more hogs and less pork, more chickens and less eggs, more gold and silver and less money, more deer and less venison, more negroes and less labor, more bureaus and less furniture, than any other State in

the Union, and where house-flies live always and mosquitoes never die. Sir, some people don't like Texas; but we who are, as the poet says, 'to the manner born,' are as perfectly content with our lot as my old friend Nathan James, of the Alamo, always was with whatever overtook him. He once owned a large merino ewe which he valued highly. His son informed him one morning that his favorite ewe had twins. Mr. James said he 'was glad; she could bring up two as well as one.' Soon after the son reported one of the twins dead. The father said 'the one left would be worth more in the autumn than both.' In the afternoon the boy told him the other lamb was dead. 'Glad of it,' said the father; 'I can now fatten the old sheep for mutton.' In the morning the boy reported the old ewe dead. 'That is just what I wanted,' said the farmer; 'now I am rid of the breed.'"

DURING the trial of a citizen of Nevada, recently, for borrowing in an irregular way the horse of a gentleman who hadn't the honor of his acquaintance, the principal witness was a woman, who used the expression, "I said to myself," so frequently as to create some merriment. At length the judge said to her, "Mrs. Peters, you must not tell us what you said to yourself unless the prisoner was by."

NEVER, never has that fearful creature, the Life Insurance Man, been more thoroughly hit off than by a Philadelphia newspaper gentleman, who, in the following heart-rending manner, describes what nearly every healthy American citizen has had the misfortune to experience:

His name was Benjamin P. Gunn. He came around to my office fourteen times in one morning to see if he could not persuade me to take out a life-insurance policy in his company. He used to waylay me in the streets, at church, in my own house, and bore me about that policy. If I went to the opera, Gunn would buy the seat next to me, and sit there the whole evening, talking about sudden death and the advantages of the ten-year plan. If I got into a street car, Gunn would come rushing in at the next corner, and sit by my side, and drag out a lot of mortality tables, and begin to explain how I could beat his company out of a fortune. If I sat down to dinner in a restaurant, up would come Gunn, and, seizing the chair next to me, he would tell a cheering anecdote about a man who insured in his company for \$50,000 only last week, and was buried yesterday. If I attended the funeral of a departed friend, and wept as they threw the earth upon his coffin, I would hear a whisper, and turning around, there would be the indomitable Benjamin P. Gunn, bursting to say: "Poor Smith! knew him well. Insured for ten thousand in our company. Widow left in comfortable circumstances. Let me take your name. Shall I?" He followed me every where; until I got so sick of Gunn's persecutions that I left town suddenly one evening, and hid myself in a secluded country village, hoping to get rid of him. At the end of two weeks I returned, reaching home at one in the morning. I had hardly got into bed before there was a ring at the door bell. I looked out, and there was Gunn, with another person. He asked if Max Adeler was at home. I said I was the man. Mr. Gunn

then observed that he expected my return, and thought he would call around about that insurance policy. He said he had the doctor with him, and if I would come down he would take my name, and have me examined immediately. I was too indignant to reply. I shut the window with a slam, and went to bed again. After breakfast in the morning I opened the door, and there was Gunn sitting on the steps, with his doctor, waiting for me! He had been there all night. As I came out, they seized me and tried to undress me there on the pavement in order to examine me. I retreated, and locked myself up in the garret, with orders to admit nobody to the house until I came down stairs. But Gunn was not to be baffled. He rented the house next door, and stationed himself in the garret adjoining mine. When he got fixed he spent his time pounding on the partition, and crying, "Hallo, Adeler! Adeler, I say! How about that policy? Want to take her out now?" And then he would tell me some anecdotes about men who were cut off immediately after paying the first premium. But I paid no attention to him, and made no noise. Then he was silent for a while. Suddenly, one morning, the trap-door of my garret was wrenched off; and, upon looking up, I saw Gunn, with the doctor, and a crow-bar, and a lot of death-rates, coming down the ladder at me. I fled from the house to the Presbyterian church close by, and paid the sexton twenty dollars to let me climb up to the point of the steeple, and sit astride of the ball. I promised him twenty more if he would exclude every body from that steeple for a week. Once safely on the ball, three hundred feet from the earth, I made myself comfortable with the thought that I had Gunn at a disadvantage, and I determined to beat him finally if I had to stay there a month. About an hour afterward, while I was looking at the superb view to the west, I heard a rustling on the other side of the steeple. I looked around, and there was Benjamin P. Gunn creeping up the side of that spire in a balloon, in which was the doctor, with the tabular estimates of the losses of his company from the Tontine system. As soon as Gunn reached the ball he threw his grappling-iron into the shingles of the steeple, and asked me at what age my father died, and if any of my aunts had consumption or liver complaint. Without replying, I slid down the steeple to the ground, and took the first train for the Mississippi Valley. In two weeks I was in Mexico. I determined to go to the interior, and seek some wild spot, in some elevated region, where no Gunn would ever dare to come. I got on a mule, and paid a guide to lead me to the summit of Popocatepetl. We arrived at the foot of the mountain at noon. We toiled upward for about four hours. Just before reaching the top I heard the sound of voices, and upon rounding a point of rocks, who should I see but Benjamin P. Gunn, seated on the very edge of the crater, explaining the endowment plan to his guide, and stupefying him with a mortality table, while the doctor had the other guide a few yards off, examining him to see if he was healthy! Mr. Gunn arose and said he was glad to see me, because now we could talk over that business about the policy without fear of interruption. In a paroxysm of rage I pushed him backward into the crater; and he fell a thousand feet below with a heavy

thud. As he struck the bottom I heard a voice screaming out something about "non-forfeiture;" but there was a sudden convulsion of the mountain, a cloud of smoke, and I heard no more. I know it was wrong. I know I had no right to kill Gunn in that manner; but he forced me to do it in self-defense; and I hope his awful fate will be a warning to other insurance agents who remain among us.

SOME wag in the British House of Commons declared recently that women's rights are men's lefts. The epigram has been answered by the riddle, Why is the female line like the telegraph service? Answer: Because it is always in advance of the male (mail) intelligence.

COLONEL JOHN W. FORNEY, in the *Washington Chronicle*, and General William Schouler, in the *Boston Journal*, are giving to the public their reminiscences of the many pleasant and distinguished people with whom they have been brought in contact during the last quarter of a century, and some of the bright and witty sayings they have heard. When published in book form, as they doubtless will, certainly as they ought to be, they will form an invaluable contribution to the contemporaneous personal history of the country. From Colonel Forney we have the following anecdotes of Pennsylvania's "great commoner," Thaddeus Stevens:

Mr. Stevens rarely told a story. He was strong in repartee, in retort, in quiet interrogatory. He must have been terrible at the cross-examination of a witness. There is nothing finer, as I think, in the annals of humor than his quaint question to David Reese and John Chauncey, the two officers of the House, who in his last days used to carry him in a large arm-chair from his lodgings across the public grounds up the broad stairs of the noble Capitol, "Who will be so good to me, and take me up in their strong arms, when you two mighty men are gone?" Here was not only uncommon wit, but a sense of intellectual immortality. A consciousness of superiority of another sort was his answer to John Hickman, who called as Stevens lay on his bed, when he felt the grip of the grim messenger fastening on him. Hickman told the old man he was looking well. "Ah, John," was his quick reply, "*it is not my appearance, but my disappearance, that troubles me.*" A member of the House who was known for his uncertain course on all questions, and who often confessed that he never fully investigated a mooted point without finding himself a neutral, asked for leave of absence. "Mr. Speaker," said Stevens, "I do not rise to object, but to suggest that the honorable member need not to ask this favor, for he can easily pair off with himself."

Stevens affected much indignation when President Lincoln consigned Roger A. Pryor to me as a sort of prisoner-guest in 1865, and regularly every morning would greet me with the grim remark, "How is your Democratic friend, General Pryor? I hope you are both well." I was a little annoyed by his sarcasm; and when an appeal was made to me by an old citizen to assist in pardoning another Confederate, I referred him to Mr. Stevens. He happened to know the great commoner, and went over to him with my message. Judge of my surprise when he returned

with the proposition that whatever I wrote he (Stevens) would sign. I dictated the strongest appeal to the President, and Mr. Stevens put his name to it. Of course I indorsed the petition; but I did not fail to remind my neighbor that very day of his inconsistency. "Oh, you need not be riled about it," was the retort; "I saw you were going heavily into the pardon business, and thought I would take a hand in myself."

THE Drawer is indebted to a friend in Norridgewock, Maine, for the following spirited effusion on "The Battle of Cedar Mountain, respectfully dedicated to the Fourth Maine Battery." We have not room for the total lyric, which comprises "10 No.'s," but the following will give a notion of the whole. We follow copy:

NO. 1.

attention all true patriots while i try
to explain how gallant is the fighting
Of the boys that come from maine.
We've met those rebel traitors and fought
Them hand to hand.
Although they'd twice the number of our
gallant little band.

NO. 2.

Twas on the 9th of August quite early in the morn
When Banks Corps was ordered up to Culpepper
And an for the Rebels they were posted about
Six miles away on the side of Sedar Mountain
Where we battled them that day

Where we battled them that day
My boys twas three o'clock in the afternoon
When Banks did them engage
And from that time till late at night
The battle fierce did rage
For with superior numbers they thought to gaine
Uhe field we fought them with true yankey grit
And not a man did yield.

And not a man did yield my boys.

* * * * *

NO. 10.

One word more of our offioers and i
My song will close
Our Lieutenant acted bravely as every
man here knows but our grim visaged
Captain pray tell us where was he
Down under the hill behind his horse
Where should a brave man be

Where should a *brave man* be my boys.

The last stanza is a little foggy, especially the allusion to the grim-visaged captain. We are left in anxiety as to whether the brave fellow was deceased behind his horse or only "demoralized."

COLONEL WILLIAM E. GILMORE was the "liberal" Republican candidate for Congress, last fall, in the Fourth District of Missouri, but was defeated by an opposing candidate of the same party. A few weeks since, in the course of a political discussion, the colonel was taunted with belonging to the *left* wing of his party. "Very true," replied he; "very true. You all know, gentlemen, that the great Republican army is now marching to the battle-field of 1872, *left in front!*"

WE cull a few anecdotes from a Memoir of Young, the tragedian, just published in London, but not likely to be reproduced here:

Mr. Young was always glad to hear good preaching, and when residing at Brighton, in old age (he died at seventy-nine, in 1856), was a constant attendant on the ministry of Mr. Sor-tain. Mr. Bernal Osborne was one Sunday morn-

ing shown into the same pew with him, and was struck with his devotional manner during the prayers, and his rapt attention during the sermon. But Mr. O. found himself unable to maintain his gravity when, as the preacher paused to take breath after a long and eloquent outburst, the habits of the actor's former life betrayed themselves, and he uttered, in a deep under-tone, the old familiar "*Bravo!*"

YOUNG was sitting at dinner next a lady of rank and considerable ability, who was rather prone to entangle her neighbors at table in discussions on subjects on which she was well "up," when she suddenly appealed from the gentleman on her right to Mr. Young, who was on her left, and asked him if he would be kind enough to tell her the date of the Second Punic War. He, who had not the remotest idea whether it was 218 before Christ, or 200 after, and who was too honest to screen his ignorance under the plea of forgetfulness, turned to her and said, in his most tragic tones, "Madam, I don't know any thing about the Punic War, and, what is more, I never did. My inability to answer your question has wrung from me the same confession which I once heard made by a Lancashire farmer, with an air of great pride, when appealed to by a party of friends in a commercial room: 'I tell ye what; in spite of all your bragging, I'll wedger [wager] I'm th' ignorantest man i' coompany.'"

MR. YOUNG had very marked peculiarities of taste and habit, but they were so harmless and original that they made intercourse with him all the more racy. He considered humidity the besetting sin of the English climate, and therefore thought it expedient to counteract its effects by scientific rule. He had but little scientific knowledge, but talked much of the benefits of the rarefaction of the air by means of heat. The practical results of this theory could be understood when his son would enter his bedroom in the month of July, at night-time, and see a perfect furnace blazing up the chimney; his bedroom candle, lighted, on a chest of drawers; two wax-candles, lighted, on the chimney; two, lighted, on his toilet-table; a policeman's lantern, lighted for the night; and the handle of a warming-pan protruding from his bed, and remaining there until he was prepared to enter it.

OF Coleridge and his hatred of every thing French, even its cooking and wines, this is told: Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Mr. Young's son were floating down the Rhine one day, when the former complained grievously of thirst. Young gave him a draught of wine from a flask slung over his shoulder. Coleridge had no sooner rinsed his mouth with the obnoxious fluid than he spat it out, and vented his disgust in the following impromptu:

"In Spain, that land of monks and apes,
The thing called wine doth come from *grapes*;
But on the noble river Rhine
The thing called *gripes* doth come from wine."

AN anecdote is told of Professor Haldane of St. Andrews, one of the most estimable of men, yet, in spite of a pleasing person, a genial manner, a good house, and a handsome compe-

tency, he was well advanced in life before he could make up his mind to marry. When it was reported that he had fitted up his house afresh, it was supposed that he was going to change his state. On a given day, at an hour unusually early for a call, the good doctor was seen at the house of a lady for whom he had long been supposed to have a predilection, and betraying much excitement of manner till the door was opened. As soon as he was shown in, and saw the fair one whom he sought calmly engaged in knitting stockings, and not at all disturbed by his entrance, his courage, like that of Bob Acres, began to ooze out, and he sat himself down on the edge of his chair in such a state of pitiable confusion as to elicit the compassion of the lady in question. She could not understand what ailed him, but felt instinctively that the truest good-breeding would be to take no notice of his embarrassment, and lead the conversation herself. Thus, then, she opened fire: "Weel, doctor, hae ye got through a' your papering and painting yet?" (A clearing of the throat preparatory to speech, but not a word uttered.) "I'm told your new carpets are just beautifu'." (A further effort to clear the throat.) "They say the pattern o' the dining-room chairs is something quite out o' the way. In short, that every thing about the house is perfect." Here was a providential opening he was not such a goose as to overlook. He screwed up his courage, advanced his chair, sidled toward her, simpering the while, raised his eyes furtively to her face, and said, with a gentle inflection of his voice which no ear but a willfully deaf one could have misinterpreted:

"Na, na, Miss J——n, it's no *quite* perfect; it canna be quite that so lang as there's ae thing wanting!"

"And what can that be?" said the imperturbable spinster.

Utterly discomfited by her willful blindness to his meaning, the poor man beat a hasty retreat, drew back his chair from its dangerous proximity, caught up his hat, and, in tones of blighted hope, gasped forth his declaration in these words: "Eh, dear! eh! Well, 'am sure! The thing wanting is a—a—a *sideboord!*"

THE very last instance of having "a sure thing on a jury" comes from Michigan, where an unfortunate young man, but perfect gentleman, had been arraigned for stealing pork. He retained a bright young lawyer, who, having listened to the culprit's story, and learned from him what the people's witnesses would swear to, candidly informed him that it was useless to waste money on a defense.

"Never you mind," was the reply; "go ahead and argue the case good and strong, just as if you believed me a persecuted man, and I'll give you twenty dollars."

The lawyer worked up to the contract, and before he had half summed up he had the jury in tears at the bare idea of snatching such a bright example of domestic and social worth from the bosom of his family and the society of his neighbors, to be thrust among felons in the common jail. To his astonishment his appeal was effective. The prisoner was acquitted. Closeted together after the verdict and discharge of the culprit, and the twenty dollars having been paid over, the lawyer said,

"By-the-bye, B——, that was a most surprising verdict, considering what the government proved."

"Not at all," was the cool reply; "six of them jurymen had some of the pork."

The mercury in that lawyer's bump of self-esteem fell to zero.

THE old query, "Why is a dog's nose always cold?" is thus answered by a party who purports to be a poet:

There sprung a leak in Noah's ark,
Which made the dog begin to bark;
Noah took his nose to stop the hole,
And hence his nose is always cold.

THE town records of Waterbury, Connecticut, contain the following statistics touching the speed with which the old-time Connecticut widower shuffled off his grief, and assuaged his sorrow by the tender attentions of a fresh wife:

"Died, January 14, 1813, Betsey, second wife of James Merriam.

"Died, November 17, 1813, Abigail, third wife of James Merriam."

Our informant adds: "The precise date when No. 4 was installed is not definitely known, but the writer, who was young at the time, recollects it was said that Mr. Merriam lived with the three wives within twelve months."

This reminds us of the cemetery in New London County, where is a lot containing five graves, one in the centre, the others near by at the four points of the compass. The inscriptions on the latter read respectively, after the name of the deceased, "My I. Wife," "My II. Wife," "My III. Wife," "My IIII. Wife;" while the central stone bears the brief but eloquent expression, "Our Husband."

A CINCINNATI correspondent makes mention of a Swedish architect of that city talking to one of his customers who had an increasing family. Indeed, the children came so fast that there were three all too young to dress themselves. The architect gave his opinion of the appearance of things by saying, "My vriend, I dells you vat I dinks. I hears apout vamilies of chiltern vat goes up shust like a bair of stairs, but I never see a house vere dey goes up mit such mighty easy 'risers!'"

A CURIOUS incident occurred in New Orleans a few weeks ago. Just as Justice Evans was leaving his office he was confronted by two charming young ladies, who requested a private interview. Conducting them into his office, the bland magistrate inquired in what way he could oblige them.

"You are a justice of the peace, are you not?" the eldest and by far the prettiest of them inquired.

"Yes," he said.

"And can marry people—that is, can marry a lady?"

"Well, yes, if the lady brings a bridegroom along with her. I am not a marrying man myself," rejoined the trembling magistrate, fearing lest his own freedom was involved in the issue.

"Oh, not at all," said the damsel; and, turning to her companion, continued: "I reckon, Willie, you can strip off those togs."

No sooner said than done. The young lady's

companion commenced to tear off her dress with haste. Inexpressibly shocked (for the Judge is a very modest man), he turned to escape from the room, when a second glance he could not restrain revealed to him the fact that the supposed young lady in process of stripping off her female gear was not a girl but a strapping boy, who had used the disguise to get his Dulcinea in the presence of a magistrate. Of course this explained the situation, and without more ado the Judge proceeded to join them in holy bonds "until death or the divorce courts should them sever." In remuneration for his trouble the bride gave him a smacking kiss, and went on her way rejoicing. To use the Judge's own expressive phraseology, "That kiss was beautiful!"

THE manners and customs of this age, as illustrated by a young couple in one of the towns of Rensselaer County a few days ago, have a certain blending of love, pride, and pluck that may be regarded as peculiar. A young gentleman of that propinquity, while visiting the young lady who had won his heart's affections, and settling the preliminaries of their expected marriage, rashly remarked that the union would be peculiarly advantageous to her, because he moved in much better society than she. Up sprang that insulted female. Seizing a huge carving-knife from the table, she went for that young man, and the young man went for the door. Subsequently, deeming that something was due to the public safety of Rensselaer, he had the young lady arrested for assault, and the deplorable result is that the engagement has been broken off. The county has been agitated by it.

ONE of the cleverest of our Brooklyn contemporaries thus alludes to the strange habits of the statesmen of that city:

One of the best-known politicians of that third city of the republic, noted for his waggery (*i. e.*, the politician, not the city), stopped the conductor of an Albany-bound train on which he was journeying last winter, and asked innocently if the next station was Poughkeepsie. "No," said the conductor. On his next fare-collecting round the conductor was again asked if the train was nearing Poughkeepsie; to which he again replied negatively. Again and again, as the official made his rounds, the same question was asked by the anxious passenger; until at last the man of checks replied, with some little irritation in his tone:

"No, Sir; we are not yet near your stopping-place. Pray trust to me, and I will let you know when we shall get there."

The passenger thereupon relapsed into silence, and the official, engrossed with other duties, forgot his case until the train had left Poughkeepsie about half a mile to the rear, when, recollecting himself, he hastily backed the cars to the station, and, rushing up to the troublesome passenger, cried out:

"This is Poughkeepsie. Hurry up and get off. We are behind time."

"Oh, thank you," deliberately drawled the quondam questioner; "but I am going through. My daughter cautioned me particularly to take a pill at Poughkeepsie. That's all."

The pill was taken—and so was the joke—by the passengers.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLVI.—SEPTEMBER, 1871.—VOL. XLIII.

MONTAUK POINT, LONG ISLAND.



THE MONTAUK LIGHT.

MONTAUK POINT—the eastern extremity of Long Island—is a region comparatively unknown, except to a few sportsmen, attracted thither by its very wildness, and to such tourists as find especial charms in its seclusion, and in the bold and picturesque scenery of its defiant promontory, upon which the wild Atlantic incessantly beats, and sometimes with tremendous violence. We had been informed that these tourists had a “hard road to travel,” leading, after all, only to a “wild, desolate country, infested by mosquitoes and snakes.”

Nevertheless I was glad to escape from the monotony of every-day routine, and, with two congenial friends, venture forth upon this tour, which, whatever might be the difficulties attending it, was certainly unhackneyed. No

sedulous Murray or Pettridge had preceded us. Even *Harper's Magazine*—that universal cyclo-

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VOL. XLIII.—No. 256.—31



"THE RIVER SWARMING WITH CRAFT."

pedia of travel, discovery, and adventure, which had explored the most secret recesses of Africa, the arctic mysteries, the isles of the Pacific, and the wilderness beyond the "high Rockies"—had, by a sort of telescopic instinct, overlooked this brave little headland right under its nose. Neither pen nor pencil had taken off the edge of the novelty and romance of our *terra incognita*.

We chose a beautiful October afternoon of last autumn for the commencement of our excursion. We took the boat for Sag Harbor. The last bell expressed our glad adieus to the dusty metropolis, the gang-plank was taken aboard, and our pretty little steamer—the *Eastern City*—was soon out in the stream, heading eastward. Rounding Corlaer's Hook, we passed the Brooklyn Navy-yard on our right, with its ship-houses and spacious workshops; the quaint hull of the old line-of-battle ship *Vermont*, standing out in marked contrast with the more graceful models of our modern ships of war and Ericsson's "cheese-box" monitors. What manifestations of life and incessant activity throng the river, which is swarming with craft of every description—stately three-masted schooners, sloops, fishing-smacks, and ferry-boats, and, darting hither and thither, the lively little tugs, always in haste, and seemingly out of breath! Here we are passing the old Novelty Works on our left, now almost silent and lifeless, where, years ago, the machinery of the pioneer ocean steamers—the *Washington*, *Hermann*, and the Collins ships—was manufac-

tured. In those days both shores of this East River were lined with ship-yards in full operation. We pass Blackwell's and Randall's islands—devoted to the noble charities of New York city—and through Hell Gate, soon, we hope, to be deprived of its ancient terrors, as the government engineers are silently boring their way into and under the solid rock, expecting by one blast to destroy this perilous reef. With Ravenswood and Astoria on our right, we thread our way by and around the lovely wooded points out into Flushing Bay. Then past Riker's Island and beautiful White-stone, with its charming bay—the place of rendezvous of the New York Yacht Fleet—and directly we are abreast of Fort Schuyler, frowning with heavy guns from its battlements. Past the fort, out into Long Island Sound. On the left, and westward, lies City Island, famed for its oysters.

All this time we have been passing through a fleet of eastward-bound vessels, that, sped by a fair tide and favorable wind, reaches to the dim horizon. Looking backward to the setting sun, what a flood of beauty fills our view, vividly bringing to our mind those radiant verses of Samuel Longfellow:

"The golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.

"The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,
Dissolved in glory float,
And, midway of the radiant flood,
Hangs silently the boat.



"THE GOLDEN SEA."

"The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well,
And which is earth, and which the heavens,
The eye can scarcely tell.

"So when for us life's evening hour
Soft-fading shall descend,
May glory, born of earth and heaven,
The earth and heavens blend.

"Flooded with peace the spirit float,
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven begins
The soul shall scarcely know."

The sun has gone, and as the twilight deepens, the full, silver-faced moon rises above the picturesquely wooded "Sands Point;" and the star in the light-house grows in brilliancy as the darkness increases. We are loath to leave the deck, but supper is ready, and our appetites, sharpened by the fresh air, persuade us to go below.

One hour later the pageant of the evening has dissolved, and now the moon looks down, throwing her silvery light in gentle ripples to our feet. The air is full of mystic softness. Our artist friend talks of the Mediterranean, of

Capri—its rocks and grottoes—of Venice, of Turner, the great interpreter, of life in Rome; and art, with all its inspiring memories, crowds upon us. The bachelor of our party chants in a minor key,

"Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain and of cape;
But, oh, too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more."

Our cigars are ashes. "Good-night! Good-night!"

The next morning, on waking, we found the boat fast at her dock in Sag Harbor, and the stage waiting. We concluded to go on at once and breakfast at East Hampton, and were soon rolling out of the old town, which years ago enjoyed a prosperous business, owning and sending to sea forty vessels engaged in whaling, and one hundred and thirty in the cod-fishing and coasting trade. Our road left the town in a southeastward direction, and proved much better than we had anticipated, winding through



SANDS POINT.

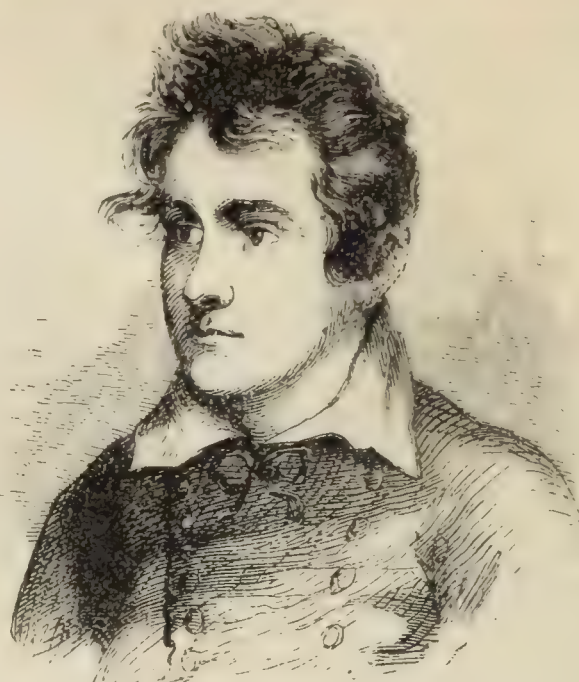


"THROUGH A BEAUTIFUL LANE."

a young growth of dwarf oak and pine, and with only one house for five miles of the way. As we approached East Hampton the woods gave place to clearings and cultivated fields. Presently, at a turn in the road, we caught a glimpse of the old church spire above the roofs and foliage; and passing through a beautiful lane, that reminded us of some of Birket Foster's bits of English landscape, we entered the main street, which is twice the width of Broadway, carpeted with emerald-green turf, with wagon ruts running through the centre. Weather-beaten houses stood close to the foot-paths, embowered in foliage; and here and there we saw large flocks of geese stretching in undulating lines across the road. Passing the first church, shingle-covered, rotten and crumbling with the wear of one hundred and fifty-three years, its bent and rusty vane creaking in the wind, just across the street stands "Clinton Academy," once holding high rank among the educational institutions of the State; and here, in close proximity, is the birth-place of J. Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." In the distance we catch a view of the great arms of a windmill moving slowly,

"Its delicate white vans
against the sky,
So soft and soundless,
simply beautiful."

Our driver put us down in front of the hospitable house of Mr. —, one and a half hours from Sag Harbor; and here, while breakfast is being prepared, let us take a backward glance at East Hampton, and ascertain



J. HOWARD PAYNE.

what manner of men settled this quaint, drowsy old village, gray and moss-covered with age, and telling of pre-Revolutionary times.

We learn that at the time the great struggle between king and Commons was beginning in England—during the time of John Hampden and Milton—a band of Puritan neighbors, most-



WINDMILL ON THE ROAD TO AMAGANSETT.



OLD CHURCH AT EAST HAMPTON.

ly farmers, left their comfortable homes in Maidstone, Kent, on the river Medway, thirty miles from London. They first landed at Salem, Massachusetts, and a short time afterward found their way to the easterly end of Long Island, and founded the town of East Hampton in the year 1649, purchasing the lands from the Indians as far east as Montauk for the sum of £30 4s. 8d. sterling. It was then an unbroken wilderness, and the Indians were numerous on every side. On the east, at "Montaukett," the royal Wyandank swayed the sceptre; on the north, at Shelter Island, his brother, Poggotacut, ruled the tribe of "Manhassetts;" and a third brother ruled over the "Shinecocks." And here, in the dark and gloomy forest, in silence unbroken save by the Indian war-whoop, the cry of the wild beasts, or the solemn roar of the ocean, they made their earthly home, and laid the foundations of a government insuring to all the people the largest civil and religious liberty.

"Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

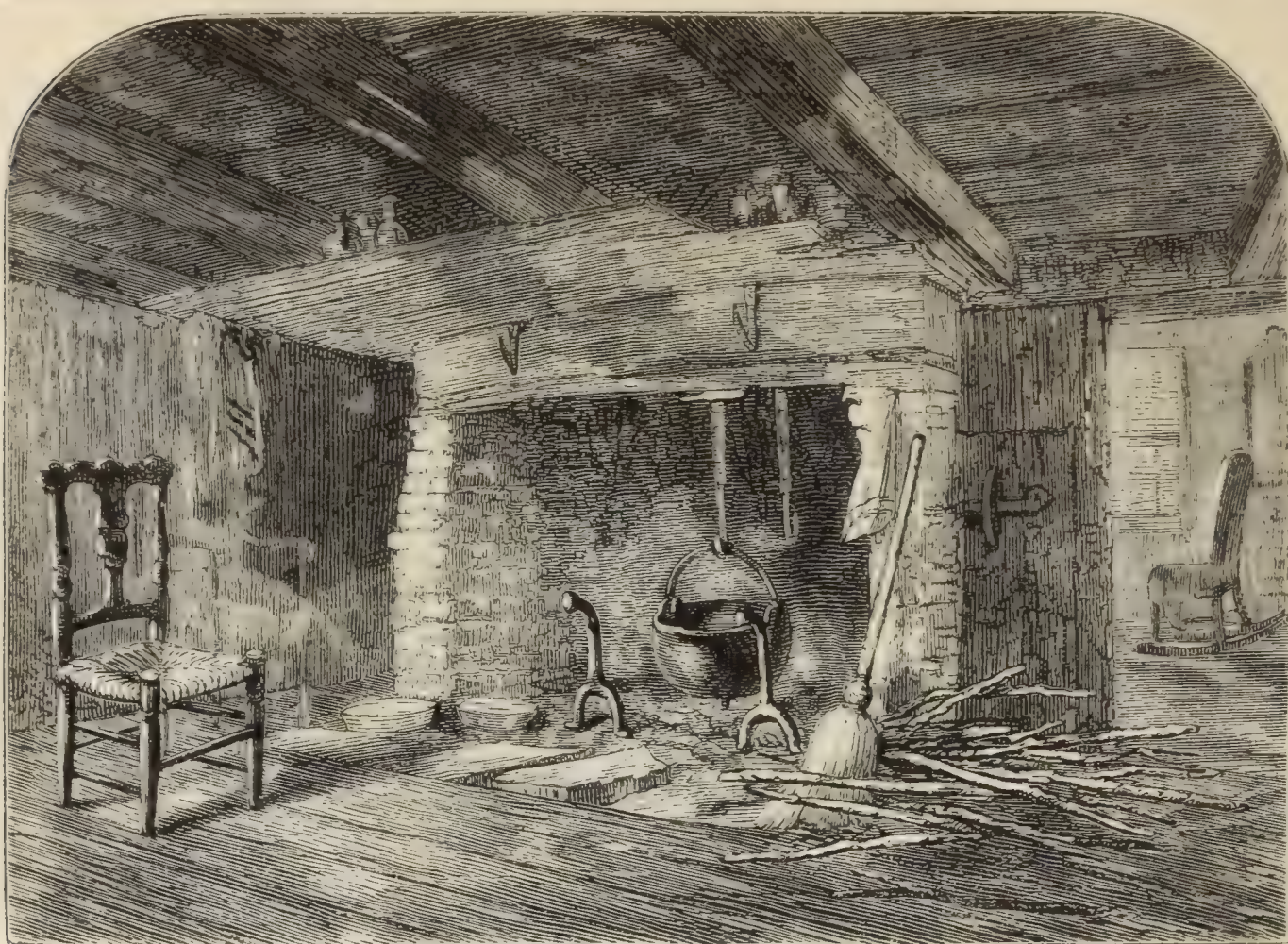
"The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home."

One hundred and twenty-five years later the sons of this good old stock voted, June 17, 1774, to "co-operate with our brethren in this colony to defend our liberties." During the Revolutionary war the town suffered many heavy blows; but through the long seven years of hardship and struggle it is not known that any Tory ever made his home on its sacred soil. "The intelligence and morals of her people and the genius of her sons have been among the brightest ornaments of the Empire State."

The "old church" represented in the vignette was built in 1717. The bell and clock are over a century and a quarter old. Its first pastor received for his support "forty-five pounds annually, lands rate free, grain to be first ground at the mill every Monday, and one-fourth of the whales stranded on the beach." On the death of Dr. Buel, the third pastor, in the year 1799, Rev. Lyman Beecher was settled over the church. Referring to Dr. Beecher's



MAP OF THE LONG ISLAND COAST FROM SAG HARBOR TO MONTAUK POINT.



KITCHEN FIRE-PLACE IN THE PAYNE HOMESTEAD.

autobiography, we do not find that he makes any positive statement as to the addition made to his income through the misfortunes of "stranded whales;" but we do learn, however, that "as late as about 1700 it is said that a woman named Abigail Baker, in riding from East Hampton to Bridgehampton, saw thirteen whales along the shore between the two places." Dr. Beecher married immediately after his settlement, and the following narrative, communicated to his children, shows the difficulties which he and his wife encountered in setting up house-keeping. "There was not a store in town, and all our purchases were made in New York by a small schooner that ran once a week. We had no carpets; there was not a carpet from end to end of the town. All had sanded floors, some of them worn through. Your mother introduced the first carpet. Uncle Lot gave me some money, and I had an itch to spend it. Went to a vendue, and bought a bale of cotton. She spun it, and had it woven; then she laid it down, sized it, and painted it in oils, with a

border all around it, and bunches of roses and other flowers over the centre. She sent to New York for her colors, and ground and mixed them herself. The carpet was nailed down on the garret floor, and she used to go up there and paint. She took some common wooden chairs and painted them, and cut out figures of gilt paper, and glued them on and varnished them. They were really quite pretty."

H. B. STOWE. "That carpet is one of the first things I remember, with its pretty border."

CHARLES. "It lasted till my day, and covered the east room in our Litchfield home."

H. B. STOWE. "Well, father, what did East Hampton folks say to that?"

"Oh, they thought it fine. Old Deacon Tallmadge came to see me. He stopped at the parlor door, and seemed afraid to come in. 'Walk in, deacon, walk in,' said I. 'Why, I can't,' said he, 'thout steppin' on't.' Then, after surveying it a while in admiration, 'D'ye think you can have all that, *and heaven too?*'"

In writing of the town the author of "Home,



BOAT IN SAND-DRIFT.



WRECK OF THE "CATHARINE."

Sweet Home" says: "It is twenty minutes' walk from the ocean. A beautiful oasis, so surrounded by sands and barrenness that the inhabitants are confined to farms barely sufficient to enable them, with patient industry and rigid economy, to draw thence the means of sustaining their families.....The traditions of the place are few, but mysterious. I first sought them in the town records; but vast, indeed, was my perplexity on only encountering notices of various inexplicable hieroglyphics granted to the Zephaniahs and Ichabods and Jeremiahhs, through many generations, for the respective 'ear-marks' of each. Eventually, however, it was relieved. I found out that these mystical 'ear-marks' were merely registers of the stamps on the ears of the cattle under which the towns-people entered them for a portion of the pasturage at Montauk, to which each freeholder had a right."

After breakfast we directed our steps toward the birth-place of Payne—a modest, unpretending house, nestling under the shadow of the Academy building, where his father, we were told, was once a tutor. How many touching associations crowd upon us as we remember the many weary hearts whose thought and aspiration have found expression through the singer who first saw the light in this out-of-the-way nook, and whose fate it was to die away from home and kindred in a foreign land!

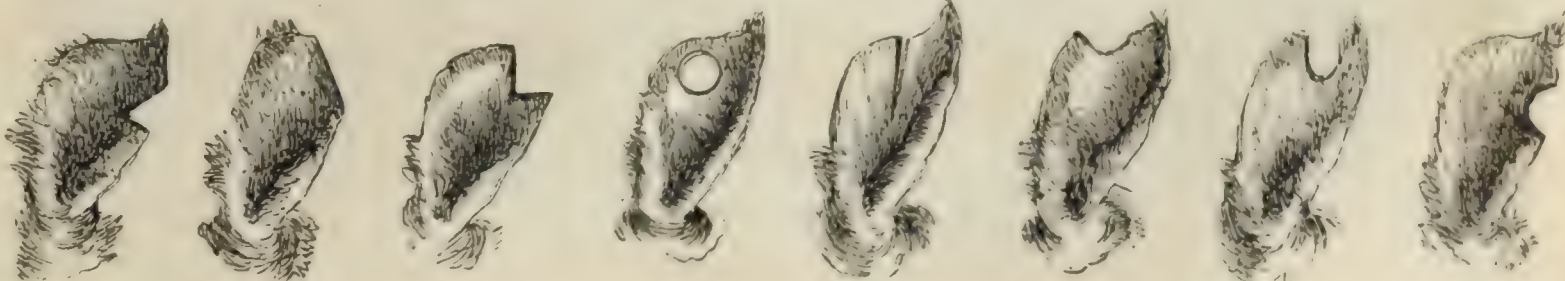
"Hearts there are on the sounding shore
(Something whispers soft to me),
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole,
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul."

But I must not loiter, contenting myself with the thought that I have said sufficient to show that there is at least one spot, not far from the metropolis of the New World, that has not felt the improvement of the age, and that it is just the place to dream away leisure hours. We were busy all day sketching the many picturesque objects, and retired to rest delighted with our day in East Hampton.

Early the next morning we start toward the rising sun, reaching the village of Amagansett about eight o'clock. Here we strike Napeague Beach, and halt to sketch a fish-cart and a boat, partly covered by the sand, and a little further on the wreck of the ship *Catharine*, the surf breaking in bursts of spray, and creaming in and over her barnacled timbers. Eastward

"The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
And wastes of sandy gray."

Mile after mile we walked by the sea; the beach was a pure clean sweep, free from seaweed, pebbles, or stones. Tiny sandpipers were running along in front of us, following the curves of the incoming and receding waves. Fragments of wrecks were frequent. Toward noon we stopped to rest, and found some beach plums, which proved to be sweet and palatable.



Nick.

Slope.

L.

Hole.

Slit.

Hollow.

U.

Halfpenny.

EAR-MARKS.



FRAGMENTS OF WRECKS ON THE BEACH.

After resting a while we continued our way, the walking growing more difficult, as the tide is higher here, and the beach begins to be broken. Stones and shells seemed to be frequent as we approached nearer the end of the Point. The weather was perfectly delicious, the sky without a cloud, the sea a soft blue, growing green as it breaks on the shore, fresh and pure from the broad Atlantic. For hours we had been passing over the "dreaded" Napeague Beach, which we had been told was impassable.

Gradually the land began to rise out of the broken, sandy dunes, and to grow into irregular bluffs. Here we began to look out for the first house, and about two o'clock caught sight of it from the bluff, close to the shore, and were soon refreshing ourselves in the comfortable parlor with some home-made blackberry wine, and cool water from the well. We obtained from Mr. Lawrence a sketch of some of the "ear-marks" now in use in marking cattle. During the past season fifteen hundred head of these, one hundred horses, and seven hundred

sheep had been pastured on the downs east of this house, at a charge per head for common stock of \$2 50, and of \$5 for the field or fattening pasture. There are three keepers, living about four miles apart, whose duty it is to shift the cattle from point to point, as the water or pasture may require. They are furnished with a comfortable house, and as much land as they may require for farming purposes, with the privilege of keeping a certain number of cattle, sheep, etc., with every opportunity to raise chickens, geese, ducks, and turkeys.

Life-saving stations are scattered about four miles apart along the coast, containing boats ready to launch at a moment's notice; but we were told by old wreckers that, owing to their great weight, it is impossible to launch them through the heavy surf, and that practically they are of no use.

After dinner we continued our walk, following the coast till sundown; then on over the downs, through the deepening twilight into the gloaming, the music of the everlasting and monotonous roar of the sea sounding in our ears,



OSBORNE'S.



THE SHIPWRECK AT NIGHT.

until we reached Mr. Osborne's, near the beach, after dark. Soon we were comfortably seated in his cozy parlor, chatting with the family like old friends. An examination of the "register" revealed a very different record from the books of this kind usually found in hotels. Here we have a description of a successful day's sport—ducks, wild-geese, snipe. On another page regrets at leaving such home-like quarters. Here, again, a series of comic sketches by our friend Dr. C——. Then we have a tale of wreck and disaster: how a ship was driven ashore one wild night, a few years ago; how brave men gathered to the rescue; how the crew, one after another, dropped into the sea, some of them being saved

from the jaws of the angry waves; of a mother washed ashore, dead, clasping a babe in her arms; the wild figures of the wreckers on that dark, stormy night of horrors, lit up by a great fire of drift-wood, made up a picture not easily effaced from our minds; the morning dawned at last, but the ship had disappeared—she had been beaten to pieces, and the shore was strewn for miles with broken timbers of the wreck. Another record, in a neat female hand, reads thus, "Good-by, dear old Montauk, till another winter."

But it is growing late. Our hostess asks if we will sleep on feathers or straw. Sleepy voices echo, "Straw! straw! straw!" Three



"DESOLATE GRAVES."

snowy beds. We drew lots for the choice, and were soon fast asleep.

Early next morning we visited some lonely graves. One of the sleepers had reached the age of ninety-nine years. The sea,

"It keeps eternal whisperings round desolate graves."

Close to the house is Fort Pond, well known to sportsmen, who are now beginning to arrive. Ducks are already quite plenty. We were shown a beautiful wood-duck that had been shot the night before. Breakfast over, we push for the water's edge. There are evidences every where of fearful storms,

"Where surge after surge would leap enorm,
Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lifted and lifted, and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder,"

tearing and goring gaps and seams into the coast, which is at this spot quite low. Here a sea-wall has been piled up, and the sand gathering about it forms a slight barrier to the encroachments of the ocean. Looking east along the wide beach, what a sight greets our

view!" Extending full half a mile, the débris of wrecked ships, a chaos of splintered fragments, bleached and broken—a tremendous illustration of what Walt Whitman calls

"The spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea."

Here we stop to sketch part of a broken mast, then the charred remains of what seems to have been a schooner. Partially buried, and protruding from the sand like skeleton fingers, were great iron bolts, rusted and bent. After heavy gales it is found that the character of the beach often changes. Wrecks that have long been buried and forgotten are exhumed, and again the fierce winds and heavy seas cover them from sight. Further on we pass heaps of coal; parts of the vertebræ of a whale, bleached perfectly white; a bit of rail, or broken spar and tackle-block—what memories of disappointed hopes, unwritten tragedies, lying here in this graveyard of the sea! Still further on the bluffs begin to rise to a height varying from twenty to fifty feet, in bright sunlight against the dark blue of the sky. Their color is a fresh yellow ochre, broken with gray and purple.

Toward noon we clambered to the heights through a ravine, and were glad to discover "Stratton's"—the third house—about a mile away, and perhaps half a mile inland on the high ground, looking in the distance like a huge granite boulder, harmonizing and blending with the dun color of the hills. Here we saw large numbers of cattle feeding on the slopes that surround Great Pond; and further east, for the first time, we sighted the light. While dinner was being prepared our pencils were busy, and we enriched our sketch-books with the picturesque barn-yard filled with corn, and the hay and grain stacks, attesting the richness of the lands for agricultural purposes. For dinner we had a pair of black ducks, which, a little later in the season, visit this locality with other game in great numbers.

Then again we were by the edge of the sea. The shore is here cumbered with large stones



CATTLE ON THE SLOPES.



"THE SHATTER OF THE SEA."

and boulders of considerable size. Looking west were the rolling downs stretching into the purple distance against the evening sky—a picture of profound and solemn beauty never to be forgotten.

"We walked beside the sea,
After a day which perished silently
Of its own glory....

"For though we never spoke
Of the gray water and the shaded rock,
Dark wave and stone, unconsciously, were fused
Into the plaintive speaking that we used
Of absent friends and memories unforsook;
And, had we seen each other's face, we had
Seen, haply, each was sad."

We reached Montauk Light, and the end of our second day's tramp, a little after dark. Later in the evening we accompanied the keeper (Mr. Ripley) on a tour of inspection. Going through a passage-way we found ourselves in the oil-room, neatly paved with colored tiles, the oil being stored in large tanks on one side of the room. The ascent is by one

hundred and thirty-seven steps, winding around the central shaft, and the walls are of enormous thickness; the tower, erected in 1796, was some years since strengthened by building a solid brick lining inside of the original structure. Immediately below the lamp is the keeper's room and the apparatus which keeps the revolving "flash" in operation. Here through the long weary watches of the night, one hundred and eighty feet above the sea, exposed to the full force of the wild Atlantic storms, these faithful sentinels keep vigil. On their fidelity and constant watchfulness depends the safety of the many thousand vessels that annually traverse this highway of the sea.



AGRICULTURAL PROSPERITY.

"Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!"

A few steps higher and we are in the lantern, containing a "Fresnel" flash light of the first order, made by Henry Lepante. It is a miracle of ingenuity in the scientific concentration of the lenses. We step inside the lenses as the "flash" slowly revolves, and the next moment are inclosed in light which is visible thirty-six miles seaward. The flash throws a flood of brilliant light around the entire circle, disappearing and re-appearing every two minutes.

Mr. Ripley explains to us that the lamp has two reservoirs—an upper and a lower; the former being five feet above and directly over the lower one. They are connected by two pipes. The lower reservoir contains a pump, by which the oil is forced through one of the pipes into the upper reservoir. The feed-pipe connected

with the lamp has a chamber which contains a small float, by which the flow of oil is regulated, allowing 120 drops per minute. The oil that is not consumed passes down into a receiver under the lamp, to which a small tube is attached, conveying it through a wire-cloth strainer into the lower reservoir, to be again pumped up. During the long winter nights the lamp will consume two and one-half gallons of refined lard-oil, and the oil will flow four hours without pumping. The upper reservoir will contain nine gallons. The flash is propelled by clock-work, which, when wound up, will run three hours. The lenses are twelve feet in height and six feet in diameter. The lamp is placed inside of the lenses, having four wicks, the largest being three and a half inches in diameter. During the day the lenses are covered with linen curtains, to prevent the rays of the sun from striking the lamp and unsoldering the

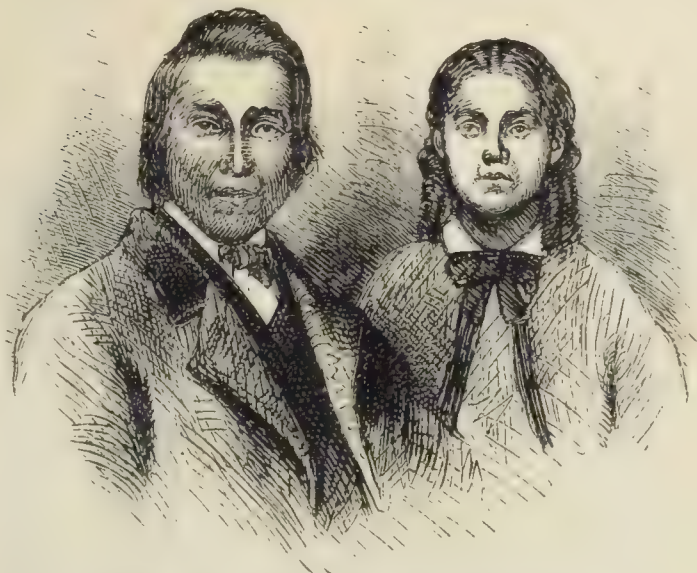
brass-work. The height of the lantern is nine feet, the frame of solid iron. No wood of any kind is used in the tower.

Much trouble is experienced in keeping the oil from congealing during the cold winter nights, owing to the want of stoves in the oil-room. Attention to this matter by the Lighthouse Board would add much to the comfort of the keepers and the efficiency of the light. There is a curious history connected with the light. It was presented by the French government to the United States, and lay a long time in the Custom-house in New York; was then sold to pay the duties, and finally, after much dickering, was purchased back again by "Uncle Sam."

Stepping out on the balcony that surrounds the tower, the glorious panorama of the moonlit sea lay all about us, and at that moment two ships were crossing the glinting light of the moon. The raw, chilly night air soon drove



SCRUB-GROWTH.



KING AND QUEEN OF THE MONTAUKS.

us below to the comfortable fireside of the keeper's family, where we sat listening to stories of storms from the southeast, during which the whole weight of the Atlantic is thrown directly upon Montauk Head. The light-house is built of granite, and, founded on a rock, stands on the bluff sixty feet above the beach. The sea is silently eating its way toward the tower, and this will soon compel a removal to the higher ground west.

Early the next morning we were sketching the sunrise, but the fishermen were up before us, trolling for blue-fish. We had arranged to have a team sent to take us off, and by eight o'clock we started homeward, the road leading over and around the knolls, at times following the beaten path, at others over the unbroken sod. To the left we caught a glimpse of the sea and the curved column of smoke on the distant horizon. Then we descended down into a deep dell, by the dry bed of a former pool, now covered with the dead leaves of the pond-lily. Rising again, to the north of us lies Gardiner's Island and the distant Connecticut shore, and still further eastward, in the faint blue distance, Rhode Island, and off due east from the Point, Block Island. The sky and water are an intense blue, while the sand spits and points on the northerly side look like golden beaches in the morning light. Now and then we pass clumps of scrub-growth clad in russet and gold.

Our driver pointed out a few scattered houses, forming the village of the once powerful Montauk Indians, who have now dwindled to about a dozen persons. In 1660 their ancestors conveyed to certain parties of the plantation of East Hampton "all the neck of land called Montauk, with all and every part and parcel thereof from sea to sea, from the utmost end of the land eastward to the sea-side, unto the other end of the said land westward, adjoining to the bounds of East Hampton,.....with meadow, wood, stone, creeks, ponds, and whatsoever doth or may grow upon or issue from the same, with all the profits and commodities, by sea or land, unto the aforesaid inhabitants of East Hampton, their heirs and assigns, forever.And in token thereof have digged up a

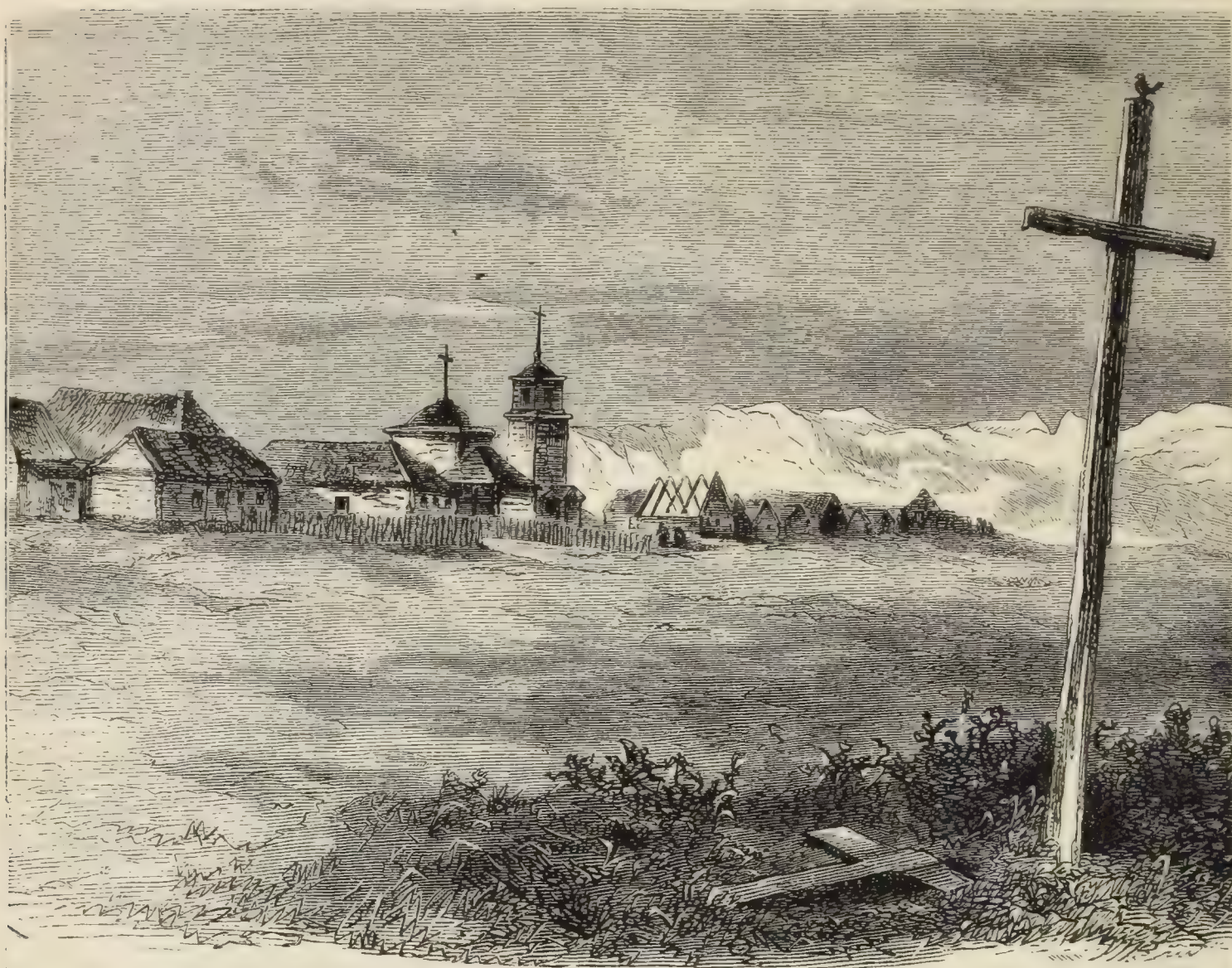
piece of the said lands, and delivered as our act and deed."

The mark of Wianambone, O
The mark of Sachem Squa, X
The mark of Zoquabone, Q
The mark of Shobanow, —
The mark of Massaquit, R
The mark of Yombo, W

A further bond, made by Wyandanah and Sassakatako, sachems of Montauket, 1687, with the consent of the Montauket Indians, conveyed to the trustees of the freeholders of y^e town of East Hampton "all the tract of land at Montauket, from sea to sea." And the trustees, for themselves and the freeholders, engaged that the Indians "have leave to plant what corn soever they have occasion for to plant from time to time, where they see cause, themselves and their heirs forever, upon the land as purchased of them by us." The two hundred descendants of the original purchasers are waiting for the time when the tribe will be extinct, and there shall be no lien upon the land. The Indians are said to be idle and worthless, except their king and queen, who are industrious, quiet citizens. The king, David Pharaoh, was that day attending court at Riverhead; therefore we concluded it would not pay to visit them.

The wood begins to grow more dense on the north side, and we are gradually leaving the glorious downs, dotted here and there with herds and flocks. The air is pure and bracing, the autumn tints of surpassing beauty, and all things conspire to make a perfect day. We give way to the exhilaration we feel, and freely express our delight. Over hill and vale, through lovely copses of piperidge, alder, and oak—flaunting tints of crimson, gold, and purple, with long gray moss pendent from the older trees—we shortly strike the edge of the dreary "Napeague Beach" region. Barberry, stunted cedar and pine, and masses of "deer-feed" vary the monotony of this sandy desert, rendered uninhabitable during the summer season by the myriads of mosquitoes. Along the north shore there are deep bays, the resort of fishermen. Vast quantities of moss-bunkers are caught and worked into oil. Napeague, from ocean to sound, must remain the waste it is; but the land east, for about eight miles in length by a width of a mile or more, will, some day not far distant, become a place of summer resort for the dwellers on the main-land. It has an average elevation of fifty feet above the sea. Swept from all points by the breeze from the water, can its equal be found? It had been the fortune of some of our party to visit the coasts of Italy, to wander over the downs on the Isle of Wight, to ramble on the heathery hills of Scotland, and to visit Newport, Nahant, Cape Ann, and Long Branch; but the two days' tramp along the beach, and the ride over the downs of Montauk on that memorable October day, stand in strong relief above all other similar experiences. We reached home in the evening *via* the Long Island Railroad, having been absent a little over four days.

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES: SIBERIAN TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION.*



GHIJGHA, EASTERN SIBERIA.

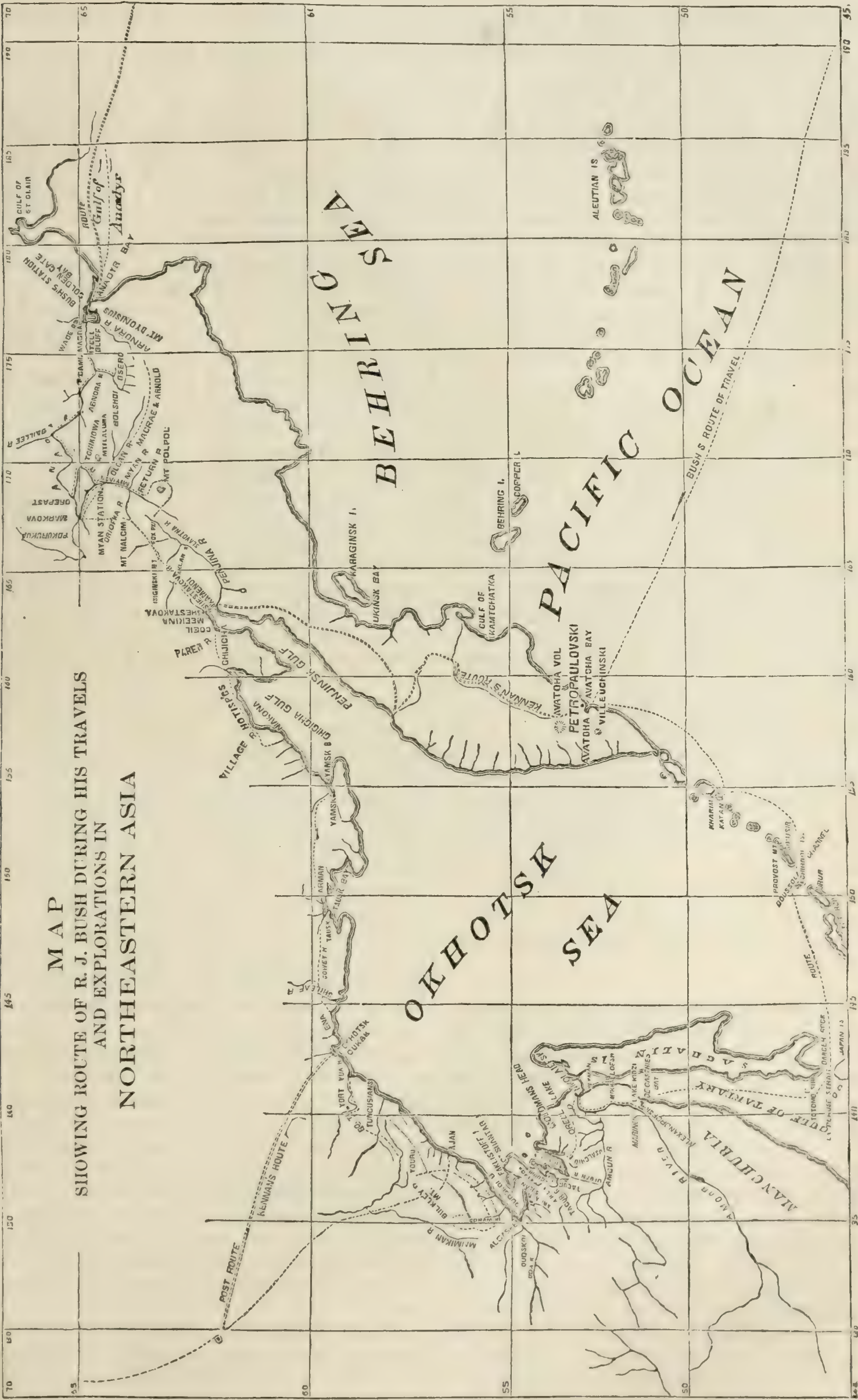
TWENTY years ago it had come to be accepted that, if it lay within human power, communication by telegraph must be established between Europe and America, or—taking the two great commercial points of the two continents as representatives of the whole—between London and New York. The failure of the first attempt to lay a cable across the Atlantic produced a general conviction that no *direct* telegraphic communication could be made across that ocean. How a few men, prominent among whom was Mr. Cyrus W. Field, would not accept this conclusion, and how these few at last found themselves right, against the judgment of the many, is a story which need not here be told. Its results are evinced every morning, when we read in the newspaper every important event which had happened in Europe ten hours before.

The impossibility of a direct telegraphic line across the Atlantic having been assumed, several plans were proposed for lines crossing the ocean at places where it becomes narrowed to a mere strait. We have here to do with only one of these schemes. Russia had already es-

tablished a line from St. Petersburg to the mouth of the Amoor. The American continent was also traversed by a line from New York to San Francisco. In 1864 the American Western Union Telegraphic Company, having obtained the requisite authority from the Russian, British, and American governments, undertook the work of connecting these two lines.

According to the original idea—if we may so designate it—the northeastern extremity of Asia formed a solid triangle, presenting its apex to the continent of America, from which, close under the arctic circle, it was separated only by Behring Strait, less than forty miles broad. But at a time far antedating all human history the southeastern side of this Asiatic triangle of land had been eaten into by a deep indentation of the ocean, known to us as the Sea of Japan and the Sea of Okhotsk, bounded on the west and north by China, Tartary, and Siberia, and on the east by the peninsula of Kamtchatka, which separates it from Behring Sea, an arm of the great Pacific Ocean. The original line of the coast is indicated by the Kurile and Japanese islands, which are only the summits of a former mountain coast range, whose sides and feet are far beneath the present ocean, and whose loftiest peak, the volcano of Fusi-yama, in Japan, si-

* *Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-shoes*: A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations, made in the Years 1865, 1866, and 1867. By RICHARD J. BUSH, late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition. With Map and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.



lent for almost two centuries, rises to a height of 14,000 feet above the waters.

This Sea of Okhotsk, into which empties the Amoor, was assumed to be too broad to be traversed by a telegraphic cable, and so the

line from the Amoor to San Francisco must skirt its western and northern sides. To reach Behring Strait the line must not only traverse the twenty-five intervening degrees of longitude, but must run northward, directly out of

its nearest way, through twenty degrees of latitude. Then, having crossed the Behring Strait, it must make a wide circuit of forty-five degrees of longitude and thirty-eight degrees of latitude southward before reaching San Francisco. The whole distance on this line from the Amoor to San Francisco is about 7000 miles; and with the exception of a few hundred miles in California and Oregon, communication must be established through a country heretofore and now almost uninhabited, the greater part of which can never become the abode of civilized man. A telegraphic message sent over this entire line, starting from London, would, before reaching New York, traverse a distance greater than the circumference of the globe.

To explore the long space of 7000 miles between the Russian extremity on the Amoor and the American extremity in California, through Northeastern Siberia, and what was then Russian America—now Alaska—and British Columbia, the telegraphic company early in 1865 fitted out an expedition. The whole survey was under the general charge of Colonel Bulkeley, of the United States army. The expedition was soon divided into several distinct parties for different portions of the route. The results of the explorations of two of these parties have for some time been given to the world.* To these has recently been added the much more valuable work of Mr. Richard J. Bush, some of the salient points of which will be presented in this paper, the writer of which constitutes himself for the occasion an imaginary member of the party of two—Bush and Mahood—by whom mainly the explorations narrated were accomplished. These explorations cover a period of about two years and three months—from July 3, 1865, to September 28, 1867—the scene being almost wholly in Northeastern Siberia.

July 3, 1865.—The brig *Olga*, which was to convey us to Kamtchatka, sailed from San Francisco. Other parties of the general expedition are to go different ways—one through Russian America; another, under Lieutenant Macrae, is bound for Anadyrsk, on the Asiatic side. We expect some months hence to meet Macrae somewhere in Siberia. Our party of four on the *Olga* consists of Major Abasa, of the Russian army, in charge of the Asiatic division, James A. Mahood, George Kennan, and Richard J. Bush. We are bound first for Petropaulovski (Peter-and-Paul's-town), in Kamtchatka—thence, who knows whither? Of the region which we are to explore we can learn little; but we know that it is arctic, and the narratives of other arctic travelers forewarn us of peril and privation. But we are all young,

hardy, and ambitious, and are well provided for our journey.

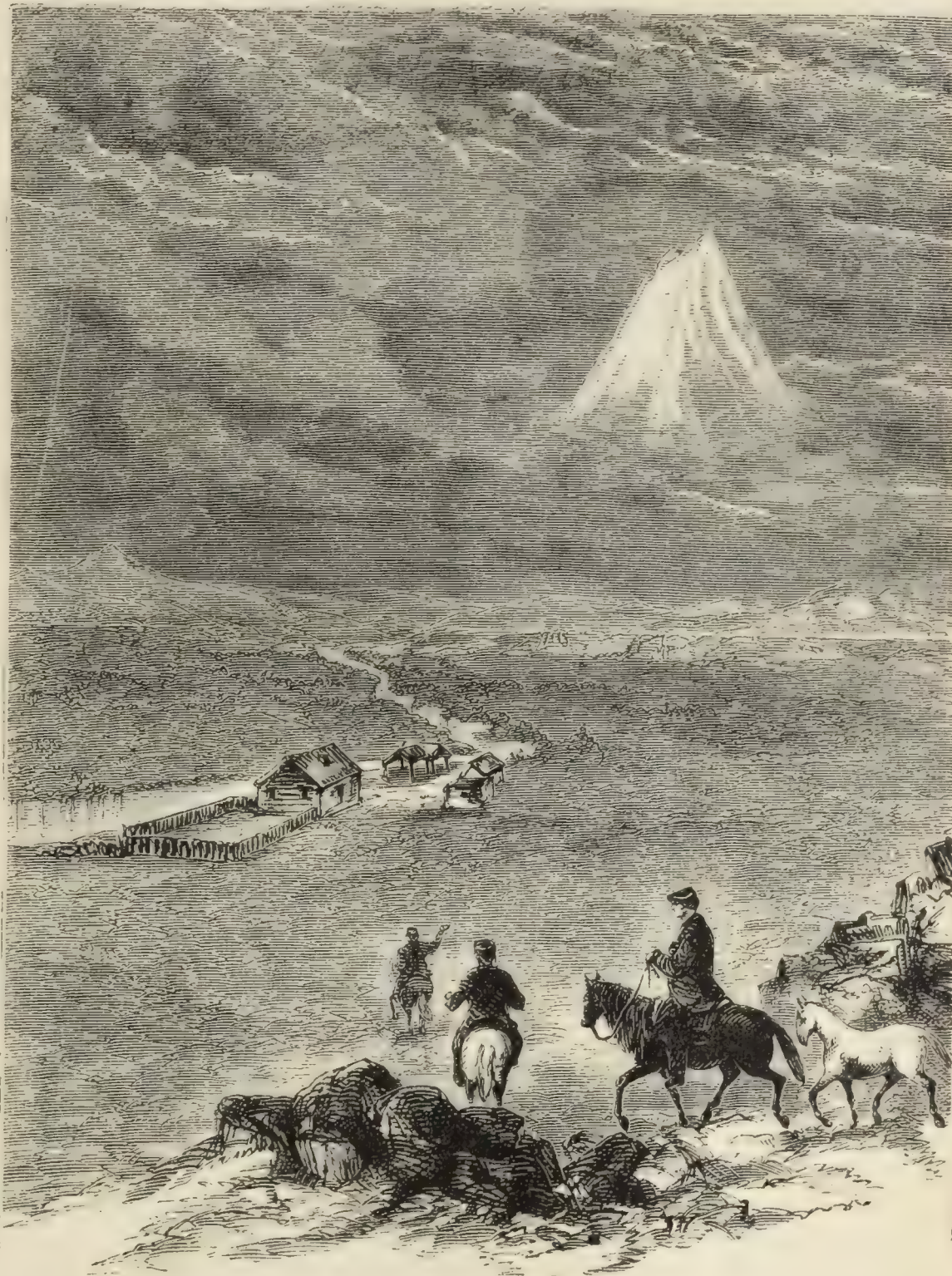
August 20.—After a voyage of forty-seven days we are at Petropaulovski. Yesterday we caught sight of a lofty snow-clad peak looming up above the fog. This could be nothing else than Avatcha, 11,554 feet high, the landmark of Petropaulovski. We make the port and land. We are met by Mr. Flenger, a fur merchant, and others. After courteous greetings they ask for the news; and no wonder, for it is now three years since they have had a regular mail, and all they know of the world outside is what they can learn from an occasional whaler that has dropped in upon them, whose latest news is, perhaps, six months old.

August 25.—A week at Petropaulovski, of which much might be said; but since getting back to Christendom I find that *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1868, has anticipated me. We have been making diligent inquiries about the region to be explored by us. The nearest point is 1000 miles away in a straight line. This is Ghijigha, at the head of the Sea of Okhotsk. Had we been earlier in the season we should have gone there by water, rounding the southern point of Kamtchatka, and then sailing northward; but now it will not be safe to venture far in that way. Major Abasa does not like the idea of losing six months. So he has decided to divide our party of four, all of us to make land journeys. The work is divided as fairly as may be between the two parties of two men each. Abasa and Kennan are to go up the whole length of Kamtchatka, and so reach Ghijigha. Mahood and Bush are to go in the *Olga* to Nikolayefsk; thence by land around the head of the Sea of Okhotsk. We hope some day to meet at the town of Okhotsk, halfway between Nikolayefsk and Ghijigha, 1200 miles from either. Abasa can get there before us, and in the mean while he will explore the space of another 1200 miles northeastward from Ghijigha to Anadyrsk, whither Macrae has gone—a route known to fur-hunters only. Westward also, from Ghijigha to Okhotsk, his route is pretty well known to the Russians. Our route from Nikolayefsk to Okhotsk is absolutely unexplored. All that we can here learn is that we have nothing to fear from the natives until we come to the Koraks, who are described as a pagan tribe, fearing neither God nor man, who will not hesitate to kill us for the sake of plunder. We have been busy also in purchasing fur garments for our journey; for furs are here more abundant and cheaper than in Siberia.

Meanwhile we have varied our daily routine by a pony ride to a little settlement called Avatcha, seven miles from Petropaulovski. Our steeds were tough, shaggy little fellows, about four and a half feet high. A pleasanter ride it would be hard to conceive. We had supposed Kamtchatka to be a bleak, desolate region—the abode of ravenous wolves and shivering exiles, producing only frozen lichens, swept over by

* *Travel and Adventure in Alaska*, etc. By FREDERICK WHYMPER. (See *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1869.) *Tent-Life in Siberia and Kamtchatka*. By GEORGE KENNAN.

withering tempests. This short trip taught us to distrust our geographies. The mid-summer day was calm and beautiful, the sky of the purest azure, the fields besprinkled with the brightest flowers, and every thicket alive with birds. Approaching the little settlement of Avatcha we enjoyed a magnificent spectacle. From the bay the land slopes gently upward for miles, gradually swelling into hills, range after range melting away into haze in the distance, crowned by heavy masses of low-lying clouds. Far above these rose the magnificent peak of Avatcha. Although thirty miles away, its white summit was so clearly cut against the blue sky that it did not seem a mile off. When the full view broke suddenly upon us we halted speechless for a space, broken soon by one of us exclaiming, "By thunder!" Bush's drawing shows, better than words can



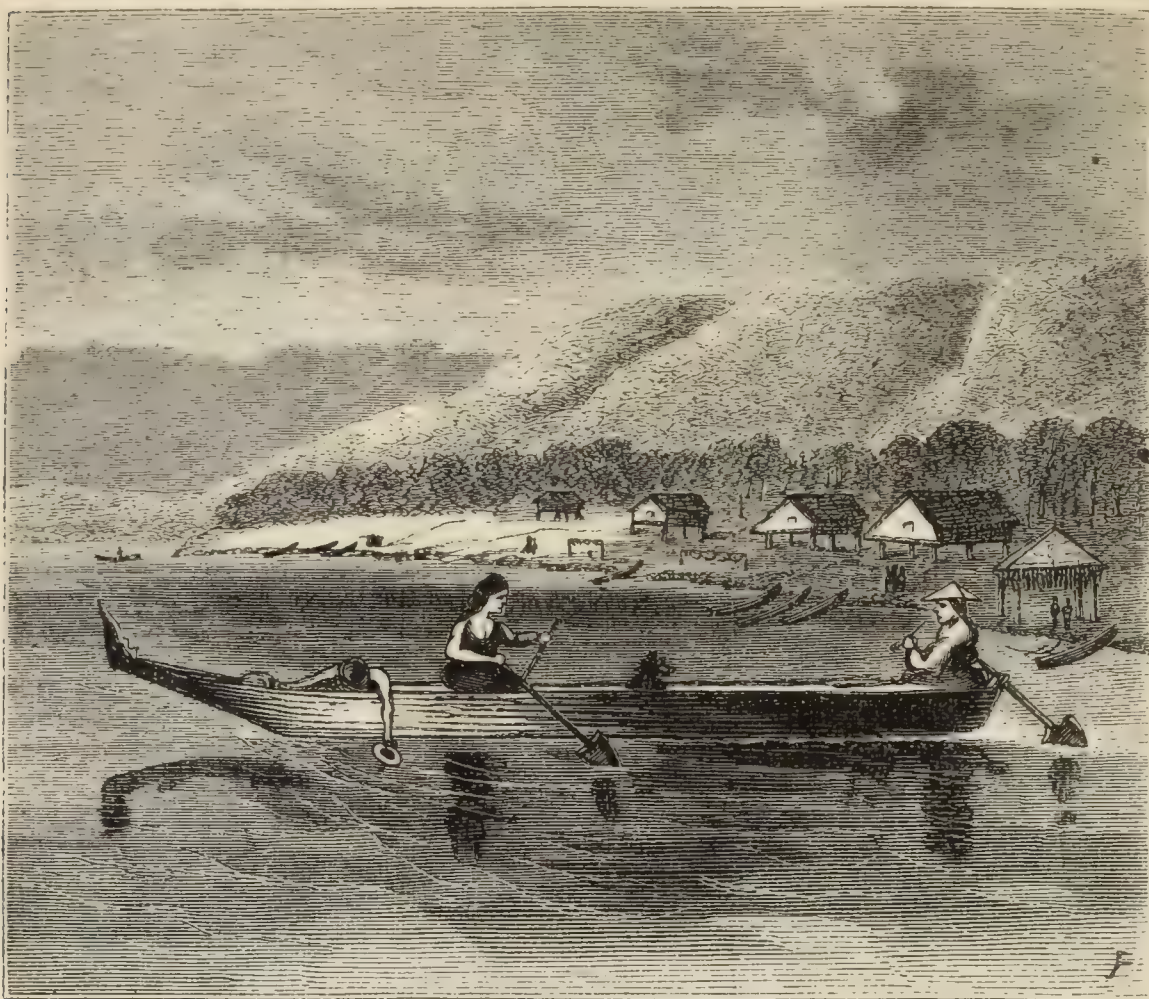
AVATCHA.

do, this distant view of Avatcha. To-morrow we, Bush and Mahood, are off on the *Olga*, bound for Nikolayefsk and elsewhere.

September 10.—We have sailed along the coast of Kamtchatka and the Kurile Islands, narrowly escaping shipwreck in a fog. Three days out, we heard a noise which our captain thought to be the "blowing" of a whale. A moment after we found that it was the roar of breakers, and could see them on three sides of us, flinging the surf thirty feet into the air, the shore being invisible in the fog. It was only by a hair's-breadth that we escaped from the perilous neighborhood. Then we passed through the dangerous strait of La Perouse, between the long island of Saghalin and the northernmost Japanese island, and cast anchor at De Castries, 150 miles below Nikolayefsk, with which it is connected by telegraph. But, unluckily, the line was not in working order, and we have decided to leave the *Olga* and take the longer land route. The Russian commander of the post has given us a squad of soldiers to carry our baggage twenty miles to the Amoor, down which we shall go by boat for two hun-

dred miles to Nikolayefsk. The captain of the *Olga*, a stout Dutchman, decided to go with us.

September 16.—Five days after leaving the *Olga* at De Castries, we are at Nikolayefsk. I put down only a few incidents of the journey. A dreary ride through the rain brought us to the shore of a "liman," or lagoon, communicating with the Amoor. Here we stowed ourselves into a crazy craft of a boat; but it soon appeared that it was inadequate to convey us; so all of us except Mahood and a boatman left the craft, and undertook to wallow ten miles through the swamp, purposing to keep within hailing distance of each other. Mahood, however, was a little ahead of us. We lost our way in the gloom, and had made up our minds to camp out in the swamp, without means of making a fire, when, luckily, Bush bethought himself of firing off his revolver, which he had succeeded in keeping dry. The report had hardly died away before an answering shot was heard, followed, half an hour later, by the plash of oars. In another half hour the glare of torches showed us that we were close upon habitation. This proved to be the post of Yevetevo, the oc-



GILAK LOTKA AND VILLAGE.

the bluffs, above high-water mark.

After passing these lonely stations, Mikhaelofski, half-way between De Castries and Nikolayefsk, looked almost like a city. It contains about 300 inhabitants, who live in good houses standing in a row facing the river, with gardens in which grow turnips, potatoes, and other hardy vegetables. On the hill-sides we saw stacks of grain. In latitude the place is almost on the same parallel with the frozen coast of Labrador and the green fields of England and Ireland, and about midway in the twenty de-

cupants of which entertained us as well as they could. There was tea in plenty, with bread and butter. The butter, indeed, was about half cockroaches; but we were too hungry to mind that much. Next day, having chartered a rather better boat, we went on, passing several other stations, each consisting of a single house, until at last, after four days, we reached Marinsk, a bit of a town, with a church and two or three rather comfortable houses, besides quite a number of poor huts scattered over a space of a mile. Here we managed to hire a comfortable boat, twenty-five feet long and six wide, in which we were to voyage two hundred miles down the Amoor.

For the rest of the way our voyage was a pleasant one. The river, a mile broad, flows for a while between broad meadow lands dotted with patches of forest. Now, in the season, it was alive with salmon, which are so easily caught that they are esteemed almost valueless. Fish which would make the mouth of an epicure water are thrown to the dogs by hundreds. Ever and anon we passed a Gilak village, or met their "lotkas," or canoes, usually paddled by a couple of women, a man sitting in the stern lazily smoking while he steered. We stopped at Irkutsk, named after a considerable town, the capital of Eastern Siberia. This Irkutsk is merely a station for changing horses during the winter journey down the frozen river. It consists of a comfortable log-house and barns. The region around produces an abundance of hay, and thousands of horses and cattle could be raised, were there any use for them. The main drawback is the freshets. During one of these, two years ago, the hay-stacks were all swept away. It never, before or since, occurred to the keeper to place his stacks upon

degrees between Philadelphia and St. Petersburg. Here we were pleasantly entertained at dinner by a lady and her daughter, who had just graduated from a young ladies' seminary at Nikolayefsk.

After leaving Mikhaelofski, on our voyage down the Amoor, we might have fancied ourselves sailing through the Highlands of the Hudson. The same steep cliffs seemed to swoop down to the broad river on either side; but instead of the gay villas perched on the banks, and the motley crowd of dandies, belles, and loafers at the landings, were picturesque Gilak villages, and groups of natives in birch-bark hats, hauling seines seldom empty of salmon. The river is the harvest field of the region. Fish is the main food of the people and their dogs. Vegetables and grains are occasionally found, but in quantities too small to enter fairly into the account.

As we approach Nikolayefsk we discover tokens of civilized life. A little steamer, with two barges in tow, is slowly making its way against the current, and a hay barge is lazily drifting down. The meadows are dotted over with hay-stacks, and the river-banks are lined with seines and fish-traps. We pass three forts, one mounting twenty-four guns and mortars, which guard the town. We pull up to a log wharf projecting far into the shoal water of the river, here a mile and a quarter broad. Our first view of the town is not altogether favorable. The beach is lined with Gilak lotkas, laden with fresh-caught salmon. The encampments of the natives are stretched along the shore. Some are huts of bark; in others a canoe elevated upon poles is turned bottom upward to form a roof; others are merely open camp fires with no shelter at all. Behind these

is a long row of low log-huts. Still behind these is a bluff clothed with scrubby pines, above which we see the dome of a church. We ascend the bluff by a good road, and come to the main street of the town, two miles long, with narrow board sidewalks, along which officers and soldiers are promenading. We have letters to Mr. Chase, the commercial agent of the United States, and are conducted to his well-furnished clapboarded house. Entering, we find ourselves welcomed by a company of American gentlemen, who were expecting us. The dispatch which we had sent from De Castries had just arrived. In a week, over a distance of two hundred miles, the telegraph had fairly beaten us by more than two hours.

October 20.—To-morrow we are off to begin our real work of exploration. Our stay of thirty-five days at Nikolayefsk has given us opportunity for becoming acquainted with the metropolis of Eastern Siberia. It is a new place, first founded in 1851 as a trading post. Three years after the troops and munitions of war were brought here from Petropaulovski. It now contains some 5000 inhabitants, mainly soldiers and convicts, with a number of merchants of different nations. These merchants live in good style, and show themselves gentlemen in every way. There is a semi-monthly mail from St. Petersburg, which brings the latest newspapers—a great improvement upon Petropaulovski, where the latest news may be any where from three months to three years old. There is also a small weekly newspaper published here. A couple of photographic galleries are established, which now and then produce very respectable pictures. The main business of the common people seems to be the keeping of “*prasniki*,” or holy-days. These holy-days comprise every Sunday and every saint’s day, besides the birthday and death-day of every body of note. Taking the year through, two days out of three are *prasniki*, upon which no work must be done. In some weeks there are eight *prasniki*, the saints being obliged to ride double. The mode of observance is very simple. It is simply to go to church in the morning, and get drunk in the afternoon. The favorite tippie is alcohol, more or less diluted. A “good square drunk” on this fluid will last for several days, if properly managed.

The day after our arrival we waited upon Admiral Kazakevitch, the governor of the province. He had held the post for ten years, and was about to be relieved by Admiral Furruhelm, whose arrival was daily expected. We were courteously received, the governor placing at our disposal every document in his office which could further our object; but, unluckily, we found nothing throwing any light upon the region through which we were to pass.

For a fortnight we awaited the arrival of Admiral Furruhelm, the new governor. All this time the town was on tiptoe of anxiety, making arrangements for grand entertainments in honor of the old governor and of welcome to

the new one. The great occasion at last came. First there was a grand banquet, attended only by gentlemen, mainly much like similar affairs elsewhere, with the addition that the new governor, a short, fat gentleman, was repeatedly tossed up by vigorous arms high over the heads of the guests, and then conducted to his residence. Then, two days after, came a ball. To us the most notable incident in this ball was just after supper, when all the ladies disappeared, as if by enchantment. Bush undertook to discover their whereabouts, and found them in a private room, every one of them smoking cigarettes.

The festivities being over, we were busy making our preparations for departure, the governor and all the officers giving us every assistance. We were lucky enough to engage as interpreter Mr. Swartz, a Pole; and the governor detailed Yakov, a Cossack, to accompany us to Oudskoi, a month’s journey on our way, where the *ispravnik*, or magistrate, was directed to replace him by another Cossack for the remainder of the way.

We learned that reindeer were the only means of transport for the first part of our journey, and that these were very scarce, being only used by a few scattered families of Tungusians. By sending messengers in every direction we at last succeeded in getting together twenty of these animals. Four were to be used for riding by Mahood, Bush, Swartz, and Yakov; two by a couple of Tungusians, who had been engaged as guides; the remaining fourteen were to be used as beasts of burden. Our outfit is not to be very luxurious, for we find that we must leave behind most of our baggage. We retain the furs brought from Petropaulovski, and two or three changes of under-clothing. We have a little tent, made for us at the government sail-loft, twenty-six canvas panniers, and four wooden packing boxes, a couple of thermometers, flints, steel, and compasses. We take tea and sugar, and a little pork. We expect to procure fresh meat from the natives, to pay for which we carry ten gallons of alcohol. Our kitchen apparatus consists of a tea-kettle, frying-pan, tin pail for making soup, three iron cups and saucers, with wooden spoons; for the rest, we depend on our sheath-knives and fingers. For weapons we have our revolvers, two Sharp’s carbines, and a double-barreled shot-gun. To-morrow, October 21, we are off.

December 19.—For three weeks we have been halting at Oudskoi, about a third of the way to Okhotsk, where we hope to hear of Abasa and Kennan. I jot down some memoranda of the occurrences of the last two months. The first part of our way lay along the river to the lake, or rather lagoon, of Osell, near which we were to meet with our reindeer. To accomplish this the governor placed at our disposal a little iron steamer, the *Gonetz*. The morning of our departure, October 21, was pleasant; but before night it began to grow colder, and



GILAK ENCAMPMENT.

at 7 P.M. the thermometer indicated $+22^{\circ}$, ten degrees below freezing-point. At night we tied up to the shore, having made about thirty miles. Next morning was not quite so cold, but ice was rapidly forming, and soon it was an inch thick, through which we could hardly force our way. At half past nine a furious snow-storm sprung up, hiding every thing. Fuel was running low, and we feared that our trip was cut short at the very outset; but the men set to work cutting wood, and, the weather moderating a little, we got under way again, and finally reached the head of the lake, where the steamer left us at a Gilak encampment, and returned to Nikolayefsk.

This Gilak encampment was our first actual experience of native life. It consisted of a sort of roof composed of strips of birch bark, open in front and at the ends, sloping down to the ground. In front of it a woman was cooking dinner over a small fire, upon which was a pot containing several fine trout. Under the shed was a layer of green boughs, covered with deer-skins, upon which lay half a dozen humans and as many dogs. At one end was a cradle, suspended upright by thongs from the ridge-pole, in which was strapped an infant. It hung just high enough to enable the little one to reach the ground with his toes, so that he could swing himself back and forth. Near by were a couple of women squatted upon the ground diligently sewing away upon some skin garments. Other children were fighting with the dogs, and one old hag was picking vermin from the head of a dirty-faced girl, disposing of her prey as we sometimes see monkeys do in a menagerie. On the bank behind the encampment was the sacred place of the people. Upon low poles were the skulls of bears, placed there as a kind of votive offering. When a skull is put up it is anointed with tobacco spittle and the juice of roots and berries, after which it must not be

disturbed. The sanctuary was a venerable one, for many of the skulls were thickly covered with moss, and so brittle as to crumble when touched.

Here we expected to meet our guides with the deer, but for a whole day they did not make their appearance. At evening of the next day we heard a shout of *Alane!* which we had learned meant "deer." Rushing in the direction of the sound, we got our first view of the famous reindeer of which we had read so much from boyhood. Alas! the illusions of youth

were rudely dispelled. Picking their way along the beach was a group of animals looking in the distance like a herd of ill-conditioned cows. Mounted on the shoulders of the leading deer was a man so thickly clad in fur that he looked like a giant. In his hand he carried a heavy staff, with which he kept pounding upon the sides or horns of the poor beast, while his heels kept up a tattoo on the ribs, every blow or kick accompanied by a cluck with the tongue. With all his exertions, he could not urge the deer beyond a walk. Behind the leading deer were eight or ten others, each fastened by a halter to the one preceding it. Then came another rider, with as many more pack-deer in tow.

When they came up the deer formed a motley crowd. Most of them were white, but some had brown backs, with yellowish bellies. They were about five feet high, with big heads, thin bodies, slender legs, and large, cloven hoofs. The hoof spreads when the animal plants it upon the ground; when the foot is raised the toes come together with a click, like the sound of a castanet, making a continuous rattle when on the march. Two or three had complete antlers. Of the others, some lacked one horn; others had both chopped off six inches from the skull, leaving a savage-looking prong, not unlike a human hand with stumps of fingers spread out in a fan-like shape. These were bucks trained for riding, their horns having been cut off for the safety of the riders.

As the first rider dismounted and threw back his fur hood we recognized him as Mikhaeloff, one of the Tungusians whom we had seen at the governor's residence in Nikolayefsk. Constantine, his companion, was a stranger. Their names were Russian, and had been bestowed upon them when they were baptized into the Greek Church. A few days afterward, when laid up by a storm, Bush persuaded Mikhaeloff



MIKHAELOFF.

to sit for his portrait. He had never seen his face in a mirror, and was quite unaware how he appeared to others. When he saw his picture he was nowise elated. Constantine at once recognized the likeness in all its ugliness, and insisted upon having his picture taken, evidently under the impression that it would show how a handsome man looked. But the portrait was even uglier than the other. Mikhaeloff grinned with delight, while Constantine in turn was crestfallen. They borrowed a pair of scissors, and presently came back, with their hair clipped close to their heads, and begged that their pictures might be taken anew. Ugly-looking as they were, they have proved good, faithful fellows, their only fault being an inordinate fondness for alcohol.

We delayed two or three days, making preparations for a start. One day we wanted a few nails to repair a box. A board was found in which nails were so tightly driven that we could not get them out with our hatchet. Yakov, the Cossack, settled the difficulty. Kneeling down upon the board, he took hold with his teeth upon the head of a nail, and fairly pulled it out. Swartz said that this strength of teeth and jaw was nothing unusual. In buying an axe they always test its quality by trying to bite the edge off. If it will stand their teeth it will stand any wood.

On the 29th of October we got started. An ordinary deer can not carry more than 100 pounds dead-weight; the larger ones, used for riding, will carry 175 pounds. The whole weight is placed on the fore-shoulders, for the back of the reindeer is so feeble that a man springing upon it would snap it like a pipe stem. Our early attempts at reindeer-riding were not successes; we each got thrown in attempting to mount, and on the first day we averaged one tumble to a mile. Our way led through a flat country, well wooded with larch, and now and then a scanty growth of white birch along the water-courses; portions of the route were literally covered with cranberries. One of the deer annoyed us by repeatedly tear-



CONSTANTINE.

ing off the load with its right antler. Mikhaeloff said he would cure it of that trick. Tying the animal's head to a tree, he chopped off the offending member with his dull hatchet. The deer did not seem to mind the operation; but after being released, the preponderance of weight on one side made it run around in a circle for a full half hour, until it got accustomed to the change. We were able to shoot enough grouse to keep us supplied with meat. During the first week it rained nearly every day, and we were forced to lie by nearly half the time. With the constant use of hands, feet, and tongues, we were never able to urge our beasts beyond a slow walk. We came to the conclusion that the reindeer, of whose speed and endurance we had read so much, is the laziest quadruped created.

On the 1st of November there was a slight fall of snow, followed by rain. On the night of the 3d this turned to a heavy snow, which fell to the depth of eight inches. The thermometer sunk to ten degrees below freezing-point, and kept continually falling until the 10th, when it stood at -11° , forty-three degrees below freezing-point. We saw tracks of deer, wolves, foxes, and other creatures, but no animals, except small field-mice, scurrying through the soft snow, which lay fourteen inches deep. In the afternoon we saw a fresh trail of natives and deer, and soon came up to a camp, freshly deserted. One of our deer had become so badly lamed that we had to kill it. We took half of the meat with us, our guides burying the remainder for use on their return trip.

On the 12th we came upon the party of Tungusians whose trail we had seen. There were two men, two women, and twelve deer. The men were rather good-looking, and one of the women was quite pretty. Their charms were not a little enhanced by the fact that they had just washed their faces. They were, moreover, neatly dressed in long fur coats, pantaloons, and boots. Their hoods were ornamented with beads and strips of scarlet cloth; and they wore large silver ear-rings. These were the first hu-

man beings we had met for a fortnight. They were just starting for Tugur, a small Russian post near by; and we joined their company. Reaching this place, we found, to our disappointment, that it was deserted. On the door of the principal hut was tacked a notice that, for want of supplies, the occupants had gone to another whaling station seventy miles off.

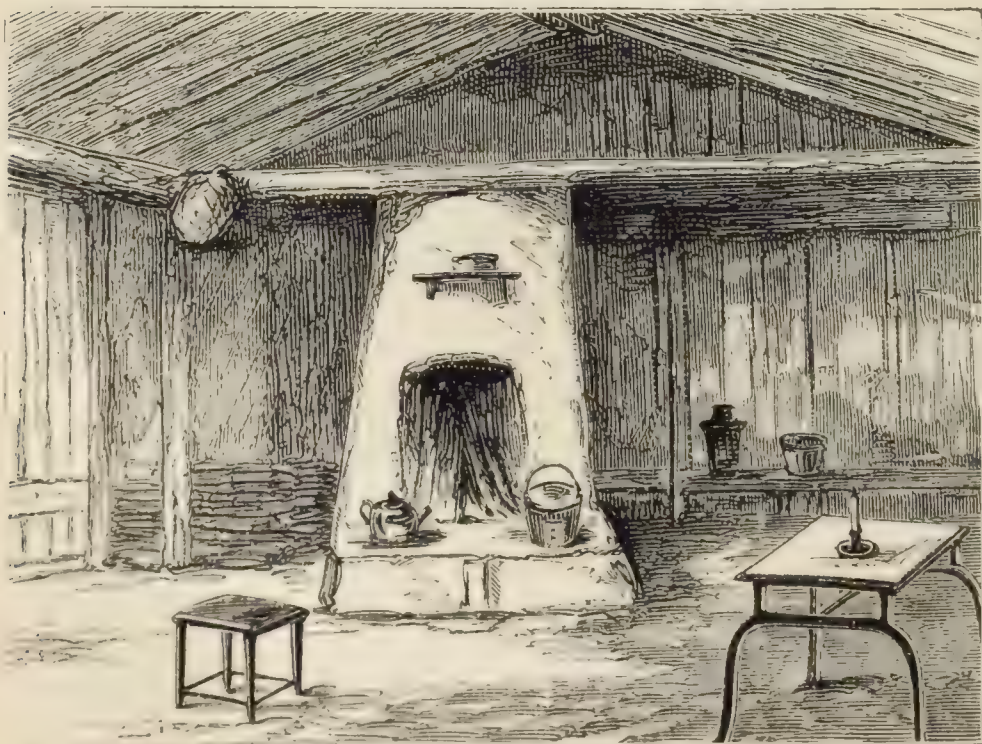
We were sadly disappointed; for here we had expected to be able to replenish our supplies. This also was the end of the distance to which Constantine and Mikhaeloff had agreed to conduct us; and no persuasions would induce them to go further, as they wished to return to their homes to hunt sable. The next station was Algasee, fifteen days distant. From an old woman whom we found crouched over a few embers in a little hut we learned that there was a man, in charge of a few cows, residing two or three miles away; and from him we learned that a few miles beyond was a settlement of Yakouts, where resided the starasta, or head-man of the district, who could furnish us with supplies; and, as we were provided with documents from the governor of Nikolayefsk, we had no doubt of getting fresh deer for our journey.

The old starasta was hard at a bargain; but we finally succeeded in hiring deer; and also engaged Vassilly and Eoff, the two hunters whom we had overtaken, to act as guides, and to take care of the deer. Vassilly had a special reason for accompanying us; for he was going on in order to be married to a daughter of a chief, whom he had purchased for his wife, paying eighty reindeer—a large price, for deer are here very scarce, the owner of a dozen being considered well off. A deer trained for carrying or riding is worth from twenty-five to forty dollars. Notwithstanding their anxiety to be at home, Mikhaeloff and Constantine were sorry to part with us. On their departure we gave them letters to the governor, which we hope secured the expected reward of swords and medals.

We set off on the 15th of November, in the face of a keen wind, the thermometer at -10° . Our route lay across the Arla Hills, which rise to a height of 4000 feet. Our deer were great improvements upon the former ones. We could hardly believe that they belonged to the same species. The one which Bush rode was especially lively, and treated him to several enforced dismountings. The snow was two and a half feet deep, through which we had to break a path. We sadly felt the want of snow-shoes, and upon halting Eoff made a rude pair out of the boughs of a tree. The proper Tungusian snow-shoe is quite an elaborate affair. They are of wood, hewn very thin, and soled with seal-skin, the hair pointing backward. They thus glide forward easily, and the lay of the hair prevents them from slipping backward. But as we had no skins, we had to content ourselves with ordinary wooden shoes. By-and-by we had to give up riding, for it was as much as the deer could do to flounder through the snow. We followed as well as we could in their trail. This was no easy task, as the animals take long steps, each one planting his feet in the tracks made by those ahead. These tracks form deep holes thirty inches apart, and not more than six inches in diameter. The ascent of the mountains is very gradual, and we hardly realized it until reaching the top, when the whole region which we had been traversing for three days lay spread below us like a chart.

We were heading to the yourt, or huts, belonging to Solavaoff, a famous cattle-dealer in those parts, doing a large business with Nikolayefsk. During the Crimean war, while the Russian troops were in great straits for provisions, he drove a whole herd to the Amoor. The Czar rewarded him with a coat, gorgeous with gold-lace and fringe. Unluckily he is a small man, while the coat was cut for a very large one. In spite of the bad fit he is very proud of it. Solavaoff's store-houses and stables are built of logs, but the dwelling-houses look like

mounds of clay. The principal apartment is twenty feet square. Eight windows, a foot or two square, give light. Some have panes of glass, but most only thin skins or cakes of transparent ice. An ice window will last the whole winter. There is a fireplace and chimney, built of poles, and plastered over with layers of mud. It projects far into the room, and is so thick that when once heated it will retain the warmth for hours. Along three sides of the room is a kind of divan, used as seats by day and beds by night; but it is sufficient to accommodate only a part of the family; the remainder sleep upon piles of deer-skins on the floor. Of course



INTERIOR OF A YAKOUT YOURT.

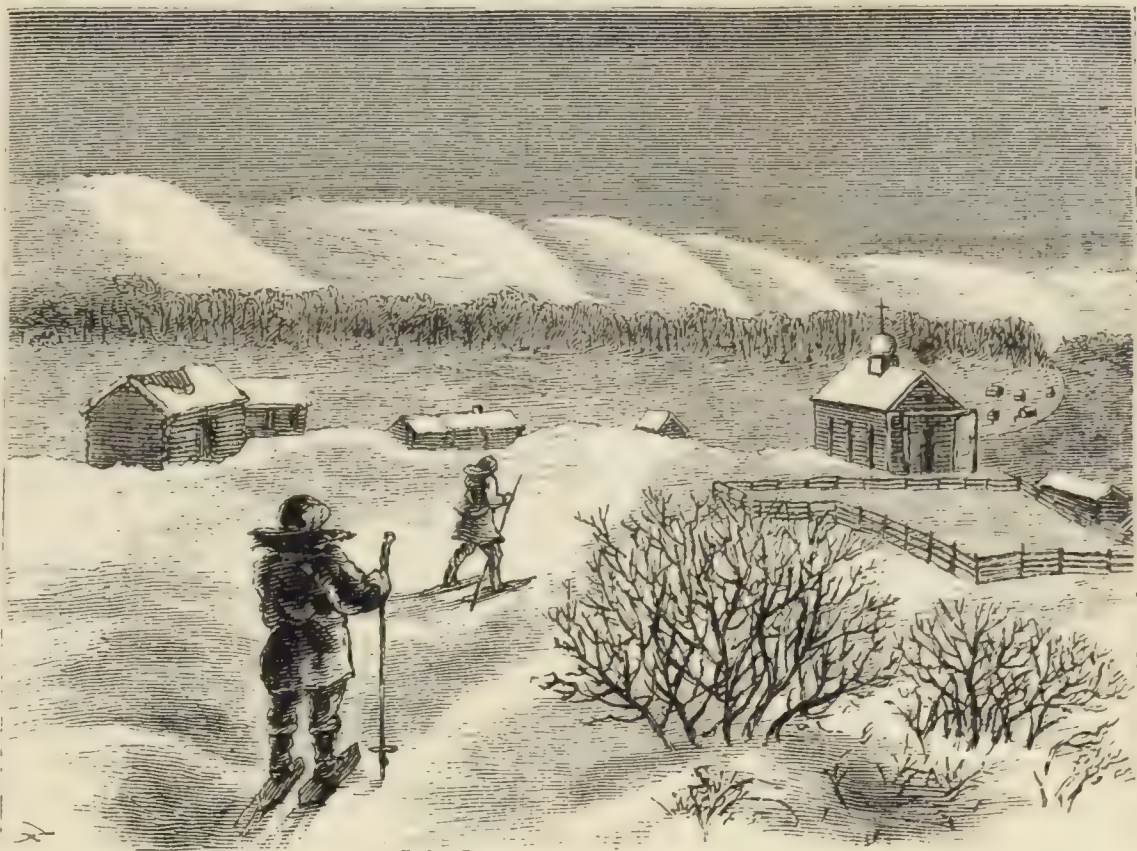
there is the inevitable samovar, or tea-urn, so that we were sure of this Russian restorative; but we were taken by surprise when a large dish of regular "griddle cakes," with an abundance of fresh milk, was set before us.

After laying in a quarter of a hundred-weight of beef we left Solavaoff's on the 22d of November. We saw numerous wolf tracks, and were obliged at night to keep up large fires to keep the animals away from our deer. The fur of the wolf is greatly prized by the natives for trimming their dresses. They are so shy that it is hard to get a shot at them. The natives take them by bait poisoned with strychnine, or in traps constructed after the fashion of our mouse-traps, with an entrance just wide enough to let the wolf pass, but not wide enough to enable him to turn around and escape. The passage terminates in an inclosure in which a deer is placed by way of bait. The wolf, attracted by the scent, crawls in, and is shot or speared from the top.

Algasee, which we were approaching, was to be the end of our second journey with deer. Hence we were to proceed by dog train. We found it an insignificant little settlement. Such a thing as an arrival in winter was unheard of, and the whole population—a score of men, women, and children, and fourscore dogs—poured out to meet us. We could procure dogs here, but little more; but learned that at Oudskoi, a town fifty miles further, with a church and more than two hundred inhabitants, we could get all we wanted. At Algasee we had a surprise. As we sat smoking after tea a Tungusian boy of eight years started up the song of "John Brown." The melody was perfectly intelligible, though the urchin made sad havoc of the words, whose meaning was wholly unknown to him.

Our train, of three sleds and thirty dogs, was similar to those so often described by arctic travelers. The Siberians do not, like the Esquimaux, use a whip. For it they substitute the "ostle," a stout wooden staff, four feet long, with an iron point. Its regular use is that of a brake to check the speed of the sled in going down hill. As a dog-persuader it is flung with sure aim at any delinquent. The dogs evidently knew that an expedition was on foot, and were in high glee, for they have learned that a journey means for them an extra supply of food.

Long after sunset, November 25, we came in



OUDSKOI.

sight of six or eight low log buildings, through whose ice windows the lights shone cheerily. This was Oudskoi. It is an isolated place, to which no one comes in winter. The only communication of the inhabitants with the civilized world is when a Russian supply-ship comes to the coast to bring supplies and carry back the furs which are paid in as taxes. At the door of the residence of the ispravnik Swartz was greeted by an old acquaintance, the captain of a whaler. It was years since they had met in the service of the Fur Company, and neither had any idea of meeting the other.

The ispravnik and his guests were indulging in *piat nadsat carplets*—"fifteen drops" of brandy—when Father Ivan, the priest, joined the convivial group. His Reverence did more than justice to the fiery vodki, and soon grew free in manner and loose in talk. He is famous as a hard drinker and gambler. Sometimes it is necessary to ring the church-bells three or four times on Sunday morning before he will interrupt a game of cards in order to perform his sacerdotal duties. Next day was Sunday. Father Ivan had not intended to hold service; but, learning that we had never seen the rites of the Greek Church, altered his determination for our special benefit. It looked oddly to see our jolly companion of the night before, dressed in a robe of blue silk embroidered with blue and gold, going through divine service. It was touching also to notice the congregation, who, at the close, sought the blessing of the priest.

Our hopes of a speedy departure from Oudskoi were not realized. The ispravnik thought it would take two months to procure guides and the requisite number of deer. In the meanwhile he and his associates laid themselves out so earnestly to entertain us that we began to suspect that he meant to detain us all winter for the pleasure of our society. The second

evening after our arrival a "vechourka," or dancing party, was got up in our honor. The society of the place consisted of the ispravnik, the doctor, the acolyte, and four or five Cossacks, with four peasant women, the wives of the latter. The ladies wore calico dresses, with shawls pinned up so high as to cover the neck up to the ears, their heads being ornamented with red, green, or yellow cloths, worn after the fashion of the turbans of our Southern negresses. The dancing was vigorous, if not altogether graceful.

A few days after, the wife of the ispravnik presented him with a son. The Russian custom is to have but one godfather; but the proud parent was bent upon having five, in order that all of us might be included in the number. He finally reduced the number to three—Father Ivan, Mahood, and Swartz. Some parts of the baptismal ceremony struck us oddly. At one point the god-parents turned their backs to the priest, and in reply to the questions asked of them began spitting on the floor; they were spitting upon the devil in the name of the child—an emphatic way of renouncing the foul fiend and all his works. The infant was finally soused three times in the water. To us it seemed almost a miracle that it escaped drowning. It is expected that the godfather shall present the child with a crucifix and a gown. This was done by Father Ivan. It was intimated to Mahood and Swartz that they were expected to give a few rubles to the priest and the midwife, and also to pay for the candles; and, moreover, that godfathers usually gave new dresses to the godmothers, and also a few rubles yearly to the godchild. I imagine, however, that the urchin will not find himself greatly enriched from this source.

The ispravnik was eloquent in praise of horse-flesh as a great delicacy; and one day he told us that he had just killed a fat young colt, and was going to make a grand feast for us. When we were seated at table the delicacy was brought on in a huge dish, from which all were expected to help themselves by means of forks. The meat appeared to have been cut into thin slices and rolled around lumps of fat, looking much like bits of sausage. Our host fished a piece, which he proceeded to devour with great gusto. We followed his example as best we could, asking no questions, for stomach's sake. We found the delicacy as tough and elastic as India rubber, but chewed away manfully. In half an hour the dish was empty, our host having made away with three-quarters of it. Then we learned, for the first time, that we had been at work upon the entrails. Afterward we partook of horse-steak, which we can honestly recommend as preferable to actual starvation.

Our quarters were in the priest's house, where we ate, wrote, smoked, and slept in a single room. We had also the free use of the bath-house, where we frequently enjoyed the

luxury of a Russian steam bath. We gave much time to practicing upon snow-shoes. I have already described the Siberian snow-shoe. Ours were made of white birch, a quarter of an inch in thickness, shod with leather with the hair on. Each pair weighed eight pounds. But the weight is not burdensome, for the shoe is not lifted, but slidden over the surface of the snow, so that traveling with them is more like skating than walking. One can travel with them faster than he can walk, for the shoe slips forward several inches at each stride. One accustomed to their use can easily ascend an inclination of forty degrees. The traveler always carries a long staff, which not only aids him in advancing, but serves as a brake to check the speed when sliding down hill.

We had learned that a party of Tungusian hunters, with reindeer, were encamped about sixty miles distant. We dispatched to them a native upon snow-shoes. He induced them to promise to furnish us with deer for our journey; but it would be a number of days before they could join us. At length, on the 13th of December, eighteen days after our arrival at Oudskoi, the hunters made their appearance, and after a deal of parleying we engaged sixteen deer for the journey to Ajan, upon the Sea of Okhotsk, two hundred miles distant, where we were told we could procure others. Two of the hunters were to accompany us.

The only route to Ajan known to the natives makes a wide detour to the northeast, whereas the direct line is northwest. This would enforce a long and difficult transportation of supplies and material for the construction of the telegraph. We resolved, if possible, to find a more direct route between the Juggur Mountains and the sea. The hunters hesitated to run the hazard; but upon being shown how our compass would guide us should we become lost, they consented to make the attempt. Our Oudskoi friends faithfully set before us the difficulties and dangers we must encounter, telling us terrible tales of awful "poorgas," or storms, in which men and deer were blown over precipices, and never again heard of. A farewell vechourka was given in our honor, and on the morning of the 19th we are to set out, returning to Algasee, the journey from that place to Oudskoi having been just so far out of our way.

December 19.—Clear and cold, the thermometer at -18° . Three times have we essayed to start, and as often been delayed to take another "fifteen drops." Then, having kissed and been kissed three times by every Oudskoian, male and female, old and young, we succeeded in getting off. Recent storms had obliterated all the beaten tracks, and we did not reach Algasee until two o'clock next morning, trotting most of the time by the side of the sled to keep ourselves from freezing. Our deer were at a feeding-ground a couple of miles distant. Next morning we learned that during the night two of the best deer had been eaten by wolves;

eight more were missing. The missing ones were soon found, but it was too late to supply the places of the dead ones. We determined to push on, two of us walking by turns upon snow-shoes, until our supplies should be so far diminished as to require two less pack-deer. We pressed on as rapidly as possible. Reaching the bay, we found it frozen over as far as vision extended. Abrupt cliffs came down to the water's edge, but clinging to the sides, at a height of fifteen feet above the shore, was a

bench of solid ice, along which we must make our way, for the ice below was too rotten to bear our weight. Sometimes we came to huge gaps, where the bench had given way. Down these we had to lower our deer and packs by means of seal-skin lines, and haul them up by main force on the opposite side. Fortunately this difficult piece was only a mile long. For three days our way led over an undulating country, interspersed with barrens and patches of wood, lying between the Juggur Mountains and the sea. As we advanced the hills grew loftier, until they assumed the magnitude of mountains crowned with high, bald peaks.

Christmas-eve found us comfortably encamped round a huge fire, upon which a savory stew of beef and wild onions was cooking. The Tungusians were flying about bare-headed, their frowzy black hair white with the frost of their breath. Bush is seated cross-legged trying to write up his journal by the light of a candle. His inkstand is placed in the hot ashes. He dips his pen in the hot ink; but before he has completed a sentence it becomes half frozen. He thrusts the pen into the flame, thaws the ink, and goes on. His journal shows the lines growing heavier and heavier as the ink thickened, and followed by fine lines made just after the thawing.

We went on ascending the mountains, following for two days the course of the river Goram, which winds through a deep chasm bordered by lofty cliffs and bald peaks. Sometimes we had to go upon the smooth ice, which gave no foot-hold for the deer, and we had to drag them along. Several of them were badly hurt by falls upon the ice. Riding was out of the question, and we had to assist the deer in getting along. Once we came to a cache of meat, built of logs and elevated upon poles. The lower part was gnawed by wolves and foxes, who had jumped up and snapped with their teeth, attempting to get at the meat with-



FOX-TRAP.

in. Close by was a fox-trap, constructed much like our "dead falls." Our Tungusians began to show symptoms of scurvy, the legs and feet being much swollen, and breaking out into sores. Swartz having frozen his nose, and Telefont his chin and toes, we began to suspect that it was cold—a suspicion verified by the thermometer, which stood at -35° . On the 30th the stream which we had been following for six days dwindled to nothing, and was lost in the snow. We were at the summit of the highest range in Eastern Siberia. The rivers which rise on one side fall into the Sea of Okhotsk, those on the other side fall into the Lena, whose mouth is more than two thousand miles distant, in the Arctic Ocean. The descent was more difficult for our deer than the ascent, the pack-saddles continually slipping forward upon their heads. But the temperature began to moderate, and on the morning of the last day of the year the thermometer indicated -8° . Following a trail, we came upon a Tungusian tent, about which twenty or thirty deer were feeding. They made a charge upon our train, and a short fight ensued, but no great harm was done. The owner of the tent said he could show us a better route than the one we were following, but he could not start in less than two days. We were not sorry to give our deer and guides a resting spell.

We celebrated New-Year's Day, 1866, by changing our clothing, which we had worn since leaving Oudskol. This was a more difficult operation than might be supposed, as the thermometer had fallen to -31° , and it was not pleasant to expose the naked body to that temperature even for a few minutes. After breakfast we made a New-Year's call upon our neighbors; and, although "the compliments of the season" could only be expressed by signs, the call was as lively as such things usually are. While seated at dinner we recollected that among our stores was a can labeled "roast

turkey." There could not be a more appropriate occasion for its use. We admitted, on the testimony of the label, that the contents of the can were really turkey, but the flavor gave no additional confirmation of the averment.

We had heard of the enormous appetites of the natives. We now had ocular demonstration of it. One of our Tungusians had been sent back on an errand. The two others sat down to their supper. First they made away with a gallon kettle of hot tea. Then they prepared a four-quart pailful of boiled fish and soup. Just as this was dispatched their comrade returned, and the same pail was twice filled with boiled beef, all of which was devoured by the three, the bones being cracked for the marrow. They then rinsed out the pail, and cooked it full of "crupa," a kind of mush, which went the way of the fish and beef. Then they fell upon "ukale," or dried salmon, devouring even the skin, after broiling it over the fire. Then they built their own camp fire, and began to cook another meal. We did not keep any account of the dishes, but the last thing we heard after retiring was the cracking of beef bones to get at the marrow. Swartz told us that a few months before a number of horses had been sent to Ajan under charge of half a dozen Cossacks. One of the horses broke its leg, and had to be killed. At evening the six Cossacks sat down to the carcass, and in the morning there was nothing left of it but the hide and bones. Even the head and entrails had been eaten.

The capacity of the natives for enduring cold is wonderful. When we could not expose our ears for two minutes without having them frozen, they would go for an hour at a time bare-headed, their hoods being thrown back. One day Bush partly froze his fingers in lighting his pipe by means of flint and steel. The operation did not occupy three minutes. At the same time our Tungusians had been working for half an hour with naked hands, loading the deer, handling packages, and lashing them together with seal-skin thongs.

I will not set down the monotonous incidents of the long march of fifteen days before we reached Ajan. The weather was clear but cold, the highest point indicated by the thermometer was -4° , the lowest -35° . We occasionally came upon a little native encampment, and have no reason to complain of the manner of our reception. We reached Ajan on the 17th of January, having in a little less than three months accomplished 700 miles—some-what more than half of the distance to Okhotsk. Here we were to undergo another detention of three weeks.

February 7.—Our long stay at Ajan has come to an end. I will group together a few of the leading incidents. The place had formerly been an important post of the Russian Fur Company, and the residence of one of the governors of Eastern Siberia. When the Okhotsk swarmed with whales it was a great resort of

American whalers. We were told by a captain that he had at one time from his own deck counted seventy-two vessels, more than half of them trying out oil. But the whales have been almost exterminated, and the Fur Company has just abandoned it, leaving only a few men to guard the remaining stores. We were ignorant of this when we left Nikolayefsk, but were informed of it as we drew near the place. We had expected to find only a few rude log-cabins, and were agreeably surprised to find a large log magazine, with a colonnade of heavy wooden pillars. Around were lying anchors, chains, tackle, and every thing necessary for a naval dépôt. The town itself, situated in a fine grove, consists of a dozen houses built of logs, but superior to any thing we had seen in Siberia, Nikolayefsk not excepted. Besides these, at the landing were comfortable quarters for the officers, besides bath-houses and a small chapel. As we rode up, Swartz recognized several old acquaintances, among whom were Mr. Popoff, the commandant, and Mr. Sleigerstroff, the sole representative of the Fur Company. The latter placed his house at our disposal, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in a large room, carpeted, papered, and furnished with pictures and mirrors. But we learned that no deer could be procured nearer than Nelkan, almost 150 miles distant, where a Tungusian starasta resided. Mr. Popoff sent a messenger, directing him to procure fifteen deer and send them on as soon as possible. With these we might easily have made our way by the regular post-route to Okhotsk, but this road strikes far inland, traversing two sides of a great triangle, in all 1800 miles. We were determined to try to find a direct route for the telegraph through the wilderness along one side of the triangle. The commandant urged us not to make the attempt. The route, he said, was only partially known to the most adventurous hunters; he himself had once attempted it, but on the second day had been obliged to turn back on account of storms and impassable mountains. But our recent successful journey had inspired us with confidence, and we resolved to make the attempt.

Day after day passed with no tidings of the messenger sent to the Tungusians. We were sure that Major Abasa must long before have reached Okhotsk, and, not finding us there, would be uneasy at our absence. Each day's delay increased our anxiety to start. We tried to procure dogs, in order to make our way along the ice-belt. But neither dogs or dog food were to be had. At length—on the 28th of January—a party of Tungusians arrived, who agreed to take us half the distance, to a place where resided a rich old native, who had deer in abundance, and would convoy us the remainder of the way. But their own deer were far inland, and it would require several days to bring them up. In the mean while every effort was made to make our delay as little irksome as possible, and to provide us with a fresh outfit. Even in de-

scribing our long journey, where all Russians were so unvaryingly generous and hospitable, we must pay a special tribute of thanks to Mr. Popoff. Without his assistance we should never have been able to prosecute our explorations beyond Ajan.

At length—on the 5th of February—Romann Caramsin, the Tungusian starasta, arrived with the welcome intelligence

that our deer would be the next day at a post-station sixteen miles distant, to which he would carry us on his own reindeer sleds. Heretofore—with the exception of a short ride for pleasure—our only experience with reindeer had been for riding and packing.

We started on the evening of the 6th of February, and soon found that we had judged of the reindeer from very inferior individuals, and that there was truth as well as poetry in the accounts of reindeer traveling. There was all the difference between riding a broken-down hack and holding the reins behind a pair of swift trotters. It was clear, cold, and perfectly still; the only sound was that of the deer on the hard, crisp snow. The light of the stars was sufficient to enable us to see our way, except where it passed through some dense forests of larches. It was a regular New England sleigh-ride, even to the accompaniment of a harmless upset; for all at once the foremost sled, in which were Bush and his driver, disappeared. It had been upset just where the road ran along the top of a bank, pitching the driver headforemost into a snow-bank fifteen feet below. The deer stopped short, and before the rest of us could come up a cheery shout from Bush assured us that all was right.

At the post-station we found our deer and guides in readiness. The latter were two intelligent young fellows, relatives of Caramsin. As the journey would probably involve a large amount of snow-shoeing in order to break a track in places, they had hired another Tungusian to accompany us with two deer for this purpose.

Onward and still onward for a week, until we came to the yourt of Egory, a rich old Tungusian, who urged us to stay with him for at least a day. He feasted us grandly upon young venison, reindeer tongues, and tea, the equal of which we venture to say is not to be found out of China or Russia. They say that the flavor of tea is greatly impaired by a sea voyage, a theory which we were quite ready to admit. We asked the old man how many deer he owned. He could not tell; for he could not, he



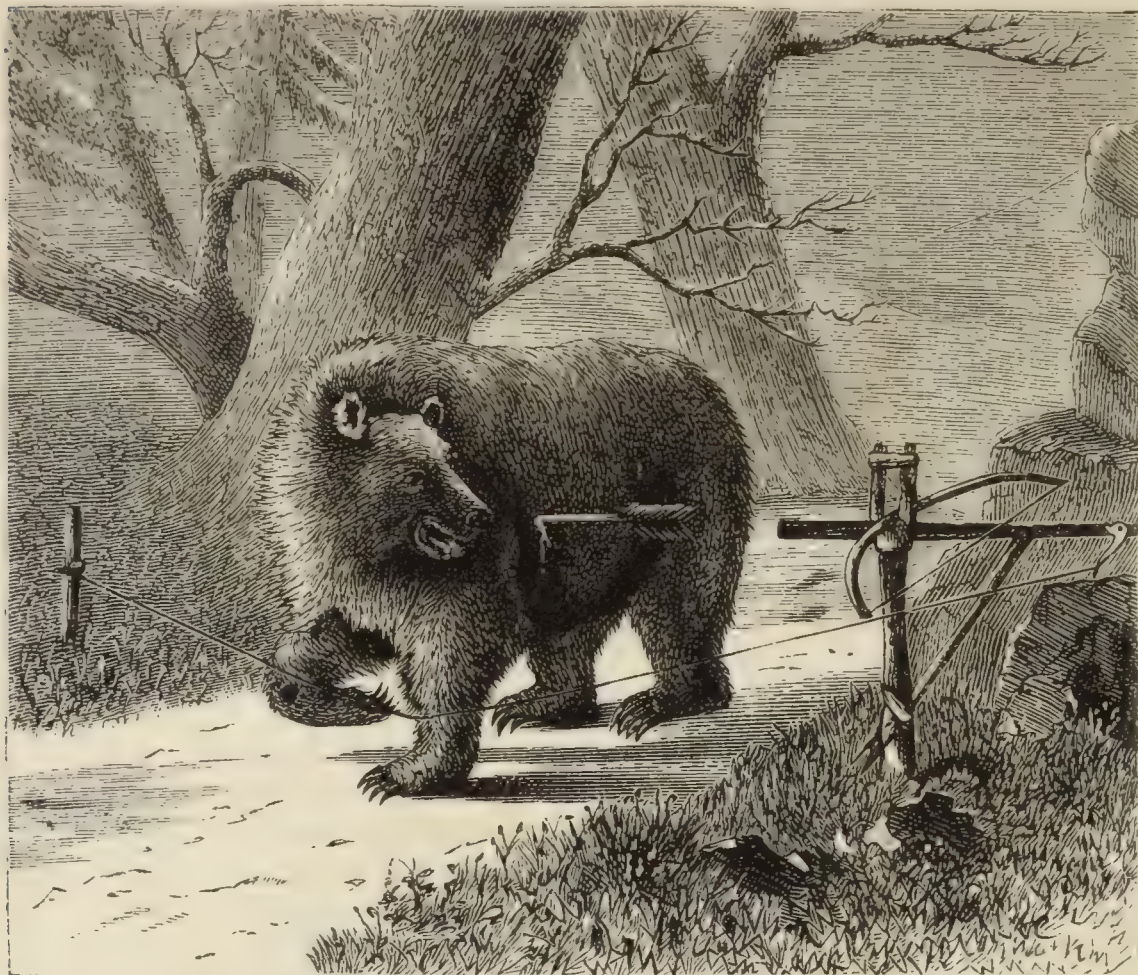
REINDEER SLED.

said, count far enough to find out. Since fall he had lost more than a hundred, who had been killed by wolves, or wandered off with the wild deer; but he had been partially repaid, for he had shot twenty-five wild deer which he had found feeding with his herds. But he said that he was poor when compared with some of his neighbors, who owned so many that they did not pretend to keep track of them. An animal that would cost thirty rubles at Oudskoi can be bought here for a bottle of rum.

The old man was an eager bear-hunter, if we might judge from the skins and spears lying around. The spears are of native manufacture; the blades, which are about ten inches long, are beautifully inlaid with designs in copper. They are rarely used except for dispatching a bear that has been trapped or wounded. Two kinds of traps are used. One is built of logs upon the principle of our ordinary "figure-4" box trap. The other consists of a stout cross-bow, fastened to a tree by the side of a path frequented by the animals. Connected with the trigger is a string running across the path, so arranged that when the foot of the animal touches it the arrow is discharged into his side.

On the 18th we reached the yourt of the old Tungusian, which was to be our half-way station. We had been partly expected, for a week before a Cossack had passed with dispatches for us from Major Abasa, who had some time before arrived at Okhotsk. This was all we could learn, for the messenger had taken a different route from the one by which we had come. Here we parted with our guides, who said that they had fulfilled their engagement to bring us half-way. But Egory said that Ivan, the starasta, lived four days' journey distant, and that it would take us twenty days to reach Okhotsk. We engaged deer to carry us, our host and another old fellow going with us as guides. He proved to be a bit of a rogue, for it was only a day and a half to the starasta's. Egory had more than doubled the distance in order to make a better bargain for the use of his deer.

The name of the starasta was Ivan, which is quite as common in Russia as John, its English



BEAR-TRAP.

equivalent, is with us. The village consisted of four tents, pitched in a forest of larch. The snow all around was trodden down by deer, about forty of whom made a charge upon us, but were easily driven off.

Ivan received us kindly, and conducted us to one of the tents, excusing himself for not offering us his own, for the valid reason that he had been made a great-grandfather the night before. An animated conversation ensued, though carried on under some difficulties, as every question and answer had to be translated into four languages before reaching its destination. Swartz rendered our English into Russian, Ivan (not the starasta, but a Cossack who had come with us all the way from Oudskoi) put the Russian into Yakout, which Egory rendered into Tungusian. The starasta was especially anxious to learn about America and the Americans. As we were seating ourselves at tea he bowed his head, murmured a short prayer, and crossed himself. Seeing that we did not do the same, he sat silent for a time; then asked, "Do the Americans have a God?" We replied in the affirmative. Again he pondered a few moments; then asked, "Do the French have a God?" Our answer, "Yes," seemed to puzzle him still more. We afterward discovered that the natives here have a very bad opinion of the French, based upon exaggerated reports which have reached them of the barbarities of the French during the Crimean war.

We decided to remain a while at Ivan's, for we were confident that Abasa's messenger would learn that he had passed us, and would return on his track. He came on the third day, bringing dispatches. Abasa had been alone at Okhotsk for several weeks, Kennan

having left him at Ghijigha, and gone northward to Behring's Sea in search of Macrae's party, who were supposed to have landed at the mouth of the Anadyr River.

We had no difficulty in engaging fresh deer from Ivan. But when, as here, they are in large herds, they become half wild, and it is no easy task to catch them. Ours had to be selected from a herd of three hundred, and it took all—men, women, and children—to effect this. However, at last it was done, and on the 24th of February we were once more on our way.

Four Tungusians went with us to relieve each other in breaking a road. These, with Abasa's Cossack and his native interpreter, joined to our own party, formed quite a considerable caravan. Although the snow was deep, and the weather cold (on the 28th the thermometer went down to -40°), we got along very well, and at last, on the 30th of March, reached Okhotsk, where we found Major Abasa awaiting us. It was more than six months since we had parted at Petropaulovski. Of these nearly five had been occupied in the journey from Nikolayefsk, although the actual distance is only about 1200 miles.

For a considerable time we had been traveling on the borders of the country of the Yakouts, the most superior and numerous tribe of Eastern Siberia. They dwell in permanent abodes, have many horses and cows, and manifest much ingenuity in working metals and carving in ivory. Their principal town, Yakutsk, 600 miles from Okhotsk, contains 6000 inhabitants.

Okhotsk was once a place of considerable importance. Here Behring built the vessels in which he started on his voyage of discovery. Since the founding of Nikolayefsk it has fallen into decay. Most of the former houses have been pulled down for fire-wood. It now contains thirty dwellings and three hundred inhabitants, Russians, Cossacks, and Yakouts.

April 3.—We had expected to remain at Okhotsk until spring—that is, the first of June—awaiting the arrival of vessels, but in ten days Major Abasa decided to return to Ghijigha, to hurry on preparations for building the telegraph as soon as materials and men should arrive there. He asked Bush to accompany him. The distance, 800 miles, was to be performed

FIGHT BETWEEN REINDEER AND DOGS.



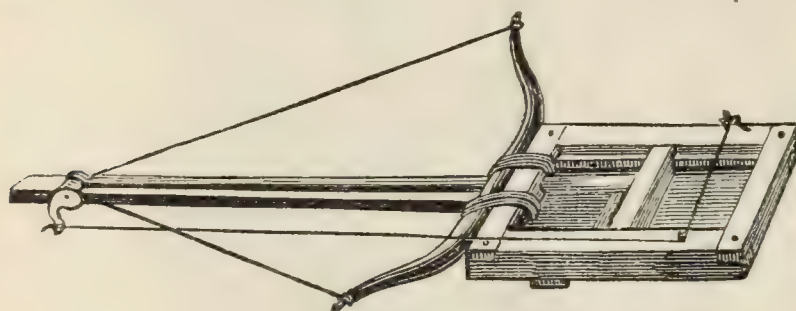
by dog sleds. Those provided for this journey were of a kind here called "pavoshkas," so long that the passenger can lie in them at full length; the back has a cover which can be raised or lowered at pleasure, and to this may be fastened a curtain reaching to the front, so that the traveler can shut himself completely in, the driver being entirely without protection. Fifteen or twenty dogs are required for such a sled. The rate of speed is evinced by the fact that on the first day we made about seventy-two miles in twelve hours. I shall note but a few incidents of this journey. One day, while sitting in a yourt, we saw a little white animal, looking much like a weasel, dart-

ing in and out of a pile of wood. We were astonished at being told that this was the ermine, whose fur figures so largely as a royal adornment. Here they are of so little account that a skin is worth only six cents, and they are only taken to pay the church taxes. They are caught in an ingenious kind of trap. It is a square frame, with a cross-bar sliding in grooves at the sides; to this is attached a string connected with a light bow in such a manner that when the string is touched the bow is loosed, and the bar is brought against the end of the frame. This is placed over the ermine's hole; in coming out he springs the bow, and is caught by the neck without injuring the skin.



YAKOUT WOMAN.

At one place the chiefs assembled to hear the major's proposition for building the telegraph. They looked dubious. He explained that it consisted of a line of poles across the country, with a wire along their tops. One asked in what direction the line would go. Upon being told, they were still more gloomy. At last one asked how far apart the poles would be. Upon being informed of the distance, their countenances brightened at once. They knew that the line would cross their usual routes of travel, and supposed that the poles would be so close together that deer could not pass between. Their fears were now dispelled,



ERMINE-TRAP.

and they promised us two hundred deer in the spring at two and a half rubles (\$1 87) each.

One day we met a native riding one deer and leading another. Our whole pack of dogs,



YAKOUT MAN.

two hundred in number, dashed after the deer in spite of all efforts to restrain them, though some of the drivers turned their sleds bottom upward to check their speed. A dozen dogs sprang upon the deer, and pulled it to the ground. The drivers leaped among them, and belabored them with their heavy clubs. The deer, recovering from its fright, leaped into the crowd of dogs, springing into the air and striking out with all its feet at once. The dogs were driven off, and the deer trotted off to join its companion. In a moment another pack of the dogs were upon it, and before they could be driven off the deer was killed. We satisfied the owner by a liberal compensation for his loss.

On the 3d of April we came in sight of a considerable settlement on a river-bank. This was Ghijigha, the end of our present journey, and the entrepôt of the surrounding region. Here we were provided with comfortable quarters in a large log-house belonging to a fur-trader, of which we had hardly taken possession when the door was thrown open, and several fur-clad figures rushed in. It was only by their voices that we could in two of them recognize Kennan and Macrae. Their adventures are worth telling; but Kennan has already told them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOVING, BUT UNLOVED.

Out from his palace home
He came to my cottage door:
Few were his looks and words,
But they linger for evermore.
The smile of his sad blue eyes
Was tender as smile could be;
Yet I was nothing to him,
Though he was the world to me!

Fair was the bride he won,
Yet her heart was never his own:
Her beauty he had and held,
But his spirit was ever alone.
I would have been his slave,
With a kiss for my life-long fee;
But I was nothing to him,
While he was the world to me!

To-day, in his stately home,
On a flower-strewn bier he lies,
With the drooping lids fast closed
O'er the beautiful sad blue eyes.
And among the mourners who mourn
I may not a mourner be;
For I was nothing to him,
Though he was the world to me!

How will it be with our souls
When they meet in the better land?
What the mortal could never know,
Will the spirit yet understand?
Or, in some celestial form,
Must the sorrow repeated be,
And I be nothing to him,
While he dims heaven for me?

THE BARD OF ABBOTSFORD.

THE ENCHANTMENTS OF WAVERLEY,
AS FELT BY A CHILD.

IT is sometimes a matter of curious interest, and even of much utility, to observe in what manner and in what degree achieved mental greatness sows its thought in new and immature soil.

Memory takes me back twenty years to a midsummer morning passed in a favorite room. It had an oriel-window looking to the east, over an unblemished lawn, to a river glimmering at isolated intervals through intervening foliage.

On one side of the room were books from floor to ceiling—a display without ostentation, every book by virtue of its excellence giving honor to, and taking none from, the place it occupied.

I remember that room as holding an august company. Poet, historian, moralist, scientist, and romancer contributed to the shelves the strongest meat of their several literatures.

These treasures belonged to me in the measure that I was able and chose to possess myself of them. While yet living among us great authors have, and generally use, unqualified option in their choice of society; but in their works they give freely of their company, and one has only to say to whom he will hearken, and he or she steps forward, and the rest await their turn.

Not Maria “del Occidente,” but so much of her as shines in “The Bride of Seven,” looked at me by the side of “Anastasius” and “Zanoni.”

I knew something of Plutarch, “The Spectator,” and “The Fool of Quality,” and the strange fascination of “Frankenstein.” These spoke not in utterly unknown tongues to the child nine years old.

I knew “Undine” and “The White Lady” by heart; had felt the thrall of Zschokke, the differing yet equal charm of Marmontel’s “Incas of Peru.” I had even peeped among the pages of ostracized Tom Paine, and had felt the pulse of thought quicken in the pure

flame with which George Sand’s genius lights the page of “Consuelo.”

From such a various yet congruous feast, though partaken of with childish desultoriness and indiscrimination, there can be no doubt a certain strength and appreciation were acquired; the coloring of the mind was saved from too tamely blending with itself; so that “Waverley” brought me better fare, not than it contained, but than I could possibly have enjoyed but for just such a preceding repast.

All the richness and inspiration of that earlier book-devouring streamed to the illumination of the unread.

On that midsummer morning I went down on my knees before a mysterious row of volumes sheathed in thick brown paper. Out of these unpromising chrysalides the Waverley novels, in chastely elegant binding, tumbled into my lap. It was the illustrated Abbotsford edition, not the American reprint, and their mere outward appearance was an infection of delight.

Selecting “Ivanhoe,” and curling up in the oriel-window seat, the enchantments of Waverley began for me.

I read all these novels, and then re-read “Kenilworth,” “The Pirate,” “Ivanhoe,” “Anne of Geierstein,” “Heart of Mid-Lothian,” and “Bride of Lammermoor.”

These were the favorites.

So far as is possible the child-mind theatrizes all of which it reads or is told. Memory serves me with many instances, one or two of which will show my meaning.

At the turn of an evergreen avenue, which seemed the special haunt of wind-gusts, I used to sit with “The Pirate” lying on my knee. Poring over the weird picture of Old Norna of the Fitful Head, I would close my eyes and fancy the increased rushing of the breeze was the rustling mantle of Old Norna, as she glided past. There was a pleasing terror in this delusion, answering as it did to my summons with the vividness of actuality.

In other phases of the same enchantment, wrapped and hooded in an old shawl, and crutch in hand, I have flitted by that same corner personating Old Norna; pale, I doubt not, with the self-deluding phantasm, and glaring at the imaginary child in my usual seat as if she were there palpable, and trembling at the vision.

Again, I was Jeanie Deans, with sore heart and undaunted spirit journeying to the queen, pleading for a beloved young sister's life, and trusting more to the queen's royal heart of womanhood than to her royal crown of state.

In a rose-vined balcony, which imagination readily converted into giddy battlements, I leaned upon its verge (fresh from the reading of "Ivanhoe"), and dared Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert to advance a step; and yet again sorrowed, as Rebecca did not, over the haughty Templar's bitter fate.

Jealous for Rebecca, I did not like Rowena; and, with the child-like audacity that does not know it is bold, I shaped that portion of the novel more to my own mind, and, with an equal hardihood, changed about the characteristics of Ivanhoe and Sir Brian, giving of what seemed the softness and inconsequence of the former to Sir Brian, and taking from the latter, since he was dead and could not miss them, some of the stern, brave elements for which he could have no further use, and grafting them upon Ivanhoe.

I enjoyed this greatly, with impunity, and that beautiful indifference to such sacrilege peculiar to childhood.

"Anne of Geierstein" left a less complex but more grave impression; but it was "Kenilworth" that cut its features most sharply in my remembrance; and it is chiefly by the effect produced by one event in it that the whole remains so clear.

Without reasoning upon it, I felt that the love of Amy Robsart for the Earl of Leicester was a fine and genuine emotion. I experienced a mental breathlessness as the plot unfolded by which that high-spirited but true and gentle creature was to be sacrificed.

The readers of "Kenilworth" will remember that the earl, who was in great favor with the reigning prude of England, feared to risk Elizabeth's partiality by the disclosure of his



NORNA.



JEANIE DEANS.



THE TEMPLAR'S FATE.

marriage with Amy; and that by his direction Amy led a life of complete seclusion, brightened only by occasional secret visits from the earl.

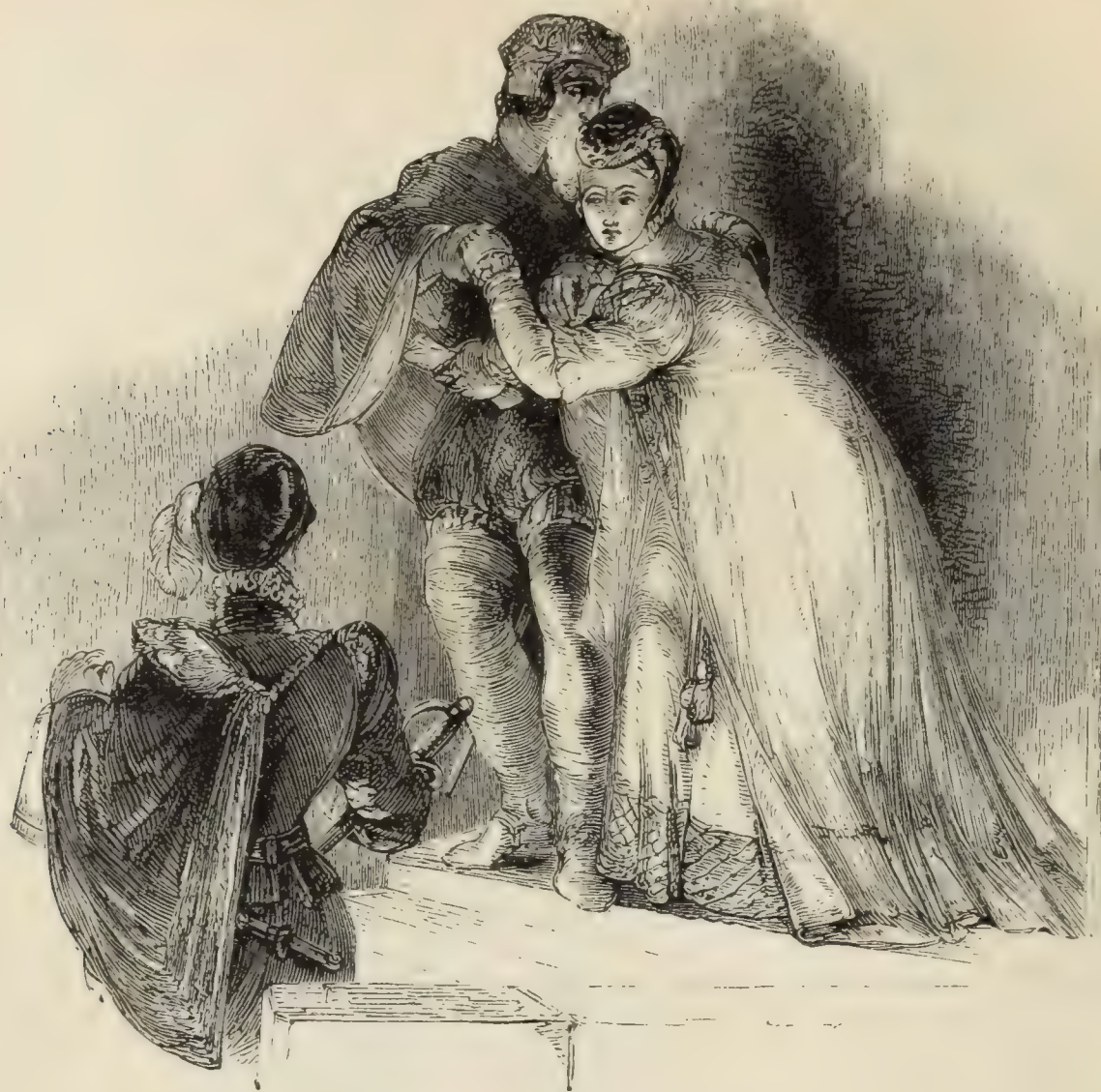
Varney, the valet and confidant of the Earl of Leicester, was an unscrupulous, shrewd, ambitious villain, who, in playing upon his master's weaknesses, and rousing his ambition to the throne, and furthering his bold hopes, conceived that he should best secure his own advancement, reasoning that if Leicester were king, the faithful Varney would be rewarded.

The lovely, ill-fated Countess Amy was the obstacle. By a long course of adroit deception and knavery Varney succeeded in bringing the earl to believe Amy false, and to consent, though

with agony and reluctance, to her "most foul murder"—a consent repented of when too late, as weak wickedness is apt to be.

As none but the earl came to see her, Amy felt sure of his approach whenever the clang of hoofs resounded from the pavement of the court. There was a trap-door at the threshold of the chamber in which she was finally immured, from beneath which the usual supports were removed. A horse was led or driven into the court, and the earl's familiar whistle well imitated—the signal for love's greeting being thus diabolically chosen for love's utmost outrage.

Hearing these sounds, Amy, beautiful and full of new hope, flew to the door, all love and tender impatience, to be instantly plunged in



BETRAYAL OF AMY ROBSART.

gloom and death, while her wretched, wavering husband was miserably dallying with Elizabeth.

Amy Robsart's tragic story was like an actual occurrence to me, to which I could not be reconciled; nor did I fail to tax Scott with needless cruelty in bringing so much treasure of mind and person to such a fate.*

In the "Bride of Lammermoor" I passed alternately from pathos to passionate indignation.

The Lord of Ravenswood, without altogether pleasing, fascinated me. I was impatient to have him seize Lucy Ashton right out of the feudal midst, and be off with her, though I secretly owned her not quite worth the pains; for again, in childish balance, I had weighed her with Juliet of the Capulets, and found her wanting.

But I did long to see Lady Ashton properly defeated and confounded, and, in place of the real and ghastly sequel, loved to fancy Lord Edgar snatching his bride in the face of her arrogant mother's frowns, and bearing her away in triumph, under the shadow of that sable plume that afterward told the mournful story of the quicksand.

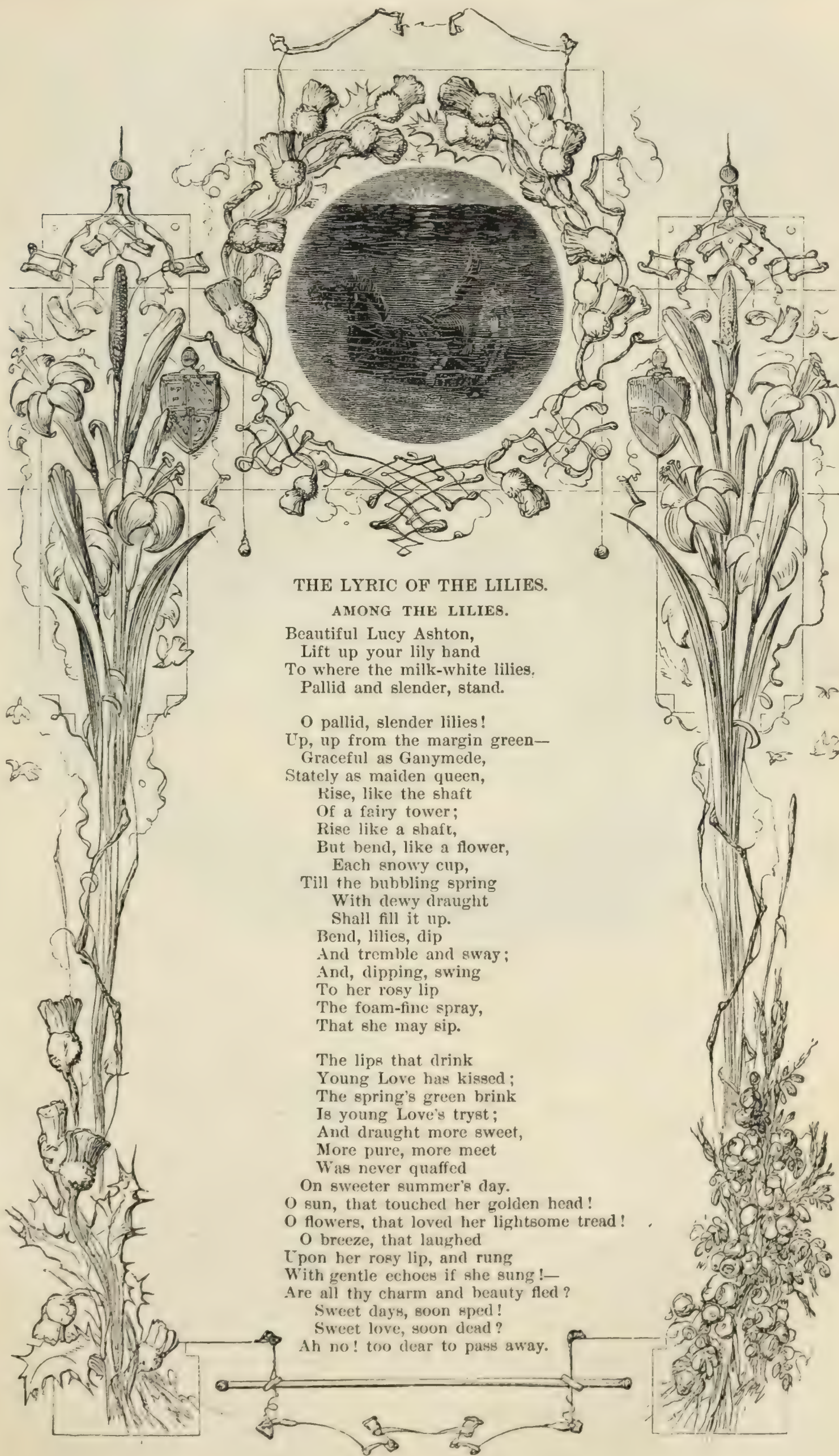
* The character of the Earl of Leicester is a feebleness, of which we have a modern masterpiece. The cruelty of weakness, the selfish sensitiveness, which shrinks not from giving, but from *receiving* pain, which drifts away from all that is courageous, generous, just, and toward all that is indolence and ease, have vivid existence in the character of Tito as drawn by the pen which wrote "Romola."

A sense of the chivalrous, tender, romantic, and imaginative in human nature, of the beautiful and picturesque in external nature, and a tinge of the gloomy superstitions and seeming fatalities of life—these are what I retain of the enchantments of Waverley.

I do not attempt to associate any idea of criticism with these childish recollections of an author who, if popularity determined greatness, would be one of the greatest the world has known. I have thought the sum of their influence upon me (being such as any child, similarly circumstanced, might have felt) might have a certain significance and value for those who recognize the purity, astuteness, and simplicity in the crude conceptions of a child's mind, and who know that these early appreciations, with all their incompleteness, foreshadow unerringly the nature, if not the degree, of all later understandings.

Through either experience or observation, life brings to most a knowledge of many kinds of love. Love that is loyal, like that of Jeanie Deans; love that is as gently trustful and as basely requited as Amy Robsart's; that is as worthless as the Earl of Leicester's, and love that is wrecked pathetically, in its own weakness, as in the "Bride of Lammermoor."

Over a lapse of twenty years the tender pathos of that story—not in its ghastlier features, but in its broken love-charm—returns to me, and glides after the shadowy fashion of memories into the rhythm and melody of the Lyric of the Lilies.



THE LYRIC OF THE LILIES.

AMONG THE LILIES.

Beautiful Lucy Ashton,
Lift up your lily hand
To where the milk-white lilies,
Pallid and slender, stand.

O pallid, slender lilies!
Up, up from the margin green—
Graceful as Ganymede,
Stately as maiden queen,
Rise, like the shaft
Of a fairy tower;
Rise like a shaft,
But bend, like a flower,
Each snowy cup,
Till the bubbling spring
With dewy draught
Shall fill it up.
Bend, lilies, dip
And tremble and sway;
And, dipping, swing
To her rosy lip
The foam-fine spray,
That she may sip.

The lips that drink
Young Love has kissed;
The spring's green brink
Is young Love's tryst;
And draught more sweet,
More pure, more meet
Was never quaffed

On sweeter summer's day.
O sun, that touched her golden head!
O flowers, that loved her lightsome tread!
O breeze, that laughed
Upon her rosy lip, and rung
With gentle echoes if she sung!—
Are all thy charm and beauty fled?
Sweet days, soon sped!
Sweet love, soon dead?
Ah no! too dear to pass away.



BY THE FOUNTAIN.

THE TRYST.

The deer are in the woodlands;
 The birds are on the wing;
 The June hath clad in roses
 The moss-green robes of spring.
 Fair is young Lucy Ashton,
 Waiting by the spring;
 Fair are the marble lilies;
 Fair is every thing.

Blue are the eyes of Lucy,
 Blue as the summer sea,
 And full of the changing charm of the sea;
 As suddenly shy, as purely bold,
 Afoam with fancies too fine to be told;
 Fancies so delicate, pure, and free,
 They seem revealing, above disguise,
 Her very heart in her lovely eyes;
 When over them swift, in fold on fold,
 The baffling waves of reserve are rolled;
 And in them lies,
 In place of the sparkle and beam and flash,
 A weary sweep of the silken lash,
 And vague surprise,
 That slowly glides into thought as deep

As the deep, dark wave, whose shadows keep
 The sea's sad mysteries in sleep,
 Whence secrets never rise.
 Eyes ever and always like the sea;
 Most like when the sea, in lulls or blows,
 In a countless glory of glimpses, shows
 How lovely heaven may be.

Fresh breezes, waft
 Faint fragrance to her;
 Beat, beat his face
 To a blush apace
 Who comes to sue her.
 Bold Love, stir his heart
 Till its throbs are blows;
 Shy Love, try thine art
 Till it paints the rose,
 Of a thousand glows,
 On a cheek that was pale.
 Blow, breeze, to a gale
 With frolicsome ways;
 Fan, fan to a blaze
 The sweet cheek that was pale;
 Else Love will disclose
 That she knows—that she knows—
 Who is coming to woo her.



THE TOKEN SCENE.

THE PARTING.

O Lucy! Lucy Ashton!

Listen, before you speak;
At Edgar's coming—*once*—thy heart
Sent rosy welcome to thy cheek;
But now, how silent, cold, and pale
Thine eyes, their trembling lashes veil.
Look up, O tender, downcast eye,
That can not look in mine—and lie;
If that thou wearest on thy breast
Has ceased to thrill, as Edgar's token,
Return it from its fickle rest;
'Tis but a heart, outraged and broken,
Thou wilt be giving back to me,
If thou, that parted coin returning,
Canst say it has no charms for thee.

I will not take thy mother's word:
She is too heartless, proud, and cold.
If it be *true* thou lovest no more,
'Tis by *thy* lips I will be told.

O glowing lips, that I have kissed!
O sweet and lovely eyes!
No word! no look!—in signs like these
A fatal meaning lies.

[*She gives the coin.*]

'Tis, then, thy wish—thy deed! Alas
That heart so false could beat
Within a breast so fair! I thought
Not heaven could be more sweet.
And canst thou really wish it so?
But, ah! thy silence bids me go.
O treacherous, fatal loveliness!
So tender still thy spell,
Love can not speak its deep reproach.
Farewell, dear love, farewell!

He rode, unheeding, in the storm: the night
Infolded him in ever-deep'ning gloom.
His noble head drooped on his struggling breast,
Where broken trust and wounded love's unrest
Wrought in his faithful heart their mournful blight;
Thus grief and night prepared his lonely doom.

For Edgar, Lord of Ravenswood,
All day in vain they sought;
When sun was set in hue of blood,
A stranger tidings brought.
On yonder quicksand's dizzy maze,
Found by his favorite groom,
Only the young lord's velvet cap
And matted sable plume.

THE LILIES—ALONE.

On earth beneath, in heaven above,
Is aught more dear, more pure than love?
Can aught so perfect have an end?
Ask where the slender lilies bend.
No more, by yon deserted spring,
Close-clasping hands, eyes glistening,
Fond, hurried vows, fond listening;
Warm lips, love-thrilled,
Young hearts, hope-filled,
All trust and truth,
That is so new,
Yet seems not strange.
O heart of youth,
What loves like you,
Defying ruth,
Unfearing change?
Can aught so perfect have an end?
Ask where the pallid lilies bend.



"ONLY THE YOUNG LORD'S VELVET CAP
AND MATTED SABLE PLUME."

Year after year, o'er yonder spring,
The wild bird floats on tinted wing,
The sky still drops its curtain blue,
The sun its morning cup of dew
Sips slowly, with a golden smile,
That rifts the quiet forest aisle.

The path where shine and shadow meet,
Once lightly pressed by little feet,
Is tenderly o'erlaid with flowers.

A fading rainbow in the mist.
With silence keeps the lovers' tryst
Through slowly flitting summer hours.

A sunny beauty reigneth here;
Its ripe perfections, far and near,
In forms and hues and perfumes blend.
But, oh! more perfect, pure, and dear,
The beauty of the young hearts' truth
That kept the tryst one little year—
The sweet, sweet love of early youth.
Alas! can aught so perfect end?
Alone the empty lilies bend.

"THEY COULD NOT BUT SAY I HAD THE
CROWN."

WALTER SCOTT.

One hundred years ago this 15th of August Sir Walter Scott was born, and in view of the centennial anniversary, preparations have been made for the appropriate commemoration of the event in his native city of Edinburgh. Great interest attaches to celebrations of this character, and in proportion to the genius and popular ascendancy of the subjects of them, the intelligent sympathy of the world participates.

At a time, then, when the world—at least the world of book-lovers—is looking over its shoulder with friendly eyes upon Sir Walter Scott once more, it seems fitting to make a book-lover's modest contribution to his memory.

Very few great men have been, or may hope to be, so fortunate as Scott has been in the biographical services of Mr. J. G. Lockhart, with whose admirable and voluminous memoirs the world is long since familiar.

To the task Mr. Lockhart brought not only his admitted talents and culture, but a love, knowledge, care, and labor worthy the subject; and the result was eminently satisfactory to Scott's time and to our own.

From this biography it is evident that Scott's life—written with the latitude of romance—would, as a romance, rank with any of his own writing. It teems with steady interest, and is crowded with richly suggestive incident.

But perhaps as weighty and condensed a consideration of Sir Walter Scott and his works as literature contains is the estimate of Mr. Carlyle, which appeared in the *London and Westminster Review* at the time of Lockhart's publication of the life of Scott.

In 1838, when Dickens was being spoken of as a writer whose surprising popularity was of too great moment to literature to excuse the slight notice usually awarded to anonymous merit, and while the fame and popularity of Scott, enhanced by posthumous interest, were still the theme and wonder of literary circles, Carlyle gave expression to a counterpoise of appreciation. It was an utterance differing boldly and keenly from the general voice—Carlylic in every respect—which, in its disdain of mere compliment, and in its generous discrimination of Sir Walter's merits, both of authorship and personal character—revealing a study which Carlyle would never have given to second-rate excellence of its kind—may well be considered as vital a leaf as any among the poet's laurels.

It would seem (offered merely as an opinion, and not as a fiat of judgment) that the man who is to write or work in any way so as to move the world to the seeing and doing of better things than it has yet known is he who shall feel from his first incipience of conscious thought an inward impelling to such work; a determination not destructible by circumstance; an inspiration, however modest and hidden, that shall be his unceasing stimulus and abiding encouragement, and which shall, of a necessity, in some degree advance the world.

"Literature is the thought of thinking souls." What is sown in that field has immortal life, and he who hopes to work therein must work indeed, wrestling patiently and invincibly every step of the difficult, glorious way. He must



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

think—as far as it is possible to human nature—not of the good that may be coming *to* him, but of the good that is to go *from* him.

Death, in dropping from its subtle balance not clay alone, but all mere externalities of time and circumstance, and in weighing only merit and utility, calculates not its own gains only, but steadily computes the great sum of the best issues of life, and so holds the victory of the true worker secure. Haply his hour is late; but it comes.

In common with Lockhart and the Ettrick Shepherd, Carlyle considered Scott a man of remarkable healthiness of nature, of robustness, geniality, and cordial heartiness, and as having a stock of humor, courage, and energy that knew no abatement, and an aptness for anecdote which made his company captivating to all.

Carlyle bestows a largess of eulogium covering many directions of merit, and full of the most searching cognizance of his subject, reverting again and again to Scott's health, and the endeavor, endurance, and clear vision which were his in consequence. "Were one to preach a sermon on health," he says, "as were really worth doing, Scott ought to be the text."

Impatient of all insufficiencies, Carlyle lamented only that this strong soul, with its various gifts, powers, and wonderful industries, "had no message whatever to deliver to the

world, wished not the world to elevate itself, to amend itself, to do this, or to do that, except simply to pay him for the books he kept writing."

Few could have spoken more highly of Scott both as a man and as an author, or been more impressive in the speaking, than Carlyle in this review of Lockhart's life of Sir Walter; and perhaps not one would have so thrust through and through the praise with the very Ithuriel spear of criticism.

Very different is the meed of James Hogg.

In all the Scott literature there can hardly be found any thing so altogether delightful as the "Anecdotes"* related of him by the Ettrick Shepherd. These anecdotes are so simply yet tersely told—a series of recollections evidently treasured with fidelity, recalled with love, and related by the Ettrick Shepherd with that candor, unabridged, characteristic of all his sayings and doings, and which lent them a marvelous interest and charm. Moreover, they are an actuality, transpiring as one reads.

It would be difficult *not* to see Sir Walter, so eager as he was for every scrap of legend and tradition, listening delightedly to the "Shep-

* A little volume published in 1834 by Harper and Brothers, and containing also an interesting sketch of the life of James Hogg.

herd's" mother chanting her ballads "auld as the first laird of Tushilaw," and flouting him with a smart slap of her open palm for having gathered and "prentit" them, and so broken their charm. A brief quotation will give a curious instance of the true Ettrickian humor in which these anecdotes are told.

"In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, 'Mr. Scott, that's the maddest deil o' a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil anither wi' ye.' 'Ay,' said he, 'he and I have been very often like the Picts these two days past—we could stand straight up and tie the latchets of our shoes.' I did not understand the allusion, *nor do I yet*, but those were his words."*

He gives an instance, perhaps the most remarkable any where recorded, of the wonderful memory of Scott. They went one night, about midnight, "leistering for kippers in Tweed." Finding their peat gone out, they sent one Rob Fletcher for another, and meantime sat down to wait upon the brink of Tweed.

Scott asked the Ettrick Shepherd to sing his ballad, "Gilman's Cleuch." This ballad had never been printed, and had never been repeated to Scott but once, about three years before.

The shepherd began, but failed with the eighth or ninth stanza, whereupon Scott rehearsed it—eighty-eight stanzas in all—without mistake or hesitancy, from beginning to end.

The mirth and unquenchable jollity of Scott appears on this same occasion, when their unriverworthy boat began to sink. One of the party roared with consternation, begging they might put ashore. "Oh, she goes fine," said Scott,

"An' gin the boat were bottomless,
An' seven miles to row—"

which singing, the boat departed from under them, leaving them over head and ears in Tweed.

It seems matter of wonder when Scott could possibly have penned—to say nothing of composing—his voluminous works; for the Ettrick Shepherd, who was so intimate with him for thirty years, adds his to the general testimony that Scott's time was continually broken in upon, not only by a plethoric correspondence, but by a stream of visitors, with whom he would at any time cheerfully be up and away for any sort of an excursion his guests might fancy, whether on horseback or on foot; and withal his spirits, except in severe illness, were evenly fine and sweet; while his fund of anecdote, which the Shepherd believes to have been in a

great degree original, was full of point and inexhaustible.

The Ettrick Shepherd's account of the manner in which he and Sir Walter criticised each other's writings is unique indeed. They behaved to each other with absolute frankness, each having evidently the greatest respect for the other's opinion, and a strong desire for the other's approval; yet each sharper upon the other than the whole world beside.

To cite an instance:

After a merrily caustic conversation about a literary venture of the Shepherd's, Scott exclaims: "Well, Hogg, you appear to me just now like a man dancing upon a rope or wire at a great height; if he is successful and finishes his dance in safety, he has accomplished no great matter; but if he makes a slip, he gets a devil of a fall."

It was well for the Ettrick Shepherd that he, better than any other, knew how to be wittily even with his friend.

Near the close of the "Anecdotes" the Shepherd says, "Those who knew Scott only from the few hundreds, or I might say hundreds of thousands, of volumes to which he has given birth and circulation through the world, knew only one-half of the man, and that not the best half either."

Thus generously does the eccentric bard of Ettrick Vale pay tribute to his illustrious brother, and in every anecdote cracks for us a nut filled with the meat of character.

The Ashestiel autobiographical fragment, written in 1808 (when Scott was thirty-seven years old), though unfortunately brief, is very interesting, and it is a noticeably modest self-estimate, when his great popularity and the uniformly high opinion of his reviewers and critics are considered.

The fragment stops abruptly, with his assumption of the advocate's gown, and contains no positive indication and but faint suggestion of a future literary career. Autobiographical sketches might be written of thousands who never reached any eminence in any direction who were much more faithful to their early studies than Sir Walter, who yet loved the wild, romantic, and fanciful, and devoured it as incontinently as he.

Such indications are either superficial or significant according to the stamp of mind evincing them, and according to its capacity for using instead of being used by circumstances. With all that appeared frittering and desultory in Scott's early youth, attributable, as much of it was, to illness and the indulgence attending it, with all the laziness, love of ease and mere amusement, of which he accuses himself, and of which others accuse him, his mind was essentially active and unresting.

Of whatever he heard, or saw, or read he made himself the possessor in the most positive and vital manner. Through all the idle rambles, the erratic vagaries and dreaming, of his boyhood, and while passing for only the witty

* I comprehend Scott's Pict allusion as little as the Shepherd, but remembering that son of Erin who, passing a neglected burial-place, gravely declared, "Well, thin, Pat, so long as I live, I'll niver let the likes o' this happen to *my* grave; I'll pull the weeds meself first;" and viewing the whole matter in the light of an Hibernianism, it might mean that Scott sank so deep in mire that, had his feet staid on the surface, he could without stooping have tied his shoes.

and careless lad, the "Greek blockhead," the best story-teller, and the universal favorite, who knew but little of what he ought, and a vast miscellaneous quantity that could apparently serve no possible purpose, Scott's mind was, consciously or otherwise, filling to the brim those affluent springs of imagination and feeling that at a later time should overflow, with scarce an effort, in the beauty and rhythm of the Scottish minstrelsy.

He knew, or he knew not, what he was about, but in either case he was about it.

Says Bulwer, who writes of him at this period with eloquence and discrimination, "The boyhood of eminent men, especially poets, has usually been marked by desultory habits; and self-occupation, unseen and un conjectured, earns for them the character of indolence."

An ardent admirer of beautiful scenery, Scott longed and even indefatigably tried to acquire the art of placing his favorite views on canvas, but failed to realize the desire. Yet must he have been an artist; for, as the Ettrick Shepherd, who knew him intimately well, testifies, "A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it;" and his pen so perfectly reproduced these scenes that they were invariably recognized by those ocularly familiar with them.

In music also Sir Walter declares himself an absolute failure and the despair of his teacher; yet there must have been music in him; for all his poems, more especially the "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion," are not only written in rhythm's smoothest melody, but, if not so uniformly mellifluous as Moore's, are in some stanzas so felicitously phrased as to reach the acme of poetic tunefulness.

It is interesting to know that Sir Walter, educated for the bar, and already an advocate, was nearly thirty years old before he definitely turned his attention to literature, and even then it was seemingly the work of chance.

In April, 1788, when Henry Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," read his critical essay on German literature before the Royal Society, and the daringly impassioned and dramatic German school of literature was thus first forcibly presented to the attention of Edinburgh's cultivated minds, a small class of young men, Scott being of the number, was formed specially for the study of this literature, of which Mackenzie spoke with such enthusiasm and authority.

Gesner's "Death of Abel" was their first attempt in translation; and though in the subject or matter of it little to their lively taste, it served to open the way, and soon they were poring with charmed attention over the "Sorrows of Werther," the heroic animation of the German dramatists, dipping into the philosophy of Kant, and glowing in the poetic atmosphere of Schiller.

A marvel of delight was opened to them, and, what was better, a thought-strengthening school of philosophy, of which they acquired unsparingly.

It was Matthew Gregory Lewis, the once famous author of the "Monk," a romance written when twenty years of age, and of the beautiful ballad "Durandarte," whose success in imitating the German taste and style first inspired Scott with the possibility of a similar triumph.

He translated from the German Bürger's "Lenore," then new to the English reading public, though written nearly twenty years before.

This translation was published in 1796, and after Scott had translated and "balladized," to the great satisfaction of his friends, several other poems of Bürger. His success was neither

FACSIMILE OF PART OF A STANZA FROM "MARRION."

XVIII

Still on the spot of
~~this corner place~~ Lord Marmion died
For fairer scene he never surveyed
When seated with the merchant shows
That peopled all the plain below
And ~~the~~ ^{the} wandering eye could over it go
And mark the distant glow city glow
With gleamy splendours red



ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE NORTH BANK OF THE TWEED.

surprising nor discouraging. His next venture, the publication of "Glenfinlas" and the "Eve of St. John," came to naught.

They did not appear independently, but in a collection made under the auspices of Matthew Gregory Lewis, entitled the "Tales of Wonder," an attempt of undoubted merit in many respects, but, from a singular combination of causes, an inevitable failure, though Scott's contribution escaped in a measure the general censure, and even received some separate praise.

Many so circumstanced, creditably and remuneratively launched in the legal profession, would have thrown aside the pen; but Scott's healthy indomitableness held him to his attempt, and the more that Fame seemed coy.

Perseverance soon sung the "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" William Pitt and Charles Fox hearkened favorably to the strains, and Reputation ran for the young author with open arms.

The literary courage of Scott, and his conceded indifference to fame for its own sake, is well illustrated in his reply to a dear friend, who, after the assured success of "Marmion," cautioned him against attempting the "Lady of the Lake."

"Do not be rash," she said; "you are al-

ready popular, more so perhaps than you yourself will believe, or than even I or other partial friends can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high, do not rashly attempt to stand higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favorite will not even be permitted to stumble with impunity."

To which Scott replied in the words of Montrose:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

"If I fail," he continued, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life; you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse."

Yet he felt the excellent judgment of the true and friendly warning.

He was glad of his fame, enjoyed it simply and naturally, was healthily, not inordinately, proud of it. He made use of it. It brought him acquaintances, associations, and facilities that he greatly desired. He made much money with it, and generous use of his money; but withal depended not upon his fame for any deep comfort or lasting joy, and never forgot its instability, its way of forsaking merit for ill desert, of passing from any possessor at any time, asking no leave for its errandries.

In another autobiographical sketch of Scott, published in 1831, when Scott was sixty years old, an account is given of the long incognito he maintained with reference to the authorship of the Waverley Novels, and his reasons for the secrecy. "Waverley" was a venture in a new department, and Scott sent it forth to make or fail to make its own way, unassisted by the prestige of his name.

After the assured success of "Waverley" it was not so much any one reason as a jumble of reasons that led Scott, still issuing the successful Waverley series, to keep their authorship concealed; nor, long and inquisitively as the matter was investigated by a curious public, would it have transpired at all, except posthu-



SCOTT'S LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.

mously, but for the disarrangement in the affairs of his publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co., involving in the exposure of their account-books the disclosure of Scott's humorously guarded secret.

It is pleasant to be able to claim Jeanie Deans as one of ourselves—to know that the truest charm in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" was drawn from the life.

The grave of Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans, lies in the "church-yard of Irongray, about six miles from Dumfries." She had a sister condemned to death for infanticide, and actually refused to tell the lie by which that dear young sister's life might be saved; but, the fatal verdict given, Helen made haste to the queen, traveling wearily on foot, armed only with a clumsy petition, received the grace she craved, and returned just in sufficient season.

It is this incident that is wrought so effectively in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." The dark climax of the "Bride of Lammermoor" is also founded upon tragic events that really happened in a Scottish family of rank. So also did Meg Merrilies, the very weird salience of "Guy

Manning," once verily live among the Cheviot Hills.

These instance in an illustrious manner what is being constantly demonstrated, that fact generously supplies fiction with its most startling, unusual interests, and that the truest parts of the most vivid and daring romances are those receiving generally the least credence.

"Ivanhoe" was Scott's first attempt to depart from the strictly Scottish interest and character in romance. His excuse for not rewarding the high-souled Rebecca with the love of Ivanhoe, and with other pleasant things of this world, instead of lavishing such good fortune wholly upon Rowena, is twofold and adroit, exhibitiv of Scott's tact.

He says, "It is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons—the most common readers of romance—that rectitude of conduct and of principle is either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the attainment of our wishes;" and to the universal sympathy for Rebecca replies, "The internal consciousness of high-minded discharge of duty" produced for her "a more adequate recompense in the form

of that peace which the world can not give or take away."

Full of suggestion as is the life of Scott—essentially the life of a man as well as the career of an author—it perhaps contains nothing more valuable than its lessons of honesty and sturdy industry.

In some particulars of these qualities it is scarcely equaled, and one noble instance of both is worthy special citation.

In the distressing commercial crisis of 1825–26 it was found that, including the Constable engagements, Scott, under the commercial denomination of James Ballantyne and Co., owed £117,000!

He acknowledged or assumed the whole responsibility of this enormous debt, asked only for time, and in *four years* had realized for his creditors, from his literary efforts, £75,000!

Never before or since was such a sum so earned.

It was a stalwart honesty: and this the while calamity upon calamity broke over him in continuous waves. In his own words—brave words and sad—"the plow was nearing the end of the furrow."

Of this time Bulwer, less rugged than Carlyle, movingly writes: "His own health gave way, and ominous signs and warnings of its predestined ruin came to terrify the giant intellect that did not in effect long survive the fortunes of which it had been the Titan piler. The state and pomp of Abbotsford vanished. He who had so dieted on the admiration became the pity of the world. His wife died; death darkened round his hearth."

Yet he did the work, even while the groping came upon him. Such victorious integrity hides in its own glory the sad physical suffering and total mental decline of his last days.

His life was literally *spent*. There was, therefore, a grandeur even in such a close.

So lived and wrought and passed away a thorough, honest gentleman.

HARP OF THE NORTH.

(AUGUST 15, 1771–1871.)

Upon the banks of cloud-land, wide and fair,
Washed by the golden river of the air,
The burning soul of bounteous summer sleeps
While vernal earth her ardent vigil keeps.
In the pure spaces of the northern sky
A growing wonder thralls my gazing eye.
I see a cloud of softest golden light
Unroll its beauty in a landscape bright,
A broidery of mountain, vale, and stream
Wrought on the bosom of a captive beam.
With temples framed of lily leaf and rose,
Their pillars, fashioned of auroral glows,
So matchless fine and delicate they seem
The lovely structure of an angel's dream;
And all as if that angel leaned to paint
Her heavenly dream upon enchanted air,
Ere yet the shapes and colors growing faint
Could mock an angel's memory and care.

The vision changed; the scene remained the same,
Yet o'er the emerald vale and sparkling river
A curious magic, as of heatless flame
In lambent colors, seemed to flow and quiver.

The scene the same, but wondrous spell is wrought:
Awe gathers awe in heaven-aspiring thought.
What seemed a landscape passing fair is yet
A shining Harp 'mid azure mountains set.
The hills are hills, and yet the Harp they frame;
The temple's pillars, strings of twisted flame,
So fine and slender that a wandering sigh
Would softly wake their far and sweet reply.



LOCH KATRINE.



DRYBURGH ABBEY.

The floating gossamer of earthly vales,
Webbed in the unseen loom of earthly gales,
Were fittest fabric for an Ariel's wings
To start the music of those radiant strings.

Hark! every sense waits on the listening ear;
The Harp vibrates, and these the strains I hear,
As by a minstrel's hand, that, free and strong,
Knows how to woo and win the soul of song.

THE MINSTREL'S LAY.

Love is the loveliest thing in heaven;
And e'en to mortal love 'tis given
To pierce the veil, and reach the ears
Tuned to the music of the spheres.
Such earthly love had gentle power
To enter a celestial bower
And win me to its festal hour.
A sweetness pulsed in brazen girth
Shakes summer gladness o'er the earth;
A far, faint melody of bells
My nation's fond remembrance tells.
O thou dear country of my birth,
Scarce did I think the simple song
Thy minstrel thought of little worth
Would be remembered half so long.
My spirit thanks thee, hovering down
Upon "mine own romantic town."

Since it is o'er, I would not try
Mine earthly pilgrimage again;
Yet, mine once more to live and die,
It should be to a nobler strain
Of effort, patient, pure, and true,
To lead the world to higher view.
So Faith could yield my latest breath,
Without a question, unto Death;
And I be sure my house of clay
Was all of me that *need* decay.
And thus, as now, when bending down
Above "mine own romantic town,"
Could feel mine earthly life and lays
Not all unworthy of its praise.

More weak my hold of heav'n is growing;
The charm of earth is round me flowing;
The tender incense of the hour
Hath touched me with its olden power.
Once more, as one of mortal mould,
I seem to pass o'er hill and wold;
Swift as itself, Thought takes me far,
By wooded shores of Vennachar,
To rugged crest of Benvenue,
Repeated in Loch Katrine's blue,
And through the wild and lovely way
Of Trasach's Glen to Loch Achray.

Still running fast by Cambusmore,
Each wave its fellow tumbling o'er,
The reckless Keltie leaps the ridge,
To plunge in pearls 'neath Bracklinn's bridge.
From Tinto Hills the brooklets glide
To swell the stream of stately Clyde.
And these the winds that hurry o'er
The lonely wilds of Lammermoor.
The Esk and Almond, Leith and Tyne,
As in a silver braid entwine,
With broader strands, whose fertile green
Spreads many a blooming heath between.

The laughters of a hundred rills
Make music in the Cheviot Hills;
Only less sweetly flows along
The Ettrick than its "Shepherd's" song.
And Hills of Eildon, cloven in three
By will of ancient wizardry,
With triple summit pierce the air
O'er Melrose ruins, "sad and fair."
And Abbotsford!—no other name
Could thrill me with a gentler flame—
Where, o'er its "milk-white pebbles," speed
The glimmering ripples of the Tweed.

O bonny Scotland! cliff and glen
And brae and lake look fair, as when
A little bairn I dreamed beside
The Tweed and Teviot's mingled tide,

Or left, lang syne, the toilsome desk
To wander by the singing Esk—
Look fairer, for a spirit's eye
Their deeper beauties can espy.

Still does the mirth of Scottish bell
A minstrel's name and praises swell.
Farewell, "my own, my native land."
Music thou mayst not understand,
In which the sweetest sound of earth
Were lost the instant of its birth,
This moment down the ether fell:
It breaks the transient earthly spell,
Recalls me to a lovelier shore,
And my brief hour with thee is o'er.

The distant ripples of the Tweed—
Last sounds of lessening earth I heed—
Are lost in the celestial speed,
Given only to the angel band,
The power unspeakable and grand,
By which the paths of air are spanned,
That conquers time and endless space,
And bears me in its deep embrace,
With motion of angelic grace,
By flowing cloud and whirling sphere,
Through fields of ether, pure and clear
As gentlest angel's pitying tear,
To perfect love and life and rest—
The tenants of an angel's breast,
The threefold being of the blest.

As if the latest breath the minstrel drew
With music had inspired its quiv'ring frame,
Melodious shudderings shook the harp-strings
through,
And softly gave the spirit-minstrel's name.
Then shining Harp and landscape spreading bright,
Slow-fading dream of beauty, slid from view,
And but a cloud of softest golden light
Rode far and lightly in the northern blue.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSE.

IT was drawing toward the early close of a pleasant winter's day when, at the high garret window of a small but respectable-looking tenement-house in an obscure portion of one of our great cities, a fair young girl sat diligently reading.

The window at which she sat commanded but a very limited view, and that mostly of blank brick walls or slated roofs, where swallows and pigeons were the only wayfarers; but yet, as the red beams of the rapidly descending sun crept high and higher up the naked walls which bounded the prospect, the child looked up eagerly from time to time, as if questioning hungrily how much more of daylight was still accorded to her studies; and then, edging closer and closer to the dim, patched casement, devoted herself still more earnestly to the well-worn book which lay reposing upon her lap; or, occasionally lost in seeming reverie, resting her cheek upon her hand, and gazing with unseeing eyes across the clean but very humble apartment, she seemed striving to fix the sense of what she read firmly upon her memory, or to fix in her mind the impression which she had received; and then, again resuming her studies, she seemed to give her whole concentrated attention to them.

I have, almost unconsciously, called my little heroine a child; but she was, in fact, a girl of

sixteen or seventeen years. But there was something so child-like and innocent in the seraphic purity of her face, such a look of Eden-like freshness and spirituality about her, that the mistake was often made; and even by those who had known her from early youth she was often and usually spoken of as "the child." With a slight, girlish figure, graceful and natural in all its motions as is the young gazelle; a face whose every feature, faultless and pure, had the statue-like perfection of marble, yet warmed and made softly human by a faint rosy tinge of life and health; with large, calmly smiling eyes that were fearless in their very unconsciousness of evil; with a mouth whose tender, perfect sweetness was to a smile what the unfolding rose-bud is to the rose—there was linked an indefinable something that awed while it won, and made the gazer doubt if it was love, admiration, or reverence that her look called forth. It was softly pensive, yet not sad; questioning, yet intelligent. You will know what I mean, for you have seen that look, O ye sorrowing but enviable earthly mothers of glorified angels!—ye who,

"Fearfully striving with Heaven in vain,"

have seen the fairest lamb of all your flock borne away in the arms of the "Good Shepherd," and have folded your own in desolate emptiness above your aching hearts. You know that look, for you have seen the rapt, earnest, far-away, wistful gaze, as if the dear one at your side or upon your knee was looking, like Stephen, "straight up into heaven, and beheld the glory of the Lord." You have seen that look come and go, with its mysterious, fearful, solemn beauty, even before fatal sickness had marked out its glorious victims; and have felt, with trembling awe, that the young spirit of your child was holding communion with pure intelligences, akin to them, that you could not reach; that an invisible, impalpable veil was dropped suddenly between your darlings and you; that their purer vision saw heavenly glories, their finer hearing caught celestial harmonies, which your duller material senses failed to comprehend. These are they of whom mothers are wont to say, tearfully, "They were too good, too pure, for earth—too beautiful to live!" Commonplace words, perhaps, they may be; and hackneyed, perhaps, to the ear of the unsympathizing listener; yet only commonplace and hackneyed because they are the most adequate expression of a sentiment which maternity can give utterance to in no better language.

Even as the last beams of the red sunset faded from the room the door was suddenly flung open, and a beautiful boy of possibly six years of age burst headlong into the room, all flushed and breathless, and bounded to the girl's side.

It was evident that the two children were own brother and sister, for they were wonderfully alike; and yet they were as strangely unlike. And while there was, in every feature, a

likeness which at once puzzled and perplexed the observer's eye, it was strange to notice how adventitious circumstances had so moulded the original type in which the two faces had been cast that their dissimilarity was almost as noticeable as their resemblance; for while they were equally beautiful, the girl was all spiritual—"of the heavens, heavenly;" and the boy, though beautiful as the infant Cupid, was all of earth, earthly—a creature sparkling with life and fun and action, with restless radiant eyes, and rosy dimpling cheeks, and crisp bright curls, and fresh red lips, bubbling over with laugh and song and prattle.

Possibly something in the earlier family history may serve to give a clew to these peculiarities. Let us go back a little.

The mother of the two children, Elise de Morelle, a young and beautiful French girl, the only child of a retired French officer of good family but limited income, had been attracted by a young American of pleasing exterior, whose business in France beyond the amusement of his leisure hours and the expenditure of a rapidly diminishing patrimony did not transpire.

The father of Elise did not favor the attachment of his child, but was too weakly indulgent to oppose it, as his own better judgment warned him to do. Love is said to be blind; but in this case he saw too much; for under his spell the inexperienced and ardent girl saw in her lover qualities which did not exist, and, deaf to all reasoning and remonstrance, wrung from her father an unwilling consent to the marriage. It took place; and as Clement, who was constitutionally too indolent to assume any thing he did not feel, really loved the woman he had married, while his narrowing means still sufficed for their simple household expenses there was a year or two of love and happiness. It was during this short halcyon period that their first child, Angeline, was born; and it seemed as if in her person and character were expressed and intensified all the poetry and romance of her mother's glowing and enthusiastic nature. She was the beautiful living type of the calm fullness of content and beatitude in which for that too short period her mother's life flowed on.

But there came an awakening from this sweet dream—a change to the fair picture of life; not a harsh and sudden transition; but as the too freely spent patrimony dwindled away, and exertion became a necessity, it was evident, even to the young wife's love-lighted eyes, that Clement was an idler by nature and habit. He had no gross faults; no heinous offenses shocked the morality of the father-in-law who watched, or offended the purity of the wife who loved him; but he was simply a cipher in existence, one of nature's butterflies!

There was no rousing him up to action; but he was ever looking for some wonderful turn of fortune which should make action unnecessary. M. De Morelle came to the rescue, again and again, for his child's sake, and by his inter-

est procured for Clement offers of employment, which, if gained and followed up, would have given him an ample living. But Clement, with the not uncommon vanity of those who have never earned a dollar, wholly overrated his own abilities, and rejected all his father-in-law's overtures as quite beneath the acceptance of a man of his talents.

"I am worth more than that, Elise," he would say to his anxious but trusting wife; "talent should command its price; and when I can obtain a fair equivalent for my services, I am willing to give them; but I will not stoop to receive such a miserable pittance as that."

At last, wearied by the supervision and importunity of M. De Morelle, the bright idea dawned upon Clement of returning to his own country; he could, he said, of course, do better in America, where he was more known, and his own family connections were bound to put him in the way to succeed.

M. De Morelle expostulated and reasoned and pleaded in vain; Clement was obstinate, as weak-minded persons generally are; and proud, moreover, of his entire authority over his helpless wife and child; and, gathering what little property he still held together, he came to America.

But it is needless to say that his expectations (if, indeed, he ever really had any) were not fulfilled. He found no more congenial employment here than had offered in France; and as the steps from doing nothing to doing worse are very short and easy ones, Clement soon became habitually intemperate, thus adding to their expenses, and at the same time throwing all the burden of their maintenance upon the poor overtasked wife, who still loved him, partly from force of habit, and partly because he had never fallen so low as to cease to treat her with respect and tenderness, always addressing her in the language of the most romantic love and devotion, which rung hollow to all other ears than hers, when pitifully contrasted with the heavy burdens he was daily suffering her to bear unaided.

It was at this period of their early life in America that their second child, the little Rodolph, was born; "Young America" in every nerve of his quick, impressible being; buoyant in spirit, quick in comprehension, wide awake, clear-sighted, warm-hearted, but hasty in temper, loving his mother and sister with all his warm little heart, but fraternizing far more with the boys in the streets.

From the time of their arrival in this country the little family had sunk gradually in social position; yet still the patient wife toiled on, and strove to conceal from her father her worst causes of anxiety, until increasing difficulties made it imperative to write to him for aid. Then he came to her at once, and his presence had at least the power to check, in some degree, Clement's daily excesses.

But even his utmost assistance, though freely given, could not avail to keep the little family

in the common necessities, and while Clement was idling away his existence in the pretended search for a lucrative employment, his wife had obtained constant work from a fashionable dress-maker, and his young daughter, who was gifted with music, was performing at one of the theatres.

This last engagement had been a sad trial to the mother and grandfather, who shrank from the exposure of their darling to the dangers of such an avocation; but it was the only thing that offered, it was remunerative, and it was needed, for the daily subsistence of the little family was dependent mainly upon the exertions of the mother and child.

"Ah, I've found you, sissy!" said the boy, with a tone of triumph, as he bounded to his sister's side; "I've found you; I fought I should; I allers do, don't I, sissy? I find you, don't I, wherever you are?"

"You do not have very far to look, do you, little brother?" said the girl, smiling fondly, as she stooped to kiss the rosy lips held up to hers.

"No, no, Angie," said the boy, shaking his little curly head with an air of self-satisfied wisdom; "I allers fink if you ar'n't any wheres else, you are here; and you are, you know, 'most allers, ain't you, sissy?"

"Why, what a wise little brother you are!" said Angeline, taking the little curly head between both of her soft palms and peering curiously and lovingly into the merry bright eyes; "you are getting to be such a knowing little boy that I don't know what we shall make of you!"

"Ain't I, now?" said the delighted child; "dat's a fact; I dess I am. Why, I know a dreat deal more dan Willy Archer does now, and he's ever and ever so big a boy, too. Why, I fink he's 'most eight years old! I don't no, but I dess he is," said the boy, cautiously, as if afraid to make his story too improbable for belief.

"Only think of that!" said the sister, laughing; "and I hope you are the *best* boy too?"

But Rodolph passed over this question without an answer. "What are you reading, sissy?"

"I have been studying my new part, Rodie."

"Oh yes; for the pheatre?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is it pretty? Tell me about it. Oh, Angie, when will you take me to the pheatre? don't you know you said you would?"

"Yes, dear, I remember; and I mean to some time when mamma is willing."

"Put your book away, sissy, and tell me 'bout it," said the boy, climbing upon his sister's lap, and folding his chubby hands for the quiet enjoyment of the story he had heard from the patient Angeline a dozen times before.

"One of these days, when dear mamma is willing, you and I will go out together."

"Hold on, sissy! shall I wear my new boots?"

"Yes, indeed; I shall want you to look very nice; you must have very clean hands and face, and your hair all brushed up off your forehead, so."

"And take off my blouse?"

"Certainly; yes, indeed."

"And wear my very best spick-span new clothes?"

"Yes, indeed; and your best cap and red neck-tie."

"Oh!" said the boy, with a long aspiration, as the only mode of expressing the flutter of delightful anticipation he had no appropriate words to convey. "Well! and what next? Go ahead, sissy."

"Don't say 'go ahead,' darling. Say go on, if you please."

"Yes, yes; I know. I won't. Push along, sissy."

"That is just as bad, Rodie."

"Well, I didn't mean to. I can't help it. I can't fink of it; but don't mind. Just hurry up. No, no, I mean please go on, Angie."

"That will do, dear. Then I shall take you by the hand, and we'll go to the theatre."

"What way shall we go, sissy? Up street or down street? I don't know the way."

"Never mind that. I do."

"Yes, but shall we go by the horses' stable, where they keep the horses?"

"No, I guess not. But I hope, Rodolph," said the sister, suddenly breaking in upon her own story—"I hope you never go there now, do you?"

"Well, no; not velly offen," said the boy, evasively, and looking away as he spoke. "You just go on, Angie, can't you?"

"No, Rodie. Stop," said the sister, gravely, taking both his hands in hers, and looking him full in the face. "You would not tell me an untruth; I know you would not. Now, then, tell me, do you go in to see the horses after all mamma has said?"

"Well, yes, I 'pose I do, sometimes. Not velly offen; jes to look at um. Now don't you go to make a fuss 'bout that. What's the harm?"

"What is the good, I should say, Rodie? I don't see any pleasure in looking at horses' heels."

"Oh, well, no. You don't, because you're a dirl. Dirles and womens don't, but boys do, and men. That's the differ."

"Perhaps so; but what would the dear mamma do if, after all she has said about it, her little boy should go among the horses and get hurt?"

"Oh, well! but I dess they won't kick me."

"But if they did—what then?"

"Well, I spect she cry some, wouldn't she?"

"No; I think she'd die."

"Die, Angie? Who die? Mamma?"

"Yes, dear; I think she'd die."

"Pooh! No, she wouldn't, Angie. She wouldn't be so 'piteful as that."

"Spiteful! Why, Rodolph, what do you mean?"

"Well, yes; I fink it would be real 'piteful. Why, fink now, jes because her little boy went to look at dem horses, for her to turn to and

go to work and die, jes to punish the little fellow. I fink it would be real mean of her. She wouldn't do it. Mamma? No, I know she wouldn't! But tell me more 'bout going to the pheatre, Angie; that's a good sister. You jes hurry up, will you?"

"If you won't say 'hurry up,' dear."

"Well, I won't, then. But you jes go ahead, can't you?"

"I can not while you use such words, 'hurry up,' and 'go ahead.' That is vulgar language; and if you talk in that way, you will never be a gentleman."

"A gentleman?" said the boy, flushing up hotly. "I don't want to be one. Papa's a gentleman, ain't he? I don't want to be, ever."

"Rodolph!"

"Well, I can't help it, sissy. The boys all laugh at him. They call him 'Gentleman Clem,' and say he's no account. I don't want to be like him."

"The boys are rude boys, and you ought not to be in their company, Rodolph. Remember that papa is your papa and mine," said the girl, her own face flushing painfully as she spoke. "Do you forget what the commandments tells us?"

"Can't see it, Angie! But the boys are not bad boys. They are good boys, too, and kind to me. They say grandpapa is a clever old cove as ever trotted, if he is a Frenchman—a real brick; that the dear mamma is a whole team, and no mistake; and that you are a regular angel! They are not bad boys, indeed they are not, sissy."

"Do not tell me any more," murmured the girl, covering her face; "I do not want to hear it. They have no right to talk to you so about your family."

At this moment a slight tap at the door of the apartment interrupted the children. "Come in, if you please," said Angeline, rising; and "Hillo! who's there?" said Young America. The door was pushed open, and a fine-looking, dignified old man entered, and bowed to the children with foreign courtesy.

"Bon soir, grand-père," said Angie, gently, as she hastened forward to place a chair for him with ready politeness; and then, bending with her pretty air of foreign grace, she presented her soft cheek to receive his kiss. And "Bully for you, grandpa!" was the cordial welcome of little Rodolph, climbing upon his grandfather's knee the moment he was seated, while his sister leaned lightly against the old man's shoulder, one arm lovingly encircling his neck.

"Bon soir, petites," said the new-comer, with suave courtesy. "An' how do yous do yous dis evening? an' vare sall de chère maman 'ave be?"

"Dear mamma has not come in yet, grand-père," said Angeline.

"Non? Est it not more later dan she 'ave use to be, mignonne?"

"Yes," said Angie. "Mamma had a little

shopping to do for me after she left Madame Vashtee's rooms to-night."

"Ah! for you, ma belle? is it so? Dat is vell. An' vat sall it 'ave be, ma bien aimée?"

"Only the material for a new dress, grand-père."

"Angie is to come out in a new play, grandpa," confidentially whispered the boy—"a new play, and I dess it's buncome!"

"Ah, oui. I see, I see. Is dat 'ave be so, ma belle?"

"Yes, dear grand-père," said Angie, gently.

"At de teatre—ah, oui. An' vat sall it be like, Angie? Tell to me."

"It is called 'The Angel of the House,' grand-père."

"Ze angel ob de house—ob de house?" repeated the old man, doubtfully. "Je n'ai pas bien entendre, Angie—ob de house? De house, dat 'ave be de maison; an' l'ange, dat 'ave be de esprit, de soul, vous sall say—is it not 'ave be so? I do ne pas comprendre; vous tell to me how sall de maison, de house, hab de esprit, de soul. It 'ave not live."

"By the house here, dear grand-père, we do not mean just the maison of brick or wood," explained Angie. "It means the family, the race, the people who have lived in it. You know what 'l'ange gardien' means; you understand that? That is what it means."

"Ah, oui; yes, yes. I see—I understands him now. An' yous sall be dat ange gardien?"

"Yes, grand-père; they have asked me to try it," said the girl, modestly.

"Bon, bon! dat sall be right; vous are dat. I vill not oublier dem vords anoder times. I tink vous 'ave be 'de ange ob de house' here, mignonne!"

"Oh no, grand-père; you are that—you and dear mamma."

"Yes, yes, ma petite; dat vill do. La chère maman, she sall be dat. Mais, ma foi! dis 'ave be a hard langue, Angie, la langue Anglaise! I tink I 'ave larn him bien fort, an' den—je n'ai pas comprendre, not at all. Vat vas dat mon little boy 'ave say ven I comed in—'hillo-bully'—vat? Vat is dat 'hillo-bully'?—vat sall it 'ave mean?"

"Nossing, nossing, grandpapa!" said little Rodolph, blushing up to the very roots of his soft curls, and pinching Angie's fingers tightly as a signal of distress—"it don't mean nossing, grandpapa."

"It means, dear grand-père," said Angie, coming to the rescue, in answer to her brother's mute appeal—"it means that this little boy of ours plays too much in the streets, and picks up so many silly words from the rude boys that he plays with that I am afraid he will never be any thing but a rude boy himself; but he is a dear, good little boy, too, grand-père," she said, softly, bending across her grandfather to kiss the little crimson cheek, "and he loves you dearly, and I am very sure he never meant any thing rude or disrespectful to you; did you Rodie?"

"No; no indeed, grandpapa," said the boy, eagerly. "I did not, I did not, indeed!"

"Non, non, certainement! mon fils; mais, vous tell to me, s'il vous plait, vat do it 'ave mean, 'hillo-bully'—vat is de more ob it? Comment cela s'appelle-t-il? Je ne sais le parler—ah! I 'ave him—'bully-vous!' Vel, den, comment appelez-vous cela en le Français?"

"I am sure I can not tell you, dear grandpère," said Angeline, laughing at the old gentleman's earnestness. "I do not think it has any meaning; they are just silly words, without any sense to them. Par exemple—what does it mean when you say, 'parbleu,' 'zest,' 'hélas,' or 'comment diable?'"

"I see, I see," said M. De Morelle, with a French shrug, but laughing gayly as he spoke; "mais it is be a hard langue, la langue Anglaise; il est mauvais! il est affreux! Je suis au désespoir! I try to larn him, mais, il est lentement, ah! tres lentement!"

Another footstep upon the stairs—and with an airy grace, half dance, half slide, Clement pirouetted into the room, and stopped abruptly at sight of his father-in-law.

"Upon my word!" he said, with an assumed air of gayety, although the three listeners were too well used to him not to detect the concealed vexation in his tone. "Really, quite en famille—a pleasant reunion. Good-evening, Monsieur De Morelle. I am charmed to see you; but why here? My daughter Angeline, had you no better apartment to receive your grandfather in than this sky-parlor? Fie! I am ashamed of you."

"Pardonnez-moi!" said the Frenchman, rising and bowing with grave dignity, his utter repugnance to Clement held in check, alike by his habitual courtesy and by his peace-loving nature—"pardonnez-moi! ma petite Angeline is not to come to blame. I find madame, ma daughter, est not 'ave comed home, an' I 'ave hear the petites up here, an' I 'ave comed up, on my own head."

At this absurd climax, which monsieur evidently regarded as a test of his newly won familiarity with the English language, it needed all Angie's warning glances to keep little Rodolph from laughing aloud.

"As you please," said Clement, airily. "Rodolph, my son, are you not rather too large a baby to be held in arms? Pray find another seat besides your grandfather's knee."

Had Clement deigned to look about him, he might have seen that the meagre apartment held no other chair than the one Angie had offered to her guest.

"The boy is vell here. I chooses him," said the old man, putting a fondly encircling arm around the blushing child, to retain him in his position.

"And where is your mother, Angeline?" asked Clement, who was evidently seeking for something to find fault with. "Mary tells me she is not at home."

"No, papa," said Angie, quietly. "Mamma

had some shopping to do, which has detained her."

"Shopping! oh yes, I dare say. Then there is no hope of seeing her for hours, I conclude. Shopping is said to be a woman's best idea of heaven," said Clement, with an airy flourish of his fingers. "Very well, then, I shall not have the pleasure of taking tea with her: I have an engagement for this evening. You will excuse me, monsieur."

"Arrêtez-vous! von moment, s'il vous plait. 'Ave you did get de billet I send you?"

"Yes—oh yes, Monsieur De Morelle."

"Ah! good—ver good. Vel, an' 'ave you go for dem situations?"

"Yes, I applied," said Clement, indifferently, sauntering as he spoke up to Angeline's diminutive looking-glass, and leisurely surveying his own reflected features, turning his head from side to side as coolly as if he were critically examining some celebrated work of art.

"Yes—oh yes; I applied."

"Vell, vell," said the old man, eagerly; "an' vat sall dey said?"

"Say? oh! ah! yes; the situation was already filled."

"Not possible!" said monsieur; "mon Dieu! it can not 'ave be; I vas dare hier au soir. Ven sall you 'ave go?"

"I was there at noon to-day; I assure you I am right; but it is of little consequence; I do not think it would have suited me; it is quite at the other end of the city, and the hours were very inconvenient."

"Trop tard! trop tard!" murmured the old man. "Vell," he said, less hopefully, "an' vat ob de oder von, 'Shafton an' Mace;' vat of dem, eh?"

"I have not been there; I do not like that line of business; and the emolument is very small—a paltry fifteen hundred a year—ridiculously small!"

"Fifteen hundred dollars a year, Clement, would take ma fille from de vork-room, an' your fille from de teatre; it vould do dat much," said the Frenchman, sternly.

"Fifteen hundred dollars, papa!" said Angeline, timidly. "Oh! how much mamma could do with all that money!"

"My dear Angeline," said her father, loftily, "let me remind you that this conversation is far too personal to be agreeable to my feelings. I am, I presume, the best judge of my own affairs, and when I can find a situation suitable for the employment of my talents, I think I shall not need you to advise me to secure it. Now bring me a fresh handkerchief, if you please, and tell your dear mamma, with my best love, not to sit up for me; I may be late. Good-night, children. Au revoir, monsieur." And Clement danced himself out of the room, followed by an emphatic "Bah!" from his father-in-law, which, if its power could be estimated by its intensity, might have expedited his descent of the miserably steep stairs in a degree dangerous to his safety. The

grandfather loitered a while, but Clement had spoiled their evening's enjoyment, and he soon left them, proposing to seek their mother, and be her escort home.

When the evening of the performance arrived, the mother accompanied her daughter to the theatre, as was her invariable custom, for to no hands less loving, or less skillful, would the proud mother intrust the adornment of her beautiful child.

The dress, which was as simple and chaste as it was beautiful, and which the mother's own artistic taste had devised, and her own laborious industry executed, was in itself as well suited to the pure, seraphic beauty of its wearer as to the angelic character she was to enact. It was made of some simple, white, diaphanous fabric, and while closely fitting to the neck and arms, fell round her slight, girlish form in soft, almost transparent fullness; yet, while it had the appearance of the most unstudied simplicity, the effect of every fold, every pleat, had been calculated with a nicety and precision which only a Frenchwoman's taste could have prefigured, or a Frenchwoman's skill have produced; and its soft folds seemed to float round her like a shining, silvery mist, giving the impression of something so light and buoyant as to be upborne on the obedient air.

No meretricious ornament marred the effect of this perfect simplicity; the girl's own abundant blonde curls hung round her pure brow and white throat unconfined, except by a few green leaves; and borne on her right arm, held low in her hand, and resting against her shoulder, she carried a branch of those long, Oriental-looking, flag-shaped green leaves, such as we often see in pictures of Scriptural subjects.

When this simple but well-chosen toilet was finished, the mother led her daughter out into the greenroom in gratified success; and well might she be proud of her child! she was indeed a tableau of surpassing loveliness as she stood there, still and silent in the serenity of her holy beauty, with her grave, sweet, pensive air, her large, calmly lucent eyes drooping softly in tender meekness; her whole graceful pose of attitude and passionless expression of feature as far removed from girlish affectation and vanity as it was from timid diffidence.

The first expression of the effect produced by her labor of love was seen by the watchful eyes of the mother in the other young inmates of the greenroom as they gathered wonderingly about them.

Surveying Angeline, not with the playful badinage or free criticism which they accorded to each other, they stood apart from her in whispered admiration; not a suggestion was made, not a finger laid upon her, while they stood and gazed upon her almost reverentially, as if they beheld in her indeed the celestial visitant she was intending to represent.

Then the mother, satisfied with this first but unequivocal testimony to her daughter's loveliness and her own skill, pressed a light but

tender kiss upon her darling's cheek, and hastened back to her humble home to amuse and instruct her volatile little Rodolph, while she plied her ever busy needle.

The play in which Angeline was to appear for the first time on that evening was, perhaps, more of the nature of what is termed "a spectacle" than of the legitimate drama. It was one of those sensational pieces, borrowed possibly from foreign literature, depending more for its success upon scenic effect than upon any real intrinsic merit of its own. It had been prepared with great skill, expense, and labor, and was to be put upon the stage with all the possible accessories of gorgeous scenery and fine music.

The part to be borne by our little heroine was of itself a very subordinate one, requiring but little or no histrionic talent; yet it was, in one sense, an important feature in the performance, as it ran throughout the whole play, and was linked with nearly every scene in it; and the grace and innocent beauty of the girl had already made her a favorite with the frequenters of the house, and upon this night in particular, as the play went on, her singular and spiritual loveliness was so in keeping with her rôle of performance as "The Angel of the House," that her every appearance upon the scene called out a burst of loud and rapturous applause; but this, if it heightened by one shade the more the faint rose-tint of her cheek, had no power to disturb the calm immobility of her manner; she went and came as if the audience were really as invisible to her as by the fiction of the play she was supposed to be to the other actors on the stage.

As the "Angel of the House," she had hovered over the couch of the new-born child, murmuring a tender cradle-hymn in low, sweet music. She had walked (unseen by mortal eyes, it was to be inferred) by his side in childhood and youth, turning aside threatening dangers, sheltering him in hours of temptation, and leading his unconscious steps in the path of rectitude; she had shielded him on the field of battle, and her hands had brought him his laurel crown; she had strewed roses in his path as a lover; and at his bridal, which was to be the most imposing ceremonial of all, she was to shower down blessings on him and his bride from the heavens above them. But was it from some miscalculation of the untried power of the machinery, was it a thing of mere ropes and pulleys, was she, dizzied by the fearful height, and did she lose her balance, or had the hour come? Who shall say, who knows? But, as she bent over from the parted clouds, with gentle arms outstretched in gracious benediction, the little wingless angel fell, fell from that dizzy height, down, down, a sheer descent of twenty or thirty feet, down to the stage below.

As the fearful plunge was made a wildly piercing scream rung through the crowded house; but it was not hers! No sound parted the pale lips of the hapless victim. It was the

terrified audience, who, amazed and horror-stricken, rose to their feet simultaneously, and as one voice gave utterance to that terrible cry of irrepressible grief and dismay.

It was but for a moment ere the other actors in the play gathered, wildly sobbing, about the poor girl; and the employés of the theatre, speedily summoned, raised the limp, unconscious form (fortunately for the feelings of the sympathizing spectators, there was no effusion of blood, as the injury was internal), and bore her swiftly but tenderly from the stage.

A few excited moments of suspense, and then a messenger came on to say that, though the accident was an alarming one, no limbs were broken; that the sufferer was receiving the best medical care, and the play would go on; and with a sigh of relief the excited audience silently subsided into their seats again.

And how was it behind the scenes? The best medical and surgical aid had indeed been promptly summoned, but had concurred in their fearful testimony: the injury, which was to the spine, must necessarily prove fatal.

Revived temporarily by their efforts, the unfortunate girl had rallied enough to utter three words, "Home—to mamma," and then swooned away again into utter unconsciousness.

In compliance with this pitiable request a litter was hastily prepared, and, preceded and guided by the bewildered and half-stupefied father, who, as was his usual custom, had come to the theatre to take his child home after the performance, poor little Angeline was borne to her home, which she had left in all her health and beauty; and without one word of preparation or warning, the almost lifeless body of the child was carried into the presence of the poor, hard-working mother, and taken up to the humble attic, and laid on her own little bed—to die!

And, then, reckless and selfish to the last degree, Clement hurried away from the heart-breaking scene; and while the wretched mother, struck dumb with the appalling suddenness of her terrible sorrow, with despair in her bosom and frenzy in her brain, forgetful of herself, bent over the helpless form of her beloved one, resolutely choking back tears and sobs into the poor tortured heart that she felt would have ample time to break and bleed when her tender ministrations should be needed no longer; and while even the loving and brave-hearted boy would not be coaxed or driven away, but knelt sobbing in anguish by the bedside, lavishing passionate tears and kisses upon the little nerveless hand, that could never again return the loving pressure of his own clasping fingers—the husband and father of the family, false to every thing but his own selfish impulses, had retreated to the farthest bounds of his narrow home, and, helpless and useless, sat rocking himself and bemoaning, in his unmanly self-pity!

Some kind neighbor, who knew the circumstances of the family, and was aware of the utter weakness of the nominal head of the house, had hastened to inform M. De Morelle of the

terrible catastrophe which had befallen his dear ones; and the venerable old man, loving and horror-stricken, came to them at once, bringing their priest with him. There was no time to be lost, for they were aware it was a question not of days, or hours even, but of moments.

The last solemn rites of their religion were hastily but tenderly performed, and they had the sad satisfaction of believing that the pale, scarcely breathing figure before them was still cognizant of the solemn nature of the ceremonial, and intelligently soothed by its performance; for a faint sweet smile rested upon her lips, as if consciousness still remained to her.

When the holy rites were ended the poor heart-stricken mother bent again above the pillow of her child, and, as she tenderly wiped away from the cold white brow the fast-gathering dew of dissolution, the irrepressible anguish of her spirit broke forth, almost unconsciously to herself, in the low, murmured wail, "Oh, my angel! my angel! must I lose you?"

Then, once again, as if the deep concentrated passion in the mother's voice had broken through the gathering stupor of death, and had called back the spirit of her child even from the very confines of the other world, slowly the mild, calm eyes unclosed, their look of ineffable sweetness fixing itself for one moment, with clear intelligence, upon the dear anguished face so near her own; and low but clear, almost like the very echo of a whisper, came the loving response, "Not lost, dear mother. Now perhaps indeed your guardian angel."

Then the pale lids sank wearily; the quivering lips tremblingly gave the last kiss, and settled in the unbreaking silence; slowly the glory went out from the broad white brow; the glory of the living light went out, but upon all the sweet form and face, hallowing their graceful statue-like loveliness, came down a new glory; the solemn grandeur of the long repose; the awful beauty of the dead; for the "angel of the house" had heard and followed the far-off voice of the sister angels that whispered, "Come thou up hither."

FAILURES IN KINGCRAFT.

"**H**ELP the American rebels, and so weaken England," said a French king to an Austrian emperor about a hundred years ago.

"My trade is to reign," replied the candid kaiser. "I shall not endanger the craft by encouraging democracy." Joseph the Second, like Demetrius, the Ephesian silversmith, was evidently a worldly-wise philosopher and prudent business man. Active democracy and Christianity equally imperiled their respective trades, and urged them to cry out, "Our craft is in danger!"

And so it has ever been, from Nimrod to Napoleon the Less—the monarch afraid of the people; imposture afraid of the truth. In these fears and their parentage we may find the reason why kingcraft has so often been unfortu-

nate as a trade, and why so many engaged in it have become bankrupts in business. Very few have been as wise as Eberhard the Bearded, the good sovereign of Würtemberg in Körner's ballad. When the lords of Saxony, the Rhine, and Bavaria boasted of their mines of precious metals, their fertile lands, and their wealthy cities and convents, Eberhard said, modestly: "In my land there are no populous and rich cities, nor sparkling mines; nevertheless, there is a jewel of great worth to be found there. In the wildest forests, where men are almost savages, I can lay my weary head to sleep in safety upon any subject's breast." "O happy lord with the great beard," exclaimed the boasters, "thou art the richest of us all! Thy territory is full of precious stones—the love of the people."

Monarchs have seldom been keen-sighted enough to discover the value of such precious stones, or skillful enough to make them into jewels for their day's traffic before the evening shadows came on, and it was time to close the shops for rest. They have sought happiness every where else than in the affections of their subjects, and have found out, too late, that in such love monarchs may find the best security for felicity. A dying king said to his heir: "You look upon the world as a house of pleasure, and power as the supreme good. Listen! Sorrow pours in pailfuls, and happiness is distilled in drops. Human sympathy is the supreme good." When the funeral was over the young king hung a silver-toned bell in a turret over the palace, with silken cords leading from it to every room, that he might ring out in the ears of his people tokens of his hourly felicity, and so prove the fallacy of his father's words. Hours, days, months, years passed away, and the bell remained silent. The king's hand often moved toward the silken cord, but some intrusive trouble restrained it. At last, when he was old and dying, and he sat in his chair, pale and listless, sobs and low wailings fell upon his ear and aroused his attention. "What voices are those?" he asked. "What is there for me to do?" His chancellor leaned over him and said, "Our father is departing, and his children are at the threshold in tears." The king's eyes brightened with emotion. "Let them in! Let them in!" he exclaimed. "My God! do they really love me?" The chancellor said, "If there were a life to be bought here, O worthy sire, they would purchase thine with their blood." A stream of sorrowing subjects flowed in. "Have I won your love, children?" asked the old monarch, with almost inaudible words. A soft "yes" breathed from every lip. The king's countenance beamed with benignity and joy. He could not speak. He looked up toward the turret wherein hung the silver-toned bell, grasped the silken cord with a feeble hand, and ringing out one token of felicity—only *one* during a long life—he died, sincerely mourned by his people. Their love was his felicity.

A rare exception! Subjects in the ages past have more often thought, if not expressed, the sentiments of the profane epitaph written for a cruel viceroy of Naples: "This is he who, for us and our salvation, went down to hell." And there has ever been, even in savage realms, a public opinion—an expression of prevailing democracy—solemn, epigrammatic, or ironical, to which the wiser of despotic rulers have felt impelled to listen with respect in their sober moments, and have profited by its boldness. In Egypt, where ideas, government, religion, and laws were as inflexible as adamant, and the king's power was absolute, the wits did not hesitate to use irony in characterizing their ruling sovereign. The second Ptolemy, who murdered his brothers, they surnamed Philadelphus—a lover of his brothers. Another, who murdered his father, they called Philopator—lover of his father; and still another, who hated his mother, they surnamed Philometer—lover of his mother. And so the antiphrasis stands in history, a significant commentary upon the hollowness of that popular flattery and homage which have so often ruined the trade of many a well-meaning sovereign who, deceived by his confidential clerks, believed his business was prospering, neglected to consult his balance-sheet of mutual duties and privileges between the ruler and the ruled, and suddenly found himself a bankrupt, and his occupation gone. He had been too greedy and credulous. Apelles only exhibited a trite truth in giving to his allegorical king great hands to denote his cupidity, and great ears to symbolize his eagerness to hear flattery. His courtesy in sending the picture to an Egyptian monarch whose hospitality he had enjoyed may be more questionable.

The business of kingcraft is as old as the race. Inherent desire for domination suggested it. The sanction of "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord" was invoked and assumed. Credulity accepted the pretense as truth, and made the sceptre appear awful to the multitude, while it was profitable to the few. So Nimrod, the "mighty hunter" of Holy Writ, and first emperor, according to Gregory the Seventh, while in the fields saw the image of a radiant crown in the sky above him. He regarded it as a visible token that Heaven gave him the right to rule the people, as the sun it symbolized ruled the powers of nature. A goldsmith made a circlet for his head after the heavenly pattern, which glittered like the sun's rays. Nimrod ruled as he had hunted, mightily; and when he was lost to earth he re-appeared as brilliant-belted Orion, among the stars. So the poets of old, inspired by the priests, the coadjutors of monarchs, taught the people, and kings were reckoned in the census of the gods.

There are now sixteen monarchs in Europe (and "King Cotton" in America) out of business. The fact bears the thoughts back along the centuries of recorded time in contemplation of the successes and failures of men and women

engaged in the arduous and precarious business of kingcraft. The chroniclers tell us that the failures have been many, and furnish us with glimpses of the assets and liabilities of the unfortunate traders. Let us consider the career of some of the most conspicuous of these retired sovereigns.

We need not notice the unsceptred kings who ruled in the dim twilight on the borders of historic times, nor the monarchs of the degenerated fragments of old civilizations, for they were only chiefs of half-savage tribes who were continually overthrowing each other. Such were the "kings"—chiefs of tribes like the Indians of our wilderness—encountered by Joshua after he crossed the Jordan; and who, in clearing the way for the march of a higher civilization, brought out of Egypt, swept them from the earth with a savagism of method most shocking to us.

The Hebrew kings had a rather unpleasant experience in the trade. The Mosaic theocracy did not favor monarchy. The restless tribes *would* try the business. They had an unfortunate agent at the beginning, in crazy Saul, to manage it. And

"God's pampered people, whom debauched with ease
No king could govern and no God could please."

were too democratic to submit quietly as subjects under royal rule.

Of the kings of Israel after Saul, David, and Solomon, many were slain, few died quietly in their beds, and only one is mentioned as having retired from business and survived the closing of the shop. That was Hoshea, the usurper and murderer, and the last of the monarchs of Israel. His retirement was not a very agreeable change. His conqueror assigned to him as a residence a prison-house on the banks of an Assyrian river, where he wrought hard for daily bread all the rest of his life, with the unconsoling consciousness that he was a subject of retributive justice.

Four of the monarchs of Judæa also retired from business under unpleasant circumstances. These were Uzziah, Jehoahaz, Jehoiachin, and Zedekiah. The first lost his sceptre because he attempted to exercise the priestly office without priestly ordination, and aimed to set up the state above the church. He appeared before the altar to make an offering to the Lord, when the astonished high-priest and eighty attendant ecclesiastics resisted his impious act. The king persevered. Then came a warning earthquake, and thunder and thick darkness at noonday; but the proud monarch could not be restrained until the wall of the temple was rent, and through an opening a sudden gleam of sunshine fell upon his forehead and revealed to the priests a red spot of leprosy. Warranted by this token of God's displeasure, they denounced him as an unclean prince, stripped him of his royal robes, and sent him out of the temple sceptreless and an outcast. He retired from the business of ruling after an experience

of forty-five years. The Lord smote the king, so that he "was a leper unto the day of his death, and dwelt in a several house." There he lived alone five or six years, and was buried in unconsecrated ground.

The fortunes of war deprived the other three kings of their sceptres. Jehoahaz was carried away captive, first to Syria, and thence to Egypt, where he died. In what manner he lived in his retirement we have no record. Jehoiachin was a prisoner in Babylon full twenty-five years, with nothing to do but to think of the precarious nature of the business in which he had been engaged, and man's inhumanity to man. So it was that Nebuchadnezzar, who, during a long season of insanity, had been compelled to retire from business, and "did eat grass as oxen," ill-treated his fellow-craftsman. But his successor made amends. He brought the white-haired Hebrew monarch out into the light and air; gave him his freedom, a new suit of clothes, and a comfortable house to live in; furnished his table; awarded him a pension that was paid daily; and granted him precedence over all other captive monarchs at the court receptions and parties. Poor Zedekiah, the latest of the Hebrew sovereigns, was not so fortunate in his retirement. He, too, was taken to Babylon, when the disasters of his country and his house had made him as desolate as Job, where his eyes were blasted by hot irons, and where he lived many years in solitary darkness. When he died, his body, so misused while the spirit tabernacled in it, was buried with regal pomp.

As with the Hebrew monarchs, so with all others in the East and elsewhere. They lived in turbulent times—times made turbulent more by royal vices and oppressions than by any thing else. A greater portion of despotic rulers were driven into retirement in exile, or died by the violent hand. Of the seven kings of Rome only two died natural deaths. The business of kingcraft became so intolerable to the people that they shut the gates of the city upon Tarquin the Proud after he had misruled Rome for twenty-five years. Conscious of that natural, individual sovereignty which forms the prime element in the superstructure of our republic, "remembering," as an ancient writer says, "that they were legislators," the people abolished sovereignty and established the republic. For fourteen years Tarquin tried in vain to recover his lost throne. It was almost five hundred years before the Romans would allow the business of kingcraft to be revived among them. Of the twelve Cæsars only three—Augustus, Titus, and Vespasian—died natural deaths; and of the thirty-nine succeeding emperors twenty-nine died by violence.

The most notable sovereign of ancient times who retired from business was the powerful Dionysius the Younger, of Syracuse. His father's vices had made the Sicilian throne unsubstantial, and his own bad life had further weakened it. Plato, the sage, and Dion, the

king's cousin, were the only favorites at court. Seeing how the monarch was failing in business, fearing every body, and living miserably, they kindly advised him to resign sovereign power, and retire with his large fortune. Their advice was answered by selling Plato as a slave, and banishing Dion from Sicily. The latter returned with a force of Grecians and drove Dionysius from his capital. He recovered his throne, but was soon driven into perpetual exile by Timoleon, and made his home in Corinth. There he turned school-master, and taught a class in grammar in the public square. Dirty and ragged, and addicted to low vices, he hung around the surgeon-barber shops, where he made merriment for the customers by his coarse wit, and earned a few pence by assisting the master. He was often seen before drinking and eating saloons without money to purchase indulgence, and was almost daily before the magistrate as one mixed up in street rows. Finally he became an assistant of the priests of Cybele, soliciting alms for the temple, the goddess, and the servants; and, like a street mountebank, he tucked up his sleeves and his robe, played the tambourine, and danced until out of breath, and then passed his cap round for a collection.

"How came you to lose the great inheritance from your father?" Dionysius was asked.

"Because he did not bequeath me his luck," was the reply.

Bad luck is the usual scape-goat for such sinners. He died, it is said, of excessive joy on hearing that a tragedy of his own had been awarded a prize at a public competition. No funeral rites honored the bankrupt monarch.

There was another famous sovereign of the ancient time, of the softer sex, a descendant of the Ptolemies, who retired from business, and after being acknowledged Queen of the East by Egypt and Asia Minor, because of her conquests, became a quiet Roman matron. This was Zenobia, widow of Odenatus. She was Queen of Palmyra—Tadmor of the Desert—which she made a magnificent city. Her beauty, learning, valor, and virtue were themes for romance and song—homage beyond her deserts; for while on the throne she loved strong drink, and when humbled she betrayed her best friends, not sparing Longinus, at whose feet she had received rare lessons in philosophy. But she was a superb queen and eminent scholar. She rode an Arabian steed with great skill, and commanded seven hundred thousand soldiers; and she wrote historical books that received public commendation. Her ambition and arrogance provoked the jealousy and kindled the fierce hostility of the Emperor Aurelian, who besieged her capital, broke down its walls, desolated its palaces and temples, and carried away the queen in chains to grace his triumphal entry into Rome. Then his clemency was exercised. He gave her a charming villa at Tivoli, when the proud Syrian abandoned all thoughts of returning to the East. Her daughters married

Roman noblemen, and her descendants were known in Italy three hundred years after her death.

Nero was the first of the Roman emperors who retired from business. He was feasting when word came to him that the rebel Galba had burst into Rome and seized the imperial sceptre. Flushed with wine and fierce with anger and alarm, Nero upset the table, broke his favorite dishes, called for a box of poison, and rushed into the palace gardens, and there considered what he should do next. The sun had gone down. The excited monarch soon went to bed to cogitate. He fell asleep, and when the dawn came he found that his guards had deserted, and carried away the poison and the bedclothes. Barefooted and in his night-robe he rushed toward the Tiber to drown himself, but turned at a safe distance from its banks, and walked slowly back. Like all cruel men, he was a coward, and was afraid to apply the Roman remedy for intolerable trouble. He seems to have acted in the spirit of Morris's "Dismissed Lover," who, after rejecting other methods of self-destruction, said:

"Yet one way remains: to the river

I'll fly from the goadings of care!

But drown? Oh, the thought makes me shiver—

A terrible death, I declare!"

Nero's faithful friend found him in this sad plight, threw a mantle over him, placed him on a horse, and fled with him before the yelling rebels to a solitary country house, where he was exhorted to kill himself quickly, if at all. His grave was dug before his eyes, and after much hesitation he placed a dagger to his throat. His cowardly hand refused to press it, but that of an attendant did the fatal work. His body was laid upon a costly funeral pile, under a silken coverlet, and consumed. The grave was only for his ashes.

There was a long time when nearly every Roman emperor died by violence, and was not allowed a life of retirement. Many of these seem to have been incarnate devils, and stood wide aloof from human sympathy. They appeared to regard the people only as ministers to their passions and caprices. Heliogabalus, the boy emperor, made his mother president of the Senate, composed of women who met only to decree laws of fashion; and he went about dressed like a girl in silk, and made his horse a consul and himself a beast. There was a limit to popular forbearance, and he was beheaded for his crimes.

Among these monsters weak-minded Valerian appeared as the best of them all. He was induced to make war on Persia, when he was captured near the walls of Edessa, and endured a long and most uncomfortable retirement from business under the eye of the haughty Persian monarch. His son and successor seemed indifferent to his condition. "My father," he would say, "is a singularly patient person. I feel confident that he will bear his fate with laudable decency." And then Valerian's old

friends, obsequious before the son on the throne, would say, "Well said, Cæsar!"

Valerian *was* patient. The Persian treated him most cruelly. First he reviled his captive, then beat him, and then dragged him from town to town in chains, dressed in his imperial robes, which soon became mere purple tatters. The poor emperor was made a stepping-block for his conqueror when he mounted his horse or entered his chariot, and then the proud Persian would say, "This is a triumph!"

"It is a long lane that has no turn," says the proverb. The haughty Persian, assuming the title and demeanor of king of kings, spurned the friendship of others, and won their hatred and hostility. The Roman emperor and the Prince of Palmyra leagued against him. War followed. The Persian carried Valerian with him every where. His foes were too much for him, and sometimes he was obliged to fly for his life. On one of these occasions he had many Roman captives. These he slew on the borders of a marsh, and over their bodies made his retreat across the morass, dragging Valerian over the hideous bridge. Misfortune after misfortune befell the Persian, and his kingdom seemed in peril. For fear of losing his living trophy of victory over Rome, it is believed he caused Valerian to be slain, his body skinned, and the hide stuffed, painted red, and hung up in the chief temple of the Persian capital. There it remained for generations, and was shown to Roman ambassadors when they presumed to question the conduct of the Persian monarch toward their empire, with the significant question, "Does it not become you to be humble before such a spectacle?" And so poor Valerian passed his retirement, while his son, satisfied with his father's patience, was living a life of riot and luxury in Rome, powdering his hair with gold-dust, eating the brains of peacocks, and laughing immoderately at the sight of lions tearing poor condemned criminals in pieces.

A man of different mould was Diocletian, one of the most illustrious of monarchs retired from business. While yet a low-born country boy he was told that when he had killed a boar he would become a Roman emperor. He believed, hunted as mightily as Nimrod, and killed many a boar in the Dalmatian woods; but at early manhood he was only a private soldier. His valor caused his promotion, and he was placed near the imperial family. The emperor's father-in-law—the ruler behind the throne—was Aper, which name signifies "the boar." It was suggestive to Diocletian; and when his sword had slain Aper the whole army, aware of the prophecy, hailed the young assassin as imperator. He was brave in war and wise in the national councils. When almost sixty years of age, sated with honors, power, and emoluments, and broken in health, he voluntarily laid aside the purple on a beautiful May day in the year 304, after a reign of twenty-one years. The ceremony took place on a broad plain near

Nicomedia. There a lofty throne was erected. Around it, far away, the army was drawn up, and within the circle was a vast concourse of spectators. Diocletian ascended the throne, made a wise speech to the multitude, and then taking off his imperial mantle, suffered it to be laid upon another far less worthy than himself to bear it. Then he entered a covered chariot and journeyed joyfully to Dalmatia, his native land, where he became a sort of country squire and respected lord of the manor. He had a magnificent dwelling on the borders of the Adriatic Sea, where he entertained his friends, and spent his leisure time in building and gardening. He could not be tempted back to his old trade by his imperial partner, Maximian, and he declared that the most difficult art was that of reigning.

Romulus Augustulus, the last of the Roman emperors, retired from business when Odoacer the Barbarian set up the trade of kingcraft in opposition, and declared that the Empire of the West had ceased to exist. The conqueror was lenient and polite. He banished Augustulus and his family from the imperial palace to the delightful villa (then a castle) of Lucullus, on the lofty promontory of Misenum. With an ample income to meet moderate wants, he lived there quietly, but in what manner we have no record.

The Eastern Empire, with the throne at Constantinople, was nominally Christian. Its sovereigns were no better men than the pagans of the Western Empire. Murder and deposition made successions frequent. Frightful crimes stained the purple; and no monarch of them all was more cruel than the beautiful Irene, who, while she was an Athenian maid, was lovely in character. Ambition ruined her. She thirsted for supreme power. She gave slow poison to her husband, and reigned superbly as regent for her son for eleven years. Just as that son began to wield the sceptre in his own hand she put out his eyes, sent him to a monastery, and with almost savage exultation mounted the throne as sole occupant. She was proud, cruel, and extravagant. She tortured and slew the iconoclasts—the opposers of image-worship in the Christian church. She called the famous Nicene Council which declared image-worship to be orthodox, and consigned to everlasting flames all opposers of that decree. She made aggressive wars, and wasted the treasures of the state in show. Her chariot of gold was drawn by four milk-white steeds led by as many patrician eunuchs. Her triumph was short. Her pluck was not equal to her ambition. She quailed before a conspirator who deposed her, left the throne, went into exile on the island of Lesbos, where she had founded a monastery, and maintained herself, some say, by needle-work, for a year, and died, while others declare that she lived a longer time in indigence. Because she founded a monastery and pampered the priests, this fiendish empress was canonized as a mediating saint by the Greek Church.

Soon came the illiterate and superstitious Romanus of the Basilian dynasty. His sons carried him off from his royal bed-chamber to a monastery on a lonely island, where his head was shaved, and he became one of the most cheerful of monks in the meanest labors of the brotherhood. He was a shrewd hypocrite; his feigned humility was most abject. He declared that he more truly reigned in serving the servants of the Lord than when he was on the throne at Constantinople and ruled subjects as wicked as himself. With only a single under-garment he stood up in a large assembly and made a confession of his sins; and he kept himself so humbly apart from the holier brethren that when they went to dinner he remained behind, while a little boy whom he had hired for the occasion scourged his bare legs, saying, "Get to table, you wicked old fellow! get to table!" He lived many years as a monk, and died in the habit of his order. The church then ruled the state with imperious hand, yet not so supremely as it did at Rome. For example: a later emperor, when he had reigned only a year, was ordered by the Patriarch of Constantinople—the head of the church in the East, and then at the head of a host of rebels—to leave the throne to give place to a better man. The astonished emperor asked the messenger bishops, "What does the patriarch give me for the crown?" "The kingdom of heaven," was the answer. The emperor doubted the patriarch's title to the offered possession, and remained on earth as long as he could before departing for the better kingdom.

A strange story is told of another Byzantine emperor, Isaac Comnenus. A boar that he was hunting plunged from a high bank into the Bosphorus. In the vortex where it disappeared came up a demon that hurled forked lightning at the emperor. The fright produced by the apparition brought on a pleurisy (how, the chronicler does not tell us); and Isaac, having seized the funds of the church and committed other outrages against the hierarchy, remorsefully gave his sceptre to another, and retired to a monastery. His wife and daughter entered a convent near. Isaac recovered his health, but not his disposition to rule. He was happier in retirement. The young monarch often visited him, and saluted him as lord and emperor. His family also visited him, and his widow celebrated the day of his death as the birthday when he was born for heaven.

There were other emperors of the East who retired to monasteries, but generally after they had become bankrupt on the throne; and it is a curious fact that those who ruled the worst as monarchs obeyed the best as monks. One of these was Andronicus the Second. Because of his conspiracy against his partner in royalty he was compelled to abdicate when he was seventy years of age and blind. He entered a monastery; but in the liturgy of the church there was kept a prayer for him as "the most Christian Majesty, the monk Anthony." He was penni-

less and half naked during the first winter of his seclusion, and with difficulty he procured a fox-skin to keep his chest warm. The physician refused to let him have soothing sirups that he had prescribed for catarrh and sore throat without pay, and the ex-emperor, who, a few months before, was absolute master of millions of men and money, was compelled to beg a few small coins wherewith to pay for a cheap compound of plants, honey, and water. He found enjoyment in passing evenings with some literary friends and his daughter, the Queen of Servia. On one of these occasions, while the others partook of a warm supper, he, in his humility, swallowed nothing but raw oysters and cold water. Cholera seized him at midnight. The rules of the monastery would not allow him to disturb its sleeping inmates. He was found dead in the morning with a crucifix which he had put in his mouth as the next best thing to receiving the consecrated bread and wine then denied him.

There were numerous failures in kingcraft in the British Islands between the time when Julius Cæsar landed on Deal beach and James the Second fled across the Channel in a fishing smack, more than seventeen hundred years afterward. Of the native monarchs, or heads of tribes, who most stubbornly opposed the Romans, King Caractacus and Queen Victoria, or Boadicea, were the most conspicuous. They were deprived of power by force of arms; and Caractacus was carried in chains to Rome. There his bearing commanded profound admiration. He alone of all the British captives was undisturbed. Standing before the Emperor Claudius and his brilliant court, the barbarian monarch expressed his wonder that the owner of magnificent palaces should covet a rude hut in far-off Britain among the waves. And when he turned from Claudius, who filled his ears with compliments on his valor as a soldier, and with the manners of a polished patrician saluted the Empress Agrippina, who was seated on a throne near her husband, the admiration of the multitude of nobles and warriors found loud expression, and his chains were cast to the ground. Queen Boadicea was not so dignified. She had made war on the invaders because they had dishonored her daughters; and when she found that she was foiled of her vengeance, and thousands of her subjects had fallen in battle, she swallowed poison, and died rather than suffer the dishonor of gracing the triumph of a Roman conqueror.

Centuries passed away, and fierce Saxons, immigrants into Europe from Asia, took forcible possession of Britain, and in time became nominal Christians. Several of their monarchs retired from business willingly or unwillingly. Among the earliest and most noted of these was Sebbi, King of the East Saxons, whose temperament better fitted him for the mitre than the crown. After reigning twenty-five years he became tired of the trade, and told his queen that he desired to leave it and enter a monas-

tery. Celibacy of the clergy was then insisted upon. He asked her to consent to a divorce. For a long time the good woman very properly objected. She finally yielded, when the king distributed his wealth for the use of the poor, was arrayed in a monastic garb by the Bishop of London, and lived the rest of his life an exemplary monk.

Later in time contemporary chroniclers depicted an extraordinary scene. Ina, King of Wessex, after reigning thirty-six years, had become a drunkard and a glutton. His pious queen, Ethelburga, mortified and sorrowful, resolved to reclaim him if possible. On one occasion Ina had a carousal with dissolute men at his rural palace. It was attended with unusual splendor in furniture, vessels, and viands. The monarch became beastly drunk, and was conveyed to his bed by the tearful queen, who planned a method of reform with a faithful attendant. At dawn the next morning the royal couple departed for the capital. The king was sad and penitent, for he loved his wife as his good angel. The queen's confidant immediately drove cattle into the banquet-hall, and put a sow and pigs into the bed which the king and queen had just left. In other and most offensive ways the palace was defiled.

Having journeyed a while toward the capital, Ethelburga induced the monarch to return. He was horrified at the spectacle of defilement in the palace—the awful contrast between the splendors of yesterday and the aspect of to-day. The queen “improved” the practical sermon. She showed him how great excesses in splendid indulgence were often followed by disgusting beastliness, and begged him to abdicate and retire to a monastery as an asylum from temptation. The king yielded. He threw away his sceptre, left the throne to another, and proceeding to Rome with his wife, was there shaven and clothed as a monastic brother, and passed the remainder of his life as a penitent monk. Ethelburga took the veil and lived the life of a nun.

It is recorded that within the space of two hundred years no less than thirty Anglo-Saxon kings and queens left their thrones for the cloisters. The priests were then the actual rulers of the state, and made it in every way subservient to the church. They taught that the monastic life was more noble than the royal life. Sometimes it was not less sumptuous or more self-denying. We read that the immoral Queen Eadburga sought refuge with Charlemagne, who placed her in a monastery that she might live in splendid style. And Dr. Lingard tells us that when the Bishop of Winchester made a visit to a Benedictine monastery he found the Abbess Edith, daughter of King Edgar, so richly dressed that he said, “Daughter, the heavenly Spouse whom you have chosen delights not in external pomp; it is the heart which he demands.” “Very true, father,” she replied, “and my heart I have yielded to him. As long as it is his he will not be offended with a little external pomp.”

The first full King of England who retired from business was Edward the Second. For a long time the people had been rising into power and expressing their sovereignty through the Parliament. Edward was a cruel oppressor, and shed the blood of high and low freely to satisfy his desires. Forbearance was exhausted. He was driven from his capital and held a prisoner at Kenilworth, whither Parliament sent commissioners, who represented every class of the people, to announce his deposition by the unanimous voice of that body. They assembled in the great hall. The king entered it, pale and thin, and dressed in mourning. The bishops of the delegation announced to him the popular sentence. He pleaded bad advice as an excuse for many of his acts, and promised to rule more discreetly. They would not trust him, but requested him to deliver up the royal insignia, which he did reluctantly. Then an eminent jurist, speaking in the name of all the people of England, said to him:

“Unto thee, O king, I, William Trussell, in the name of all men of this land of England, and prolocutor [speaker] of this Parliament, resign to thee, Edward, the homage that was made to thee some time; and from this time forth I defy thee, and deprive thee of all royal power, and I shall never be attendant on thee, asking, from this time.”

The monarch groaned. Greater humiliation awaited him. His steward now stepped forward, broke his staff of office before the monarch's face, resigned his employment, and proclaimed the dissolution of the royal household, as was usual on the death of a king. Here ended the work of the people. The keepers of the royal prisoner had private wrongs to avenge. He was treated cruelly; and not long afterward he was murdered in a horrible manner in Berkeley Castle.

Richard the Second, son of Edward the Black Prince, was the next English monarch who was compelled to give up his trade. He was indolent, rapacious, and cruel. A rebellion broke out, headed by Henry, Duke of Lancaster. A greater part of the royal army deserted the king. When he saw that all was lost he fled in the disguise of a monk, wandered from castle to castle in suffering and privation, and finally surrendered himself to the Earl of Northumberland, who promised him protection from personal violence. He was compelled to sign his resignation, but the Parliament, not satisfied, passed a formal act of deposition. The king was sent to Pontefract Castle, where it was reported that he died by either starvation or the sword. There is also a belief that he escaped to Scotland, and lived many years in mental imbecility.

We pass over the tragedy of the boy king, Edward the Fifth, whose reputed murderer was the last of the Plantagenets, and come down to the Stuarts. The Tudor monarchs were five in number, and not one of them was murdered or

deposed. We also pass the tragedy of Charles the First, and the deposition of Richard Cromwell (who was virtually a sovereign), to James the Second, who was the only King of England since the conquest, eight hundred years ago, who died in exile. The Stuarts were a curse and a blessing to England. The people suffered while they ruled; but their wrong deeds brought about those energetic actions of the people in the interest of popular sovereignty and freedom which produced incalculable good.

James was a weak man and a bigot. In defiance of statute law and the feelings of a majority of his subjects he went to mass openly, and took measures for the re-establishment of Roman Catholic supremacy in England. He showed his contempt for the people by claiming the right to rule in defiance of the laws and constitution. The free spirit of the nation was aroused. The king's son-in-law, William of Orange, was invited to England. He went with an army. James was dethroned, and fled to France. On a cold evening in January, 1689, he reached the palace of St. Germain's, where Louis the Fourteenth received him cordially. The two monarchs embraced for the "space of a paternoster," and James and his family were furnished with a palace and an ample pension. Thirteen years of life were yet left to him, which he spent in open and secret plans and attempts for the recovery of his throne, and in religious retirement and ceremonies. He was fond of holy living with the silent, austere, self-denying Trappists, whose founder of the modern order was a shrewd man of the world, and kept a cellar of the choicest wines at the monastery. James was accounted one of the most godly of men by nuns and priests, and he indulged in the pleasures of the world, such as riotous masked balls, whenever his character for austerity might not be compromised by sins for which he daily asked forgiveness. At length the peace of Ryswick extinguished all hope of his recovering the British throne, and he became a frequent misanthrope, talked of suicide to his distressed wife, lost flesh, and became a shadowy recluse. On Good-Friday, 1701, he was so affected by the reading of the words from the Lamentations of Jeremiah in the day's service at a chapel: "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach; our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens," that he fell down in an apoplectic fit. He died in September following, and his name went upon the records of the ecclesiastical council of the realm as a candidate for sainthood. The nomination has not yet been acted upon.

The dead monarch appears to have been more useful than the live king. The odor of sanctity that enveloped him cured many maladies most miraculously, if we may believe the nuns and ecclesiastics. His intercessions brought cures to many afflicted men. A Benedictine monk declared that he was snatched from death's

door, to which quinsy had carried him, by thoughtfully making the following prayer: "O God, I beseech thee mercifully to cure me and to grant me health through the merits and intercession of King James; and I promise to have a mass said, as a thanksgiving, in the Benedictine church where his corpse lies, and to touch the mort-cloth which covers it with my tongue." The answer to this half promise and half prayer appears to have had camphorated sugar as a vehicle. To make the dead king more widely useful, his heart was sent to one convent, his brains to another, and his bowels to that of the old Scotch college in Paris; while his embalmed body was deposited in the chapel of the English Benedictines in the same city.

The social atmosphere of Scotland seems to have been as fatal to its monarchs as was that of Rome or Constantinople. From the time of Kenneth M'Alpin, the first who ruled over an organized Scotch kingdom, until the union of that country with England under James the First—seven hundred and fifty years—there were thirty-seven monarchs, only ten of whom died natural deaths, and one-half of the ten were broken-hearted. Five of the thirty-seven retired from business, and survived the closing of the trade. Gregory, or Grig, was deposed by the people in the year 893 because of his cruel oppressions. He lived three years in his castle among the Aberdeen hills, and died in peace. The next king who left the business was Constantine the Third, who, after pursuing it forty years, retired because of weariness, and became a Culdee monk and an abbot of that order in the monastery of St. Andrews. Donald Bane was deprived of his crown by William Rufus, son of the Norman conqueror of England. He was blinded and confined in a castle for several years, when he died gladly, because of his sufferings from cold, hunger, solitude, and hopeless darkness.

At one time three persons claimed the empty throne of Scotland. The quarrel was hot, and Edward the First of England was called to act as umpire. He decided that John Baliol was the rightful king, provided he would become the "liege man" of the English sovereign. He did so, and was execrated by his countrymen for the act, though duly crowned their sovereign. Fearing his own people, he violated his oath, made war on Edward, was captured, resigned his title to the crown to his conqueror, and, after a long imprisonment, retired to France, and lived there in obscurity many years. Time passed on for many generations, while Scotland was a realm of turbulence, when Mary Stuart appeared as queen. She was also for a short time Queen of France. She was beautiful and weak, and became the victim of wicked and ambitious men, who ruined her. At length she was uncrowned and imprisoned by her own people. She escaped to England, and there this thrice-widowed young woman, suspected—or rather accused—of intriguing for an English husband and the English crown, was

beheaded by the order of a sister queen. She is an enigma to moralists. Nobody suspects her of being any more of a saint than was Elizabeth, who signed her death-warrant.

Looking across the Irish Channel, we find History and Romance contending for our belief. The chronicles of the island are traced back into the mists of fable, and a long line of kings, ferocious and cruel, most of them dying by violence, were nothing more than chieftains of barbarian tribes. The first real monarch that was dethroned, of which we have an authentic account, was Heber, who owned two beautiful valleys, and his brother owned one. Heber's ambitious wife declared that she could not die happy unless she were called "Queen of the *three* Valleys." Her indulgent husband made war on his brother, lost his crown, lived sceptreless for some time, and finally lost his life. A little later the King of Leinster loved too well the Queen of Meath, whose angry husband made war on the prowler. The latter, driven from his throne, took refuge with Henry the Second of England, who settled the matter by taking armed possession of the whole country as Lord of Ireland. After that the business of kingcraft ceased in that country. Before that time four other kings had retired from the business: one went to Scotland, and the other three became monks.

Recrossing the British Channel we find, when the more polished Franks had become masters of Gaul, a race of monarchs known as the Merovingian kings. For a long time they were energetic men. The first one who retired from business was Childéric. His people deposed him because of his vices. He wandered, reformed, resumed business, continued it twenty-three years, and leaving it to his half-savage son, Clovis, the "first Christian king of the Franks," lived at his ease, having nothing to do. In time this race of monarchs degenerated, and there were ten successive ones known in history as the Lazy Kings. They sat in idleness, "gormandized like brute beasts," and were seldom seen or heard of by the people. The hereditary "Mayor of the Palace" was the real monarch in action, and the do-nothing sovereigns were absolutely out of business, though their signs remained over the door of the shop. At last one of these, fat, ragged, dirty, and almost an idiot, was exhibited to the people by Charles Martel, an ambitious Mayor of the Palace. In the presence of the disgusted multitude, he easily deposed the lump of ignoble flesh at his side, seized the sceptre, and founded the Carolingian dynasty upon the ruins of the Merovingian. Of the twelve kings of this dynasty only one was compelled to leave the business. That was Charles the Fat, who was driven into exile by his warlike subjects because of his cowardice, incapacity, and treachery. His successor voluntarily retired from trade, and suffered remorse because he felt himself to have been a usurper.

Late in the tenth century a French count

(Hugh Capet) seized the sceptre, associated his son Robert with him in business, and established a new firm, known as the Capetian dynasty. No sovereign of that house in a direct line suffered deposition, or voluntarily left the throne.

A branch of the Capets—the house of Valois—now ruled in France. Of this house King John was long a prisoner in England, where he lived pleasantly, and finally purchased his freedom with six hundred gold crowns, which he procured by selling his daughter for a wife to the Lord of Milan.

Long years passed away, when a Capet of the Bourbon branch, Louis the Eighteenth, was placed on the throne after the Emperor Napoleon was sent to Elba. He was compelled to do business in Ghent, in Belgium, instead of in Paris, for a hundred days after the emperor's return to France. His brother succeeded him as Charles the Tenth, whose business was suddenly closed in the summer of 1830, when he had signed the decrees which abolished the freedom of the press. That was done on the 25th of July, when the king sat down to play whist in his palace of St. Cloud. The game was interrupted by the sounds of popular uproar in Paris, and within thirty hours afterward the monarch closed his shop, and fled with his family in six coaches toward the port of Cherbourg, to escape the fury of a Paris mob. In American vessels he and his attendants sailed to England, and Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, assumed the business of kingcraft for France. Charles lived a few years in rather happy retirement in England and on the Continent, as Count of Ponthieu; and the son of the Duchess of Berry, claiming to be heir to the throne as Henry the Fifth, is yet known as Count de Chambord, the title which he then possessed.

Louis Philippe conducted the business with vigor, but made fatal blunders, which produced bankruptcy at last. He chained the press, opposed reform, and, regarding his seat perfectly secure, played the tyrant. He seems to have learned little of the proper wisdom for rulers during a life of vicissitudes. He had been a wide wanderer, and at one time taught school in this country. He led the opposition to the Bourbons in Paris, with the intention of starting business for himself whenever opportunity should offer. It appeared. He became king, offended his people by misrule, and kindled a revolution after a reign of eighteen years. In alarm at the sounds of the uprising in July, 1848, he offered to yield to the wishes of the people. The terrible response was, "It is too late." "I will name a liberal ministry," he said. "It is too late," was the ominous answer; and he was compelled to say in writing, "I abdicate in favor of my grandson, the Count de Paris." The mother of the heir, the widowed Duchess of Orleans, went with him into the Chamber of Deputies, and presented him as the successor of his grandfather. For the third time the terrible words, "It is too late!" were uttered, and it was perceived that all was lost.

The first business now to be attended to was flight from imminent danger. In a public carriage the king and his family journeyed from St. Cloud to Versailles, and the monarch's luggage consisted of only two clean shirts. "I have packed off royalty in a hackney-coach," said Crémieux, gayly. "The time for dynasties has passed away from France," said Jerome Bonaparte in the chamber of the provisional government. The next day another Bonaparte came to that chamber with honeyed words of feigned patriotism that concealed his intention to re-establish a dynasty, which he did a little later. Meanwhile the dethroned monarch and his family were hastily journeying seaward, with thoughts on England and safety. At the port for embarkation the thoroughly frightened king was disguised by a clean-shaven face, a strange wig, green spectacles, a false nose, and what they called an "American accent," and bore the name of William Smith. When he landed on British soil William Smith became Count de Neuilly, and in a most pleasant retirement at Claremont Louis Philippe passed the remaining two years of his life with his family and friends.

Over the Pyrenees kingcraft had its vicissitudes of fortune. Early in the last century Philip the Fifth of Spain, who had solemnly renounced all claims to the throne of France, found only Louis the Fifteenth between himself and that coveted prize, and Louis was very sick. So Philip resigned the crown of Spain to his son, in expectation of a more brilliant one, and he and his queen retired to Ildefonso for religious meditation, and to await the development of events. They were always in readiness to start for Paris whenever news of the king's death should reach them. But Louis recovered, and lived fifty years. Philip now desired to resume business in Madrid. He had sworn not to do so, but an assembly of ecclesiastics and the pope assured him that he must break his oath or be in danger of hell-fire. Obedience was agreeable. He re-ascended the throne, and in 1746 died in an apoplectic fit.

Passing down the calendar, we find the stupid, hen-pecked Charles the Fourth on that throne, the legal implement of the vicious queen and her guilty favorite, Godoy, who ruled the realm. Charles slept on while Spain was sinking into weakness, until Napoleon's legions frightened him into abdication in favor of his son. This did not suit the queen, and one day, in a rage, she declared to the heir's face that she was his mother, but that the king was not his father! This proclamation of her own dishonor was made in the presence of her husband and children. The object was to deprive her son of the throne by means of the taint of illegitimacy. It was accomplished otherwise. His seat was soon filled by Joseph, the best of the Bonaparte family of kings. Charles lived in retirement in France and at Rome almost eleven years—long enough to see the Bonaparte three

times driven from the throne of Spain, and the son whom his mother had dishonored seated firmly upon it.

Joseph Bonaparte had an uncomfortable seat at Madrid, and after his final abdication, in 1813, he gladly passed long years in elegant retirement on the banks of the Delaware, in New Jersey. His brother, the great Emperor of the French, after a career of unexampled brilliancy, was first driven from his throne to the establishment of a little empire upon the island of Elba, and afterward was made a permanent prisoner upon St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean, where for six years he lived with the impatience of an eagle chafing in its cage.

The monarchs of Portugal had their business trials too. The first who retired from the trade was Sancho the Second, a little more than six hundred years ago. His mother made a vow in his infancy to devote him to the monastic life. The church claimed him. He preferred ruling to preaching, and made a compromise whereby he agreed to wear the monastic garb on the throne. He quarreled with the hierarchy, and finally the pope excommunicated him, absolved his subjects from their allegiance to him, and forced him to give his sceptre to another. He passed the latter years of his life in a monastery in Toledo.

Two hundred years ago a young brute was nominal king of Portugal, bearing the title of Alphonso the Sixth. His mother was regent during his minority, and his brother, Pedro, and Melhor, a favorite, really ruled the kingdom afterward. The former was his successor on the throne. Alphonso was as insanely vicious as Heliogabalus. He had neither the ability nor inclination to rule. He shut his mother up in a convent, and so cruelly used his young queen—a French princess—that she returned to France. Half crazed by sensual indulgence, he was deposed, and spent the remainder of his life in exile and restraint, his chief employment being snuff-taking, eating, drinking, and sleeping. Strictly speaking, Sancho and Alphonso were the only kings of Portugal who retired from business.

Holland knew no monarch proper until it was made a kingdom, in 1805, and Napoleon's brother, Louis, was placed upon its throne. When the French empire fell William Frederick, Prince of Orange, was raised to the kingly dignity, and ruled until 1840, when he retired from business on a private fortune of about \$80,000,000, to enjoy domestic life with a fair countess who had been one of his departed queen's ladies of honor. When it was understood that he was to marry a Belgian and a Roman Catholic he was told plainly that he must give up the lady or the throne. He did not hesitate. He gave up the sceptre to his son when he was sixty-eight years of age, married the countess, whom he loved tenderly, and with the title of Count of Nassau, he lived happily upon his estates in Germany. He died of apoplexy, at Berlin, in December, 1843, leav-

ing half his fortune to his son and successor, and a large portion to his widow.

Germany has had its unfortunate monarchs. After the ten Frank emperors who succeeded Charlemagne, the kaisers were Germans, and the German empire took shape and power. Between it and the see of Rome was fierce rivalry. After severe contests Henry the Fourth was defeated and deposed by Pope Gregory the Seventh (the great Hildebrand), and in midwinter he was compelled to seek reconciliation at a personal interview. For three days and nights the haughty pontiff kept Henry waiting in cold and storm at his gate, barefooted, and wearing only the hair shirt of a penitent, without food. He treated the fallen emperor in his presence with scorn, who, on returning home, sought to avenge himself for the humiliation. He raised a force and drove Gregory into exile. But the next pope again humbled Henry. The emperor's son sided with the pope, seized the crown, and treated his father cruelly. Henry became a wanderer, and at one time he was so poor that he was compelled to sell his boots to buy food. He applied to the Bishop of Spire for work, who scorned his former benefactor as he would a common beggar, saying he would not give a grave to one who was under the ban of the church. The excommunication was not raised while he lived, and Henry's body was refused Christian burial.

Rudolph of Hapsburg laid the foundation of the greatness of Austria. The fourteenth of his lineal successors was the famous Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, who, while yet in his teens, was crowned King of Spain. He disliked the business. He and his queen early agreed that when their children should be grown they would retire, he to a monastery, she to a nunnery. They reigned thirty-six years, when he resigned sceptres and thrones to others, with great and imposing ceremonies, and then, with a retinue of one hundred and fifty persons, sailed for Spain. There he journeyed by land to the monastery at Yuste, among the Spanish mountains, which was to be his future home, feeding enormously, as usual, upon the most dainty food, and growing more gouty and dyspeptic every hour. His place of retirement was a most comfortable one, and he had a household of sixty servants to help him, in his solitude, prepare for a better world. His time was spent chiefly between the bed, the table, and the altar, and the making of clocks. He was a selfish indulger, and never invited a guest to his table or to a bed. He kept up imperial state and deportment, without any of the responsibilities of kingcraft. His retirement after a long reign had no element of sacrifice in it, nor saintly oblation. He was a worn-out debauchee; and after a splendid retirement of two years he died, a miserable dyspeptic, at the early age of fifty-nine years.

The next and last Hapsburger who retired from the royal business was Ferdinand of Aus-

tria, an imbecile epileptic, and uncle of the present emperor, who was driven from his capital by insurgents in 1848. Priests, politicians, and his intriguing sister, the Archduchess Sophia, persuaded him that it was the will of Heaven that he should resign, and that Sophia's son should take his place in the business. He did resign, and Sophia's son, Francis Joseph, promising to foster free institutions under a constitutional government, was proclaimed emperor. He violated his oaths, exasperated his people, and has already seen the prestige of his house fade into almost contempt.

Hungary presents a small list of deposed monarchs; and Bohemia can tell us of some of her sovereigns who retired from business. The most lamentable case was the last, when "Ludwig the Lover," as he is called, so disgusted his people that he was compelled to abdicate in 1848. When he had been a husband thirty-eight years, and a king thirteen, and was sixty-two years of age, he made the notorious Lola Montez his mistress and court favorite, created her Countess of Landsfeldt, insulted his queen by proposing to introduce the adventurer to her openly at court, and exasperated his people by his shameful conduct. He became the dupe and willing slave of Lola, and disgraced his capital, country, and house by misrule and shamelessness under her prescriptions. The people at length expelled her from Munich by violence, demolished her elegant house, and gave the befooled king to understand that he was no longer able to carry on the business of kingcraft in their name. The destroyer of his business, Lola Montez, appeared in this country as a public lecturer, and died here a few years ago. Her old lover lost a mistress and a crown at the same time.

There is a long roll of shadowy kings of Poland. These and the more substantial ones were elected to office by the people. The most distinguished of the sovereigns who retired from business were John Casimir the Fifth, Stanislaus Leczinski, and Stanislaus Poniatowski. Casimir was brave and honest, but loved quiet. He had become a Jesuit priest, and the pope sent him a cardinal's hat. Casimir sent it back, and took a crown offered him by his countrymen on the death of his royal brother. It became a heavy burden, for it bore the weight of Cossack and Tartar foes without, and faction within. At length the wearer resigned it with public ceremony. Like Diocletian, he rode away from the scene of abdication in a chariot. He went to France and became an abbot. In that life of implied seclusion he had a gay and happy existence, for the fascinating daughter of a laundress, the widow of two French noblemen, became his wife, and his house was often crowded with the learned and titled of every degree.

Stanislaus was crowned King of Poland in 1705, but soon became wearied with efforts to keep his royal seat. He yearned for private life, but was not permitted to enjoy it. He

finally withdrew from Poland and made his home in Alsace, under the protection of the King of France, leaving his rival in possession of the throne. There his daughter was married to the young Louis the Fifteenth of France. When the retired monarch's rival died he was again elected King of Poland, but a Russian army soon drove him into exile. He escaped to France with great difficulty, and became Duke of Lorraine. There, with little care and ample means, he lived the life of an epicure, with a large retinue of attendants, and in princely dignity. He had a passion for building, and many an edifice sacred in the eyes of patriots and antiquaries gave place to a modern structure. He often contrasted his present felicity with the hardship he had endured. "I have only to be burned," he would say, "to complete the list of human sufferings that I have experienced." The list was so completed. When he was eighty-eight years of age his night-gown took fire at the hearth, and he perished.

Stanislaus Poniatowski was placed on the throne of Poland through the influence of Catherine of Russia; and thirty years after his coronation the same hand deprived him of his crown. His country was despoiled by Russia and Prussia. These gave the retired sovereign a pension of two hundred thousand ducats, upon which he lived quietly for many years at Grodno. He was invited to St. Petersburg by the Emperor Paul, but there he suffered so many indignities that he died broken-hearted.

A thousand years ago a Scandinavian chief laid the foundations of the Russian empire. For almost nine hundred years it was a half-barbarian realm, ruled by autocratic chiefs, who were often intolerable tyrants. But the people never rebelled; and the two deposed monarchs were compelled to retire from business by rivals, and not by the subjects. One of them—Ivan the Sixth—never ruled. He was deposed when a little child, cruelly imprisoned from infancy to manhood, and finally murdered by order of the usurper on his throne, the infamous Catherine the Second, who had already deposed and murdered her dissolute husband, Peter the Third. Peter had been a bad ruler. He had robbed the church and state for the gratification of his desires. Finally he indicated a disposition to depose and divorce his wife and marry his mistress. Catherine acted promptly and vigorously. She induced two favorites to head a conspiracy; and while Peter was away from the capital she was proclaimed czarina, or sovereign ruler, and was crowned by a pliant archbishop. She forced Peter to sign his abdication, and then imprisoned him in a fortress, where he was murdered by her orders by the administering of poison in a glass of brandy by one of her agents. The world was informed by the imperial ministry that he died of a violent colic.

The lives and fortunes of the Scandinavian monarchs were no exceptions to a general rule. In the fourteenth century Queen Margaret of

Valdemar united upon her own brow the crowns of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. This splendid prize was the inheritance of her son, Eric, who was deposed, because of his incapacity and tyranny, by the people, and lived in retirement about twenty years. A century later Christian the Second ruled in Denmark and over subjugated Sweden. A few days after his coronation at Stockholm he caused to be murdered in cold blood full one hundred of the best men of Sweden assembled there, because they were patriots. His crimes soon made his own Danes detest him, and he was finally deposed. With his family and treasures he fled to Holland. Attempting to recover his lost throne, this "Nero" or "saint" was made a prisoner, and endured an unpleasant captivity of thirty-six years.

Eric the Fourteenth, the eldest and handsomest of the sons of Gustavus Vasa of Sweden, was evidently half crazy. He wooed four women at one time, of whom Queen Elizabeth of England was one, and finally married a poor flower-girl. As a monarch he was suspicious and cruel, and was continually impressed with an apprehension of some serious impending peril. It came in the shape of a revolt led by his brothers. The misruling monarch was deposed, and after suffering dreadful miseries in prison, was finally poisoned by the command of his brother, who was on the throne. His young widow, the good and virtuous flower-girl, lived in retirement forty years afterward.

At the middle of the seventeenth century a very little woman made a very great sensation throughout Europe. It was Christina, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who became queen when she was a very young child—so young that she only remembered the kissing of her hand at her coronation. She was taught to be a *king*, and so well were the lessons impressed that when she grew up she despised every thing womanly, and unsexed herself by coarse and profane language and masculine habits and demeanor. She determined never to marry, and treated suitors with rudeness. Her scholastic acquirements were prodigious, for though her body was extremely small, she was a giant in intellect. In dress she was utterly negligent. She seldom combed her hair, and personal filthiness was her common condition. She would listen to no advice or remonstrance, and by her conduct she scandalized her family and the nation. She was tolerated only because of the reverence her people felt for her great father. When in June, 1654, she voluntarily abdicated in the presence of a great assembly of the notables of Sweden—taking the crown from her head with her own hands, divesting herself of her royal robes, and standing, a simple subject of her cousin, to whom she resigned the royal seat, in a plain dress of white taffeta—there was a general feeling of satisfaction, notwithstanding the touching scene had made a deep impression of forgiveness on the hearts of beholders. It had long been evident that she had a liking for the Romish

Church, and Protestantism in Sweden feared her influence. In man's attire she soon left the kingdom, and rudely treated individuals and corporations who, every where in her path, paid her homage as an ex-queen. At Brussels she made a confession of the Romish faith. Journeying to Rome, she cast herself at the feet of the pope, and became a gay, free-thinking, free-spoken, and free-living daughter of the church, and the admiration of all classes. After the death of her cousin, to whom she gave her crown, she visited Sweden, but found it too Protestant and Puritanical for her taste, and she soon returned to Rome and her dissolute mode of life. After a retirement of thirty-five years from the business of kingcraft she died in the Eternal City.

Another half-crazy monarch cursed Sweden early in this century. It was Gustavus the Fourth, who was crowned when he was fourteen years of age. He offended all classes at home and abroad by his irregularities, crooked policy, and disregard for the welfare of his country. For three years he was absent from his kingdom as a sort of traveling agent for England in Europe, in her operations against Napoleon; and the dead-walls of Stockholm contained advertisements for him as a strayed king for whom his disconsolate subjects would give a suitable reward. He finally so exasperated his people by offering to sell to Russia the territory acquired by Gustavus Adolphus, and also by bringing his brave army into ridicule, that they broke out into revolution. The monarch was forcibly seized in his palace and confined in the gloomy castle of Gripsholm. He was finally set at liberty on German soil, when he traveled extensively, and visited England, where he was well received as Count Gottorp. He afterward wandered over Europe for many years, visited Greece, and tried to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, but the sultan turned him back. Too proud to receive aid from his friends, he became poorer and poorer; and when the bankrupt sovereign died, in 1837, his income was less than five hundred dollars a year.

The absolute monarchs of Turkey have experienced the vicissitudes of the royal trade. Bajazet the Thunder-bolt was made prisoner by Tamerlane the Tartar, whom he despised, and was treated with the consideration due to his rank. He accompanied his victor upon terms of intimacy, but was imprisoned every night. In such confinement he died. The story of his being carried about in an iron cage as a spectacle is doubtless an exaggeration, an Eastern hyperbole. Another Bajazet was a sort of mystic philosopher, and his people, soldiers, and family became tired of him. He became wearied with kingcraft, and by permission of his janissaries he retired, and gave up the business to his son Selim. The young sultan, with tender concern, placed the health of his father in the care of a Jewish physician, who relieved the old sultan from further troubles by poisoning him according to instructions of his

royal master. Other sultans have been deposed, and taught the lesson that even in Turkey the monarch must respect the rights of the people.

The most remarkable line of sovereigns in almost unbroken succession are those who for more than a thousand years have ruled Rome and adjoining territory as pontiff-kings. The temporal power of the popes was first established in the person of Stephen the Second, at the middle of the eighth century, who was carried upon men's shoulders in token of their new subjection. But it was not until a hundred years later that a sacerdotal sovereign wore a crown. That honor was first given to Pope Nicholas, in 858.

These pontiff-kings have often found the business of royalty most perplexing. While yet only priestly rulers depositions were frequent among them, and as temporal sovereigns such depositions have been quite as frequent. The determination of the popes to exercise irresponsible temporal power caused many a sanguinary conflict between them and the people; and the quarrels were generally aggravated by the unchristian character of a large number of those rulers. But that temporal power has been extinguished forever by a free expression of the voice of the people of the "States of the Church," given in September, 1870, when there were forty thousand votes against its continuance, and only sixty-eight in its favor. After the lapse of eleven hundred years that power has been destroyed by a popular protest in the reign of Pius the Ninth, and Italy became united under King Victor Emanuel.

The arrogance of some of the pontiff-kings was often blasphemous in its assertion. They assumed the prerogatives of God; they claimed the right to make and unmake monarchs; and at the time of the Reformation they had established the following table of royal precedence: 1. The King of the Romans, heir to the German empire; 2. France; 3. Castile and Spain; 4. Aragon; 5. Portugal; 6. England; 7. Sicily; 8. Scotland; 9. Hungary; 10. Navarre; 11. Cyprus; 12. Bohemia; 13. Poland; 14. Scandinavia.

The living European monarchs now out of business are: Prince Gustavus Vasa of Sweden; Count de Chambord of France; Duke Charles of Brunswick; Count de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe; Duke Robert of Parma; Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany; Duke Francis of Modena; Francis the Second of Naples; widow of Otho of Greece; Duke Adolphus of Nassau; King George of Hanover; the Elector of Hesse; Princess and Empress Carlotta of Mexico; Queen Isabella of Spain; and the Emperor Napoleon the Third and Empress Eugénie of France. The history of the causes and methods of the retirement of the unfortunate ex-Empress of Mexico, the ex-Queen of Spain, and the dethroned monarchs of France is so recent that it is familiar to all, and needs no record here.

THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.



"ETHEL OBTAINED A PAIR OF SCISSORS."

CHAPTER XXV.

SEEKING FOR HELP.

THE departure of the drivers with their horses had increased the difficulties of the party, and had added to their danger. Of that party Ethel was now the head, and her efforts were directed more zealously than ever to bring back Lady Dalrymple to her senses. At last these efforts were crowned with success, and, after being senseless for nearly an hour, she came to herself. The restoration of her senses, however, brought with it the discovery of all that had occurred, and thus caused a new rush of emotion, which threatened painful consequences. But the consequences were averted, and at length she was able to rise. She was then helped into her carriage, after which the question arose as to their next proceeding.

The loss of the horses and drivers was a very embarrassing thing to them, and for a time they were utterly at a loss what course to adopt. Lady Dalrymple was too weak to walk, and they had no means of conveying her. The maids had simply lost their wits from fright; and Ethel could not see her way clearly out of the difficulty. At this juncture they were roused by the approach of the Rev. Saul Tozer.

This reverend man had been bound as he descended from his carriage, and had remained

bound ever since. In that state he had been a spectator of the struggle and its consequences, and he now came forward to offer his services.

"I don't know whether you remember me, ma'am," said he to Lady Dalrymple, "but I looked in at your place at Rome; and in any case I am bound to offer you my assistance, since you are companions with me in my bonds, which I'd be much obliged if one of you ladies would untie or cut. Perhaps it would be best to untie it, as rope's valuable."

At this request Ethel obtained a pair of scissors from one of the maids, and after vigorous efforts succeeded in freeing the reverend gentleman.

"Really, Sir, I am very much obliged for this kind offer," said Lady Dalrymple, "and I avail myself of it gratefully. Can you advise us what is best to do?"

"Well, ma'am, I've been turning it over in my mind, and have made it a subject of prayer; and it seems to me that it wouldn't be bad to go out and see the country."

"There are no nouses for rules," said Ethel.

"Have you ever been this road before?" said Tozer.

"No."

"Then how do you know?"

"Oh, I was thinking of the part we had passed over."

"True; but the country in front may be different. Didn't that brigand captain say something about getting help ahead?"

"Yes, so he did; I remember now," said Ethel.

"Well, I wouldn't take his advice generally, but in this matter I don't see any harm in following it; so I move that I be a committee of one to go ahead and investigate the country and bring help."

"Oh, thanks, thanks, very much. Really, Sir, this is very kind," said Lady Dalrymple.

"And I'll go too," said Ethel, as a sudden thought occurred to her. "Would you be afraid, aunty dear, to stay here alone?"

"Certainly not, dear. I have no more fear for myself, but I'm afraid to trust you out of my sight."

"Oh, you need not fear for me," said Ethel. "I shall certainly be as safe farther on as I am here. Besides, if we can find help I will know best what is wanted."

"Well, dear, I suppose you may go."

Without further delay Ethel started off, and Tozer walked by her side. They went under the fallen tree, and then walked quickly along the road.

"Do you speak Italian, miss?" asked Tozer.

"No."

"I'm sorry for that. I don't either. I'm told it's a fine language."

"So I believe; but how very awkward it will be not to be able to speak to any person!"

"Well, the *Italian* is a kind of offshoot of the Latin, and I can scrape together a few Latin words—enough to make myself understood, I do believe."

"Can you, really? How very fortunate!"

"It is somewhat providential, miss, and I hope I may succeed."

They walked on in silence now for some time. Ethel was too sad to talk, and Tozer was busily engaged in recalling all the Latin at his command. After a while he began to grow sociable.

"Might I ask, miss, what persuasion you are?"

"Persuasion?" said Ethel, in surprise.

"Yes, 'm; de-nomination—religious body, you know."

"Oh!—why, I belong to the Church."

"Oh! and what church did you say, 'm?"

"The Church of England."

"H'm. The 'Piscopalian body. Well, it's a high-toned body."

Ethel gave a faint smile at this whimsical application of a name to her church, and then Tozer returned to the charge.

"Are you a professor?"

"A what?"

"A professor."

"A professor?" repeated Ethel. "I don't think I *quite* understand you."

"Well, do you belong to the church? Are you a member?"

"Oh yes."

"I'm glad to hear it. It's a high and a holy and a happy perrivelege to belong to the church and enjoy the means of grace. I trust you live up to your perriveleges?"

"Live what?" asked Ethel.

"Live up to your perriveleges," repeated Tozer—"attend on all the means of grace—be often at the assembling of yourself together."

"The assembling of myself together? I don't think I *quite* get your meaning," said Ethel.

"Meeting, you know—church-meeting."

"Oh yes; I didn't understand. Oh yes, I always go to church."

"That's right," said Tozer, with a sigh of relief; "and I suppose, now, you feel an interest in the cause of missions?"

"Missions? Oh, I don't know. The Roman Catholics practice that to some extent, and several of my friends say they feel benefit from a mission once a year; but for my part I have not yet any very decided leanings to Roman Catholicism."

"Oh, dear me, dear me!" cried Tozer, "that's not what I mean at all; I mean Protestant missions to the heathen, you know."

"I beg your pardon," said Ethel. "I thought you were referring to something else."

Tozer was silent now for a few minutes, and then asked her, abruptly,

"What's your opinion about the Jews?"

"The Jews?" exclaimed Ethel, looking at him in some surprise, and thinking that her companion must be a little insane to carry on such an extraordinary conversation with such very abrupt changes—"the Jews?"

"Yes, the Jews."

"Oh, I don't like them at all."

"But they're the chosen people."

"I can't help that. I don't like them. But then, you know, I never really saw much of them."

"I refer to their future prospects," said Tozer—"to prophecy. I should like to ask you how you regard them in that light. Do you believe in a spiritual or a temporal Zion?"

"Spiritual Zion? Temporal Zion?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Well, really, I don't know. I don't think I believe any thing at all about it."

"But you *must* believe in either one or the other—you've *got* to," said Tozer, positively.

"But I *don't*, you know; and how can I?"

Tozer threw at her a look of commiseration, and began to think that his companion was not much better than a heathen. In his own home circle he could have put his hand on little girls of ten who were quite at home on all these subjects. He was silent for a time, and then began again.

"I'd like to ask you one thing," said he, "very much."

"What is it?" asked Ethel.

"Do you believe," asked Tozer, solemnly, "that we're living in the Seventh Vial?"

"Vial? Seventh Vial?" said Ethel, in fresh amazement.

"Yes, the Seventh Vial," said Tozer, in a sepulchral voice.

"Living in the Seventh Vial? I really don't know how one can live in a vial."

"The Great Tribulation, you know."

"Great Tribulation?"

"Yes; for instance, now, don't you believe in the Apocalyptic Beast?"

"I don't know," said Ethel, faintly.

"Well, at any rate, you believe in his number—you must."

"His number?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the number six, six, six—six hundred and sixty-six."

"I really don't understand this," said Ethel.

"Don't you believe that the Sixth Vial is done?"

"Sixth Vial? What, another vial?"

"Yes; and the drying of the Euphrates."

"The Euphrates? drying?" repeated Ethel in a trembling voice. She began to be alarmed. She felt sure that this man was insane. She had never heard such incoherency in her life. And she was alone with him. She stole a timid look, and saw his long, sallow face, on which there was now a preoccupied expression, and the look did not re-assure her.



"TONITRUENDUM EST MALUM!"

But Tozer himself was a little puzzled, and felt sure that his companion must have her own opinions on the subject, so he began again:

"Now I suppose you've read Fleming on the Papacy?"

"No, I haven't. I never heard of it."

"Strange, too. You've heard of Elliot's 'Horæ Apocalypticæ,' I suppose?"

"No," said Ethel, timidly.

"Well, it's all in Cumming—and you've read him, of course?"

"Cumming? I never heard of him. Who is he?"

"What, never heard of Cumming?"

"Never."

"And never read his 'Great Tribulation?'"

"No."

"Nor his 'Great Expectation?'"

"No."

"What! not even his 'Apocalyptic Sketches?'"

"I never heard of them."

Tozer looked at her in astonishment; but at this moment they came to a turn in the road,

when a sight appeared which drew from Ethel an expression of joy.

It was a little valley on the right, in which was a small hamlet with a church. The houses were but small, and could not give them much accommodation, but they hoped to find help there.

"I wouldn't trust the people," said Ethel. "I dare say they're all brigands; but there ought to be a priest there, and we can appeal to him."

This proposal pleased Tozer, who resumed his work of collecting among the stores of his memory scraps of Latin which he had once stored away there.

The village was at no very great distance away from the road, and they reached it in a short time. They went at once to the church. The door was open, and a priest, who seemed the village priest, was standing there. He was stout, with a good-natured expression on his hearty, rosy face, and a fine twinkle in his eye, which lighted up pleasantly as he saw the strangers enter.

Tozer at once held out his hand and shook that of the priest.

"Buon giorno," said the priest.

Ethel shook her head.

"Parlate Italiano?" said he.

Ethel shook her head.

"Salve, domine," said Tozer, who at once plunged headlong into Latin.

"Salve bene," said the priest, in some surprise.

"Quomodo vales?" asked Tozer.

"Optime valeo, Dei gratia. Spero vos valere."

Tozer found the priest's pronounciation a little difficult, but managed to understand him.

"Domine," said he, "sumus viatores infelices et innocentes, in quos fures nuper impetum fecerunt. — Omnia bona nostra arripuerunt—"

"Fieri non potest!" said the priest.

"Et omnes amicos nostros in captivitatem lachrymabilem tractaverunt—"

"Cor dolet," said the priest; "miseret me vestrum."

"Cujusmodi terra est hæc in qua sustentandum est tot labores?"

The priest sighed.

"Tonitruendum est malum!" exclaimed Tozer, excited by the recollection of his wrongs.

The priest stared.

"In hostium manibus sumus, et, l onum tonitru! omnia impedimenta amissimus. Est nimis omnipotens malum!"

"Quid vis dicere?" said the priest, looking puzzled. "Quid tibi vis?"

"Est nimis sempiternum durum!"

"In nomine omnium sanctorum apostolorumque," cried the priest, "quid vis dicere?"

"Potes ne juvare nos," continued Tozer, "in hoc lachrymabile tempore? Volo unum verum vivum virum qui possit—"

"Diabolus arripiat me si possim unum solum verbum intelligere!" cried the priest. "Be jabbers if I ondherstan' yez at all at all; an' there ye have it."

And with this the priest raised his head, with its puzzled look, and scratched that organ with such a natural air, and with such a full Irish flavor in his brogue and in his face, that both of his visitors were perfectly astounded.

"Good gracious!" cried Tozer; and seizing the priest's hand in both of his, he nearly wrung it off. "Why, what a providence! Why, really, now! And you were an Irishman all the time! And why didn't you speak English?"

"Sure and what made you spake Latin?" cried the priest. "And what was it you were thryin' to say wid yer 'sempiternum durum,' and yer 'tonitruendum malum?' Sure an' ye made me fairly profeen wid yer talk, so ye did."

"Well, I dare say," said Tozer, candidly—"I dare say 'tain't unlikely that I *did* introduce one or two Americanisms in the Latin; but then, you know, I ain't been in practice."

The priest now brought chairs for his visitors, and, sitting thus in the church, they told

him about their adventures, and entreated him to do something for them. To all this the priest listened with thoughtful attention, and when they were done he at once promised to find horses for them which would draw the carriages to this hamlet or to the next town. Ethel did not think Lady Dalrymple could go further than this place, and the priest offered to find some accommodations.

He then left them, and in about half an hour he returned with two or three peasants, each of whom had a horse.

"They'll be able to bring the leedies," said the priest, "and haul the impty wagons afther thim."

"I think, miss," said Tozer, "that you'd better stay here. It's too far for you to walk."

"Sure an' there's no use in the wide wurruld for *you* to be goin' back," said the priest to Ethel. "You can't do any gud, an' you'd better rist till they come. Yer frind 'll be enough."

Ethel at first thought of walking back, but finally she saw that it would be quite useless, and so she resolved to remain and wait for her aunt. So Tozer went off with the men and the horses, and the priest asked Ethel all about the affair once more. Whatever his opinions were, he said nothing.

While he was talking there came a man to the door who beckoned him out. He went out, and was gone for some time. He came back at last, looking very serious.

"I've just got a missage from thim," said he.

"A message," exclaimed Ethel, "from them? What, from Girasole?"

"Yis. They want a praste, and they've sint for me."

"A priest?"

"Yis; an' they want a maid-servant to wait on the young leedies; and they want thim imajitly; an' I'll have to start off soon. There's a man dead among thim that wants to be put undher-ground to-night, for the rist av thim are goin' off in the mornin'; an' accordin' to all I hear, I wouldn't wondher but what I'd be wanted for somethin' else afore mornin'."

"Oh, my God!" cried Ethel; "they're going to kill him, then!"

"Kill him! Kill who? Sure an' it's not killin' they want me for. It's the other—it's marryin'."

"Marrying?" cried Ethel. "Poor, darling Minnie! Oh, you can not—you will not marry them?"

"Sure an' I don't know but it's the best thing I can do—as things are," said the priest.

"Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!" moaned Ethel.

"Well, ye've got to bear up, so ye have. There's troubles for all of us, an' lots av thim too; an' more'n some av us can bear."

Ethel sat in the darkest and bitterest grief for some time, a prey to thoughts and fears that were perfect agony to her.

At last a thought came to her which made her start, and look up, and cast at the priest a

look full of wonder and entreaty. The priest watched her with the deepest sympathy visible on his face.

"We must save them!" she cried.

"Sure an' it's me that made up me moind to that same," said the priest, "only I didn't want to rise yer hopes."

"We must save them," said Ethel, with strong emphasis.

"We? What can you do?"

Ethel got up, walked to the church door, looked out, came back, looked anxiously all around, and then, resuming her seat, she drew close to the priest, and began to whisper, long and anxiously.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE AVENGER ON THE TRACK.

WHEN Dacres had sprung aside into the woods in the moment of his fierce rush upon Girasole, he had been animated by a sudden thought that escape for himself was possible, and that it would be more serviceable to his friends. Thus, then, he had bounded into the woods, and with swift steps he forced his way among the trees deeper and deeper into the forest. Some of the brigands had given chase, but without effect. Dacres's superior strength and agility gave him the advantage, and his love of life was a greater stimulus than their thirst for vengeance. In addition to this the trees gave every assistance toward the escape of a fugitive, while they threw every impediment in the way of a pursuer. The consequence was, therefore, that Dacres soon put a great distance between himself and his pursuers, and, what is more, he ran in such a circuitous route that they soon lost all idea of their own locality, and had not the faintest idea where he had gone. In this respect, however, Dacres himself was not one whit wiser than they, for he soon found himself completely bewildered in the mazes of the forest; and when at length the deep silence around gave no further sound of pursuers, he sank down to take breath, with no idea whatever in what direction the road lay.

After a brief rest he arose and plunged deeper still into the forest, so as to put an additional distance between himself and any possible pursuit. He at length found himself at the foot of a precipice about fifty feet in height, which was deep in the recesses of the forest. Up this he climbed, and found a mossy place among the trees at its top, where he could find rest, and at the same time be in a more favorable position either for hearing or seeing any signs of approaching pursuers.

Here, then, he flung himself down to rest, and soon buried himself among thoughts of the most exciting kind. The scene which he had just left was fresh in his mind, and amidst all the fury of that strife there rose most prominent in his memory the form of the two ladies, Minnie standing calm and unmoved, while Mrs.

Willoughby was convulsed with agitated feeling. What was the cause of that? Could it be possible that his wife had indeed contrived such a plot with the Italian? Was it possible that she had chosen this way of striking two blows, by one of which she could win her Italian, and by the other of which she could get rid of himself, her husband? Such had been his conjecture during the fury of the fight, and the thought had roused him up to his Berserker madness; but now, as it recurred again, he saw other things to shake his full belief. Her agitation seemed too natural.

Yet, on the other hand, he asked himself, why should she not show agitation? She was a consummate actress. She could show on her beautiful face the softness and the tenderness of an angel of light while a demon reigned in her malignant heart. Why should she not choose this way of keeping up appearances? She had betrayed her friends, and sought her husband's death; but would she wish to have her crime made manifest? Not she. It was for this, then, that she wept and clung to the child-angel.

Such thoughts as these were not at all adapted to give comfort to his mind, or make his rest refreshing. Soon, by such fancies, he kindled anew his old rage, and his blood rose to fever heat, so that inaction became no longer tolerable. He had rest enough. He started up, and looked all around, and listened attentively. No sound arose and no sight appeared which at all excited suspicion. He determined to set forth once more, he scarcely knew where. He had a vague idea of finding his way back to the road, so as to be able to assist the ladies, together with another idea, equally ill defined, of coming upon the brigands, finding the Italian, and watching for an opportunity to wreak vengeance upon this assassin and his guilty partner.

He drew his knife once more from a leathern sheath on the inside of the breast of his coat, into which he had thrust it some time before, and holding this he set forth, watchfully and warily. On the left side of the precipice the ground sloped down, and at the bottom of this there was a narrow valley. It seemed to him that this might be the course of some spring torrent, and that by following its descent he might come out upon some stream. With this intention he descended to the valley, and then walked along, following the descent of the ground, and keeping himself as much as possible among the thickest growths of the trees.

The ground descended very gradually, and the narrow valley wound along among rolling hills that were covered with trees and brush. As he confined himself to the thicker parts of this, his progress was necessarily slow; but at the end of that turn he saw before him unmistakable signs of the neighborhood of some open place. Before him he saw the sky in such a way that it showed the absence of forest trees. He now moved on more cautiously, and, quit-

ting the valley, he crept up the hill-slope among the brush as carefully as possible, until he was at a sufficient height, and then, turning toward the open, he crept forward from cover to cover. At length he stopped. A slight eminence was before him, beyond which all was open, yet concealed from his view. Descending the slope a little, he once more advanced, and finally emerged at the edge of the forest.

He found himself upon a gentle declivity. Immediately in front of him lay a lake, circular in shape, and about a mile in diameter, embosomed among wooded hills. At first he saw no signs of any habitation; but as his eyes wandered round he saw upon his right, about a quarter of a mile away, an old stone house, and beyond this smoke curling up from among the forest trees on the borders of the lake.

The scene startled him. It was so quiet, so lonely, and so deserted that it seemed a fit place for a robber's haunt. Could this be indeed the home of his enemies, and had he thus so wonderfully come upon them in the very midst of their retreat? He believed that it was so. A little further observation showed figures among the trees moving to and fro, and soon he distinguished faint traces of smoke in other places, which he had not seen at first, as though there were more fires than one.

Dacres exulted with a fierce and vengeful joy over this discovery. He felt now not like the fugitive, but rather the pursuer. He looked down upon this as the tiger looks from his jungle upon some Indian village. His foes were numerous, but he was concealed, and his presence unsuspected. He grasped his dagger with a firmer clutch, and then pondered for a few minutes on what he had better do next.

One thing was necessary first of all, and that was to get as near as he possibly could without discovery. A slight survey of the situation showed him that he might venture much nearer; and his eye ran along the border of the lake which lay between him and the old house, and he saw that it was all covered over with a thick fringe of trees and brush-wood. The narrow valley along which he had come ended at the shore of the lake just below him on his right, and beyond this the shore arose again to a height equal to where he now was. To gain that opposite height was now his first task.

Before starting he looked all around, so as to be sure that he was not observed. Then he went back for some distance, after which he descended into the valley, crouching low, and crawling stealthily among the brush-wood. Moving thus, he at length succeeded in reaching the opposite slope without appearing to have attracted any attention from any pursuers. Up this slope he now moved as carefully as ever, not relaxing his vigilance one jot, but, if possible, calling into play even a larger caution as he found himself drawing nearer to those whom he began to regard as his prey.

Moving up this slope, then, in this way, he at length attained the top, and found himself

here among the forest trees and underbrush. They were here even denser than they were on the place which he had just left. As he moved along he saw no indications that they had been traversed by human footsteps. Every thing gave indication of an unbroken and undisturbed solitude. After feeling his way along here with all the caution which he could exercise, he finally ventured toward the shore of the lake, and found himself able to go to the very edge without coming to any open space or crossing any path.

On looking forth from the top of the bank he found that he had not only drawn much nearer to the old house, but that he could see the whole line of shore. He now saw that there were some men by the door of the house, and began to suspect that this was nothing else than the headquarters and citadel of the brigands. The sight of the shore now showed him that he could approach very much nearer, and unless the brigands, or whoever they were, kept scouts out, he would be able to reach a point immediately overlooking the house, from which he could survey it at his leisure. To reach this point became now his next aim.

The wood being dense, Dacres found no more difficulty in passing through this than in traversing what lay behind him. The caution which he exercised here was as great as ever, and his progress was as slow, but as sure. At length he found himself upon the desired point, and, crawling cautiously forward to the shore, he looked down upon the very old house which he had desired to reach.

The house stood close by the lake, upon a sloping bank which lay below. It did not seem to be more than fifty yards away. The doors and windows were gone. Five or six ill-looking fellows were near the door-way, some sprawling on the ground, others lolling and lounging about. One glance at the men was sufficient to assure him that they were the brigands, and also to show him that they kept no guard or scout or outpost of any kind, at least in this direction.

Here, then, Dacres lay and watched. He could not wish for a better situation. With his knife in his hand, ready to defend himself in case of need, and his whole form concealed perfectly by the thick underbrush into the midst of which he had crawled, he peered forth through the overhanging leaves, and watched in breathless interest. From the point where he now was he could see the shore beyond the house, where the smoke was rising. He could now see that there were no less than four different columns of smoke ascending from as many fires. He saw as many as twenty or thirty figures moving among the trees, made conspicuous by the bright colors of their costumes. They seemed to be busy about something which he could not make out.

Suddenly, while his eye roved over the scene, it was struck by some fluttering color at the open window of the old house. He had not

noticed this before. He now looked at it attentively. Before long he saw a figure cross the window and return. It was a female figure.

The sight of this revived all that agitation which he had felt before, but which had been calmed during the severe efforts which he had been putting forth. There was but one thought in his mind, and but one desire in his heart.

His wife.

He crouched low, with a more feverish dread of discovery at this supreme moment, and a fiercer thirst for some further revelation which might disclose what he suspected. His breathing came thick and hard, and his brow lowered gloomily over his gleaming eyes.

He waited thus for some minutes, and the figure passed again.

He still watched.

Suddenly a figure appeared at the window. It was a young girl, a blonde, with short golden curls. The face was familiar indeed to him. Could he ever forget it? There it was full before him, turned toward him, as though that one, by some strange spiritual sympathy, was aware of his presence, and was thus turning toward him this mute appeal. Her face was near enough for its expression to be visible. He could distinguish the childish face, with its soft, sweet innocence, and he knew that upon it there was now that piteous, pleading, beseeching look which formerly had so thrilled his heart. And it was thus that Dacres saw his child-angel.

A prisoner, turning toward him this appeal! What was the cause, and what did the Italian want of this innocent child? Such was his thought. What could his fiend of a wife gain by the betrayal of that angelic being? Was it possible that even her demon soul could compass iniquity like this? He had thought that he had fathomed her capacity for malignant wickedness; but the presence here of the child-angel in the power of these miscreants showed him that this capacity was indeed unfathomable. At this sudden revelation of sin so enormous his very soul turned sick with horror.

He watched, and still looked with an anxiety that was increasing to positive pain.

And now, after one brief glance, Minnie drew back into the room. There was nothing more to be seen for some time, but at last another figure appeared.

He expected this; he was waiting for it; he was sure of it; yet deep down in the bottom of his heart there was a hope that it might not be so, that his suspicions, in this case at least, might be unfounded. But now the proof came; it was made manifest here before his eyes, and in the light of day.

In spite of himself a low groan escaped him. He buried his face in his hands and shut out the sight. Then suddenly he raised his head again and stared, as though in this face there was an irresistible fascination by which a spell was thrown over him.

It was the face of Mrs. Willoughby—youth-

ful, beautiful, and touching in its tender grace. Tears were now in those dark, luminous eyes, but they were unseen by him. Yet he could mark the despondency of her attitude; he could see a certain wild way of looking up and down and in all directions; he noted how her hands grasped the window-ledge as if for support.

And oh, beautiful demon angel, he thought, if you could but know how near you are to the avenger! Why are you so anxious, my demon wife? Are you impatient because your Italian is delaying? Can you not live for five seconds longer without him? Are you looking in all directions to see where he is? Don't fret; he'll soon be here.

And now there came a confirmation of his thoughts. He was not surprised; he knew it; he suspected it. It was all as it should be. Was it not in the confident expectation of this that he had come here with his dagger—on their trail?

It was Girasole.

He came from the place, further along the shore, where the brigands were around their fires. He was walking quickly. He had a purpose. It was with a renewed agony that Dacres watched his enemy—coming to visit his wife. The intensity of that thirst for vengeance, which had now to be checked until a better opportunity, made his whole frame tremble. A wild desire came to him then and there to bound down upon his enemy, and kill and be killed in the presence of his wife. But the other brigands deterred him. These men might interpose and save the Italian, and make him a prisoner. No; he must wait till he could meet his enemy on something like equal terms—when he could strike a blow that would not be in vain. Thus he overmastered himself.

He saw Girasole enter the house. He watched breathlessly. The time seemed long indeed. He could not hear any thing; the conversation, if there was any, was carried on in a low tone. He could not see any thing; those who conversed kept quiet; no one passed in front of the window. It was all a mystery, and this made the time seem longer. At length Dacres began to think that Girasole would not go at all. A long time passed. Hours went away, and still Girasole did not quit the house.

It was now sundown. Dacres had eaten nothing since morning, but the conflict of passion drove away all hunger or thirst. The approach of darkness was in accordance with his own gloomy wishes. Twilight in Italy is short. Night would soon be over all.

The house was on the slope of the bank. At the corner nearest him the house was sunk into the ground in such a way that it looked as though one might climb into the upper story window. As Dacres looked he made up his mind to attempt it. By standing here on tip-toe he could catch the upper window-ledge with his hands. He was strong. He was tall. His enemy was in the house. The hour was at hand. He was the man.

Another hour passed.

All was still.

There was a flickering lamp in the hall, but the men seemed to be asleep.

Another hour passed.

There was no noise.

Then Dacres ventured down. He moved slowly and cautiously, crouching low, and thus traversing the intervening space.

He neared the house and touched it. Before him was the window of the lower story. Above him was the window of the upper story. He lifted up his hands. They could reach the window-ledge.

He put his long, keen knife between his teeth, and caught at the upper window-ledge. Exerting all his strength, he raised himself up so high that he could fling one elbow over. For a moment he hung thus, and waited to take breath and listen.

There was a rush below. A half dozen shadowy forms surrounded him. He had been seen. He had been trapped.

He dropped down and, seizing his knife, struck right and left.

In vain. He was hurled to the ground and bound tight.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FACE TO FACE.

HAWBURY, on his capture, had been at once taken into the woods, and led and pushed on by no gentle hands. He had thus gone on until he had found himself by that same lake which others of the party had come upon in the various ways which have been described. Toward this lake he was taken, until finally his party reached the old house, which they entered. It has already been said that it was a two-story house. It was also of stone, and strongly built. The door was in the middle of it, and rooms were on each side of the hall. The interior plan of the house was peculiar, for the hall did not run through, but consisted of a square room, and the stone steps wound spirally from the lower hall to the upper one. There were three rooms up stairs, one taking up one end of the house, which was occupied by Mrs. Willoughby and Minnie; another in the rear of the house, into which a door opened from the upper hall, close by the head of the stairs; and a third, which was opposite the room first mentioned.

Hawbury was taken to this house, and led up stairs into this room in the rear of the house. At the end farthest from the door he saw a heap of straw with a few dirty rugs upon it. In the wall a beam was set, to which an iron ring was fastened. He was taken toward this bed, and here his legs were bound together, and the rope that secured them was run around the iron ring so as to allow of no more motion than a few feet. Having thus secured the prisoner, the men left him to his own meditations.

The room was perfectly bare of furniture, nothing being in it but the straw and the dirty rugs. Hawbury could not approach to the windows, for he was bound in a way which prevented that. In fact, he could not move in any direction, for his arms and legs were fastened in such a way that he could scarcely raise himself from where he was sitting. He therefore was compelled to remain in one position, and threw himself down upon the straw on his side, with his face to the wall, for he found that position easier than any other. In this way he lay for some time, until at length he was roused by the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs. Several people were passing his room. He heard the voice of Girasole. He listened with deep attention. For some time there was no reply. At length there was the sound of a woman's voice—clear, plain, and unmistakable. It was a fretful voice of complaint. Girasole was trying to answer it. After a time Girasole left. Then all was still. Then Girasole returned. Then there was a clattering noise on the stairs, and the bumping of some heavy weight, and the heavy breathing of men. Then he heard Girasole say something, after which arose Minnie's voice, close by, as though she was in the hall, and her words were, "Oh, take it away, take it away!" followed by long reproaches, which Hawbury did not fully understand.

This showed him that Minnie, at least, was a prisoner, and in this house, and in the adjoining room, along with some one whom he rightly supposed was Mrs. Willoughby.

After this there was a further silence for some time, which at last was broken by fresh sounds of trampling and shuffling, together with the confused directions of several voices all speaking at once. Hawbury listened, and turned on his couch of straw so as to see any thing which presented itself. The clatter and the noise approached nearer, ascending the stairs, until at last he saw that they were entering his room. Two of the brigands came first, carrying something carefully. In a few moments the burden which they bore was revealed.

It was a rude litter, hastily made from bushes fastened together. Upon this lay the dead body of a man, his white face upturned, and his limbs stiffened in the rigidity of death. Hawbury did not remember very distinctly any of the particular events of his confused struggle with the brigands; but he was not at all surprised to see that there had been one of the ruffians sent to his account. The brigands who carried in their dead companion looked at the captive with a sullen ferocity and a scowling vengefulness, which showed plainly that they would demand of him a reckoning for their comrade's blood if it were only in their power. But they did not delay, nor did they make any actual demonstrations to Hawbury. They placed the corpse of their comrade upon the floor in the middle of the room, and then went out.

The presence of the corpse only added to the gloom of Hawbury's situation, and he once more turned his face to the wall, so as to shut out the sight. Once more he gave himself up to his own thoughts, and so the time passed slowly on. He heard no sounds now from the room where Miss Fay was confined. He heard no noise from the men below, and could not tell whether they were still guarding the door, or had gone away. Various projects came to him, foremost among which was the idea of escaping. Bribery seemed the only possible way. There was about this, however, the same difficulty which Mrs. Willoughby had found—his ignorance of the language. He thought that this would be an effectual bar to any communication, and saw no other alternative than to wait Girasole's pleasure. It seemed to him that a ransom would be asked, and he felt sure, from Girasole's offensive manner, that the ransom would be large. But there was no help for it. He felt more troubled about Miss Fay, for Girasole's remarks about her seemed to point to views of his own which were incompatible with her liberation.

In the midst of these reflections another noise arose below. It was a steady tramp of two or three men walking. The noise ascended the stairway, and drew nearer and nearer. Hawbury turned once more, and saw two men entering the room, carrying between them a box about six feet long and eighteen inches or two feet wide. It was coarsely but strongly made, and was undoubtedly intended as a coffin for the corpse of the brigand. The men put the coffin down against the wall and retired. After a few minutes they returned again with the coffin lid. They then lifted the dead body into the coffin, and one of them put the lid in its place and secured it with half a dozen screws. After this Hawbury was once more left alone. He found this far more tolerable, for now he had no longer before his very eyes the abhorrent sight of the dead body. Hidden in its coffin, it no longer gave offense to his sensibilities. Once more, therefore, Hawbury turned his thoughts toward projects of escape, and discussed in his mind the probabilities for and against.

The day had been long, and longer still did it seem to the captive as hour after hour passed slowly by. He could not look at his watch, which his captors had spared; but from the shadows as they fell through the windows, and from the general appearance of the sky, he knew that the close of the day was not far off. He began to wonder that he was left so long alone and in suspense, and to feel impatient to know the worst as to his fate. Why did not some of them come to tell him? Where was Girasole? Was he the chief? Were the brigands debating about his fate, or were they thus leaving him in suspense so as to make him dependent and submissive to their terms? From all that he had ever heard of brigands and their ways, the latter seemed not unlikely; and this

thought made him see the necessity of guarding himself against being too impatient for freedom, and too compliant with any demands of theirs.

From these thoughts he was at last roused by footsteps which ascended the stairs. He turned and looked toward the door. A man entered.

It was Girasole.

He entered slowly, with folded arms, and coming about half-way, he stood and surveyed the prisoner in silence. Hawbury, with a sudden effort, brought himself up to a sitting posture, and calmly surveyed the Italian.

"Well," asked Hawbury, "I should like to know how long you intend to keep up this sort of thing? What are you going to do about it? Name your price, man, and we'll discuss it, and settle upon something reasonable."

"My price?" repeated Girasole, with peculiar emphasis.

"Yes. Of course I understand you fellows. It's your trade, you know. You've caught me, and, of course, you'll try to make the best of me, and all that sort of thing. So don't keep me waiting."

"Inglis milor," said Girasole, with a sharp, quick accent, his face flushing up as he spoke—"Inglis milor, dere is no price as you mean, an' no ransom. De price is one dat you will not wis to pay."

"Oh, come now, my good fellow, really you must remember that I'm tied up, and not in a position to be chaffed. Bother your Italian humbug! Don't speak in these confounded figures of speech, you know, but say up and down—how much?"

"De brigands haf talk you ovair, an' dey will haf no price."

"What the devil is all that rot about?"

"Dey will haf youair blood."

"My blood?"

"Yes."

"And pray, my good fellow, what good is that going to do them?"

"It is vengeance," said Girasole.

"Vengeance? Pooh! Nonsense! What rot! What have I ever done?"

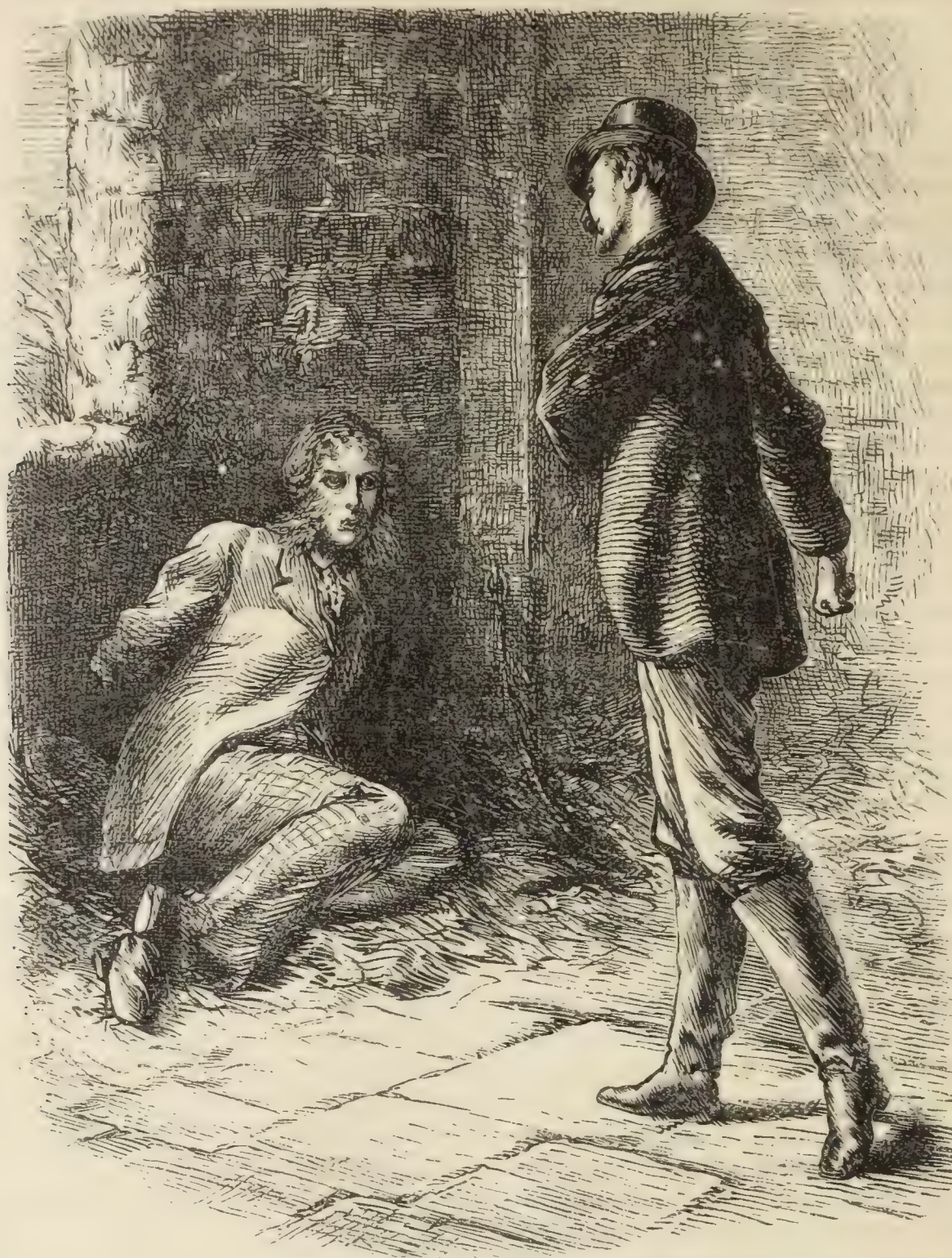
"Dat—dere—his blood," said Girasole, pointing to the coffin.

"What! that scoundrel? Why, man alive, are you crazy? That was a fair stand-up fight. That is, it was two English against twenty Italians, if you call that fair; but perhaps it is. His blood! By Jove! Cool, that! Come, I like it."

"An' more," said Girasole, who now grew more excited. "It is not de brigand who condemn you; it is also me. I condemn you."

"You?" said Hawbury, elevating his eyebrows in some surprise, and fixing a cool stare upon Girasole. "And what the devil's *this* row about, I should like to know? I don't know *you*. What have you against *me*?"

"Inglis milor," cried Girasole, who was stung to the quick by a certain indescribable



"INGLIS MILOR, I SALL HAF YOUAIR LIFE."

yet most irritating superciliousness in Hawbury's tone—"Inglis milor, you sall see what you sall soffair. You sall die! Dere is no hope. You are condemn by de brigand. You also are condemn by me, for you insult me."

"Well, of all the beastly rot I ever heard, this is about the worst! What do you mean by all this infernal nonsense? Insult you! What would I insult you for? Why, man alive, you're as mad as a March hare! If I thought you were a gentleman, I'd—by Jove, I will, too! See here, you fellow: I'll fight you for it—pistols, or any thing. Come, now. I'll drop all considerations of rank. I'll treat you as if you were a real count, and not a sham one. Come, now. What do you say? Shall we have it out? Pistols—in the woods there. You've got all your infernal crew around you, you know. Well? What? You won't? By Jove!"

Girasole's gesture showed that he declined the proposition.

"Inglis milor," said he, with a venomous glitter in his eyes, "I sall haf youair life—wis

de pistol, but not in de duello. I sall blow your brain out myself."

"Blow and be hanged, then!" said Hawbury.

And with these words he fell back on his straw, and took no further notice of the Italian.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TORN ASUNDER.

WHEN Dacres made his attempt upon the house he was not so unobserved as he supposed himself to be. Minnie and Mrs. Willoughby happened at that time to be sitting on the floor by the window, one on each side, and they were looking out. They had chosen the seat as affording some prospect of the outer world. There was in Mrs. Willoughby a certain instinctive feeling that if any rescue came, it would come from the land side; and, therefore, though the hope was faint indeed, it nevertheless was sufficiently well defined to inspire her with an uneasy and incessant vigilance. Thus,

then, she had seated herself by the window, and Minnie had taken her place on the opposite side, and the two sisters, with clasped hands, sat listening to the voices of the night.

At length they became aware of a movement upon the bank just above them and lying opposite. The sisters clasped one another's hands more closely, and peered earnestly through the gloom. It was pretty dark, and the forest threw down a heavy shadow, but still their eyes were by this time accustomed to the dark, and they could distinguish most of the objects there. Among these they soon distinguished a moving figure; but what it was, whether man or beast, they could not make out.

This moving figure was crawling down the bank. There was no cover to afford concealment, and it was evident that he was trusting altogether to the concealment of the darkness. It was a hazardous experiment, and Mrs. Willoughby trembled in suspense.

Minnie, however, did not tremble at all, nor was the suspense at all painful. When Mrs. Willoughby first cautiously directed her attention to it in a whisper, Minnie thought it was some animal.

"Why, Kitty dear," she said, speaking back in a whisper, "why, it's an animal; I wonder if the creature is a wild beast. I'm sure I think it's very dangerous, and no doors or windows. But it's *always* the way. He wouldn't give me a chair; and so I dare say I shall be eaten up by a bear before morning."

Minnie gave utterance to this expectation without the slightest excitement, just as though the prospect of becoming food for a bear was one of the very commonest incidents of her life.

"Oh, I don't think it's a bear."

"Well, then, it's a tiger or a lion, or perhaps a wolf. I'm sure *I* don't see what difference it makes what one is eaten by, when one *has* to be eaten."

"It's a man!" said Mrs. Willoughby, tremulously.

"A man!—nonsense, Kitty darling. A man walks; he doesn't go on all-fours, except when he is very, very small."

"Hush! it's some one coming to help us. Watch him, Minnie dear. Oh, how dangerous!"

"Do you really think so?" said Minnie, with evident pleasure. "Now that is really kind. But I wonder who it *can* be?"

Mrs. Willoughby squeezed her hand, and made no reply. She was watching the slow and cautious movement of the shadowy figure.

"He's coming nearer!" said she, tremulously.

Minnie felt her sister's hand throb at the quick movement of her heart, and heard her short, quick breathing.

"Who *can* it be, I wonder?" said Minnie, full of curiosity, but without any excitement at all.

"Oh, Minnie!"

"What's the matter, darling?"

"It's so terrible."

"What?"

"This suspense. Oh, I'm so afraid!"

"Afraid! Why, I'm not afraid at all."

"Oh! he'll be caught."

"No, he won't," said Minnie, confidently.

"I *knew* he'd come. They *always* do. Don't be afraid that he'll be caught, or that he'll fail. They *never* fail. They always *will* save me. Wait till your life has been saved as often as mine has, Kitty darling. Oh, I expected it all! I was thinking a little while ago he ought to be here soon."

"He! Who?"

"Why, any person; the person who is going to save me this time. I don't know, of course, who he is; some horrid man, of course. And then—oh dear!—I'll have it all over again. He'll carry me away on his back, and through those wretched woods, and bump me against the trees and things. Then he'll get me to the road, and put me on a horrid old horse, and gallop away. And by that time it will be morning. And then he'll propose. And so there'll be another. And I don't know what I *shall* do about it. Oh dear!"

Mrs. Willoughby had not heard half of this. All her soul was intent upon the figure outside. She only pressed her sister's hand, and gave a warning "Hus-s-s-h!"

"I know one thing I *do* wish," said Minnie.

Her sister made no reply.

"I do wish it would turn out to be that nice, dear, good, kind Rufus K. Gunn. I don't want any more of them. And I'm sure he's nicer than this horrid Count, who wouldn't take the trouble to get me even a chair. And yet he pretends to be fond of me."

"Hus-s-s-h!" said her sister.

But Minnie was irrepressible.

"I don't want any horrid stranger. But, oh, Kitty darling, it would be so *awfully* funny if he were to be caught! and then he *couldn't* propose, you know."

By this time the figure had reached the house. Minnie peeped over and looked down. Then she drew back her head and sighed.

"Oh dear!" she said, in a plaintive tone.

"What, darling?"

"Why, Kitty darling, do you know he really looks a little like that great, big, horrid man that ran with me down the volcano, and then pretended he was my dear papa. And here he comes to save me again. Oh, what *shall* I do? Won't you pretend you're me, Kitty darling, and please go yourself? Oh, ple-e-ease do!"

But now Minnie was interrupted by two strong hands grasping the window-sill. A moment after a shadowy head arose above it. Mrs. Willoughby started back, but through the gloom she was able to recognize the strongly marked face of Scone Dacres.

For a moment he stared through the darkness. Then he flung his elbow over.

There arose a noise below. There was a rush. The figure disappeared from the win-

dow. A furious struggle followed, in the midst of which arose fierce oaths and deep breathings, and the sound of blows. Then the struggle subsided, and they heard footsteps tramping heavily. They followed the sound into the house. They heard men coming up the stairs and into the hall outside. Then they all moved into the front-room opposite theirs. After a few minutes they heard the steps descending the stairs. By this they judged that the prisoner had been taken to that room which was on the other side of the hall and in the front of the house.

"There dies our last hope!" said Mrs. Willoughby, and burst into tears.

"I'm sure I don't see what you're crying about," said Minnie. "You certainly oughtn't to want me to be carried off again by that person. If he had me, he'd *never* give me up—especially after saving me twice."

Mrs. Willoughby made no reply, and the sisters sat in silence for nearly an hour. They were then aroused by the approach of footsteps which entered the house; after which voices were heard below.

Then some one ascended the stairs, and they saw the flicker of a light.

It was Girasole.

He came into the room with a small lamp, holding his hand in front of the flame. This lamp he set down in a corner out of the draught, and then turned to the ladies.

"Miladi," said Girasole, in a gentle voice, "I am ver pained to haf to tella you dat it is necessaïre for you to separat dis night—till to-morra."

"To separate?" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby.

"Only till to-morra, miladi. Den you sall be togeder foravva. But it is now necessaïre. Dere haf ben an attemp to a rescue. I mus guard again dis—an' it mus be done by a separazion. If you are togeder you might run. Dis man was almos up here. It was only chance dat I saw him in time."

"Oh, Sir," cried Mrs. Willoughby, "you can not—you will not separate us. You can not have the heart to. I promise most solemnly that we will not escape if you only leave us together."

Girasole shook his head.

"I can not," said he, firmly; "de mees is too precious. I dare not. If you are prisonaïre se will not try to fly, an' so I secure her de more; but if you are togeder you will find some help. You will bribe de men. I can not trust dem."

"Oh, do not separate us. Tie us. Bind us. Fasten us with chains. Fasten me with chains, but leave me with her."

"Chains? nonsance; dat is impossibile. Chains? no, miladi. You sall be treat beautiful. No chain, no; notin but affection—till to-morra, an' den de mees sall be my wife. De priest haf come, an' it sall be allaright to-morra, an' you sall be wit her again. An' now you haf to come away; for if you do not be

pleasant, I sall not be able to 'low you to stay to-morra wit de mees when se become my Contessa."

Mrs. Willoughby flung her arms about her sister, and clasped her in a convulsive embrace.

"Well, Kitty darling," said Minnie, "don't cry, or you'll make me cry too. It's just what we might have expected, you know. He's been as unkind as he could be about the chair, and of course he'll do all he can to tease me. Don't cry, dear. You must go, I suppose, since that horrid man talks and scolds so about it; only be sure to be back early; but how I am *ever* to pass the night here all alone and standing up, I'm sure I don't know."

"Alone? Oh no," said Girasole. "Charming mees, you sall not be alone; I haf guard for dat. I haf sent for a maid."

"But I don't want any of your horrid old maids. I want my own maid, or none at all."

"Se sall be your own maid. I haf sent for her."

"What, my own maid?—Dowlas?"

"I am ver sorry, but it is not dat one. It is anoder—an Italian."

"Well, I think that is *very* unkind, when you *know* I can't speak a word of the language. But you *always* do all you can to tease me. I *wish* I had never seen you."

Girasole looked hurt.

"Charming mees," said he, "I will lay down my life for you."

"But I don't want you to lay down your life. I want Dowlas."

"And you sall haf Dowlas to-morra. An' to-night you sall haf de Italian maid."

"Well, I suppose I must," said Minnie, resignedly.

"Miladi," said Girasole, turning to Mrs. Willoughby, "I am ver sorry for dis leetle accommodation. De room where you mus go is de one where I haf put de man dat try to safe you. He is tied fast. You mus promis you will not loose him. Haf you a knife?"

"No," said Mrs. Willoughby, in a scarce audible tone.

"Do not mourn. You sall be able to talk to de prisonaïre and get consolazion. But come."

With these words Girasole led the way out into the hall, and into the front-room on the opposite side. He carried the lamp in his hand. Mrs. Willoughby saw a figure lying at the other end of the room on the floor. His face was turned toward them, but in the darkness she could not see it plainly. Some straw was heaped up in the corner next her.

"Dere," said Girasole, "is your bed. I am sorra. Do not be trouble."

With this he went away.

Mrs. Willoughby flung herself on her knees, and bowed her head and wept convulsively. She heard the heavy step of Girasole as he went down stairs. Her first impulse was to rush back to her sister. But she dreaded discovery, and felt that disobedience would only make her fate harder.



"ONE ARM WENT AROUND HER."

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOUND AT LAST.

IN a few moments Girasole came back and entered Minnie's room. He was followed by a woman who was dressed in the garb of an Italian peasant girl. Over her head she wore a hood to protect her from the night air, the limp folds of which hung over her face. Minnie looked carelessly at this woman and then at Girasole.

"Charming mees," said Girasole, "I haf brought you a maid for dis night. When we leaf dis you sall haf what maid you wis."

"That horrid old fright!" said Minnie. "I don't want her."

"You sall only haf her for dis night," said Girasole. "You will be taken care for."

"I suppose nobody cares for what *I* want," said Minnie, "and I may as well speak to the wall, for all the good it does."

Girasole smiled and bowed, and put his hand on his heart, and then called down the stairs:

"Padre Patricio!"

A solid, firm step now sounded on the stairs, and in a few moments the priest came up. Girasole led the way into Hawbury's room. The prisoner lay on his side. He was in a deep sleep. Girasole looked in wonder at the sleeper who was spending in this way the last hours of his life, and then pointed to the coffin.

"Here," said he, in Italian, "is the body. When the grave is dug they will tell you. You must stay here. You will not be afraid to be with the dead."

The priest smiled.

Girasole now retreated and went down stairs.

Soon all was still.

The Italian woman had been standing where she had stopped ever since she first came into the room. Minnie had not paid any attention to her, but at last she noticed this.

"I *wish* you wouldn't stand there in that way. You really make me feel quite nervous. And what with the dark, and not having any light, and losing poor dear Kitty, and not having any chair to sit upon, really one's life is scarce worth having. But all this is thrown away, as you can't speak English—and how horrid it is to have no one to talk to."

The woman made no reply, but with a quiet, stealthy step she drew near to Minnie.

"What do you want? You horrid creature, keep away," said Minnie, drawing back in some alarm.

"Minnie dear!" said the woman. "H-s-s-s-h!" she added, in a low whisper.

Minnie started.

"Who are you?" she whispered.

One arm went around her neck, and another hand went over her mouth, and the woman drew nearer to her.

"Not a word. H-s-s-s-h! I've risked my life. The priest brought me."

"Why, my darling, darling love of an Ethel!" said Minnie, who was overwhelmed with surprise.

"H-s-s-s-h!"

"But how can I h-s-s-s-h when I'm so perfectly frantic with delight? Oh, you darling pet!"

"H-s-s-s-h! Not another word. I'll be discovered and lost."

"Well, dear, I'll speak very, very low. But how did you come here?"

"The priest brought me."

"The priest?"

"Yes. He was sent for, you know; and I thought I could help you, and he is going to save you."

"He! Who?"

"The priest, you know."

"The priest! Is he a Roman Catholic priest, Ethel darling?"

"Yes, dear."

"And *he* is going to save me this time, is he?"

"I hope so, dear."

"Oh, how perfectly lovely that is! and it was so kind and thoughtful in you! Now this is really quite nice, for you know I've *longed* so to be saved by a priest. These horrid men, you know, all go and propose the moment they save one's life; but a priest *can't*, you know—no, not if he saved one a thousand times over. Can he now, Ethel darling?"

"Oh no!" said Ethel, in a little surprise. "But stop, darling. You really must *not* say another word—no, not so much as a whisper—for we certainly *will* be heard; and don't notice what I do, or the priest either, for it's very, very important, dear. But you keep as still as a little mouse, and wait till we are all ready."

"Well, Ethel dear, I will; but it's *awfully* funny to see you here—and oh, *such* a funny figure as you are!"

"H-s-s-s-h!"

Minnie relapsed into silence now, and Ethel withdrew near to the door, where she stood and listened. All was still. Down stairs there was no light and no sound. In the hall above she could see nothing, and could not tell whether any guards were there or not.

Hawbury's room was at the back of the house, as has been said, and the door was just at the top of the stairs. The door where Ethel was standing was there too, and was close by the other, so that she could listen and hear the deep breathing of the sleeper. One or two indistinct sounds escaped him from time to time, and this was all that broke the deep stillness.

She waited thus for nearly an hour, during which all was still, and Minnie said not a word. Then a shadowy figure appeared near her at Hawbury's door, and a hand touched her shoulder.

Not a word was said.

Ethel stole softly and noiselessly into Hawbury's room, where the priest was. She could see the two windows, and the priest indicated to her the position of the sleeper.

Slowly and cautiously she stole over toward him.

She reached the place.

She knelt by his side, and bent low over him. Her lips touched his forehead.

The sleeper moved slightly, and murmured some words.

"All fire," he murmured; "fire—and flame. It is a furnace before us. She must not die."

Then he sighed.

Ethel's heart beat wildly. The words that he spoke told her where his thoughts were wandering. She bent lower; tears fell from her eyes and upon his face.

"My darling," murmured the sleeper, "we will land here. I will cook the fish. How pale! Don't cry, dearest."

The house was all still. Not a sound arose. Ethel still bent down and listened for more of these words which were so sweet to her.

"Ethel!" murmured the sleeper, "where are you? Lost! lost!"

A heavy sigh escaped him, which found an echo in the heart of the listener. She touched his forehead gently with one hand, and whispered,

"My lord!"

Hawbury started.

"What's this?" he murmured.

"A friend," said Ethel.

At this Hawbury became wide awake.

"Who are you?" he whispered, in a trembling voice. "For God's sake—oh, for God's sake, speak again! tell me!"

"Harry," said Ethel.

Hawbury recognized the voice at once.

A slight cry escaped him, which was instant-

ly suppressed, and then a torrent of whispered words followed.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! my darling! What is this? How is this? Is it a dream? Oh, am I awake? Is it you? Oh, my darling! my darling! Oh, if my arms were but free!"

Ethel bent over him, and passed her arm around him till she felt the cords that bound him. She had a sharp knife ready, and with this she cut the cords. Hawbury raised himself, without waiting for his feet to be freed, and caught Ethel in his freed arms in a silent embrace, and pressed her over and over again to his heart.

Ethel with difficulty extricated herself.

"There's no time to lose," said she. "I came to save you. Don't waste another moment; it will be too late. Oh, do not! Oh, wait!" she added, as Hawbury made another effort to clasp her in his arms. "Oh, do what I say, for my sake!"

She felt for his feet, and cut the rest of his bonds.

"What am I to do?" asked Hawbury, clasping her close, as though he was afraid that he would lose her again.

"Escape."

"Well, come! I'll leap with you from the window."

"You can't. The house and all around swarms with brigands. They watch us all closely."

"I'll fight my way through them."

"Then you'll be killed, and I'll die."

"Well, I'll do whatever you say."

"Listen, then. You must escape alone."

"What! and leave you? Never!"

"I'm safe. I'm disguised, and a priest is with me as my protector."

"How can you be safe in such a place as this?"

"I am safe. Do not argue. There is no time to lose. The priest brought me here, and will take me away."

"But there are others here. I can't leave them. Isn't Miss Fay a prisoner? and another lady?"

"Yes; but the priest and I will be able, I hope, to liberate them. We have a plan."

"But can't I go with you and help you?"

"Oh no! it's impossible. You could not. We are going to take them away in disguise. We have a dress. You couldn't be disguised."

"And *must* I go alone?"

"You must."

"I'll do it, then. Tell me what it is. But oh, my darling! how can I leave you, and in such a place as this?"

"I assure you I am not in the slightest danger."

"I shall feel terribly anxious."

"H-s-s-s-h! no more of this. Listen now."

"Well?"

Ethel bent lower, and whispered in his ear, in even lower tones than ever, the plan which she had contrived.

THE SCHOOL-MASTERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

TOWARD the close of the eighth century we have the assurance in the mournful complaint of the chronicler of the age that there were no schools in all the transalpine realm of Charlemagne.¹ But the empire of the Frankish ruler embraced nearly the whole of Western Europe. It comprised all Germany to the borders of Slavonia, all France from Marseilles to the British seas. Over this vast region, once the seat of a gifted and progressive population, had settled the gloom of savage ignorance. Men had ceased to learn, and had sunk once more into brutal apathy. Nor was Italy apparently more fortunate. The priests of the Romish Church emulated the indolence of the laity. It was difficult to find a priest who could read his breviary, or a monk who could repeat his psalter. The church had ceased to educate the people; the people to educate themselves.

From this dark and hopeless period of mental decay sprang up most of those political or religious superstitions that still embarrass the progressive intellect of nations. The Oriental theory of caste was impressed upon the institutions of Europe. The working-classes sank into slavery; the military caste ruled with despotic power. The Roman conception of personal independence and of self-respect, which had been illustrated in a long succession of vigorous political contests, was lost in Gothic barbarism; the champions of popular freedom who had sustained the cause of the people in the Forum or the Campus Martius found no successors in the night of medieval ignorance; their place was supplied by indolent barons and savage kings. The hapless serfs clustered around the castles of their robber lords, and learned to kiss the hand that alternately plundered and protected them.

To rescue mankind from ignorance and degradation, to plant the seeds of progress in the ungenial soil of feudalism, was the almost hopeless aim of a band of gifted men—the school-masters of the Middle Ages. Yet history has seldom paused in its passion for martial glory to notice their labors, their self-denial, or their final success. Their names are almost lost amidst a throng of barbarous kings and chivalric conquerors. The true benefactors of their race are almost forgotten, and few have cared to remember that Alcuin was greater than Charlemagne, or Erigena than Cœur de Lion; that he who founded a school or spread the germs of knowledge was more useful to mankind than the most renowned crusader or the most imperious of popes or kings. It is not impossible that all this may yet be changed; that, as the light of history falls more vividly

upon the feudal period, it may appear that the strife of princes and barons is scarcely of more importance to us than the contests of kites and crows, and that the only object worthy of attention is the slow progress of the indestructible mind.

For the first school and the most eminent of school-masters that break through the medieval gloom we turn to Aix-la-Chapelle.¹ A more willing pupil, a more careful instructor, can nowhere be found than the savage Charles the Great and his preceptor, Alcuin. Charlemagne had inherited the martial genius of his ancestor, Charles Martel, the diplomatic skill of his father, Pepin. Huge in stature, vigorous in mental and physical health, Teutonic in all the highest traits of his gifted race, the first emperor of Germany bound together all Middle Europe in a magnificent unity that has formed the wonder and the envy of the long series of his successors. Charles V. vainly aspired to a similar destiny; Napoleon for a moment believed himself the modern Charlemagne; a dream of empire like that realized by the docile pupil of Alcuin still awakes the ambition of European kings. But it is chiefly as the scholar and the founder of schools that the great German must live with posterity. He found men ignorant and unwilling to learn; no schools nor colleges existed in all Germany or Gaul; the European intellect had sunk into unwonted apathy. He filled his empire with seats of learning, and left behind him a throng of accomplished scholars—a generation of poets, historians, and progressive priests.²

Yet it is possible that it was to his famous school-master that Charlemagne owed his ruling ideas, his love for letters, his plan of reviving in all its ancient grandeur the empire of Augustus or the Antonines. Alcuin was an Englishman, and had been the provost, or head teacher, of a flourishing school at York. England still retained some traces of Roman civilization, and Ireland, and perhaps Scotland, possessed scholars who had not yet sunk beneath the advancing barbarism of the age. At York Alcuin had learned and imparted a degree of classical knowledge that made him famous among his contemporaries. Covered with renown, he had wandered away to Italy. Here he met Charlemagne, and was tempted by the liberal offers of the eager king to accompany him to Germany. He became the centre of a busy throng of teachers, scholars, and half-savage pupils, the rector of a royal university, that was perhaps imitated at a later period in Paris, Oxford, and Prague.

The most industrious of all Alcuin's pupils

¹ Ante ipsum dominum Carolum regem in Gallia nullum fuit studium liberalium artium. Perhaps an exaggerated statement.

¹ Haureau, *Charlemagne et sa Cour*, has produced a brief and pleasant narrative. See Eginhard, *Vita Caroli Imp.*

² Eginhard, c. xxxiii.

was Charlemagne.¹ Master of Europe, engaged in endless wars and ceaseless labors, the ruler upon whose prudence and valor hung the destiny of mankind—the half-savage emperor never paused in his effort to civilize himself. He was all his life the most diligent of students. He heard lectures on grammar, rhetoric, philosophy. He labored, perhaps in vain, to acquire the art of writing, and every night his tablets and his stylus were placed at his bedside and employed his hours of wakefulness; he learned to read and dictate Latin readily, and knew something of Greek; he commented on the Scriptures, and wrote vigorous essays against image-worship; and his eager intellect strove to grasp the whole field of knowledge that lay open to the scholars of his age.² In every town and every monastery he planted a free school, and, taught perhaps by the generous example of his friend Haroun-al-Raschid, strove to cultivate letters and educate his people.

In the earlier period of his reign, it is related, two school-masters from Ireland appeared on the borders of Gaul—men of incomparable skill in letters. They landed in company with some British merchants, but the only wares they had to dispose of were the products of the school. Daily they cried out to the ignorant people, “Whoever desires wisdom, let him come to us and buy.” But no purchaser came forward. The natives looked upon them with stupid wonder, and at last, as they persisted in their vain attempt, began to think them mad. No one cared to purchase wisdom; no one knew what learning was. The strange conduct of the Irish teachers was told to Charlemagne, and he sent for them to visit his court.

“Have you,” he cried, “learning to sell?”

“We have it,” they replied, “for those who receive it worthily.”

They were at once entertained with high favor in the family of the king, and were endowed with a liberal support. One of them, Clement, opened a school, at which great numbers of the young nobility, as well as of the poorer classes, attended. It was no doubt a free school under the especial care of the king. Charlemagne went off to his Saxon wars, and after a long interval returned. Almost his first care was to examine into the progress of his favorite scholars. Noble and plebeian, rich or poor, they were all assembled in the presence of the king, who proceeded to inquire into their attainments. He found that the poorer pupils had been singularly industrious, and Clement was able to speak with pleasure of their diligence and zeal. But the children of the nobility had neglected all their advantages. They had passed their time in arranging their hair and putting on fine clothes, in sport and dissipa-

tion, instead of learning to write a fair round hand or studying the seven branches of knowledge. Charlemagne, when the examination was over, turned with a gracious smile to the industrious children of the poor. “You have done well,” he cried, “and deserved my favor. For you I design the richest abbeys and the fairest offices of my kingdom.” He next turned to the children of the nobles. His majestic form was erect with indignation, his terrible eyes flashed out rage and contempt. “But for you,” he exclaimed, “unworthy offspring of my court, you have wasted your time in follies and effeminacy, and disobeyed my express commands. By Heaven, unless you change your conduct, you shall receive no promotion from me!”¹ It is plain that in the colleges founded by Charlemagne no one obtained a degree unless he deserved it.

On the borders of Germany and Gaul arose the fair city of Aix-la-Chapelle, the chief capital and the favorite residence of the new Augustus. Here he had built a church of rare splendor, adorned with pillars of marble ravished from the cities of Italy, and gleaming with profuse ornaments of gems and gold. No images were adored in the cathedral of the iconoclastic emperor; but its heavy arches resounded with the plain Gregorian chants, intoned by singers who had been cultivated with assiduous care, and who were sometimes led in their musical services by Charlemagne himself. A few fragments are still shown of the rude architecture of the ninth century—the substructions of the Church of St. Mary. Here, too, was his favorite palace, where, surrounded by his sons and daughters, his authors and school-masters, he abandoned himself to his studies, and endeavored to inculcate democratic simplicity in the rude minds of his German subjects. Yet the palace at Aix was a magnificent attempt to revive the luxury and the grandeur of imperial Rome. Its mosaic floors and marble columns; its halls and corridors, adorned by the most skillful artists; its furniture of gold and silver; its costly hangings; its decorations, gathered from the farthest limits of the world; its water-clock, the gift of the magnificent Haroun-al-Raschid; and an immense elephant, the offering of the same bountiful hand, are dwelt upon by the annalists as among the wonders of the age. In his domestic affairs Charlemagne does not seem to have been fortunate. From his first wife he was separated in anger. Four others succeeded. The German Fastrade followed the Suevic Hildegard. Both died, and he married Luitgarde. He was once more a widower; and nine wives in all are said to have won the affections of the Henry VIII. of the Middle Ages. Yet his palace was filled with a fair array of sons and daughters; and the latter, at least, seem to have inherited the literary taste of their studious father.

¹ Annal. Carol. Mag., a poetical narrative. *Horum doctores magnifice coluit*, p. 73.

² Alcuin, Migne, Pat., 100, p. 51. Charles calls Alcuin *Clarissimi in Christo præceptoris*. Epist. 124, p. 50. The argument against images unites ridicule with reason. See Migne, vol. 98.

¹ Michelet, Hist. Fran., i. The legend is rather illustrative than trustworthy. Haureau, 194.

Alcuin presided over the studies of the palace, and within its gilded halls was formed a literary club—one of the most fruitful that has ever existed.¹ Each member bore an assumed name, indicative of his peculiar tastes. Alcuin, who wrote bad verses and was an inferior poet, was known as Flaccus or Horatius; the emperor took the name of David; the poetical young Engilbert was Homer; and each of the school-masters, princes, or princesses who made up the progressive circle was known to the associates only by a classical or biblical title. They corresponded and composed, disputed, taught, and read each other's verses; they united in gathering up the early songs of the Germans, and perhaps saved the *Nibelungenlied*. Love sometimes shot his arrows among the docile scholars, and the impassioned Engilbert won the heart of Princess Bertha, and they were married amidst the general applause of the whole school. Yet for literary activity the club of Aix-la-Chapelle may well be envied by many of its modern rivals. A hundred authors sprang up in the reign of Charlemagne. Alcuin produced profusely letters, poems, hymns, and dissertations; Eginhard, a favorite scholar, wrote useful histories and a vivid life of his royal friend; Engilbert composed spirited verses; Paul the Deacon left behind him grammatical works that still exist. Even the princesses were agreeable writers; and Charles himself composed a German grammar that served to preserve the purity of the Gothic tongue.² In fine, Charlemagne, who had begun his reign without a school or a school-master in all his barbarous realm, saw before he died a wide system of free education spring up in Gaul or Germany, and planted in the heart of Europe the germs of modern civilization.

At length, in 814, the emperor died, and night once more settled upon the advancing mind. Wars, crusades, savage barons, and feudal violence overspread the fair fields of Germany. One by one the authors and the school-masters who had nearly conquered Europe passed away; books were forgotten, teachers despised. The feudal system began its war against the intellect, and robber castles and brutal chiefs took the place of the school-house and the busy school. Ignorance became the insignia of noble birth, and princes and barons had long ceased to read or write. The tenth and eleventh centuries are noted for a wide intellectual decay, and for the terrible woes that fell upon the working-classes. It is knowledge alone that can elevate the people.

Through the shadowy gloom of the ninth century, amidst the wild wars and general ruin that followed the death of Charlemagne, a single powerful intellect may be discovered struggling in the waste of feudalism to soften the manners of the age. It was Erigena. Like

Alcuin, an Irishman or a Scot, the famous teacher came to the court of Charles the Bald, and taught princes and nobles the elements of learning. He stood almost alone in that dark and dreadful period, the assertor of the dignity of the intellect. Around him existed a corruption of manners of which the modern can scarcely conceive, a tendency to mental decay which even his wonderful powers were incapable of arresting.¹ Yet tradition rather than history attests the vigor of his intellectual struggle. He evidently delayed for a moment the final fall of the intellect. He was theologian and philosopher, poet, heretic, and wit. He had traveled in distant lands, and by a strange anachronism was said to have studied at Athens. With the King of France he lived in close friendship for many years, and wrote at his suggestion his most important works.² He gave jest for jest to his royal patron, and smiled as a philosopher at the barbarism of his master. Once they sat together at table. "What is the distance," said the merry king, over his flowing cups, "between a sot and a Scot?" "Only this table," replied the ready wit. Here Erigena composed his laborious productions—a translation of Dionysius the Areopagite, a work on predestination, and a metaphysical treatise on Nature. Unhappily for the teacher, he assailed the doctrine of transubstantiation, and was a skeptic as to the infallibility of the pope. The monks pursued him with bitter reproaches; the pope strove to bind him to the stake. He fled from France to Oxford, and was professor in the college said to have been founded by Alfred. But he was soon driven from his professorship, and next opened a school at Malmesbury, where his scholars, enraged at his severe discipline, are said to have put him to death by stabbing him with their iron pens; or, as others state, he fell a victim to the hatred of the monks.

Few of the particulars of his life have any historical value, and so barbarous was the age that no one cared to give an account of its greatest scholar. He lives only in his writings: a bold and powerful genius that cast aside the superstitions of his contemporaries; that scoffed at the follies of feudalism and chivalry; that sounded, amidst the coarse revelries and cruel wars of knights and kings, the praises of intellectual supremacy. Had the voice of the gifted school-master been heard with attention, the world might have been reformed, and the school and the college have saved mankind centuries of woe. But he fell in the vain struggle, the martyr of science.

Men now grew so degraded that the school-master was looked upon as a magician, and he who studied the sciences was usually burned for a witch. Yet Europe had no excuse for its barbarism, for a line of intellectual light had been

¹ Migne, 100, 55.

² *Talibus a studiis non regni maxima cura, Non ætas gravior, tum revocavit eum.*

Annal., p. 79.

¹ See Erigena, J. Scotus, *Leben und Lehre*: T. Christlieb, 1860. A careful study of the great intellect.

² *Der Aufenthalt in Frankreich (Leben und Lehre, p. 24), am Hofe Carle's des Kahlen*, etc. Gallie transmisit Hibernia, says Prudentius.

traced along the shores of the Mediterranean, and the gifted Arabs from Bagdad to Cordova had filled Persia, Africa, and Spain with brilliant centres of mental progress.¹ From the ninth to the twelfth centuries the schools and colleges of the cultivated Saracens gave forth a constant succession of poets, philosophers, men of science, and men of thought. Vast throngs of students filled the universities of Bagdad or Cordova, and the speculations of Rome or Alexandria inspired the keen intellects of the followers of Mohammed. While all Christendom bowed before graven images, and forgot the teachings of its ancient faith, the smallest towns of Africa had their free schools; and the virtues that Mohammed had borrowed from Christianity were inculcated in the mosques of Cairo or Algiers. Learning had fled from the cold North to find its home in the burning South; and the children of the desert, educated to the highest pitch of civilization, looked with generous scorn from their fair cities, their smiling gardens, and their cultivated homes upon the coarse revelries of the baronial castle and the savage manners of the feudal courts.

To the Arabs Gerbert, the next great school-master—the witch, the sorcerer, the terror of his contemporaries—probably owed his mental training. He was confidently believed by many to have dealings with the Evil One; and when he ascended the papal chair and became head of the church, cardinals and priests shrank from him in horror, and asserted that Satan had succeeded in placing one of his own imps in the hallowed seat of St. Peter. He was born in poverty and obscurity, but a kind patron had taken him from his native Auvergne, and educated him in Spain. He had perhaps studied at the magnificent University of Cordova, and had learned from the Arabs, then in the splendor of their renown, the deepest secrets of their science and the wonders of algebra and geometry. Gerbert, enriched with Arabic learning, came back to France and taught school for many years at Rheims.² His genius soon won attention; he became the chief school-master of his age, and had formed a close intimacy with the royal family that sat on the imperial throne. He was the friend, too, of Hugh Capet, the founder of the new dynasty of France; and through various fortunes, often persecuted and ever scoffing at the ignorance or venality of Rome, the gifted teacher lived on a studious career; now shunned as a heretic or a witch, now raised by his friend Otho III. to the papal chair, Gerbert seems to have stirred the minds of his contemporaries with a strange impulse that startled and amazed.

The wildest stories were told of his early career; and it was believed that in his studious

hours at Cordova and among the polished infidels he had learned their magical arts, and had made a compact with Satan.¹ Gerbert had begged from the fiend perpetual life. He had been promised that he should never die until he should celebrate mass in the church of Jerusalem. Confident of immortality, he now resolved never to visit the Holy City; but one day the pope happened to perform mass in the Church of the Holy Cross, forgetting that it was also called the Church of Jerusalem. The fiend seized the opportunity, and, snatching a golden candlestick from the altar, struck the school-master a mortal blow. Gerbert died, and was buried in a stately tomb; but for six centuries afterward his bones were heard to rattle in his coffin, and strange and inexplicable sounds were ever haunting the last resting-place of the papal magician. They only ceased when, in the seventeenth century, the tomb was opened. For a moment its inmate was seen lying perfect as if alive, and then disappeared forever in a wild burst of satanic flames.

It was the year 1000, an epoch of singular interest, when the great scholar, the wisest and purest of his countrymen, sat in the chair of St. Peter. In that year the majority of Christians had believed that the world was to dissolve in fiery convulsions. The heavens were to roll away; the judgment-day was near at hand. A general consternation hung over Europe as the last years of the century passed on; and amidst the universal barbarism and decay every shrine was thronged with eager penitents, and all Germany and France, struck with a sudden dread, bowed assiduously before their images, and invoked the pity of Mary and the saints.² From his papal throne the acute Gerbert, now Pope Sylvester II., must have watched with compassionate skepticism the folly of his contemporaries, and have inspired with his own hopefulness his patron the Emperor Otho. It is said that the intelligent school-master aided in dispelling the gloom that rested upon the European intellect; that he introduced into the schools of his country the sciences taught at Cordova; that he brought into use the Arabic numerals; that he taught algebra and geometry; that his vigorous mind awoke anew the taste for letters that had died with Charlemagne. His influence, indeed, can scarcely have been small. He ruled the emperors of Germany, and possibly guided the taste of the new dynasty of France. But with his death barbarism once more returned, and men learned to look upon their intellectual leader as an emissary from the infernal world.³

A century rolled away, and about the year 1100 a fair and graceful young man, gifted with marvelous eloquence, and adorned with every

¹ Renan describes the literary condition of Cordova under Hakem. Averroes, chap. i. Averroes ruled in the University of Padua, chap. iii.

² Migne, Pat., vol. 139, p. 56. Patria Aquitanus, humili gente natus, etc.

¹ *Ipsium Hispali artes magicas et necromantiam didicisse*, 139, p. 56.

² Milman, *Lat. Christ.*, ii. p. 487. Cormanin, *Lives of Popes*, p. 321.

³ *Homagium diabolo fecit*. His health seems to have been feeble. See *Epist.* 210.

accomplishment of intellect or manners, opened a school near Paris. He was scarcely twenty-two, yet his precocious genius had already made him renowned as the most subtle and the most ingenious of dialecticians. An unprecedented union of mental and physical attractions—a tall and stately form, an eye brilliant with intellectual vigor, an undying faith in the supremacy of mental culture, a fatal passion that clouded his grand career with an unchanging gloom, a mournful life, a holy death—have made the story of Abelard the most touching in the annals of letters. Generations have wept with him in his self-abasement, and rejoiced in his final humility; have pardoned his error or condoned his selfish love; and still, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, the sweetest flowers are yearly scattered by unknown hands upon the tomb that enshrines the ashes of Abelard and Heloise, and tender lovers renew their vows before the marble forms that lie sculptured side by side on the stately mausoleum.

Abelard was born of noble parentage, in a fortified château of Brittany.¹ His father, Beranger, and his mother, Lucie, reared their son with tender care, and deserved his sincere affection. He was designed for a soldier; and the young noble, the eldest son of a wealthy family, might well hope in that martial age to carve his way to the highest honors by the sword. His youth was passed in that eventful period when war was the common passion of all active minds; when William the Conqueror, his near neighbor, had just won a kingdom by his martial prowess; when the Crusades were just beginning, and all the chivalry of Europe were pressing in impassioned hosts upon the startled East; and when the applause of mankind was chiefly bestowed upon the well-trained knight who beat down his rivals in brutal tournaments, or came back maimed, bruised, and sick with malarious fever from the burning battle-fields of the holy war. What unaccustomed impulse turned Abelard aside from his destined profession, what secret meditation directed his fierce ambition to the calmer pursuits of intellectual culture, can scarcely be imagined. Yet he seems early to have made his decision. He would rather be a school-master than a paladin. He gave up his military studies, and directed all the wonderful powers of his mind to the acquisition of the subtle theories of the schools and the disputatious eloquence of the lecture-room.²

Alcuin and Charlemagne, Erigena and Gerbert, had not labored vainly; and in the year 1100 the school had already become a powerful instrument in guiding the affairs of nations. At Tours and Rheims, Paris and Orleans, and many another cathedral town of Germany or France, successful teachers gathered around them vast throngs of students, and lectured

with active emulation on the abstruse questions of philosophy. The school-master was to the age of Abelard what the editor is to the present. He guided the opinions of his contemporaries, and ruled over the intelligent circles of his time. In the absence of a press, a literature, and of political discussion, to become the master of a great school was the favorite aim of ambitious students: to stand at the head of a band of faithful disciples was a position not less to be coveted than that of a hero of tournaments and a successful courtier. Around the brilliant teacher gathered the sons of princes and peasants; strangers from the distant cities of the Elbe and the Rhine; the gifted youth who were destined hereafter to wear the cardinal's hat or even the papal crown; the children of nobles who aspired to the highest posts in diplomacy or at the royal court. Fame, wealth, and regal favor often followed the successful school-master; and he who could gain the widest circle of admirers might well aspire to the chief benefices of the church and control the policy of his king. A fierce emulation often sprung up between ambitious teachers. They contended with ardor and with bitter enmity for popularity. They denounced each other with sharp asperity as heretics, charlatans, or impostors. They used open or secret arts to win each other's scholars and destroy a rival's fame. The merits of the opposing teachers filled the throngs of students with factions and animated discussion. The world rang with the quarrels of an Abelard and a William of Champeaux. A hatred even to death often grew up between the accomplished lecturers, and a fatal emulation ended only in their common woe.

Abelard possessed one of those clear and capacious minds that seem fitted for almost every sphere of literary culture.¹ He was a musician and a poet; a deep thinker, to whom life offered incessant material for speculation; a patient student, who had passed over the whole range of human learning. His rare gifts might well have won him from his studies; his vigorous frame and iron will might readily have made him famous on the battle-field; his wealth and noble birth might have opened to him the high stations of diplomacy; his high-bred manners and singular beauty of face and form would have insured him a kind reception in all the gay revels of the French or German court. He might have won the hearts of noble women, and become the Buckingham of his time; he might have wasted in frivolous license the hours he gave to Aristotle or Alcuin. But he preferred to teach. All the pride of his overbearing nature was turned to the contests of the intellect, and he wandered through his age the knight-errant of dialectical tournaments. He rejoiced to strike down his opponents by subtle argument, to win from them

¹ De Remusat, *Abélard*, vol. i. p. 1. Un petit château fortifié, etc.

² Says Cousin, *Ouvrages Inédits d'Abélard*, p. 3, Chef d'école et martyr d'une opinion.

¹ Cousin has studied Abelard with ardor. He thinks him one of the two great philosophers of France. The second is Descartes. *Ouvrages Inédits*, p. 5.

the suffrage and the esteem of scholars, to reign over admiring throngs of progressive disciples, to become the first teacher of France.

He was prepared for his literary career by acts of singular self-denial. He abandoned to his relatives all share in the family inheritance,¹ gave up the honors of nobility and his rights as an eldest son, left his fair château in Brittany, and passed his youth in wandering from school to school, a penniless follower of learning. When he was about twenty he came up to Paris to attend the teachings of the famous William of Champeaux. In 1100 no university yet existed at the capital, but the cathedral school of Notre Dame was already renowned as the centre of medieval learning. Abelard joined its throng of students, resolved, perhaps, to assail its master and drive him from his intellectual throne. William of Champeaux discovered at once the genius of the youthful Breton. Abelard was at first a docile learner; then, in the midst of wondering throngs of students, attacked the theories of his master, became his rival and his foe. A long hostility followed. The two combatants struck each other unsparing blows. Excluded from Paris by the influence of William, Abelard established rival schools in its neighborhood, and from the heights of St. Geneviève his aggressive genius sapped the popularity and destroyed the influence of his master. The students flocked in throngs to the new teacher, whose ready eloquence and vigorous novelty aroused their eager curiosity. William of Champeaux, mortified and disheartened, retreated from his empty cloisters to hide in a monastery or a bishopric. Abelard ascended the vacant chair, and became (1113) the chief school-master of Paris and of the age.

His fame had now risen to an unprecedented height; his vigorous intellect had subdued the minds of his contemporaries.² Five thousand students, drawn from every part of Europe, came up to attend his lectures, and none went away dissatisfied with those daring speculations that flowed with incessant novelty from his honored lips. He was worshiped, beloved, adored. As his tall and stately form passed through the streets of Paris, dressed with singular care in rich scholastic robes, the people followed him in admiration, and mothers held up their children to gaze on his pale, fair countenance, and pursued him with their blessings. His spotless purity added to his intellectual power; the noble and the great, the courtier and the king, the humble and the poor, united in their reverence for that ideal of intellectual excellence which seemed exemplified in the beneficent career of Abelard.

But a stronger passion³ than even literary ambition now cast him down to a lower pitch of humiliation than that to which he had himself reduced William of Champeaux. We have

no leisure to repeat the story of Abelard and Heloise. Yet in the narrative of his misfortunes Abelard has told with ingenuous plainness the history of his fall. He records his own triumphs, his vain self-confidence, and the fatal steps by which he forfeited the esteem of his contemporaries, and won the sympathy of all succeeding ages. Heloise was almost as renowned to all Paris for her learning and her virtues as he to whom she was to be forever joined in a mournful fame. The fair, devoted girl cast herself at the feet of her earthly idol, and worshiped with an utter self-devotion, never surpassed even in her unselfish sex. Mistress, wife, mother, novice, or nun, she gave herself wholly to Abelard, and would never be conscious of that trace of selfish superiority with which he claimed her ever as his own. She asked only to lie by his side in death, and in her last hours still worshiped the faded form that slept in the sepulchre of Paraclete.

In his humiliation and remorse, Abelard, flying from mankind, strove to hide himself in a savage wilderness, and built a hut of the branches of trees on the banks of the Ardusson. He would abandon forever the exercise of that polished intellect which had made him the wonder and the scorn of Paris. He would lose himself in endless prayer. His hut was an oratory, dedicated to the Trinity, where he meditated only on God. A savage anchorite, he would live alone in the wild haunts of nature, his only companions the sighing forest, the wintry winds, the flowing river, the memory of his woe. He asked only for solitude, he begged of mankind only to be left alone. But his request could not be granted, and the last years of his life were still to be passed in endless intellectual contests. His students traced him to his wilderness, and found him praying in the forest, in his dwelling of leaves and branches. Touched with unbounded love and admiration, the impetuous youth asked to be allowed to share his solitude, and to listen once more to the wise counsels of his honored lips. Abelard unwillingly consented. A throng of students once more gathered around him. They built their savage dwellings of the green boughs of trees, and filled the woods with their singular studies. Young men who were afterward to be priests, cardinals, teachers, popes—the rich, the poor, the humble, or the great—clustered around the eminent recluse, maintained him by their various contributions, and lived with him in the forest. That Abelard lectured once more with unwonted fire in that strange retreat we may well imagine. Beneath the leafy woods, far from the tumult of the capital, surrounded by an eager band of admirers, who hung upon his voice, the genius of the teacher must have glowed with new ardor, and his daring intellect have risen to a fresh consciousness of its own superiority. From the liberality of his students the monastery of the Paraclete grew up in the wilderness, and Abelard invoked in his remorse the presence of the Comforter.

¹ Remusat, *Abélard*, vol. i. p. 4.

² De Remusat, i. p. 29.

³ *Ibid.*, i. p. 46.

He now began to teach with renewed power; his lessons and his writings startled the dull intellect of his superstitious age. By many he was believed to be a heretic, by some an infidel. A throng of enemies were aroused by his daring resistance to authority; his reputation was assailed by gross insinuations; he was beset by the malice of his foes, and was at times obliged to hide himself to escape assassination. The pious but fanatical St. Bernard had resolved upon his destruction, and denounced him to the world as the enemy of Christ. In 1140, at Sens, in Champagne, Abelard appeared before a splendid assembly of kings and princes, bishops and teachers, to defend himself against the accusations of the saint. As he passed amidst the superstitious throng, haughty and resolute, men shrank from him in dread as a heretic and accursed;¹ but the meek and humble St. Bernard was every where received with reverence and holy awe. Abelard's writings were declared heretical. He appealed to the pope, but the Holy Father ordered his books to be burned, and condemned him to perpetual silence. His proud spirit gave way, his health declined, and at length he died (1142) a religious recluse, touching all hearts by his humility and contrition.

As prioress of the Paraclete, where she had followed and succeeded her husband, Heloise demanded that his remains should be placed in a consecrated vault which she had prepared for their common resting-place. Her request was granted. She survived him more than twenty years. She was then laid by his side; and generations of the curious and the devout came to visit the lonely spot where slept the most eminent of school-masters and the most gifted woman of her age. After a century a fanatical abbess separated them, placing their remains in different parts of the vault. The French Revolution, the result of the teachings of Abelard, broke up the monastery of Paraclete; the coffin of the two lovers was transported to Paris; their remains were inspected, and two marble statues were carved in imitation of the faded relics in which artists could still trace forms of superhuman beauty. At length Paris demanded that their tomb should be erected in Père la Chaise. The flight of seven centuries had not dulled the enthusiasm of a gifted people for two of its most eminent intellects; and every year invisible hands scatter flowers and funereal wreaths upon the spot where hover, at least in fancy, the shades of the illustrious dead.

A scholar of the Paraclete, the friend and the disciple of Abelard, Arnold of Brescia, carried into practical use the opinions he had heard inculcated in the woodland lecture-room on the banks of the Ardusson.² A deep obscurity rests

upon the life of this eminent man. He was rather a preacher than a teacher. He governed multitudes by his rapid eloquence and his pure example. He was born at Brescia, and had learned republican principles among the aspiring commonalty of his native town. His mind was formed, his faculties enlarged, by the lectures and example of his friend Abelard; and he soon began to teach and preach doctrines that seemed strangely heretical to the most progressive of his contemporaries. He demanded that every Christian should be humble and be poor; that the clergy should abandon their wealth and their pride; the pope emulate the humility of the apostles; the gilded throng of knights and princes sink down to a level with the meanest serf. His preaching was attended with wonderful results, and all Lombardy followed with applause the teacher of Brescia. Arnold became the champion of the people. He was the master of unnumbered subjects; he startled the twelfth century by suggestions that seem new even to the nineteenth.

Seldom have two men of genius, united in liberal sentiments, obtained a more ruthless foe than did Abelard and Arnold. The most humble and self-denying, the most modest and the most gifted of saints was Bernard of Clairvaux. He was celebrated in every land for his boundless penances, his self-chosen poverty, his learning and eloquence, his devotion to the suffering and the sad. Yet so inconsistent is human nature, so treacherous is a fanatical faith, that in the breast of the lowly Bernard raged passions scarcely less savage than those of the cannibal or the tiger. He thirsted for the blood of the heretic or the infidel with untiring ferocity. He preached a crusade against the Saracens, and fired the evil instincts of all Europe by exclaiming, "The Christian who slays an infidel is certain of celestial bliss!"³ He had resolved on the ruin of Abelard and Arnold, and pursued them with fanatical malice as the enemies of Christ.

Abelard died the victim of the malicious saint. Arnold was, in his turn, driven from Lombardy, and found refuge among the Alps, at Zurich. For five years he taught the virtuous Swiss, and laid, perhaps, the foundations of that austere faith which was afterward cherished and defined by Zuinglius and Calvin. Meantime a revolution took place at Rome. The people rose against the temporal power of the popes, and a republic sprang up in the Eternal City that for ten years revived the image of its early freedom. A senate and a free government once more ruled upon the Capitol. Arnold of Brescia descended from his mountains, and guided with discretion the policy of the new republic. The church was reformed, the feudal tyrants expelled, and the priest and teacher from his perilous eminence fancied that he might yet amend the vices of his age. But genius and virtue, his only weapons, proved too

¹ The great school-masters were all heretics, believing in the Scriptures rather than the popes.

² Gunther and Otho Freisingen are the obscure authorities for Arnold's life. See Milman, *Lat. Christ.*, iii. 399; and Hallam, *Middle Ages*.

³ Milman, iii. p. 399.

feeble a protection against the enmity of popes and kings. Adrian, the English Brakespere, mounted the papal throne, and formed a league with the Emperor Conrad to destroy the Roman republic. The frail fabric of freedom sank before their enmity. The generous Arnold was strangled or burned, and his sacred ashes were cast into the Tiber.

We have surveyed briefly the careers of several of the most eminent of the early teachers. It remains only to observe the results of their labors. The first was the foundation of the chief universities of Europe. When Abelard taught five thousand scholars at Paris he had left an example that could scarcely have been neglected by his successors.¹ The origin of that brilliant series of schools that soon after his death sprang up in the French capital may be traced to his successful teaching. He made Paris an intellectual centre, and gave it a supremacy in letters which it was never again to lose. Successive kings filled it with colleges; rich endowments maintained a gifted series of teachers or professors. The University of Paris was the tribunal of European opinion, and kings and scholars consented to be governed by its decisions. It is stated that in the fifteenth century twenty-five thousand students were assembled in its lecture-rooms, a number that seems scarcely credible in so ignorant an age; yet they were gathered from almost every country in Europe.²

Nor did the University of Paris stand alone. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries a strong passion for learning began to stir the rising intellect of Europe. A gifted teacher, Werner, lecturing at Bologna on the Roman law, about 1158, founded a great university, that soon numbered ten thousand students. Oxford and Cambridge began to rival Paris in fame. An undisciplined throng of thirty thousand scholars, or pretenders to scholarship, are said to have been gathered at Oxford alone.³ Colleges now sprang up in Germany, Italy, and Spain, and the taste for letters began slowly to lift men above the barbarism of the age of chivalry.

But a still more powerful element of civilization is due to the example of Charlemagne and the influence of the school-master. The common-school system may be traced back at least to the year 800. The idea of the first Emperor of Germany was never lost. Slowly the necessity for a general education of the people forced itself upon the minds of men;⁴ and when Luther and the Reformation set free the intellect of Europe, Saxony and Prussia laid the foundations

of that wonderful system of free schools that has been imitated in every progressive nation. Germany led the way in the universal diffusion of knowledge. Prussia caught up the grand conception of Charlemagne, and electors and kings strove to bind together in a wide unity of intelligence and mental power their willing people. The Minister of Public Instruction in Prussia has ever stood on an equality with the Minister of War. Her common schools have created her supremacy in Germany; and her example has taught mankind that knowledge should be as free to all as the air we breathe or as the light from heaven.

REGRET.

WHERE'S the hearth, however low,
Knoweth not this guest?
When the sunset embers glow
Enters she with Rest.
In the empty place she sits,
Lets her eyelids fall;
Through the dusk a shadow flits,
Deepening over all.

Awe that stealeth from her place
Every heart hath stirred;
None that looketh in her face
Asketh her a word.
Hands that seem a cloudy waft
Clasping on her knees;
Eyes with wonted musing soft—
What is it she sees?

High in many a fairy spire
Leaps the mimic flame;
Golden palaces afire
Die the death of fame.
Faces glimmer, hands are swept—
Turned to ashes cold;
In her eyes are tears unwept,
Tears that were of old.

Girt with memories sublime
Looks her crownless brow:
Was she princess in her time?
Who can answer now?
Of the old immortals she,
Trailing glory yet;
Nothing but the past can be
Ever for Regret.

All her breath is sighing faint,
As from wind-harp drawn;
All her song is tender plaint
For a world that's gone.
Ages past our age of strife
She remembereth;
Young as Sorrow, young as Life,
Born of every death.

Her in lonely walks you meet
Woody hills among,
Trying echoes strangely sweet
To a siren song.
Soon, with utter longing fain,
Down you choose to lie,
For the rapture or the pain
Closeth always, Die!

One highway beyond the east
She hath often found,
And, with whitest moonlight fleeced,
Walked unearthly ground.
A dim land, outlying far
Every track of men,
Sown with many a mystic star,
Is the Might Have Been.

Lonely by the lapsing waves
Sits she on the shore,
And her look one country craves,
Named the Nevermore.
In the fading purple haze
Of a sun long set,
Last of all the goddesses
Lingereth Regret.

¹ Cousin. C'est Charlemagne qui l'ouvre; ce sont les écoles Carlovingiennes, etc., p. 203. Int. Abélard.

² Hallam, Middle Ages.

³ A statute was made to improve the discipline, 1432. See Wood, Ant. Ox., i. p. 579. Effrænata execrabilium dissensionum in hac universitate continuatio. Quarrels, stabbing, murders, prevailed among the students.

⁴ Henry Barnard, our eminent educator (National Education, p. 20, 21), traces the free school back to the early Christian church. Charlemagne and Luther at least enforced the conception.

ANNE FURNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE,"
"VERONICA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

I EASILY found an opportunity of performing my embassy to Uncle Cudberry. I found him a little after noon in the old barn wherein our memorable interview had taken place last year. He had been tramping over the farm in the hot sunshine, and had withdrawn into the cool shelter of the barn's thick walls to enjoy his lunch, which consisted of bread and cheese and home-brewed beer in a flat stone bottle.

His first words, after silently and attentively listening to what I had to say, rather took me aback.

"The chap don't expect any thing *down* wi' Clemmy, does he?"

"A—a—any thing down? I don't know."

"Ah, but *I* must know; because I never meant to give none on 'em any thing but their clothes until after I was dead. One hundred pounds to buy the trussou"—thus Uncle Cudberry pronounced *trousseau*—"is all she'll get in *my* lifetime."

I was rather surprised at the liberality of this provision for the wedding-clothes. But Uncle Cudberry proceeded to explain, and, as it were, to apologize for it. A hundred pounds was a large sum, truly—a very large sum. But he calculated that his daughters cost him a considerable sum per annum, and he was bound in fairness to remember that the husbands who married them would in future take all that expense on their own shoulders. "It is but the one outlay, you see," said Uncle Cudberry; "and I don't choose that a Miss Cudberry of Woolling should go shabby into any man's house."

He was very reticent, as usual, but I gathered on the whole from his words and demeanor that, as I had anticipated, he would be very willing to allow Clementina to become Mrs. William Hodgekinson.

"There'll be a devil of a bobbery with Miss Cudberry!" said he, with a momentary spark of expression in his black eye, just before we parted.

I was silent, being puzzled how to reply to this unexpected admission; and, after pausing a second or two, he resumed, still more to my surprise:

"And, mind you, *I* don't say Miss Cudberry will be altogether wrong. She comes first in the family. There's no doubt about that. But, as I said to 'em t'other day, there don't seem to be much chance of finding husbands for the girls, or a wife for Sam. Sam's a lout, it's true. But Miss Cudberry— Well, can't be helped. It's high time as I got rid of *some* on 'em."

I communicated the result of my interview

to Clementina, and, although she agreed with me that it was good, it threw her into a very nervous state, which was not diminished by hearing later in the afternoon that her father had mounted his horse and ridden over to Farmer Hodgekinson's.

Poor Clemmy's trepidation exhibited itself not in any soft, trembling, subdued gentleness of manner which called for encouragement and sympathy, but after a characteristic Cudberry fashion—she became, that is to say, exceedingly rigid, brusque, and almost snappish. And as in her anxiety she clung to me and followed me every where, I had not altogether a pleasant time of it.

But at length Uncle Cudberry returned. And he did not return alone. The suitor had ridden back with him, and when from the garden we (Clemmy and I) beheld two horses trotting along the pathway, instead of one, I squeezed Clemmy's hand, and bade her be of good cheer, for it was plain that the course of her true love was destined to run smooth.

I reckoned a little too rashly, however, when I talked of *smoothness*, as will presently appear.

Clementina ran into the house and up to her own room; perhaps to recover her composure in solitude, perhaps to add some touch of adornment to her dress. And Mr. Cudberry, followed by his young guest, who looked remarkably sheepish, walked solemnly into the drawing-room.

It was tenanted only by Aunt Cudberry and Henrietta—the former writing crooked entries in her housekeeping-book, the latter playing the piano in a manner which always suggested to me that she must be *hurting* the instrument. I entered the room almost at the same instant with Mr. Cudberry and his guest.

"Mrs. Cudberry," said my uncle, walking up to his wife, "allow me to present to you your future son-in-law."

Aunt Cudberry let her pen fall from her fingers, and Henny ceased her relentless performance with a crash. As to the future son-in-law, thus presented, he was in an agony of bashfulness, and of a glowing red color even to the tips of his ears. But none of these things disconcerted Mr. Cudberry.

"I've been over to Hodgekinson's and settled it all with him—or, at least, with Mrs. Hodgekinson. Her husband wasn't at home. But it's quite the same. He knows all about it," said Mr. Cudberry, sitting down and wiping his head with his handkerchief.

"Oh my! La, well now, my dear! and so you really mean it, poor thing?" said Aunt Cudberry, putting one of her hands on each of the young man's shoulders, and giving him a queer little shake as she looked earnestly into

his face. This proceeding appeared to act on William Hodgekinson in the manner of a homeopathic remedy for bashfulness. Certainly it would, under ordinary circumstances, have put him frightfully out of countenance, but in his present condition it seemed to give him a desperate kind of strength. For he jerked himself resolutely away from the good lady's hold, and answered in quite a loud voice, albeit with a purple-blushing visage:

"Yes, ma'am, I do mean it. I always have meant it, and I hope it 'll meet with your approbation—and the other young ladies' approbation," he added, after a second's pause.

"La, yes, my dear, if Mr. Cudberry is satisfied, and Miss Cudberry, I'm sure I dare say it will all do very well. It's a very serious thing being married; but, of course, you must both make up your minds to it, poor things."

All this time Henrietta had fixed her intended brother-in-law with a watchful and suspicious stare. Now she rose, and, advancing to the door, said:

"I'll call Tilly. She's in her own room."

"Stop a bit!" exclaimed Mr. Cudberry. "Just you understand clearly, and make Tilly understand clearly, who it is as is proposed for. Mr. William Hodgekinson has got my consent to marry my daughter Clementina."

"If I didn't think so!" exclaimed Henrietta, clapping her hands together with a noise like the report of a pistol. "I do declare I suspected it all along—there!"

"No! Never! Marry Clementina!" cried Aunt Cudberry, quite tremblingly. "Why, Samuel, what in the world—why, we all thought it was Tilly! La, there, my dears, whatever *will* Miss Cudberry say when she comes to know it?"

"Sh-h-h! Tut! What 'll Miss Cudberry say? She'll offer her best wishes, I suppose. Mr. William Hodgekinson don't fancy as Miss Cudberrys of Woolling are pulling caps for him. But your foolish chat, Mrs. Cudberry, is enough to turn his head wi' conceit."

So spake Uncle Cudberry, but it was of no avail. His wife could not take the hint to sustain the dignity of the absent Tilly. She continued to assure her husband and the young man alternately that they had all thought the visits of the latter had had "Miss Cudberry" for their chief object, and to evince much agitation and anxiety as to the result of the news upon that injured young lady.

Young Hodgekinson looked about him with a bewildered and almost frightened air. I sincerely pitied him; but it was impossible not to be keenly alive to the intense absurdity of his position.

Mr. Cudberry had apparently abandoned him to his fate, and had retired behind his newspaper with an air of stolid determination, as who should say, "Fight it out, good people. I've done *my* part of the business."

I advanced to Mr. William, and held out my hand, and offered my congratulations.

"Thank you, miss," said he, giving my fingers a grip which made them tingle again.

"I think you will have a very good wife, Mr. Hodgekinson. Clemmy is a kind-hearted girl, and I hope you will be very happy."

"Thank you again, miss. I—I—desire to give satisfaction to all parties. But, you know, it's *impossible* to marry three young ladies. You must pick and choose. And Clemmy—well, of course, you know, when you're attached to a girl, and all that, you know, why, you're naturally wishful to be on good terms with her family. But I do assure you, miss, most solemn, that I never had the least idea of making up to Miss Cudberry—never in this world, Miss Furness! I'd take my oath of it to-morrow, if *that* would make things pleasanter."

I assured him that I did not believe that would make things pleasanter; and, moreover, that I had no doubt any little misunderstanding which might have arisen would speedily be cleared away. But I had to bite my lips diligently to repress a smile.

"Well, I do think it's too bad for a fellow to be accused of such a thing," pursued the young gentleman, lowering his voice and speaking confidentially, as to a sympathizing listener. "Miss Cudberry! Why, Lord bless you, Miss Furness! my mother would be fit to eat me without salt if I'd have thought of such a thing as bringing her Miss Cudberry for a daughter-in-law. Not but what she's a most excellent young lady, I'm sure," he added, apparently remembering on a sudden that he was speaking to a member of the family. "And I should think she'd make a most excellent wife for—for almost any body else," said Mr. Hodgekinson, waving his hand in a vague manner, as though generously bestowing Miss Cudberry as a matrimonial treasure on some one or other of his friends. "I've no doubt that there are some who would be quite—quite delighted to marry Miss Cudberry. But as for me—Do you think she'll—she'll blow up at all, Miss Furness? I hope you'll stand by me and Clemmy."

At this moment the three sisters entered the room—Henny, who had gone to summon her elder sister, Tilly, and Clemmy—the latter arriving from her own room.

There was an awful pause, during which Clementina edged up near to her father, Henrietta seated herself, with a half-pleased, half-spiteful expression of countenance, ready to throw in a barbed word or two at need, and "Miss Cudberry" stood bolt upright, opposite to young Hodgekinson, and fixed him with a terrible glare from her eyes.

At length she spoke; but it was a peculiar and unexpected feature in her speech that she addressed her parents exclusively, and spoke only *at* William Hodgekinson—never, however, releasing him from the power of her eye.

"Well, pa and ma, I should be glad to know if I have heard rightly, and whether the news

about Mrs. Hodgekinson's son having proposed to my youngest sister, Clementina Cudberry, is correct."

Silence. An uneasy and furtive interchange of glances between Clemmy and her lover. Mrs. Cudberry moves her mouth and forehead spasmodically. Mr. Cudberry remains immovable behind his newspaper.

"I have always supposed, ma, that Miss Cudberry—*Miss Cudberry*—was somewhat of a feature in her own family. You know very well, pa, that that has been our rule. Miss Cudberry first and foremost. But now it appears, pa *and* ma, that she can't get an answer to a simple question."

"Put your question plain, my lass. Has William Hodgekinson proposed for Clemmy? Yes; he has. There—*that's* settled," said Mr. Cudberry, dryly.

"Thank you, pa. But it is not quite settled. I say nothing about unsuitability of birth, because this is a leveling age; and, as I have often told you, pa and ma, we must move with the times. And as to comparing a Hodgekinson with a Cudberry of Woolling, that, of course, is out of the question. But I have one or two observations to make, pa and ma, respecting Mrs. Hodgekinson's son on other grounds. Mrs. Hodgekinson's son has been received in this family on false pretenses. That is to say, *he* made the false pretenses. He came to Woolling very frequently; and what was his object in coming would any body in their senses have supposed? Why, Miss Cudberry! To whom did Mrs. Hodgekinson's son pay *marked* attention? To Miss Cudberry! With whom did Mrs. Hodgekinson's son walk and talk chiefly? With Miss Cudberry!"

Here William Hodgekinson muttered, audibly, "Because you made me;" and I perceived a gloomy defiance gathering on his brow.

"Let Mrs. Hodgekinson's son understand me, pa. Don't let him run away with absurd and unfounded notions, ma! I simply regarded him with pity, for an alliance between Miss Cudberry of Woolling and Mrs. Hodgekinson's son could never have been contemplated for an instant—"

"Certainly not!" put in the young man, more emphatically than politely.

"*By the former!*" pursued Tilly, ignoring the interruption. "There is a fitness in things, and that which might suit Clementina's views would, of course, not do for her eldest sister."

"La, there, my dear, I'm very glad you take it so well!" exclaimed Mrs. Cudberry, with curious infelicity.

"But what I would have *you* consider, pa, is, whether you are justified in bestowing any one of your daughters—even Clemmy, poor thing!—on Mrs. Hodgekinson's son. Low birth, an unprepossessing exterior, a total absence of style, a mother-in-law of overbearing temper and presumptuous manners, *may* be got over," said Tilly, with extraordinary glibness, as though she were repeating a lesson learned by heart, and

in a voice of ever-increasing shrillness. "But sneaking duplicity and false pretenses—deliberate deception offered to Miss Cudberry of Woolling in her own home—I should think these formed an insuperable barrier between Clementina and Mrs. Hodgekinson's son."

"Oh, Tilly, don't say that!" said Clementina, half crying.

Young Hodgekinson, apparently impelled by his lady-love's distress to make a stand, began to reply to Tilly's tirade. It was curious to me to see how, when made thoroughly indignant, the timid, awkward young man, who had been kept overlong in the maternal leading-strings, displayed a rough, rustic, brute force; and how feeble Tilly's feminine shrewishness showed beside him.

"Come, Miss Tilly," said he, "I think that's about enough. You never meant to have me, and, Lord knows, I never meant to have you; so we're both of one mind. And as your father's content, and Clemmy's content, I can do without your approbation. Come, Clementina, we'll go and have a bit of a walk together. Get your hat on. I rode over to have a talk with you, and I don't mean to go back without it."

At this bold assumption of authority over Clemmy the whole family remained in dumb consternation. Even Henny forgot to say any thing sharp on the occasion. Clemmy, after a timid look at her father, who nodded encouragingly, followed her betrothed out of the drawing-room, and we presently saw them stroll arm in arm past the window.

"Well!" exclaimed Tilly, recovering herself after a short pause, "that's a specimen of the treatment she has to expect. Poor Clemmy! Between Mrs. Hodgekinson's son and Mrs. Hodgekinson herself, she will be trampled in the mire completely. I *compassionate* her, but I wash my hands of the whole business, and must decline to interfere further."

And this was the position which Miss Cudberry maintained during the whole of her sister's courtship.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE old room with the sloping floor was very much tenanted by me during the following two or three days. There were bickerings among the girls on the subject of Clementina's engagement which were very disagreeable to witness. As a member of the family, they did not think it worth while to put on an appearance of union and good-will before me, and I took refuge in my chamber as often as I could.

One evening at sunset I wandered out alone into the lane behind Woolling. It was very unfrequented, as it led merely to the cottage of one of Mr. Cudberry's tenants. The hedgerows were now in full leaf, the lane was grass-grown, and a couple of sheep with their lambs were grazing there.

I had left the family party at Woolling solemnly assembled in the drawing-room entertaining Mrs. Hodgekinson, who had come to take tea there, and to ratify, as it were, the young people's engagement by her presence. There had been sundry passages of arms already between that severe matron and Tilly Cudberry. Tilly had assumed a light and airy superiority of demeanor. She was gay, hilarious, tolerant, condescending. She gently pitied her sister, and smiled, more in compassion than scorn, at William Hodgekinson's wooing. Mrs. Hodgekinson's watchful eye was stern, and her mouth never once relaxed in its implacable tightness. Tilly might as well have tried to put the big iron knocker on Sir Peter Bunny's hall door out of countenance by her fine airs and contemptuous badinage as Mrs. Hodgekinson. But the good lady perfectly comprehended that Miss Cudberry was endeavoring to assume a superiority over herself and her son, and to convey by her manner that she considered Clementina (in so far as she was a Cudberry of Woolling) to be a pearl cast to undeserving and unappreciating brutes, for whom acorns would be more than good enough.

And the result of this perception on the part of Mrs. Hodgekinson was to cause, in polite phrase, very considerable *tension* in the intercourse of the whole assembled company.

It was soothing to walk forth into the sweet, still air and the slanting, yellow sunshine. I went on to the point where the little grassy lane opened into another road—itsself scarcely more than a lane—that led to the highway from Brookfield. By faint degrees the clattering of a horse's hoofs grew distinct out of the distance. A horseman came slowly along the road, and drew rein at the point where my grass-grown lane intersected it, turning in his saddle to look at me as I stood in the long evening shadow cast by a group of trees. The horseman was Donald.

I don't pretend to account for the positive certainty that it was he which possessed me from the first moment that I heard the sound of his horse's hoofs; but I record the fact that I had that positive certainty.

He threw himself out of the saddle and came toward me, leading his horse by the bridle.

"Oh, Anne! I am very fortunate in finding you thus," he said, very eagerly. But he bowed with undue politeness, and barely touched the hand I offered him.

"What made you come this way? I did not know you were acquainted with it."

"Not at all acquainted with it, for I nearly lost myself. I had been at Diggleton's End, and was told that I could reach Woolling by this route. But it is a labyrinth of lanes. However, fortune favored me, for here you are."

"Did you want to see *me*?" I asked, and the next moment I felt my face burn at the stupid *naïveté* which had communicated a tone of ex-

treme surprise to my voice, for I thought it might be mistaken for affectation.

"Yes; I wish to say a few words to you if you will allow me. Can you remain here? I will not detain you long."

I bowed my head in silence, and we began to pace slowly along side by side. Donald had let go the bridle, and his horse put down his nose to nibble at the fresh, soft grass.

"He follows me like a dog when I call him," said Donald. "He won't stray."

There was a little pause. I heard the horse's teeth cut the herbage, and the twittering of birds preparing for sleep in the foliage.

"I was more grieved than I can say, Anne," said Donald, "when I accidentally discovered that it was my presence which had driven you from Mortlands. I had accepted the statement that you needed change of air as being a natural and simple explanation of your going. I had—to make a clean breast of it—I *had* perceived that my presence in your grandfather's house was not pleasing to you. But I little thought it was so utterly intolerable that you were driven away by it altogether."

I could not utter the protest that made my heart swell. I was dumb; and suppressed tears seemed to suffocate me.

He went on, after waiting an instant, as though expecting me to speak:

"Perhaps I ought not to have come to Mortlands so long as you were an inmate of it. If I had consulted only my own peace of mind I should not have done so. However, it is useless to enter into all that. I came. Only this morning, in a long conversation with Dr. Hewson, I learned the real cause of your running away from Mortlands. And I lost as little time as possible in coming to beg you to return, and to tell you that I leave your grandfather's house to-night."

I struggled to speak; but still the rising tears almost choked me. Words and thoughts came thronging into my mind, but my tongue weakly refused to utter them.

He did not see; he could not understand.

"I fear that even my coming now is displeasing to you," he said. "You don't deign to say a word to me, Anne. Well—I meant for the best. Forgive me if I have been wrong. It was an error of judgment, and no willful disregard of your wishes, that brought me here. And believe me, Anne, that however you may treat me, I am able to do justice to all that is good in you. I have seen your unselfish devotion to your mother, your patient endurance of misfortune, your courage, and your good sense. I have heard your grandfather bless you with tears in his eyes. It is not for me to keep you away from those to whom you are so dear and so useful. Won't you say 'Good-by?'"

Then I broke down and burst into tears. I sobbed so violently, although not noisily, that Donald was startled out of the sad, cold manner—a manner full of half-frozen kindness—

which he had hitherto displayed during this interview.

"Anne! Anne! For Heaven's sake don't cry so! What is the matter? What have I done? Won't you say one word to me, Anne?"

I made a sign with my hand that he should wait and give me time. He did so, but in great distress and impatience, twisting his riding-whip like a thread in his fingers, and with a face of extreme anxiety.

At length I found voice to speak.

"You say that you learned from my grandfather this morning the real cause of my leaving Mortlands. You have *not* learned it. It seems—incredible as it appears to my mind, I must believe you; I can not doubt your word—it seems that you have not even guessed the real cause of my going away. Surely my grandfather did not tell you that I left Mortlands because your presence was hateful to me? And yet that is the cause you choose to assign."

"No; he did not say so in plain words, but I clearly gathered that it was so from what he let fall."

"And you can not imagine any other feeling—any other reason which should make it very painful to me to continue living as we were living at Mortlands?"

"You speak with a bitter tone, Anne. There may have been—no doubt there was—pain to you in many reminiscences conjured up by my presence; but, pardon me, if I say that if I could endure to see and speak with you daily, it seemed natural to suppose that you might endure it also."

"Oh!" I cried, wringing my hands, "it is useless; you can not or will not understand. But—I *will* speak. It is not just and right dumbly to endure unmerited contempt. Yes, contempt. That, and nothing less, was what your manner expressed for me. I will tell you, Donald, the reason why I could not bear to stay under the same roof with you. It was because you met me day after day with a stern face, with an icy bow, with some formal, conventional word of greeting. You were like your old self to every one but me. To me you were cruel in your coldness. If I gave you pain once, was it manly, or generous, or even just, to punish me for it so inexorably? I, too, have suffered, Donald. The pain I caused you was caused by no wrong-doing on my part. I never ceased to feel toward you as affectionately as when we were children together. Of course if I cared nothing—if the memory of the old days were as completely indifferent to me as it seems to be to you—you would have no power to make me suffer. I should meet disdain with disdain. But I will not fear to be sincere, and to tell you the truth. You have treated me hardly, Donald, and I have never merited such treatment at your hands."

His face changed as I spoke from anxiety to surprise, and from surprise to an expression I could not interpret; but it seemed to have a

ray of joy in it. When I ceased to speak I turned to go away. It seemed to me that I could not bear to remain in his presence another moment. But he caught my hand and held it, crying, "Stay, Anne, one moment."

"Why? What is there to be said that it will be good to say? I had better go."

"There are many things to be said. One thing is—forgive me! Oh, Anne, I never thought of hurting you, or being cruel. I little dreamed that you cared for any thing I could say or do. I was miserable, and—jealous."

"Jealous!"

"You know I can be very jealous of affection. Partly it is because I do not expect to be greatly loved. I know my own shortcomings. I have never been winning or popular. So much the more precious to me is love and kindness, so much the more wretched does the loss of them make me!"

I looked at him in bewilderment. "I do not understand you," I said. "Of what or of whom were you jealous? Of Mrs. Abram? of little Jane? There was no one else to claim my regard except my own dear ones."

"Do not mock at me, Anne. Don't curve that scornful lip! It is very serious to me; more serious than any thing else on earth. No; I was not jealous of Mrs. Abram or the child. I was jealous of the absent—of the love you had given that I could not win; and all the more heart-sore because I believed that love to be unworthily bestowed."

I felt the hot blood rush up into my face; but I would speak no word to him on that score. There was a feeling within me which rendered it impossible for me to say, "You are mistaken; I bestowed no love unworthily. I do not love that absent person; he never had my heart." I could have died rather than say this to Donald.

"This morning," he went on, "Dr. Hewson told me that there was no engagement to bind you to that man. I was thankful to hear it, God knows, for *your* sake."

"Why did my grandfather volunteer such a confidence?" I said, coldly; "it was surely uncalled for." My heart was beating very fast, and the blood had left my face.

"How terribly proud you are, Anne!" said Donald, looking at me wistfully. "Be at rest; Dr. Hewson did not volunteer it. He told me the truth in answer to my question."

I was silent; and he also stood for some minutes without speaking.

"You do not love that man now, Anne?" said Donald at length, in a low, hesitating voice.

"I shall say no more to you; you have no right to question me. You *had* a right, as my playmate and beloved friend and almost brother; but now—you have chosen to put a barrier between us. I can not be set down and taken up at your caprice, Donald; and it is not an evil pride that makes me say so; indeed, it is

not. I *can not* talk to you in the old trustful way while I know that the old trustful feeling is dead between us. It would be too hollow and false and painful."

"Anne, don't you *know* that I love you with all my heart and soul?"

I leaned my arms upon a gate that led into the Woolling meadows to steady myself. I felt the ground waving beneath my feet. I could only gasp out his name, "Donald!" My face must have changed greatly, for he put out his arm to support me, as though fearing I should fall; but I held by the gate with one hand and waved him off with the other.

"Don't you know that I have never ceased to love you?—that all my cold reserve and seeming ill-humor was to hide my heart, or rather to defend it? But I *knew* in my conscience that that was hopeless. I tried to deceive myself. I told myself that I was coming to Mortlands merely because it was my duty to my father's dear old friend to come; but all the while I was trembling with the hope of seeing you. The rustle of your gown as you moved across the room, the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, made my heart leap in my breast. And you seemed so placid, so sweet. You gave me your hand, and smiled on me with your pale face as though all the past had been but a dream—as though— Oh, I can not express it, Anne! but I suffered tortures of jealousy and longing, and self-reproach and doubt. And then when this morning your grandfather said there was no engagement between you and that man; that, so far as he knew, there never had been any; and when I learned, or thought I learned, that you had left Mortlands to avoid me—I resolved to see you, making the excuse to myself that I had no right to keep you away from your home among uncongenial people, but with an insane kind of hope urging me on. Anne, if you will tell me that you never loved Gervase Lacer, tell it me with your own lips, and look at me with your true eyes, I will believe you against any thing to the contrary—against the evidence of my senses." You asked me what right I had to question you. I have told you—the right a man has who loves and honors a woman above all the world. Don't be obdurate, Anne; I will trust you from my soul."

There was a momentary struggle within me—such a struggle as I have undergone when a child—between the sincere impulse of my heart and a sort of leaden immobility—a kind of dumb demon which seemed to seal my lips and chain my limbs. But I shook it off, and stretching out my arms to Donald, fell upon his breast, and cried there as a little child might cry who has been lost and nearly frozen in the bleak world, and thaws into delicious tears at the soft warmth of home.

"I never loved him, Donald. I was foolish, and perhaps wrong in some points. But for loving—I never loved but you, and I have loved you always."

CHAPTER XLIX..

My aunt and cousins were a good deal surprised at my announcement, when I returned to the house, that I must go back to Mortlands the next day. Why must I go? What was the matter? How flushed my face was! How my eyes glittered! Aunt Cudberry hoped I was not sickening for typhus fever, or small-pox, or any other terrible disease. But she didn't like the look of me at all, poor thing!

I assured her that I felt quite well. But I persisted in my intention of returning to Mortlands, giving as a reason that I wished to see my mother and grandfather, and speak to them on a matter of importance to me.

"Is that young man at your grandfather's still, my dear?" asked Aunt Cudberry.

I was startled by the singular patness of the question. But it proved to be but a random shot on the dear old lady's part; for she proceeded, when I had answered her in the affirmative: "Ah, well, that's a bad job, my dear—now, isn't it? For if you *should* have a fever or any thing, it's a great trial to have a man in the house. They creak so, don't they, my dear? I mean their boots, poor things!"

Mrs. Hodgekinson here came to my rescue, declaring grimly that she thought I looked well enough. *She* could see nothing the matter with me. In fact, I had a little more life and color in my face than usual. She supposed it was the country fare. There was a deal in feeding—more than people thought.

I could not but remember Mrs. Hodgekinson's dictum on the night of the ball, that it was best for every body "to stay in their own houses, and eat what they'd got." However, this stern dame was gracious to me after her fashion. And I suppose I owed this graciousness to her son William's good report of me.

Mr. Cudberry took me aside the next morning to ask me if I had been vexed or offended in any way, that I had made up my mind to leave Woolling so suddenly. "I won't have it, mind you, Anne," said he, slowly and doggedly. "If any thing has gone cross with you I'll put it straight, if you will but say the word. Miss Cudberry has been ruffled a good deal by all this business of Clemmy's, and maybe she's making herself unpleasant to you to ease her mind. Because, you see, women *are* like that, when they're put out. You kick them, and they'll kick the cat. But I'm master, and I mean to have my way. And if you give me the word, I'll take care you sha'n't be bothered underneath my roof."

I assured him that I was neither vexed nor offended, nor badly treated in any way; that I thanked him and all his family for their hospitality, and that I had spent a peaceful week at Woolling, which I should be glad to remember.

"Well, now I have a good stare at you," said Mr. Cudberry, suiting the action to the word, "I do say as you're looking a sight better than

you did when you came. Why, it's quite remarkable! There's a difference from one day to another. Hang me if you was looking so bright and so bonny four-and-twenty hours ago! Well, I always knew Woolling air was the finest in England. Look at me! I haven't slept out of it one night for forty years; and though I'm not exactly 'bright and bonny,' to be sure, yet I'm as tough as a bit of yew."

"Anne Furness!" said Tilly, very solemnly to me, just as I was about to step into the sociable, "I have a request to make of you."

"What can I do for you, Tilly?"

"Will you invite me to spend a day or two at Mortlands early next week?"

"Oh!—I—I'm sure grandfather will be very glad to see you. I will speak to him. You know I can not invite people to his house without his leave. But I am afraid you will find Mortlands but a dull place."

"No matter for that, Anne. Of course I can not expect to find a Woolling every where. I shall visit one or two families of distinction in Horsingham, and shall be glad of the change."

It was not a very pleasant prospect to me to have Tilly Cudberry depending on me for companionship and entertainment during some days. But it could not damp my spirits. A more serious trouble would scarcely have done so. As I drove along the leafy lanes my heart was light, and my eyes damp with delicious tears. He loved me! Donald loved me! At times I trembled to think how nearly I had lost him!—how near we had been to parting forever, and what a seeming chance had cleared away our mutual misunderstanding! Then I recalled all his words, his looks, the tones of his voice; the grave, outlooking candor in his eyes, such as we see sometimes in the self-unconscious eyes of a little child; the ringing, eager sound of his voice, which had never lost its boyish frankness; the strong, simple earnestness of manner (not always appreciated by slight, poor natures), which arose from his habitually giving others credit for being as absolutely sincere as himself. And withal—let the reader believe me or not—I saw his faults! I saw them, I believe, more clearly than I had ever seen them before. They were faults a woman who loved him might be sorry for, but never ashamed of. He was oversensitive to any breath of coldness. He would meet no kindly advance half-way, although no one could more genuinely prize kindness. His humble judgment of himself was extreme enough to border on the other extreme of inflexible pride—as extremes will be apt to border on each other. He was trenchantly severe in his judgments, though never in his deeds. He could take few things lightly, and in some matters was as impetuously impatient as a school-boy. My affection cast no glamour over my judgment, I sincerely think. I thought him no miracle of perfection, no pattern of manly beauty. But I knew him then, as I know him now, to be a noble, generous, steadfast human being, whose love made me worthier in my own

eyes, and whom I could love and honor with an entire and perfect trust.

He was waiting for me at the beginning of the long, elm-bordered meadow we called the Park. I stopped the sociable, and told Daniel he need come no further; I would walk the rest of the way to Mortlands, the day was so fine. And there was Mr. Ayrle; I could go home under his escort.

"And what 'll I do wi' the box, then?" asked Daniel, looking at me as stolidly as if he would not have been surprised at an order to set my little black trunk down by the road-side—as, perhaps, indeed, he would not.

"Not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more

Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice,"

sings Mr. Tennyson—or, rather, the hero of Mr. Tennyson's "Maud." Now I do believe that Daniel admired absolutely nothing, and desired very few things.

"Oh, dear me!" said I, clasping my hands, and coloring hotly, "I forgot all about the trunk." I felt terribly ashamed. Such *étourderie* was not frequent with me, and I thought that Daniel must observe it, and make sly mental comments on it. But it was conscience that made a coward of me. If Daniel had any latent faculty of wonder in him, it was not to be evoked by such trifles as a young lady's forgetfulness.

"Ah," said he, nodding his ruddy locks, "there's where it is. And if it hadn't ha' been for me you'd ha' gone on forgetting it."

"Couldn't you drive on to Mortlands, and leave the trunk with the servants there, and say that I am coming on foot, Daniel?"

"Yes," said Daniel, "I *could*."

"And will you, if you please? Be good enough to tell Keturah that I am walking, and shall be there soon after you, by the way through the Park."

"Yes, I will," said Daniel, after a little pause, as though he had been considering whether or no he should so far oblige me as to do what I told him.

"Take care of Miss Furness's property," said Donald, slipping a silver coin into Daniel's hand, "and get yourself a glass of beer in Horsingham."

"Yes, I will," answered Daniel, in precisely the same meditative tone as before; but he touched his hat and grinned, by way of thanks, before driving off.

Donald told me, as we walked arm in arm along the meadow pathway—how dear it was to me to lean on that strong arm, and to feel that I might safely rely on its protection for evermore!—that he had spoken to my grandfather last evening on returning to Mortlands, and that he had been most kind and cordial and affectionate.

"He was glad for my sake, I know, Donald," said I.

"He was glad, darling—and with reason—for mine."

"Well, we will let that rest for the present; I shall keep my own opinion, of course, by right of the privilege of my sex, let you say what you will. But tell me what you and grandfather said to each other."

"What! *all* that we said? That would be a long business. We sat talking in his study until past midnight."

"No. Don't be foolish. Not every word, of course. But—what did he say about mother?"

"He said he thought our news would make her happy, and that you had best break it to her yourself."

"Yes; that is what I wish. Dear mother! She was always very fond of you, Donald."

Then our talk wandered into reminiscences which were very sweet to us, but which would be only tedious to the reader. We spoke, too, of the future, as well as the past. Donald intended, if I approved the plan, to establish himself permanently as a physician in Horsingham. He had competence—almost wealth—secured to him by his father's will, but he did not like the idea of leading an idle life. He thought he might have the means of doing some good to his fellow-creatures by the practice of his profession. And unless I had any desire to leave that part of the country, he thought it would be well to stay in Horsingham, where our presence would cheer and comfort his dear old friend's declining days.

We talked and planned, and built castles in the air, and walked on as if through a delightful dream-world.

Before we reached Mortlands I paused and said:

"Dear Donald, there is one thing I wish to say to you. I was struck by your words last evening, when you declared that you would believe me if I told you I had never loved that misguided man—you would believe me, you said, even against the evidence of your senses. What did that mean, dear? I did not understand it."

He looked at me very gravely, and with the expression of one pondering on a perplexing theme; but there was no mistrust of me in his eyes.

"Dearest," he said at length, "I will tell you what it meant. I will have no secrets from you, my own one. But do not let us speak of it to-day. Let a week go by, and then, if you will, ask me for an explanation. I shall also have some explanations to ask from you. But let them rest for the present. Let me prove to you how entire and unshakable is my confidence in you, my own dear wife! See, we are close at home!"

CHAPTER L.

WE were very happy that evening at Mortlands. Our hearts were full of peace and hope. Mother's eyes beamed tenderly whenever they lighted on Donald or on me. There were no

tears in them. I had not seen her shed tears for many months. But there were still depths of unfathomable sorrow lying beneath the surface of those soft brown eyes—a sorrow too deep and settled for tears. All her passionate outbursts of grief had long since ceased; but grief had made itself a familiar home in her heart, and abode there silently. Still the news of my engagement to Donald had been very sweet and welcome to my dear mother. She kissed and blessed us both with tranquil affection.

"You know I always loved you, Donald," said she, passing her thin hand over his forehead. "I am as proud of you as if you were my own boy, and may be allowed to confess it. No one will accuse a mother-in-law of being unduly vain of and indulgent to her daughter's husband. So you will probably be dreadfully spoiled."

"Don't be afraid, dear Mrs. Furness. Being made much of is the best thing in the world for my constitution; it brings out all my good points, and none of my bad ones. The fonder folks are of me, the better I grow!" replied Donald, looking across at me with a grave countenance, which made grandfather laugh heartily.

Grandfather was the most outwardly joyous of us all, and quite astonished Mrs. Abram by his sallies of gayety. Poor Mrs. Abram offered us her congratulations with sincere affection, although in her own peculiar and low-spirited manner. It was some time before she appeared to be able thoroughly to seize upon and realize the idea of the new relations between Donald and myself. When at last she did so, she beckoned me aside, and asked me with an anxious face if she might venture to make one inquiry.

"Dear Mrs. Abram," said I, kissing her, "of course you may!"

"Well, then, my dear Anne, I should wish to know whether Donald—whether Mr. Ayr—"

"Mrs. Abram! you are not going to change Donald's old appellation at this special time? Of course you call him 'Donald!'"

"Well, then, my dear child, I am very anxious to know whether Donald means to take you away from your grandfather? I mean—of course in one sense he takes you away—but I mean away from Horsingham? Because, although no one can be more aware of my mental deficiencies than I am myself, I *am* sure of one thing—it would nearly kill Dr. Hewson to lose you, Anne! I know him so well. It is very strange that I should, for of course I don't disguise from myself that my intellect is on most points very weak—painfully so at times. But whether it is my love and gratitude for your grandfather that makes me clear-sighted about him, or whether it is that I am specially permitted to overcome *his* confusions and temptations on this one point, I am quite certain that to part from you now would shorten your grandfather's days. And I hope—I do hope—

that Donald and you will continue to remain with him, or to let him remain with you. That's all, Anne. I ask your pardon if I have said more than I ought. But it was, as it were, borne in upon me to say it," added the faithful creature, wiping her eyes and looking at me wistfully.

I re-assured her, and calmed her affectionate solicitude, and presently she was quite at peace again, and nearer to wearing a cheerful aspect than I had ever seen her.

We had resolved to keep our engagement secret for the present. Our marriage was not to take place until the spring. Mother had signified that she wished one year of mourning to expire fully before there should be any white garments or wedding-feast at Mortlands; and in March nearly eighteen months would have elapsed since she had donned that widow's cap which she never more put off save on the one day of my wedding. In March, then, it was settled, with my mother's full approval, that I should become Donald's wife.

Meanwhile we did not wish our engagement to be publicly spoken of. The secrecy in which we desired it to remain for the present did not, of course, extend to the household at Mortlands. We could trust to the discretion of all its inmates. And Keturah took care triumphantly to remind her master that it was a family of "*womenfolk*" whom he thus implicitly credited with a power of holding their tongues!

Keturah's pride and delight in our news was boundless. I laughingly told Donald in her presence that I was sure Keturah did not consider me half good enough for him. "You always spoiled Mr. Donald, Keturah; you know you did!"

"Nay," said the old woman, looking at us both with her keen, sparkling black eyes, "I don't know as I spoiled him, Miss Anne; and if I did, it don't follow nohow as I don't reckon you good enough for him. If he was my own son, I shouldn't say as a virtuous young lady like you wasn't good enough for him. A woman trusts a deal and risks a deal when she gives herself up to her husband, and a man as *is* a man feels that well enough. Nay, nay, Mr. Donald don't want *me* to preach to him as he's getting a treasure. *He* believes firm enough as your price is far above rubies; and, what's more, he'll believe it firmer still this day ten years—which is saying a deal for you both."

What joy it was to wander with Donald through the dear old garden, and recall our childish plays there, to discuss our plans for the future together, and to feel that I had a right to share his hopes and his cares and his thoughts for evermore! There was only one topic he never touched on in speaking to me during that evening and the following day—the topic, namely, of Gervase Lacer. And I waited, unwilling to be the first to break this reserve, but fully minded not to shrink from speaking freely and frankly whensoever it should

please Donald to require me to do so. I also respected his request not to press him with questions as to the meaning of those words he had said to me about believing in me and trusting me, "even against the evidence of his senses." But I own that my thoughts often recurred to them with curiosity.

When we were all assembled at dinner on the day after my return to Mortlands I suddenly remembered Tilly Cudberry's parting words to me, and, with much contrition for my negligence, repeated them to grandfather.

"I have been thinking so much of other things," said I, "that the whole matter went out of my thoughts. Pray excuse my forgetfulness, dear grandfather."

"It is rather for Miss Cudberry to excuse it," returned grandfather. "And I don't know whether she is different from all other young ladies; but I think most girls would not be implacable toward you, under the circumstances, little Nancy."

"Well," said my mother, "I am inclined to think that Tilly Cudberry *is* different from all other young ladies. I have never met with one quite like her."

"But what is to be done about this—this invitation? What does she want to come here at all for?"

"I think she is not contented just now at home, and wishes for a change."

"Well, I—*suppose*," said grandfather, looking round upon us all slowly, "that I must ask her. Eh?"

"I'm almost afraid, dear grandfather, that, if she hears nothing to the contrary, she is capable of coming without being asked."

"The deuce she is!"

"But, of course, you can, if you like, send a note to Woolling saying that it is not convenient to you to receive her just now."

"No, no! Let her come. Her father has shown some glimmering appreciation of my little Nancy. And she is of poor George's kith and kin, after all. We musn't forget that," said grandfather, in a lower voice, with a glance of ineffable tenderness at my mother. "And we are all very happy here, and our happiness ought to make us tolerant and kind to other people, so— Why, Judith! what's amiss?"

At the first mention of Tilly Cudberry's name poor Mrs. Abram's jaw had dropped, her knife and fork had ceased to ply, and she remained gazing straight before her in a sort of trance.

"Oh, I ask your pardon, Dr. Hewson," she said, humbly, and in her most muffled tones, "but I—I—was thinking of that young lady."

"What were you thinking of her? I didn't know that you had ever seen her."

"Yes, Dr. Hewson. She and her father, and her mother, and her two sisters, came here to see Anne while you and Lucy were away. I shouldn't have intruded, but Anne made me stay in the room."

"To be sure! Well, did Miss Cudberry make herself agreeable?"

"N—not very, I think, Dr. Hewson. But I am no judge of agreeableness, being, no doubt, far from agreeable to strangers myself. She had—a good deal to say, Dr. Hewson. But, to say the truth, I didn't very well understand her. And—and it did seem to me at times that there was something a little wild about her."

"A little wild, eh?" repeated grandfather, glancing at me in some bewilderment. "Well, Judith, if she does not please you, you've nothing to do but keep out of her way. I won't have you put out or troubled by any body—you know that very well. At the same time, my dear Judith," he added, with a certain good-humored, brusque air of authority, which he occasionally assumed toward his sister-in-law, "let me recommend you to shake off morbid fancies, to finish the beef you have on your plate as briskly as possible, and to let me send you some more."

"What is this nonsense about Tilly Cudberry that poor Judith has got in her head?" asked my grandfather as soon as he had an opportunity of speaking to me privately. I gave him as accurate an account of the scene that had passed as I could; and he listened in a sort of serio-comic surprise.

"God bless me!" he cried, pushing his hair—now white as snow—upright with his fingers. "She must be rather a severe infliction, this cast-iron cousin of yours, little Nancy. I hope poor Judith will remain in ignorance of the light in which the gentle Miss Cudberry regards her. I must take care to keep them apart as much as possible. Really I should almost be tempted to decline the honor of her visit. But it is too late. I sent off Havilah to Woolling with a note immediately after dinner. Heu! There's something unspeakably absurd in the notion of those two women mutually regarding each other as verging on lunacy!"

That same evening Miss Cudberry arrived. She walked into the long dining-room with a mighty flouncing and rustling of silk. She had attired herself with great splendor for the purpose of dazzling the humdrum inhabitants of Mortlands. And she had certainly succeeded in producing a startling effect.

There were in the dining-room when Tilly entered it only my grandfather, Donald, and myself. Mother and Mrs. Abram were sitting under a tree in the garden, and little Jane was with them. Tilly advanced to about the centre of the room, and thus spake:

"I have come from Woolling, Dr. Hewson, in our own sociable, with our own man-servant driving. Will you be so good as to allow our man-servant, Daniel, to put up our horse for an hour or two in your stable, and to return for him later? Our man-servant has a few commissions to perform for pa in the town. Pa considers him a faithful and trusted servant. Pa wouldn't on any account have allowed any

of the other men-servants to drive me in this evening; for our horse is a very valuable and spirited creature, and requires to be driven with particular care. How do you do, Dr. Hewson? How do you do, Anne? Mr. Ayrle, I presume; although you have never been presented to me, I dare say you have heard of Miss Cudberry of Woolling. How do you do?"

And then Tilly paused to take breath.

My grandfather was incapable of displaying any thing but the most delicate courtesy to a guest in his own house. But, to say truth, it was astonishingly difficult to be polite to Tilly: I despair of conveying to those who have never seen her *how* difficult it was. She would, at times, receive an attention, a mere simple civility, in a manner which affected sensitive persons like a sudden blow. As to Donald, he was so bewildered by Miss Cudberry's eloquence that he became as dumb and shy as a school-boy; and I could not help a fit of laughter, which must have appeared contemptibly silly in my cousin's eyes, when she confided to me, with the Cudberry candor, that she found "that young Ayrle uncommonly dull."

We were in the room that she was to occupy, and Eliza was engaged in unpacking Miss Cudberry's dresses. Miss Cudberry herself was majestically seated on the side of the bed, glancing at her smart clothes with all the pride of proprietorship.

"Well, Anne," said she, "I don't see any thing to laugh at. I consider it *pitiable*. The young man has no more style than our head plowman. A mere lout! And what a coat! I should think it was cut in the year one!"

"Every body can't have such fashionable coats as Sam has, you know," said I, demurely.

"Well, I *don't* know, really. Why shouldn't he? His father left him well off, didn't he?"

"Oh yes; very well off."

"How much, now, should you say?"

"I can not tell exactly. But I know that Colonel Ayrle was said to have amassed a handsome independence."

"Ah! Well, I shall endeavor to draw him out a little," said Tilly, after a pause of meditation, with her head on one side. "Poor young man, he has no chance of getting a little style among all you fogies; now has he? I dare say he finds it awfully dull here, for—you can't mind my saying, my dear Anne, that you have grown quite a frump. Not, my dear child, that it's to be wondered at, all things considered! But it *must* be depressing for a young man; now mustn't it?"

In pursuance of her benevolent design of rousing Donald from the lethargy of boredom which she conceived was weighing on him, Tilly set to work, without losing any time, to favor him with a great deal of her conversation. We all walked out into the garden before tea, and there Miss Cudberry seized upon Donald, and talked to him with an incessant volubility and shrillness which nearly drove him distracted. I was so overcome by the absurdity of the scene

—Tilly's undoubting self-complacency, and Donald's increasing gloom, which began to grow absolutely ferocious as he saw no chance of getting away from his tormentor—that I could but sit down on the garden seat exhausted with silent laughter.

Donald scolded me terribly afterward. He stole out from the tea-table and called me into the garden, where he began to reproach me for delivering him up to that "*dreadful* woman." We were within an ace of having a set quarrel about it, when fortunately we got a glimpse of the comic side of the matter, which, once beheld, could not be relinquished, and we ended by going off into peals of laughter one against the other, until the tears ran down our faces.

During the whole of her visit Tilly held more or less steadfastly to her intention of "drawing Donald out." But her time was not all devoted to that purpose. She announced on the first morning after her arrival that she had several visits to pay in Horsingham, and desired that a fly should be sent for, into which she mounted alone, her small person secreted within the voluminous flounces of a cheap, gaudy, silk gown, and her favorite pink hollyhocks trembling on her head. She told us at tea-time that she had been to see Lady Bunny. And when I half involuntarily expressed surprise at her having done so, she replied sharply that I showed great ignorance of the world in supposing that because Barbara Bunny would not marry her brother, she (Miss Cudberry of Woolling) was therefore bound to break with friends whose acquaintance was, to a certain extent, agreeable to her.

"Nay," said I, "Tilly, I should have had no such idea. But you all seemed so very angry against the Bunnys that I thought you would never have any thing to say to them again. To tell you the truth, I considered your anger very unreasonable all the time."

"I tell you what," she returned, with several very emphatic nods of the head, "I don't mean to sacrifice myself for the Cudberrys. The Cudberrys don't appear to have any intention of sacrificing themselves for *me*. I have hitherto identified myself, perhaps romantically, with the Cudberrys. But I sha'n't do so any more. Certain things have happened lately which convince me that I had better look out for myself, as other people look out for *their* selves."

This was the first word I had ever heard from Tilly of disparagement of the "family" *en masse* (although she would rate each member of it separately with sufficient severity), the first hint she had ever given of an idea of separating herself from it in any way.

In my mother's presence even Tilly put a little restraint on her boisterous volubility. But there were many afternoon hours which mother passed in her own room, and these Tilly took advantage of to entertain us with the gossip of Horsingham. It was a constant marvel to me how she had contrived to pick up the news she imparted to us.

In this way I learned that Matthew Kitchen had given a large sum of money for the erection of a brick building, to be called the Tabernacle, and used as a place of worship by the dissenting sect to which he belonged. Mr. Kitchen was quite an eminent man among them, and their preachers came from distant parts of England to receive the hospitality of his house, and to speak in his chapel. He was a very rich man for one in his station, and day by day was becoming richer. He had bought shares here and there, and had dabbled in the affairs of several companies even in London; withdrawing on each occasion at an advantageous moment, so as to suffer none of the troubles which ensued when the said companies, as generally happened, collapsed into inextricable ruin.

There was a talk of some extraordinarily valuable slate quarries having been discovered not far from Brookfield, and of a company being formed to work them, and of a "City man"—a mighty personage on the Stock Exchange—coming down to have a look at the place before drawing up a flourishing prospectus of the company. And Sir Peter Bunny *had* some vague idea of putting a little money into it if it looked promising. And thus Tilly rattled on with an abundance of detail, as if she had been in the innermost confidence of all the people she talked about.

CHAPTER LI.

AT the end of a week I asked Donald to give me his promised explanation. The following day Tilly Cudberry was going out to tea with some recent acquaintance she had made in Horsingham—having shown lately a feverish anxiety to make new acquaintances—and Donald promised me that he would devote part of the afternoon to telling me what I wished to know.

"Why," said I, "is 'it so long a business, then?"

Yes, it would take some time, he told me, to enter into the matter as fully as he desired. I waited with a good deal of impatience for the appointed time, and busied my brain with a great many conjectures; none of which, however, came near the truth.

We had arranged to meet in the garden, but the afternoon proved rainy, and we could not go out. After dinner mother and Mrs. Abram left us as usual. Grandfather sat for a few minutes in his easy-chair, making notes in a memorandum-book. Donald and I seated ourselves near the window at the other end of the room, watching the dark, dropping clouds as they slowly passed above the summits of the leafy elms. Gradually the memorandum-book dropped from my grandfather's fingers, and he fell into a doze. He had latterly taken a habit of sleeping in his chair after dinner, and we lowered our voices so as not to disturb him.

"Anne," said Donald, "you must prepare

for rather a long story. Do you remember hearing that I had gone away suddenly from your grandfather's house?"

"Remember it! How could I have forgotten it?"

"No; but I did not know whether the manner of my going had ever reached your ears. It was just about the time when your own great affliction must have swallowed up all lesser considerations."

"Nevertheless I did hear that you had gone away from Mortlands quite suddenly and secretly. Grandfather wrote us word. His letter came just *before*—"

He pressed my hand silently, and after a little pause began:

"I walked to Diggleton's End, and there, the night being threatening, and I fasting and weary, took refuge in the house of your father's old servant, Dodd."

"Where you were robbed that same night."

"You know that too? Did Dr. Hewson tell you?"

"He told me the bare fact as you had written it to him, but I had a fuller account of the matter from Dodd himself."

Then I repeated to Donald all that Dodd had told me.

"Well," said he, after hearing me out, "that abbreviates my story very greatly. Dodd saw that I was out of sorts, as he told you. But, of course, he did not guess how heart-sick and wretched I was; how miserable I was rendered by my jealous thoughts. During the day, when I was going about among Dr. Hewson's patients in Horsingham, I had heard gossiping allusions to your engagement to Gervase Lacer. Some approved, some disapproved it, but no one insinuated a doubt as to the fact. I think there can be no doubt that he industriously spread the report himself. It was all very bitter to me, and I resolved to go away without waiting for any leave-taking. I thought that once at a distance from Horsingham I should be calmer, and I *knew* that I could write to Dr. Hewson that which I had not self-command enough to say to him. I had not very long before received a remittance from my father's bankers in London. There remained of it something over fifty pounds, and I knew that that was more than sufficient for my present purposes. I intended to go straight to town, and there determine on my future course of action. You have heard how I shared my supper with the stranger whom I found in possession of the inn parlor when I arrived. From the first glimpse of him he impressed me most unfavorably. There was something altogether extraordinary about the man's appearance and manner."

"Of course there must have been! Is it not evident that he was disguised? And I suppose you have no doubt that he was the thief who stole your money?"

"I have no doubt of that whatsoever."

"I suppose he was a 'professed' London

thief, who had come to Horsingham to exercise his calling during the race week."

"H'm! Y—yes, I *suppose* so. But there was something about the fellow which puzzled me, and which still puzzles me, and which that hypothesis does not wholly account for."

"Well, Donald?"

"Well, my darling, we sat down to supper, and the man began to pour forth denunciations against the wickedness of races, and of those who bet on them, those who took part in them, and those who witnessed them. He talked in a queer, snuffling tone, interlarding his speech with the cut-and-dried cant phrases of an itinerant preacher of the lowest class. I was not in a mood to be communicative; I am always shy and reserved with strangers, and I particularly object to the irreverent arrogance of fellows of that kind. Which three causes combined to keep me very taciturn. But the stranger did not allow my manner to chill him. He ate very little. I, on the other hand, was in need of food; and as I ate my supper he talked and talked, rampant and unabashed. By-and-by he mentioned some names I knew."

"Our name, did he not?"

"Yours among others."

"You need not tell me what he said, dear. I can fancy too well what sort of text poor father's name would furnish to a man of the sort you describe."

"But, Anne— I promised to tell you the truth, but I find it a more irksome task than I had counted on."

"Donald! Don't mistrust me! What can hurt me so long as you hold my hand and look into my eyes confidingly? I *know* that you believe in my truth, and you must not doubt my belief in your believing!"

"My dearest, the man did not mention merely your father; he spoke, and at some length, of *you*!"

"Of *me*?"

"See, now! You blanch and quiver directly! All that woman's pride of yours is aroused at a touch!"

"No, dear Donald. Please to go on. I was only startled. I am sure I am acquainted with no such person as the man you speak of."

"He didn't profess to know you personally. He had heard of you, he said, from a sad reprobate—one whom he had tried to convert from his evil ways, having had some acquaintance with his father and mother—from Mr. Gervase Lacer, in short. 'But,' he said, 'reprobate as Lacer may be from a godly and righteous man's point of view, the young woman has not treated him very honorably. She has been playing fast and loose between him and another young man who has money expectations.' He went on to say, in the same canting and offensive manner, that he knew you to have been solemnly engaged to Lacer—that he had seen letters from you to him."

"Letters! Letters from me to Mr. Lacer?"

"And that it was only on discovering that

fortune had turned the cold shoulder on him that you had turned him yours also. When I stopped him, abruptly enough, with the statement that I had the honor to be your friend and your parents' friend, and that I could not listen to utterly unfounded calumnies against those whom I respected, he took to his hypocritical mask of sanctimoniousness again, and spoke after the fashion of that brute Matthew Kitchen. He must bear witness! He had tried to snatch his young friend Lacer as a brand from the burning! I left him in the middle of a sentence, and walked out into the orchard."

"Donald, you did not give any credence to the fellow's statement? I won't insult you by even asking the question. I am *sure* you did not."

"Dear Anne, you must remember all the circumstances as they appeared to me at the time. I did not, of course, give an instant's thought to the accusation of mercenary and dishonorable conduct on your part. But I *did* feel confirmed in my belief that you had engaged yourself to Lacer. Think what it must have been to me to suppose you the promised wife of a man who was capable of speaking your name and discussing your conduct with such a one as this stranger!"

"You should never have believed it, Donald."

"It is true. And—I don't know whether I can make you understand me when I say that I never *did* thoroughly believe it. Never, with all my heart; that's just it, Anne. I believed with my head, but not with my heart. There was an obstinate, blind conviction in me that you *could* not have betrothed yourself to such a man. For, although he might have deceived you for a time, and to a certain extent, I could not conceive your keen sense and purity of mind being entirely baffled by any amount of hypocrisy on his part. And yet—and yet—what was I to think? I turned away from my instinctive conviction, fearing to be fooled into believing what I *wished* merely because I wished it. Well, after remaining for some time in the orchard, I came into the house just as a storm was beginning. It had been threatening for some hours. I went to my room at once, and to bed, where, in spite of my troubles, and in spite of the thunder and the rain, I slept soundly—being, indeed, tired out. The next morning came the discovery of the robbery, just as you have heard it from Dodd. But what Dodd could not tell you was this. The oily scrap of paper which I found on the floor near my door, and on which it was evident the thief had wiped his fingers after oiling the lock, was a fragment of a letter in your handwriting."

"In *my* handwriting? Impossible!"

"Nay, Anne, it is true. I knew your hand perfectly. Besides, there were a few words about your father—anxiety for him, and so forth."

"But— I can not understand. How, in

Heaven's name, could it have come into that man's possession?"

"I had my theory about *that* too. I believed that Lacer—the letter must have been addressed to Lacer—had given it to him. Later I fancied the vagabond might have stolen the letter. But it is a strange matter, look at it as we will. Here is the fragment. I carefully preserved it. Judge for yourself."

He took from his pocket a torn piece of a letter, very oiled and greasy. The writing on it was mine. Impossible not to recognize it. And, moreover, I perceived in an instant that it *was* a portion of a letter I had written to Gervase Lacer—the letter of which I had spoken to my mother. I was stupefied. I turned the morsel of paper this way and that, as though I could elucidate the mystery by doing so! Donald looked at me thoughtfully. I glanced up at him once suddenly, as the reflection occurred to me how difficult it must have been for him to believe in me implicitly after seeing those torn lines. But there was no glimmer of distrust in his eyes. Had there been I should have felt repulsed, and my lips would have been unable to utter a word of explanation. Very unreasonably, I grant; for Donald might well have been excused for exhibiting some touch of suspicion—or, at least, of uneasiness. But he showed neither. This was the fragment of the letter:

".....Can you devise no plan.....You do not know how dear, how precious.....Perhaps I ought not to write this; but I cling to any chance. Pray come and let me speak to you. You have always professed so warm an attachment.....We are most anxious about father. Do not....."

"I remember quite well writing this letter," said I, after a little pause. "It *was* addressed to Gervase Lacer, and I wrote it just before that fatal race which brought us such misery. I had a wild kind of forlorn hope that Mr. Lacer might be able to avert it at the eleventh hour. No one knew of my writing at the time. I told my mother afterward. She will remember."

"Now, my dearest, the mystery is—*how* did the man in the inn get that letter?"

"To me, Donald, I confess the mystery appears insoluble. I can not even begin to conjecture."

"Well," said Donald, laying the scrap of paper on the table, and leaning his forehead on his hand, "I will tell you my notion. It can be but a guess, you know. I think that Lacer was mixed up with a great many blackguards of a thoroughly low and unprincipled sort. Perhaps he was by no means the worst among his associates."

"I do believe that, Donald!" cried I, quickly. I should have done better to have refrained from the exclamation, as I felt directly it had slipped out. But Donald was too honest-minded to do conscious injustice to any one. So, albeit he looked a shade graver, he was not

tempted into contradicting me, but said, quietly: "I say that I think it very likely, my dear. But it is too plain that he was quite devoid of any delicate sense of honor or honesty, and that he spoke of you all at Water-Eardley as he should not have spoken; and made use of his intimacy there to further his own ends. Now it may well be that some fellow still more unscrupulous than he thought it would be a desirable thing to get some hold on your family—thought such a letter as that might serve him in doing so: how can we tell what schemes might have been hatching? Say that this man got hold of the letter surreptitiously; then came the unexpected result of the race, and all that followed it. He could make no use of the letter either with Lacer or your father. He was trying to get away from Horsingham unrecognized. That much is clear. Most likely he had no set purpose of robbery in his head when he entered Dodd's house. The opportunity tempted him; and he used the letter to remove the oil from his fingers, either not caring to keep it any longer, or else not perceiving in the darkness what it was."

"Oh! and then there was Flower!" I exclaimed, clasping my hands together with a sudden recollection of that wretch's parting scene with my mother. Then I told Donald how insolent he had been, and how he had talked vaguely of letters of mine which he knew of.

We talked together for some time longer about the strange business of the letter, speaking in a low tone so as not to disturb grandfather's slumbers. Donald declared he felt almost convinced that Flower was at the bottom of the matter.

"But what need we care for it further, dear Anne?" he said at length. "It made me very wretched, and brought a dark cloud between us for a weary while. But now the cloud is cleared away forever and a day."

"Forever, Donald?"

"Is it not, my own one?"

"It is so good of you to trust me, dear. Some people in your place would always be haunted by uncomfortable suspicions of—they knew not what, unless the whole case could be made plainer than I have any power to make it at this time."

"Some people!" Not people who had once known Anne Furness as I know her."

Keturah came to the door to call Donald. He had been sent for to a poor patient.

"Don't wake grandfather," I said, warningly; but looking round, I saw my grandfather's eyes wide open, and mildly regarding us. Donald went away at once. I accompanied him through the glass door into the garden, and when I came back to the dining-room, which was now empty, grandfather having gone to his study, I bethought me of the scrap of the letter, and looked for it, intending to examine it once more, and to try to recall the missing words so as to make complete phrases. But it was gone. I searched for it for some time in vain. Then

it occurred to me that if Keturah's quick eye had lighted on so untidy-looking a fragment of paper she would undoubtedly have consigned it to the kitchen fire. I thought it best to say nothing about it until Donald should return. And, indeed, of what use was the paper now to any one? It might as well be burned as not, I reflected.

EARTHQUAKE LAW.

EVERY well-informed person has heard or read much of that dreadful earthquake of 1812, which destroyed Caracas, the capital, and La Guayra, the chief sea-port, of Venezuela, and buried ten thousand people beneath their ruins. But how few, even of our intelligent citizens, are aware that the Congress of the United States, on hearing of this national disaster, promptly passed an act appropriating fifty thousand dollars for the relief of the starving survivors of that horrible calamity, and directed the President to invest that sum in provisions, and forward them in the name of our government to that of Venezuela!*

It was a noble charity, and ought not to be forgotten.

So also has every body heard much and read much about that earthquake of December, 1811, which convulsed the entire valley of the Mississippi, and is still familiarly remembered as "the New Madrid earthquake." And every school-boy is aware that by its violence nearly one-half of the huge county of New Madrid, in the southeastern corner of the Missouri Territory, was sunk to the depth of several feet, and that in one place a lake was thus formed more than fifty miles long and several miles in width.†

Yet how very few Americans are aware that this earthquake found its way into Congress, and was felt for many years as a disturbing cause in every branch of the federal government! But such is the fact. And it may, however strangely the assertion may sound, be truly affirmed that it elevated one judge to the bench, produced at least three judgments of the Supreme Court of the United States, occasioned the passage of six acts of Congress, and brought forth ten opinions of attorney-generals!

This earthquake was first felt in Congress in December, 1813, when Mr. Hempstead, the delegate from Missouri, introduced a bill providing for the appointment of an additional judge for that Territory, who should hold his court at "the village of Arkansas."

That "village" was distant about two hundred miles from the town of New Madrid, which was the county seat; and the earthquake had so changed the face of the country

* Statutes at Large (Little and Brown's edition), vol. ii. p. 730. May, 1812.

† A "detailed narrative of the New Madrid earthquake," by Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, of New York, may be found in the "Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society" of that State. See also appendix to Drake's "History of Cincinnati."

as to render a circuit of three hundred miles necessary to make the journey between them.

This circumstance was almost equivalent to a denial of justice.

Congress willingly responded to Mr. Hempstead's appeal by passing the act of January 27, 1814.*

The judge appointed under this act was probably the first, if not the only, man ever raised to the bench by an earthquake.

The second Congressional quake was an act for the relief of those whose land had been materially damaged by the earthquake. It bears date February 17, 1815, and is known as "the Earthquake Act,"† and its history is worthy of investigation.

On the 2d of January, 1815, Mr. M'Kee, of Kentucky, from the Committee on Public Lands in the House of Representatives, reported a bill for the relief of those who had suffered land damage, proposing to give them indemnity in public lands. It was debated in Committee of the Whole on the 14th, amended, ordered to be engrossed, and to be read a third time on the 16th.

But it met with opposition from Mr. M'Kim, of Maryland, who strenuously objected to the admission of earthquakes into Congress. He could not countenance convulsions of nature or infractions of the Constitution by conferring land—public land—on the victims of such physical disorders. The pillars of the Constitution must not be shaken by lax construction or latitudinarian benevolence, though earthquakes, hurricanes, and volcanoes should devastate every Territory within our national boundaries, or

"the great globe itself,
And all which it inhabit."

"*Fiat Constitution, ruat New Madrid!*" was his motto, and formed the burden of his eloquence.

To the direct force of argument he added the indirect aid of legislative strategy, by introducing an amendment intended to destroy the bill, though nominally extending its benefits.

The people of Washington had not then recovered from the agitation occasioned by that "great gale of August, 1814," which had filled the city with fright, fractured roofs, and fallen chimneys. Mr. M'Kim's amendment adroitly proposed to bestow a portion of the public domain on every person residing in Washington whose property had been damaged by that well-remembered hurricane.

But Mr. M'Kim was defeated, and the bill passed, to be enacted in both Houses, and the act was, on the 15th of February, 1815, "approved" by James Madison, President.

This earthquake law is entitled "An act for the relief of the inhabitants of the *late* county of New Madrid," etc.—a somewhat startling title, sounding as though the county had been

utterly devoured by the earthquake. It is a relief to the mind thus startled to know that local law had changed the old county limits, and that this statute of mercy was designed to reach all who had dwelt within its former boundaries, and whose lands had been "materially injured" by the earthquake.

The act authorized every such person to exchange his damaged lands for any government land in the Territory (except such as included lead mines or salt springs), "the sale of which was authorized by law."

The general rule of exchange was acre for acre; but no sufferer, however great his loss, could receive more than one section, or six hundred and forty acres; and every one, however small his damaged lot, might claim therefor a quarter section, or one hundred and sixty acres.

This earthquake act, like that for the relief of Venezuela, is one of which every American has reason to be proud.*

The files of the Land-office, which I have examined, show that, under this law of relief, five hundred and fifteen "location certificates" were issued, "varying in extent from forty arpents† to six hundred and forty acres." If each claimant represented a family of five, and the claims averaged two hundred acres, twenty-five hundred persons were directly benefited by the act, and a hundred thousand acres were added to the taxable property of the Territory.

In tracing the operation of the law we discover that it increased considerably the labors of the Land-office, and in various ways perplexed the minds—perhaps it tried the temper—of the land-officers, especially of the Commissioner, and of his then official head, the Secretary of the Treasury. But such trials are incident to all offices except sinecures, and they are seldom fatal at Washington.

The act called into healthy activity, and may have exercised, the patience of several attorney-generals of the United States—Mr. Wirt, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Gilpin—to whom this Secretary of the Treasury applied for "opinions" whenever the Land Commissioner puzzled him, being first puzzled himself by new and embarrassing questions of construction or practice. None of these great lawyers complained, however, of being thus called upon; and some of their opinions are honorable additions to our legal literature.‡

Locations, nominally made under the statute, were made without regard to the lines and angles of the public surveys, or without respect to a fair apportionment of the advantages of river frontage, and in utter violation of Indian titles and reservations. Land speculators—those frontier cormorants and buzzards—taking advantage of the sufferers' needs, bought up and

* Statutes at Large, vol. ii. p. 95.

† Id., vol. iii. p. 211.

* Statutes at Large, vol. iii. p. 211. *

† An arpent is nearly five-sixths of an acre. A woodland arpent is about an acre and a quarter.

‡ Ten of these opinions are printed in Gilpin's collection, and some of them appear in the series begun by Mr. Cushing.

resold their claims; or invented claims, and forged all the papers, and made up, by fraud and perjury, whatever proofs were needed to support them; and sought to pervert the law of charity to purposes of greed and lucre.

To assist the Land-office in checking or curing those evils, the attorney-generals furnished the opinions above named.

Mr. Wirt, in May, 1820, declared that the patent must issue only to the person who owned the damaged land at the date of the act, or to his heirs or devisees, and not to his assigns. "The law," said he, "attaches no assignable quality to the charity which it bestows.....It was not the intention of Congress to make this charity a subject of speculation.....The law was framed to help the poor who had been rendered indigent by a visitation of God; not to enrich the speculator.....It was not the design of the law-makers to encumber the commissioners of the Land-office with the laborious duty of tracing the genuineness of a long train of assignments, with all their usual concomitants of fraud and oppression, if not of forgery and perjury."

This is beautiful sentiment beautifully expressed; but it did not find favor in the courts; the judges, perhaps, thinking that the owner of New Madrid injured land might, in some cases, be most benefited by being allowed to assign his claim, instead of locating it himself and procuring a patent by his own efforts.

In June, 1820, Mr. Wirt gave another opinion, marked by his characteristic *curiosa felicitas* of language.

In this he rebuked those scoffers of right lines and angles, and of ranges, sections, and quarter sections, as well as of a fair regard to riparian advantages, who had located their claims in irregular shapes, or had engrossed the whole river front, appertaining, as a common benefit, to the whole vicinity.

"Congress," in his judgment, "did not design to change or affect in any manner that admirable system of location by squares which had been studiously adopted in relation to all their Territories.....The policy of the law should be so far respected as not to change the rectangular and quadrilateral form" of section and subsection, "which can be effected only by making the subdividing line parallel and co-extensive with the line of the contiguous quarter section which forms part of the location."

He was further of opinion that a claimant entitled to more than one hundred and sixty but less than six hundred and forty acres might locate upon one or more than one quarter section, according to the extent of his claim; and, if these did not fully exhaust his right, might locate the fractional residue upon the fraction of another quarter section; but that "if there be any local advantage (for example, if one side of it be washed by a river) he ought not to be permitted so to divide it as to monopolize the whole of this advantage;" and that no person should be allowed "to string his lo-

cations along the shore so as to pass from one range of sections into another, and thereby to engross the shore to himself; for," said he, "this would be to abuse the charity of the law to the public detriment."

I will not dwell upon these opinions. Each in turn was the manifestation of some new land "quake" in the Land-office, and was also the result of the earthquake of 1811.

But these quakes could not be confined to the Land-office or the office of the Attorney-General.

The opinion of "the law-officer of the government," however just or learned, is not conclusive, and does not finally decide any thing. It is advisory, not obligatory. It may be disregarded by the President or secretary who called for it; courts may treat it as a legal nullity; Congress may legislate it out of existence; some later attorney-general may give a different and conflicting opinion.

I turn, therefore, from the executive to the legislative aspect of this subject.

The third Congressional vibration of the New Madrid earthquake was manifested in the act of April 9, 1818,* which defined the time within which New Madrid claims should be located.

On the 22d of April, 1822, the earthquake appeared for the fourth time in the Capitol, and overthrew and swallowed up Mr. Wirt's doctrine of "rectangular and quadrilateral forms" so far as regarded locations already made, but established it for all cases to come, expressly confirming those prior locations if otherwise conformable to law.†

It is not unreasonable to regard this act as indicative of a disordered condition of the legislative mind in regard to those irregular claimants who were by its operation quieted in their irregular locations.

This law, upon the principle that Congressional charity must have a boundary in time as well as in space, required that New Madrid warrants should be located within the ensuing year, thus giving a limitation of about eight years from the date of the act.

The earthquake again fearfully disturbed the legislative wisdom in March, 1827.‡ Various sufferers whose injured lands were of less area than one hundred and sixty acres, and who could not, therefore, honestly claim or rightfully receive, under the act of 1815, more than a quarter section of the public land, had unlawfully and dishonestly located much larger claims, and clamored for patents as broad as their rascality. They had been holders of town lots and out-lots of small dimensions, and instead of these they were trying to obtain locations by the mile.

By this act of 1827 Congress made itself a party to their practices, and rewarded instead of punishing the swindlers. This new law pro-

* Statutes at Large, vol. iii. p. 417.

† Id., vol. iii. p. 668.

‡ See act of March 2, 1827. Statutes at Large, vol. iv. p. 219, chapter 34.

vided that locations already made "in lieu of lots and out-lots in and adjacent to the villages of New Madrid and Little Prairie, and not exceeding six hundred and forty acres" (that is, a square mile or "section" of survey) "to any one sufferer, might be perfected into grants" under the act of 1815, "any construction of" that act "to the contrary notwithstanding."

Nor was this the last or the worst phenomenon produced in Congress by the New Madrid convulsion; for after a lapse of sixteen years came another more terrible vibration, exhibiting itself in the act of March 1, 1843.*

Certain parties, in violation of law and of treaty, had located New Madrid claims on lands belonging to Indian tribes south of the Arkansas River—lands the Indian title to which had not been extinguished, and the quiet possession of which had been guaranteed to those tribes by the United States.

When the Indian title had been extinguished the land became the property of the United States, was surveyed and offered for sale, and some of it which had been thus lawlessly located by dishonest claimants was sold to honest purchasers. The titles thus honestly acquired were, of course, disputed by the fraudulent claimants. These malefactors could not reasonably expect much aid or comfort from courts of law. They might, however, apply to Congress, and perhaps obtain legislative relief from the consequences of their wrong-doing, or, possibly, procure a bounty therefor. Had they not the act of 1827 to encourage them?

They did apply to Congress. They did obtain relief. They did receive a bounty for their misconduct. The act of 1843 met their wishes exactly and entirely. It declared that locations already made of warrants issued under the law of 1815 on the south side of the Arkansas River, if made pursuant to that act in other respects, should be perfected into grants "in like manner as if the Indian title to the lands on the south side of said river had been completely extinguished at the time of the passage of said act," and that if the lands thus wrongfully located had subsequently been appropriated by the United States, the owner of the fraudulent or illegal warrants might, without payment, enter the like quantity of any unappropriated and unimproved public lands in the State of Arkansas, in tracts corresponding with the legal sectional divisions and lines of survey.

Fortunately this is the last act of Congress relating to New Madrid sufferers. What new and further legislative step in the direction of land frauds and trespasses might next have been taken it is difficult to imagine. After a quiet of seven-and-twenty years no further Congressional convulsion is now probable.

Let us now follow the earthquake into the solemn precincts of the Supreme Court of the United States, and see what are its effects upon the judicial mind.

Three times, at least, has that dignified tribunal been shaken, and not in every instance very creditably, by New Madrid agitations. There may have been other cases the record of which has escaped me.

The first that I have found is that of *Bagnell v. Broderick*, in January, 1839, twenty-eight years after the great convulsion of nature in which it originated.* The details of the case might be easily wrought into a sensational romance; but I must content myself with a meagre summary of the facts in the note below, and with the remark that the court was actually led to decide that a New Madrid land-warrant, obtained by fraud, shall inure to the benefit of the swindler and those holding under him as assignees of the warrant, and that the court will not go behind such patent to give relief to the defrauded party.†

The court was not, I am glad to say, unanimous in this lamentable decision. Justices M'Lean and M'Kinley dissented, and did their best to keep the judicial ermine unsoiled.‡ But the honest man was stripped of his estate, and it was judicially given to the scoundrel who defrauded him.

It is gratifying to know that in the very next New Madrid case, which came before the court in January, 1844, the honest doctrine of the dissenting judges of 1839 had become the doctrine of the entire court,§ which declared unanimously that "it would be a most dangerous

* The curious student will find it reported in vol. iii. of Peters's Reports of the Supreme Court.

† The outline of the facts may be given as follows: On the 20th of May, 1809, more than two years and a half before the earthquake, John Robertson, being the owner of New Madrid land, sold and conveyed it to Edward Robertson, who held the title at the time of the earthquake, by which the land was materially injured. In October, 1813, Edward Robertson sold and conveyed a part of the damaged land to Edward R. Byrne, and he and Byrne were the sole owners when the act of relief was passed, and they alone had any claim under that act. In 1817 the entire title was vested in Byrne, who, in October, 1818, located his six hundred and forty acres, as the legal representative of John Robertson. Byrne alone could honestly obtain a patent for that claim; but John Robertson obtained it dishonestly, and the court sustained the patent as too sacred for judicial disturbance, and so Byrne was stripped of his entire estate.

‡ It is refreshing to read the strong sentences of these high-minded judges. John Robertson's "patent," said they, "must have been obtained fraudulently on the presentation of the certificate of location made by Byrne.... The inference of fraud is as irresistible as are the facts from which it is inferred.... John Robertson, more than ten years before the date of the patent, and more than two years and a half before the earthquake, had, by his own conveyance, ceased to be the owner of the New Madrid lands, which were relinquished to the United States by Byrne. Having no shadow of right, John Robertson could obtain the patent in his own name by no other than fraudulent means, and no court which could feel itself authorized to look behind the patent could hesitate to pronounce the title of Byrne valid against the patentee, who has sought to cover his fraud by this legal instrument. Judging from the evidence of this case," said Mr. Justice M'Lean, "I have never seen a grosser act of fraud than the obtainment of this patent by Robertson."

§ *Stoddard v. Chambers*. Howard's Reports, vol. ii. p. 217.

* Statutes at Large, vol. v. p. 603.

principle to hold that a patent should carry the legal title, though obtained fraudulently or against law."

This decision was pronounced by Judge M'Lean, who must have smiled with more than satisfaction as he thus announced that a rumination of five years had converted all the judges to his and Judge M'Kinley's opinion. He doubtless felt very much as an inhabitant of New Madrid would have felt, five years after the submersion of his lands, if a second earthquake had suddenly raised them to their former level.

The court also decided, in this second case, that a New Madrid claim could be located only on such public lands as had been offered for sale. This was merely repeating the declaration of the Earthquake Act, which authorizes locations "on lands the sale of which is authorized by law."

It would seem that no legal proposition could be plainer or truer than this. And yet a majority of the court—six out of the nine judges—denied and abandoned it, in the case of *Barry v. Gamble*, before the year was at an end,* and declared that such a claim might be located on lands not offered for sale.

One feels inclined, on this occasion, to inquire of the court, as it is said Jeremiah Mason, under similar circumstances, asked of a New Hampshire court, "And now, let me inquire, are your Honors a-going to stick?"

Three of the judges adhered consistently to the January opinion; and we commend the record of their dissent to those who enjoy clear and convincing expositions by the minority of the erroneous judgments and feeble reasoning of the majority. We have not room for even the briefest synopsis of the facts and arguments; and so we leave this last of the earthquake cases to the tender mercies of the critical student.

It is well that the judicial aspect of our subject has no new phases, and its history no new cases.

How can we account for such contradiction of opinion? for such disturbances of the judicial mind?

So might it be asked, who can determine the causes of the New Madrid earthquake?

It is easy to say, in regard to both, that the convulsion was caused by unseen and mysterious forces. It is impossible, in regard to either, to say what set those forces in motion.

The upheaval of the river-bed below New Madrid drove back its waters, and compelled them for many miles and many hours to actually run up stream, and the old banks and landmarks were washed away.

So in this strange spasm of judicial inconsistency not only did the true meaning and intent of the New Madrid law disappear, but long-established principles of justice were overwhelmed as completely as were the banks of "the Father of Waters" in the earthquake of December, 1811.

Here ends our review of the legislative, executive, and judicial history of that earthquake.

The physical shocks and shakes began in 1811, and were repeated at various intervals in 1812 and 1813.

The metaphysical agitations commenced in 1814, and continued up to December, 1844.

Three years was the limit of the one class of convulsions, and thirty years of the other.

Let us rejoice that neither of them threatens to return, to vex either the soil of the West or the soul of our government.

A SUMMER'S AMUSEMENT.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

"**L**AURENCE will be here this evening to say good-by," the squire (as he was always called in the village) said, opening the drawing-room door, and looking in upon his wife and daughters. "He leaves us to-morrow, he tells me," he added, waiting for an answer; and the answer burst from three pairs of lips at once.

"Leaves us to-morrow!" Mrs. Grey and two of her daughters exclaimed; but a third daughter was silent, and Mrs. Grey glanced quickly at her pet child as she added, "What a dear, changeable boy Laurence is! he never knows his own mind."

"Well, he'll tell you about it presently, when he comes," the squire said, walking off to dress for dinner. Then the ladies hurried away to their several rooms for the same purpose, and there was no more said about Laurence just then.

But half an hour after, the eldest and the youngest Miss Grey, happening to be down stairs before the others, spoke of him again.

"Did you see how red and then how white Violet got when papa said Laurence was going?" Marion, the youngest sister, asked.

"Yes, I did; I felt myself tingling in the cheeks at the suddenness of it. I suppose he will speak to papa to-night," Bessie, the eldest of the three, answered. "Poor dear Violet! I know she is nervous by her being so long."

Violet was nervous, intensely nervous; but it was with the greatest happiness she had ever known in her young life that she was fluttering. The announcement that Laurence was going away to-morrow had been a shock to her for a minute or two; but after that minute she told herself that he would be sure to claim her openly before he left, and give her the right to express some of the passionate love he had taught her to feel for him.

It was late summer now, and ever since the early spring Mr. Laurence Waldron—a young man who was going to carve out a career for himself at the bar, and who claimed cousinship in some rather remote degree with the Greys—had been loitering about in the neighborhood. Mr. Grey had asked him to be their guest at the Priory, but Mr. Waldron had preferred his independence. So sometimes he had

* Howard's Reports, vol. iii. p. 52. December, 1844.

staid at a sea-side place half a mile off, and sometimes he had taken lodgings at a farmhouse on the hill. The manner of life and the lovely girls at the Priory were pleasant to him, but dearer still was the delight of being absolutely unfettered.

Nevertheless, though he had not lived under the same roof with her, he had rarely been apart from Violet Grey. He had ridden with her, sketched with her, danced with her—flirted with her, in fact—until their names were very freely coupled together. He seldom took her hand without making her heart beat and her color rise by the way in which he pressed it. He poured out all his sanguine, ambitious hopes. He took for granted that she was interested in all that interested him. He said as much to her, he often told her, as he would say to a sister; and, withal, he had not yet asked her to be his wife.

Perhaps the girl had been too ready to be won? People are very apt to make this charitable suggestion when a man has got a girl's heart in his possession, and makes no sign that he wishes her hand to accompany it. Violet was very fond of him—loved him very dearly, in fact, and never for an instant doubted that he loved her equally well. Yet, for all this reliance on this reciprocity of sentiment, she went through many a period of mortification and misery even during these bright late summer days, the contemplated closing in of which caused such consternation at the Priory.

"I suppose he will speak to papa to-night," Bessie had said, in answer to her youngest sister's remarks about Violet's pallor when Laurence's departure was mentioned; and, somehow or other, this supposition, which she alone had openly expressed, was in all their minds when they sat down to dinner that day. Mrs. Grey had half expected him to come in and take what the squire would persist in calling pot-luck. She had half expected him, and was wholly disappointed when he did not come; for the excellent lady, in spite of the prudence which she avowed to be her most prominent characteristic, was carried away as utterly and entirely as her daughter Violet by the free, open, winning ways of the semi-relation, semi-stranger, Laurence Waldron.

At last silence on the subject that was occupying the minds of all became too painful for further endurance, and Mrs. Grey said,

"Where is Laurence going? Did he tell you?"

"No. He said something about his mother wanting to see him," the squire replied. "By-the-way, it's the first time I ever heard him mention his mother. Has he spoken about her to any of you?" he added, casting an inquiring glance round the table.

"I have heard him speak of his half-brother, Ernest," Marion said.

"Yes, and so have I," Bessie put in; "but never of his mother."

"I believe there is a—painful estrangement

between Mr. Waldron and his mother," Violet said, hesitatingly. "Since her second marriage she has been cold to him, and he has felt her neglect very much."

"Oh, he's told you that, has he?" Mr. Grey said, laughing; and then Mrs. Grey nodded her head significantly, and said she only hoped Laurence would have a wife by-and-by who would make up to him for his mother's want of affection. And to this unexceptionably friendly remark no one seemed to think further answer than a glance at Violet necessary.

Violet Grey was just the sort of girl who seemed to deserve a floral name. Pretty, fair, fragile, and refined, with dark blue eyes, that had a power of looking a thousand deep feelings which Violet never felt, and soft, hazelnut-colored hair, and a wavering expression, half smile, half frown, on her brow. She was just the sort of girl to ascend at once into a man's heart and enthrone herself there, and reign there unquestioned.

So had she ascended and enthroned herself, and so did she reign, in Laurence Waldron's heart. He had committed himself to loving her, and betraying to her that he loved her, before the thought of his possibly opposing mother did arise. But when that thought was borne in upon him by an eloquent epistle from herself, he felt as if no amount of suffering on his part could expiate the sin of which he had been guilty toward the girl.

Twenty-three years ago, while he was a little boy of three, his mother, then the beautiful widow, Mrs. Waldron, became acquainted with a man who had but one merit even in her infatuated eyes. This one merit was that he was a scion of a noble house: he was the Hon. Mr. Burgoyne, fourth son of the Earl of Baddington. He wooed the widow earnestly, actuated, people said, by the knowledge he had of the handsome dowry she enjoyed under her late husband's will. However that may be, his wooing ended in his wedding her. And as soon as she became the Hon. Mrs. Burgoyne she reaped the fruits of her own imprudence, and found them a plenteous crop.

In the first place, little Laurence was protested against as an interloper and an incumbrance, and so his mother (whose money kept Mr. Burgoyne's *ménage* going) had to put him out to board with one of those convenient old friends and poor relations who do crop up to the relief of harassed women. The poor little banished boy was kindly enough treated in his new home; but he grew up under the adverse conviction that he was banished, and this conviction was not at all favorable to a fine mental development. Then, as years went on, and he was admitted into the Burgoyne circle, he found his existence always deprecated, as it were, among them by his mother. She accepted him as a fact, truly, but as a very painful fact. He was the living evidence that she had been loving to and loved by some other man before she had married this present hus-

band of hers, whom she had grown to both dread and idolize. Indeed, it seemed to poor young Laurence Waldron, during those growing-up years, that he was dear to no human being save to his half-brother, Ernest Burgoyne.

Between these two there existed a hearty, boyish, frank regard and sympathy, that was born partly of their natural good feeling, and partly of their mutual contempt for and dislike of the maudlin terms in which they were recommended to regard each other. Laurence was just four years the senior of his brother Ernest, and this four years' seniority became an appalling thing in the mouths of the matron and virgin who managed and mismanaged the respective nurseries. "Master Laurence mustn't want to have *every thing* his own way, though he is four years older than his poor little brother, must he, my lamb?" the special attendant of little Ernest Burgoyne would say, pathetically, to her charge; and "Come to your poor old nurse, dear, who loves you still, though your nose *is* put out of joint by the fine young gentleman who thinks he's to carry all things before him," the indiscreet old harriidan who ministered to the wants of the poor little Esau would say. The effect of these speeches was to engender bitter bad feeling and cruel heart-burnings between the nurses. But the nurslings were uninfluenced by them, or, rather, were influenced by them in a way that was entirely contrary to the wishes of the speakers. The brothers loved each other, in fact—loved each other with a love surpassing that which is very often felt by those who are born and nurtured together in amity.

Of course it will be understood from the statement of the way in which the fraternal feeling was engendered that the little brothers met frequently, though they did not dwell in the same tent. Mrs. Burgoyne was capable of conceding much, but not of conceding every thing. She was, in truth, one of those most aggravating of all God's creatures, who always adopt half measures. She did in this instance consent to wring her own heart and wound her son Laurence by turning him visibly out of her house, and apparently out of her heart; and this she did to please her husband. But she nullified her graciousness toward her ungracious spouse by perpetually having the little boy "to spend the day with Ernest." Mr. Burgoyne knew himself to be liable to a sight of his predecessor's offspring at odd hours, and what he considered unseemly times. "The brat is about the house like a tame cat! I do wish, Helen, that you would do one thing or the other: keep him altogether if you must; get rid of him altogether if you can. Only let it be one thing or the other." To this awful request Mrs. Burgoyne could only say, "Woe is me," in her heart, and "What *shall* I do?" with her pleading, infirm-of-purpose tongue; and as Mr. Burgoyne returned her no definitely guiding answer, she went on her way without doing "one thing or the other" with the de-

cision which her husband deemed desirable. The boys grew up seeing much of one another, loving each other well; and when Laurence flung free of the trammels the poor relations had cast about him, and went forth to make his own way in the world, the memory of his brother Ernest was the softest, sweetest one he had.

Of Ernest he had frequently spoken to Violet Grey, telling the girl, in many a circumlocutionary phrase, that he craved from her a sisterly regard for this brother of his. And Violet had, half frankly, half shyly, suffered the expression of some such feeling to be wrung out of her, qualifying it by a statement of there being a possibility of her never knowing Ernest, and of Ernest never hearing of her. In reply to this Laurence Waldron was apt to observe that the laws of sympathy must eventually bring two people who were so dear to him together. And Violet believed him.

Violet believed him; and yet her heart contracted with the sharpest pain she had ever felt when he came to her side late that night and wished her a hearty, friendly "good-by." He had been singularly blithe and unembarrassed and charming during this last visit of his—so unembarrassed and so charming that Mrs. Grey and Bessie and Marion forgot what they had heard relative to his departure on the morrow. But Violet never forgot it once—not even when she was listening to some of his brightest sallies. She sat dumb with the agony of impatience that no efforts of her own could allay. Her heart was his, to take to himself or to cast aside as he willed. He was strong—she prayed vehemently that he would be merciful.

"Well, I'm off to-morrow," he said at last, gayly, introducing the subject himself.

"You will soon be back with us, I hope?" Mrs. Grey said.

"Not very soon, Mrs. Grey. My brother Ernest has got into some trifling difficulty, and my mother wants me to see him and use my influence to induce him to do as she pleases." He laughed as he spoke, as if the idea of his siding with his mother and opposing Ernest was comical—and contemptible. For the first time there was something jarring to Violet in his laugh. It sounded as if he could be both crafty and cruel.

Still she believed him—even when he was leaving her for an indefinite period, with just a few sweet-toned, indefinite words. He was the sort of man in whom girls like to believe: a well-grown, well-set-up, fair, rather florid young Englishman, with bright blue eyes, and bright, wavy, chestnut hair, and a dulcet-toned voice.

"He will come back and say what he has taught me to long to hear," the girl thought, as she met his parting loving glance. And then he was gone; and she had nothing but this faith in him to fortify her, and to enable her to bear the brunt of the family remarks.

"I suppose he whispered something we didn't hear," Bessie said to Marion. "Violet looks

quite satisfied, and she wouldn't look that if he had left her in the uncertainty in which he has left us."

"I wish he had spoken to papa: people will ask so many questions," Marion replied; and then the sisters diverged into other topics, and Violet's prospects ebbed out of the conversation.

But Violet had not even the poor comfort of a few whispered words to dwell upon during the first few days after Laurence had left them. At the end of that time she had something—something tangible, but hardly to be considered satisfactory. The something she had was a letter from Laurence, and it ran as follows:

"MY DEAR VIOLET,—I left the Priory in such haste the other night that I forgot to ask you if you had done with Browning's poems. A friend of mine wants to read his 'Last Duchess.' I am staying here with Ernest, who has set up an atelier and commenced a career as a portrait painter. He has got wrong with his father and mother, and they are not going the way to get him right. The 'little difficulty' I so cursorily alluded to before your people when I made my adieus to you all was about a lady with whom he has fallen in love. This is his secret; therefore I must ask you to keep it. I hope all will end well. The rich autumn tints must glorify the Priory exceedingly just now: when shall I see it again!

"Believe me, yours ever,

"LAURENCE WALDRON.

"THE TEMPLE, ADDISON ROAD, KENSINGTON, W."

This letter was received by Violet in full family conclave, and it was very much a habit in the Grey family to show their letters to one another. This mutual confidence system has its advantages; it likewise has its drawbacks. Violet experienced some of these latter now, as her mother asked her,

"Who is your letter from, Violet?"

"Mr. Waldron," Violet answered, blushing furiously. There was nothing in the letter that might not have been shown to the whole world, as far as she was concerned; but that one little sentence concerning his brother sealed her lips—that one little unimportant sentence which he had been far wiser to have left unwritten.

"And are we not to hear what he says?" Mrs. Grey said, smiling hopefully, while her sisters gave Violet sympathetic glances that she felt to be quite superfluous.

"He wants his Browning that he lent me," Violet stammered. "That is why he has written to me." Then she looked up bravely, and added, "Don't ask me to read the rest; I am not free to do it, and—oh dear! how *can* I make you understand!"

"We will not try to force your confidence, my girl," her father said, gravely.

"Oh, papa, don't! don't! don't misjudge me. He tells me something that he doesn't wish to have known to any body yet. I wish he hadn't told me, with all my heart," the girl wound up, suddenly; and then, with a petulant air that was a new thing in Violet, she tore the letter into tiny bits, and crumpled them up in her hand.

"Now you will go on thinking it was a love-

letter, and I have destroyed my proof that it was not," she cried, in an agony of vexation, as she saw them all viewing her with the sort of mournful tenderness with which the universally benevolent are apt to regard a moth perversely bent upon its own destruction. "He has written me a little commonplace letter that he might have written to papa or any one—a letter that doesn't give me a grain of comfort, and yet I can't tell you what its contents are, though they are nothing to me."

"Do you need comfort, my child?" her mother asked, tenderly, while Mr. Grey got up and stalked out of the room. And then Violet knew that her love was known and watched, and that speculations were rife about what return was made for it. His letter might have been addressed to the most commonplace acquaintance; it had not satisfied one of her strong yearnings for one loving word; and yet, in the eyes of her own family, she was put in the position of being secretly and ardently wooed. They judged according to their lights, and their lights misled them.

It grew very hard to bear, the home life of the girl, soon after this. They scorned to suspect Violet of any thing clandestine, but it was terrible to her to know and feel that they suspected him. "He has tried to lure her into a secret engagement, and she's breaking her heart because she's too noble to agree to it," the mother would say, with sighs of sympathy; and Mr. Grey would mutter stray words of wrath against all wandering and fair-spoken strangers in a suspicious way that was foreign to him. So, life being wearisome at the Priory, Violet hailed with delight a letter from an old school-fellow, who was anxious, as behooves a bride, to show her new house and husband to her friend Violet Grey.

"We have a sweet cottage in that delectable debatable ground which lies between Bayswater and Kensington," she wrote. "Come and stay with us, and see how admirably I manage to control a set of the best-trained, and consequently the most difficult to deal with, domestics in London. Mr. Taylor longs to know you, and I can introduce you to two of the most delightful young men in England. One of them is threatening to defy Mrs. Grundy at present, but that only makes him the more delightful. If you can come at all, join me at the Pier Hotel, Brighton, one day of next week, and write there to say which day it shall be. We will then go home together.

"Your affectionate friend,

"GERTRUDE TAYLOR."

"I shall go if you will let me," Violet said to her mother when this letter came under discussion.

"The change will do you good," Mrs. Grey assented.

"Mamma, don't put it in that way. I don't want change—at least, I don't need change; only I should like to go." From which speech they all drew the deduction that Violet had some secret cause of anxiety connected with Laurence Waldron.

The day came for Violet to join her friend Mrs. Taylor at Brighton, and the young, happy

married woman met the girl with a gushing air of glad happiness that contrasted vividly with Violet's uncertainty and constraint. For it is a truth that the secrecy which had been forced upon her and the silence of Laurence had developed both these things in her. She no longer felt sure of him. How, then, could she feel sure of herself, or of any thing else in the world?

It happened, unfortunately for the composure she desired to maintain about him before strangers, that Laurence Waldron's name was the first mentioned at the dinner-table that night. "I wanted my favorite, Laurence Waldron, to dine here to-day," Mrs. Taylor said. "I told him I had a lovely friend coming, but he turned a careless ear."

"You didn't mention my name, did you?" Violet asked, with a vexed air.

"No, I didn't. But why?"

"Because I happen to know Mr. Laurence Waldron, and I should not like to think that he 'turned a careless ear' to the tidings of my coming," Violet said, telling the truth—as people do sometimes—to cover her confusion.

"No; I mean you two to fall in love with one another, though. He's a little absorbed just now in a love affair of his brother's—"

"Then they are your two delightful young men?"

"Of course they are. Didn't I mention their names to you, either? Oh dear, how unpremeditatedly cautious I'm becoming! Ernest Burgoyne, his half-brother, looks ten times quieter and less likely to fall into a scrape than Laurence, and yet he has been the one to do it. He's married to a lovely being of inferior birth who sat to him as a model. I have screwed so much out of them by a judicious course of interrogations, which my husband characterizes as idle curiosity."

"Married, is he? Then what good can Laurence do with his parents for him?" Violet asked.

"I really can't tell you, my dear; and as Laurence's interests are not at stake, I really don't care. The woman's beauty is bewitching. I have seen her once with Laurence. He didn't introduce me, of course."

There was no more said on the subject that was the most interesting in the world to Violet until she was settled with her friends at their bijou house in the Addison Road. Then Mrs. Taylor called Violet to the window, and pointed out a picturesque abode just opposite.

"That is the Temple, Mr. Burgoyne's house, and there—quick!—at the window is Mrs. Burgoyne herself."

Violet looked, and saw, leaning against the half-closed French window of the opposite house, a woman whose beauty was indeed bewitching; a woman who was past her first girlhood, whose age might be about five-and-twenty, perhaps, but from whose luxuriant face and form time had not taken one charm; an exquisitely beautiful woman, with a rich, fair

face framed in hair of that true ruddy, golden hue that we see in old Venetian pictures. What color her eyes were Violet could not see; but they were dark, deep, soft, and expressive, and were heavily fringed. So much, at least, was perceptible even at the distance she stood. Her mouth was winningly lovely, and as she kept on smiling, and showing a nest of little dimples in her chin and cheek, Violet exclaimed,

"Mr. Burgoyne's infatuation is quite accounted for."

"Yes; isn't she a Venus? But I shrewdly suspect that she is a vulgar Venus. Models spring from the ranks, as a rule, you know. But doesn't she know how to dress? Just look at the shade of that purple velvet! She will go out riding at the fashionable hour with the two young men, and then you will see how superb she looks in her habit."

"Does Laurence always go with them?"

"Yes—Mr. Waldron does. I didn't know you were intimate enough with him to call him Laurence," Mrs. Taylor said, dryly.

"It's hearing you speak of him with such familiarity led me into error, Gertrude," Violet said, calmly. But though she spoke calmly, she knew that she had betrayed the secret of her love to yet another human being.

The tale of all that took place during the next two or three weeks must be hurried over, in order to reach the *dénouement* before the space allotted for this story is exceeded. Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor's lovely guest were attractions that both the brothers seemed to find irresistible. They would saunter in of a morning, and obtain admission to Mrs. Taylor's boudoir, where Violet and her hostess usually sat; and there they would remain, reading poetry and politics, till courtesy compelled Mrs. Taylor to invite them to luncheon. And all this time Ernest's neglected wife was never alluded to, and Violet was becoming more and more deeply attached to Laurence.

"Why doesn't Laurence Waldron speak out? He evidently adores her, and has done so for months. All that time he was away he was down in their neighborhood," Mrs. Taylor said to her husband. And he replied:

"I honestly confess that I don't care half as much about Laurence's reserve as I do about Burgoyne's want of it toward your friend. Don't you see, Gertrude, that Burgoyne is in love with her to? and he has a wife."

"No, I do not see it," Mrs. Taylor said, stoutly. Nevertheless she made up her mind to speak to her favorite, Laurence, about it. "It will stir him up a bit," she thought, "and make him jealous for Violet."

She put her plan into execution that very night, while they were waiting for Violet to come down dressed to go to the opera with the Taylors and Laurence. Ernest was to join them in their box later in the evening.

"I am glad your brother dined at the Arts to-night," Mrs. Taylor began, abruptly.

"Why?" he asked, starting from his position by the window.

"Because—to be quite frank with you—he is here too much. What must that poor wife of his think of it? She *is* his wife, is she not?" the matron went on, anxiously. "I have not been deceived about her marriage?"

"You have not been deceived about her being married. She is married safely enough, confessed it!" he muttered.

"Poor thing! what must she feel when she sees her husband so constantly with a lovely girl like Miss Grey?"

"Mrs. Taylor, you are right to blame me; but spare me to-night—let me enjoy to-night."

"Why *should* you take your brother's misconduct to heart so seriously?" she said, earnestly and kindly. "Violet is in no danger from Ernest, I can assure you; but he has no right to trifle with the happiness of that poor woman, who is kept under such a cloud. I begged him yesterday to introduce her to me, and his answer was that she would know no one. She must feel outraged by her husband, to come to such an unwise decision."

"Let me have to-night to think over things," he pleaded, with a strange earnestness; and then Violet came in.

That night, sitting in the back of the opera box, he scribbled a few words and gave them into Violet's hands. She fed on them in her heart all the way home; she sprang up into her room without a moment's pause, when she got home, to read them. The offer must have come at last. She fell on her knees and thanked God in a fervent prayer that he had permitted her to be so blessed. The offer had come at last! and it was couched in these words: "Violet, you know how madly I love you; trust yourself to me, and leave London with me to-night. If you will not do this, you condemn us both to bitter misery; for we shall be parted by a power I shall be powerless to oppose after to-night. I shall wait for you in a carriage at the top of the road until three o'clock; you must find means to come. Violet, my love, you will destroy me if you do not." Then he signed his initials, after declaring himself to be "her lover eternally." The girl read the letter while she was still upon her knees in the attitude into which she had fallen to thank God for the great joy he had given her. When she had finished it she groveled down and lay with her head upon the ground for some time; and while she lay there her youth fled from her, and the conviction was borne in upon her that, come what would, for her the bloom of life was gone.

It need not be said that Violet Grey did not leave her friend's roof at three o'clock. Several times, as she sat up in the dark, listening, she heard impatient footsteps pass her window, and she recognized them for Laurence's. They trampled out the last particle of her trust in him—but they did not trample out her love.

That lasted: it did not even die in hate

when Ernest Burgoyne came to them the following morning with a confession. He had a horrible task to fulfill, poor fellow, for he had come to love Violet desperately; and he had to tell her that his brother, whom she loved, had been married for more than a year to the beautiful woman who had passed as Mrs. Burgoyne. "I lent myself to the deception because my mother would have stopped his allowance if she had known the truth," he said; "but it became unbearable at last, especially after you came here, and her jealousy got roused. It culminated this morning, when I declared that I should come over here and make a clean breast of it. Laurence has taken his wife away, and means to go to Australia, where they will be unknown. Not that there is any thing against my poor sister-in-law; but Laurence's own feelings wouldn't allow him to remain in England. He was out all last night, and this morning when he came home his utter despair and his self-reproaches were horrible to listen to."

"He did not tell you why he was out all night, did he?" Violet asked, quickly.

"No," Ernest answered; and then Violet breathed another prayer of thankfulness that the full measure of his sin was unknown to the brother who loved him so well still.

It was fully two months after these occurrences before Violet could make up her mind to allude to them in her letters home. Then she did it in the following terms to her mother:

"You know that Laurence Waldron was very dear to me. I say this to you now because I want you to understand how I suffered when I heard he was married, in order that you may spare me the further suffering of having to explain things. He is married, and he has taken his wife to Australia; and I live to write this to you—this, and something else: that another man, and that man his brother, has asked me to be his wife. But what was a summer's amusement to Laurence Waldron was more to me. I shall be your old-maid daughter, mother dear; for I hope that Bessie and Marion will be more fortunate than I have been."

WAITING.

WAITING for health and strength,

Counting each flickering pulse, each passing hour,
And sighing when my weary frame at length
Sinks like a drooping flower.

Waiting for rest and peace—

Rest from unraveling Life's perplexing woof—
Peace from the doubts that crouch like hidden foes,
And glare at me aloof.

Waiting for absent eyes,

Bright as the sunrise to the lonesome sea,
Lovely as life to youth's expectant gaze,
And dear, next heaven, to me!

Thou who didst watch and pray,

Quicken the pulse, bid Doubt and Weeping flee!
Or, if these must abide, still let me say,
Bring back the loved to me!

LYELL AND GEOLOGY.*

A STORY is related of a young man who, desiring to learn something of geology, asked at a bookstore for the best elementary work on that subject. On opening the book that was offered to him, and turning over the leaves, and finding the work illustrated throughout with engravings of plants and animals, he said:

"No, it was a text-book of geology that I wished for. This seems to be a work on natural history."

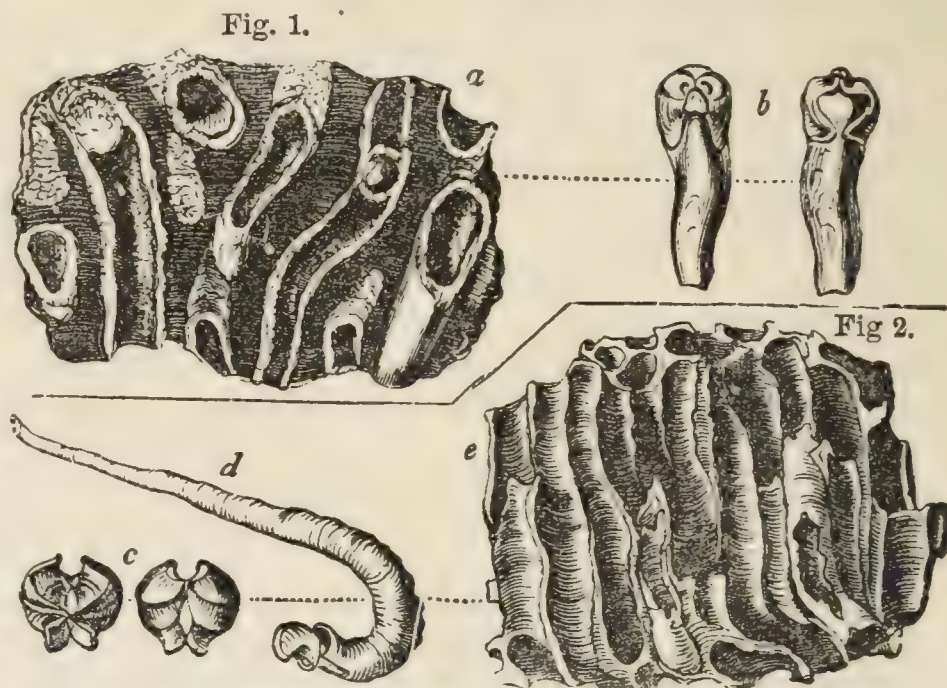
So numerous were the vegetable and animal forms that were delineated upon the pages of the volume that the work seemed to be occupied altogether with the phenomena of life, instead of being intended to illustrate the appearance and the characteristics of geological formations.

It is surprising to what an extent the study of geology has become the study of fossils. Fossils, in fact, constitute the language in which the geological records are to be read. The study of comparative anatomy has made such progress, and the advantages derived from the use of the microscope are so great, that the specific differences of the various plants and animals in a fossil form can be easily and very certainly determined; sometimes even when only a fragment of the original form remains. And the mass of observations which have been made by the hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of laborers that have now for half a century been engaged in this field is so great that the most important results have been established on evidence so conclusive that no single individual who really looks into it, whatever may have been his previous ideas or conceptions, can possibly withhold his assent from the results. These results determine the fact that the progress of change, both in the condition of the various portions of the earth's surface and in the forms of vegetable and animal life which have from time to time appeared upon it, has been going on for immensely long periods of time—so long as infinitely to transcend the conceptions of the human mind.

The disposition to believe or disbelieve in the truth and reality of the indications furnished by fossil remains depends, in the minds of different observers, very much upon the degree of knowledge they severally possess in respect to the character and relations of the forms in question.

In Figs. 1 and 2, for example (from Lyell), there is a faithful representation of a piece of

fossil wood brought up from a great depth among the strata—formed, apparently, of ancient river deposits—which underlie the whole region on which London stands, the whole formation having received the name, on that account, of the London clay. The wood is entirely fossilized—that is (on the supposition that it once really was wood), it has been converted into stone by the gradual substitution of argillaceous and calcareous particles for the vegetable fibre of which it was composed. The specimen has the appearance of having been bored in different directions, just as wood is now bored



FOSSIL AND RECENT WOOD DRILLED BY PERFORATING MOLLUSCA.

- Fig. 1. *a.* Fossil wood from London clay, bored by *Teredina*.
b. Shell and tube of *Teredina personata*, the right-hand figure the ventral, the left the dorsal view.
 Fig. 2. *e.* Recent wood bored by *Teredo*.
d. Shell and tube of *Teredo navalis*, from the same.
c. Anterior and posterior view of the valves of same detached from the tube.

by worms; and in the borings, in certain places, are found what seem to be the remains of animals that might have made them. These remains consist each of a somewhat globular but irregular mass, with a tube attached to it, as shown in the front and back view at *b*.

Now a person who had no knowledge of the borings made by animals in wood might very probably hesitate to believe that this specimen had ever been a piece of real wood, and that it actually had been bored by living animals. He would say, perhaps, that it was a mere *lusus naturæ*—an accidental resemblance; that it was created as it is when the world was made, and had, of course, always been what it is now. He might say, moreover, that it was found at a depth and in a position among compact strata of clay to which worms, to say nothing of real wood, could never penetrate, and that the little globose forms supposed to represent worms were mere amorphous masses, to which chance had given that shape, and could never have existed as real animals at all.

But there is, in fact, at the present day, a genus of wood-worms, one species of which is well known to all ship-builders and ship-owners, and is the object of their special abhorrence and detestation on account of its habit of boring

* *The Student's Elements of Geology*. By Sir CHARLES LYELL, Bart., F.R.S. New York: Harper and Brothers.

into and destroying the hulls of ships. The genus is known to naturalists as the *Teredo*; and the species which attacks the wood employed in naval constructions is the *Teredo navalis*. A representation of this animal is seen by itself in the engraving at *c*, and also, in connection with the tube or shell which it forms, at *d*. A specimen of the wood as perforated by it at the present day is seen to the right, at *e*.

Now if a common shipwright's apprentice or journeyman were to be shown this specimen, however uncultivated and unformed his mind might be in other respects, if he was familiar with the operations of the *Teredo navalis*—or the ship-worm, as he would call it—and of the appearance of the wood which had been cut through and through by the animal's borings—having often been employed in removing from the hulls of ships portions of planks or timbers so destroyed, and in replacing them with sound wood—it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to believe that the borings in the fossil specimen were not produced in the same way. The person first supposed, who was incredulous in respect to the origin of the fossil, might be a man of great general intelligence and cultivation, and might have made much progress in classical or metaphysical studies; but the simple fact that he had never had the opportunity to observe the existence and the operations of wood-boring worms might make him wholly inaccessible to proofs which would be perfectly convincing to a mind which, though otherwise wholly uncultivated, had enjoyed this opportunity.

If the skeptic were to point out to the shipwright, who had never, we may suppose, known any other wood-borer but the *Teredo navalis*, that the form of the animal in the fossil was not the same, or if he should ask him how such a specimen, if it were once really a piece of wood, could possibly have found its way down through strata of stiff clay to such a great depth, he might be puzzled, and admit that there was a mystery in the case which he could not solve. But the only effect would be, not to shake his belief as to the real origin of the fossil, but only to lead him to scrutinize it more closely, and to find in minute marks and in almost imperceptible peculiarities in the shape of the borings, and other indications of the presence and action of an animal, additional proofs to confirm him in his first convictions.

And then when the scientific observer, bringing to the case his zoological and geological knowledge, finds that the differences between the fossil and the living animal, studied by the help of the microscope, are precisely analogous to those observed in many cases between one genus and another of living animals, and observes, moreover, that processes of burying animal and vegetable remains by a gradual deposit of such a character as to become ultimately strata of clay, accompanied by changes of level, which, if long enough continued, would fully account for such fossils being found at great

depths below the surface, are now constantly going on in various parts of the earth, the difficulty which the ship-builder would find in believing the fossil to be an unmeaning sport of nature becomes in his mind an absolute impossibility.

Thus the capacity of a person to judge of the evidence in such cases as this depends not on the *general cultivation of mind* which the observer possesses, but on the degree of attention which he has paid to the special subjects directly involved in these inquiries.

The writings of Lyell have, perhaps, more than those of any other man, contributed to bring this special knowledge before the minds of the educated portion of the Christian world, and have had a vast influence in modifying the opinions of men, and enlarging their knowledge in respect to the history and structure of the globe. The point, moreover, in which the greatest change has been effected in the prevailing ideas relates to the time during which the process of change which we now witness has been going on. The great elevations and depressions, the disruption of strata, the fissures and chasms, and other marks of great change in the conformation of the earth's crust, which it was the fashion in former times to attribute to great catastrophes and sudden and violent convulsions, are now universally believed to have resulted from the slow and continuous action, through very long periods, of causes still in constant operation before our eyes.

The reason why these vast effects were attributed in former times to violent and extraordinary agencies was because it was believed that the time within which they had all been produced was limited to the period within which it was then generally supposed that the whole visible creation had been called into being. This opinion has now been universally abandoned by all well-informed persons, and it is, in fact, a matter of surprise that the idea of limiting the existence of all created things to a period of about six thousand years could ever have been entertained. For, independently of the objection to it resulting from the progress of modern science, it would seem that even on theological grounds the arguments against it are conclusive. For the Scriptures represent God as unchangeable, and there has perhaps never been among any class of believers even an individual dissent from the acknowledgment of this absolute immutability as one of the Divine attributes. And yet to suppose that from all eternity—through all the millions upon millions of ages that elapsed—the creative power was entirely withheld from action; that during all these countless periods God existed utterly inactive and alone, His boundless wisdom, power, and goodness totally unoccupied and inert, until, at length, six thousand years ago, these attributes came suddenly forth into a state of such universal and energetic activity as now manifests itself in the visible creation, in the millions upon millions of worlds which send their light to us from the regions around us in space, and in the

inconceivably vast profusion of life every where around us upon this earth—which fills every forest and field, swarms in the air, vivifies every drop of water, from the rills on the mountain-sides down to the lowest depths of the sea—implies as great a change as it is possible for us to conceive. It may be said, it is true, that such a change as this is one of action only, and not of character. This is true; but then, as by the supposition there was nothing existing without the Divine mind that could have caused it, it must imply, it would seem, so far as we can reason at all on such subjects, some very great and mysterious change within.

The truth is that all ideas respecting the assignment of limits, either in respect to space or time or to the exercise of power on the part of the Supreme First Cause, are idle, since the whole subject lies beyond the realm of human

significance of all the phenomena of nature that we observe, in respect to the duration which they indicate, as well as in regard to all other points, devoutly receiving all the instruction they afford. The manifestations of nature constitute one of the forms in which the Supreme First Cause, in showing us the *methods of His working*, reveals to us the evidences of His wisdom and power.

And so, leaving metaphysics, let us return to our fossils as Lyell exhibits them to us.

The case of supposed rain-drop marks upon stones found as parts of solid strata, sometimes deep in the earth, affords a striking illustration of the influence which certain collateral knowledge has upon our judgment in respect to the true character of these phenomena. The engravings below are correct representations of a specimen of these rain-drop marks.

Fig. 3.

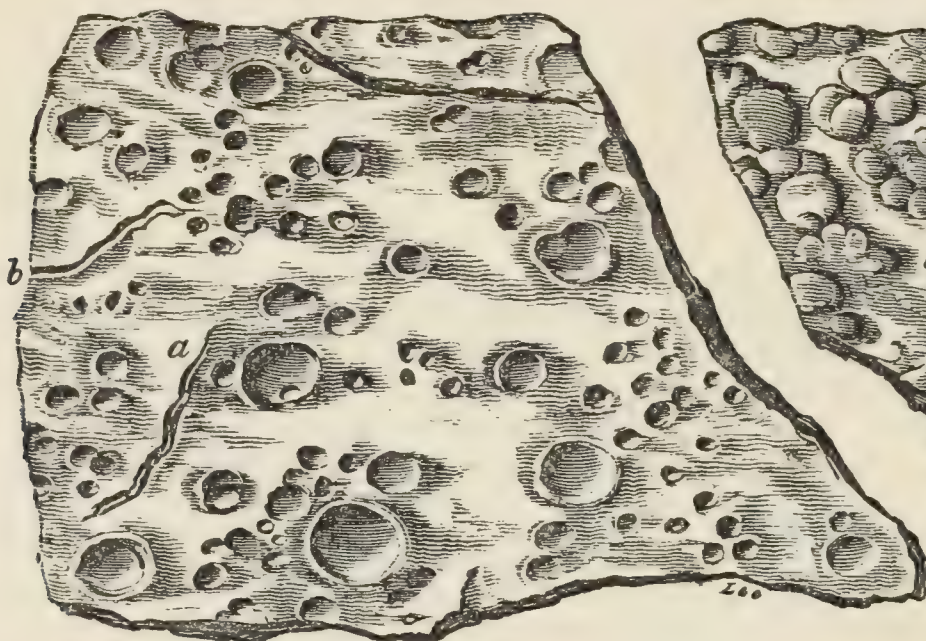


Fig. 4.



Fig. 3. Carboniferous rain-prints with worm-tracks (a, b) on green shale, from Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. Natural size.

Fig. 4. Casts of rain-prints on a portion of the same slab (Fig. 3), seen to project on the under side of an incumbent layer of arenaceous shale. Natural size.

The arrow represents the supposed direction of the shower.

thought. We can not conceive of space or time except as limited; nor, on the other hand, can we conceive of the possibility of any limits existing to either. And it is the same in respect to the agency of God. We can not conceive of its having been in exercise from all eternity. We say it must have had a beginning at some time. We might as well say that space must have an end somewhere. And just as we can not conceive of a limit beyond which there can be no space, so we can not conceive of a time before which there can not have been an exercise of creative power. All reasoning on such subjects transcends the powers of the human mind as at present constituted. Every thing connected with infinity lies entirely without the domain of human thought. We must interpret the words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," in the sense in which they were undoubtedly intended to be received, namely, as simply to declare that all which exists had its origin in one supreme creative power; and so, without any hinderance from fancied restrictions, inquire freely into the

Probably many persons, in looking at these engravings, or at the specimens themselves, would think that the idea of the marks having ever been really produced by drops of rain is imaginary.

But when the geologist finds the exact counterparts of these rain-prints now forming along the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and sees not only the process of their formation, but the mode of their preservation perfectly exemplified, he is at once prepared to believe in the possibility, at least, that the fossil specimen may have been produced in the same manner. On those shores, as Lyell explains in another of his works, a peculiar combination of circumstances favors the formation and preservation of these marks. The tides rise forty or fifty feet, and there are large tracts which, being only covered at the highest tides, are at regular intervals for nearly a fortnight bare. The muddy sediment which each tide deposits remains thus, sometimes for a considerable period, exposed to the action of the sun, by which it is baked hard, with all the marks and

indentations made by rain-drops and worms during the brief interval that it remained soft after the water left it completely preserved by this subsequent induration of the materials. The mass thus becomes so compact and solidified that when another deposit of mud is laid over it by the next tide, the two layers remain in a measure distinct, and can afterward be separated. Portions of this harder mud can, in certain places, be taken up and divided into distinct layers, in some of which the indentations made by the rain and by insects are perfectly preserved; and even the direction from which the drops of rain came, as driven by the wind, is shown by the greater accumulation of the material on the side of the depression toward which the drops were impelled.

When these hardened masses of mud are thus divided into layers the impressions themselves are, of course, brought to view on one side of the cleft, and casts of them in relief appear on the other side, as is seen in the engraving of the fossil specimen, the arrow showing the direction of the wind as denoted by the form of the depressions, and *a* and *b* showing the tracks of worms.

It seems that, in respect to the fossil remains of organized bodies existing in the strata of the earth, there are several forms, or, rather, there are several modes by which the proofs of the existence of the animals and plants they represent have been preserved. In some cases the shells or other parts of the organization are preserved substantially without any change, having only lost a small portion of their vegetable or animal matter. In others the whole substance of the plant or animal itself has disappeared by being dissolved and conveyed away, leaving only an *impression of its form* as a proof of its former existence. In yet other cases the substance extracted is exactly replaced, particle by particle, as the original is removed, by mineral matter, by which means a true petrification is produced.

In other cases still the substance of the shell and that of the animal within have been removed by different processes and at different times, so that a cast of either may be left without the other, as in the engraving, where, in Fig. 5, *a* represents a cast in clay of the interior of what was once the shell *b*; and in Fig. 6,

where a cast of the interior of the shell is left in the centre of a cavity, as shown at *b*, while the substance of the shell itself, which was of the form shown at *a*, has been dissolved away by the water penetrating through the mass, leaving the empty space denoted by the dark shade around the cast below.

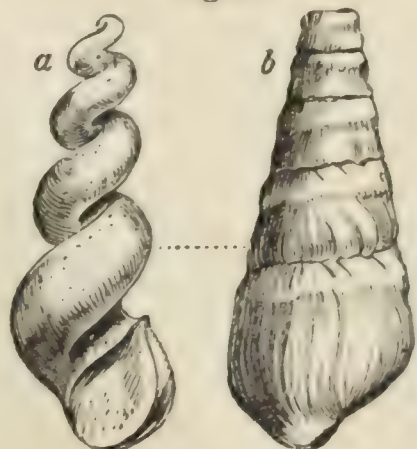
We are often surprised to learn, in the course of our general reading, that naturalists claim the power to determine the order and genus, and even the species, of an unknown animal from the inspection of a very small specimen of the skeleton preserved in a fossil state—sometimes, perhaps, only a single bone, and that not unfrequently a tooth. The indications furnished by the teeth depend, it seems, in a great measure, on the endless variety of the convolutions of the *enamel*, which are still, however, constant in their general characteristics in the same animal, and closely resembling each other in animals allied in structure. The specimens represented in the engravings on page 594 give a general idea of these convolutions, and of the differences observed in the general character of them.

It is the study of a lifetime to become fully acquainted with this subject in its details; but the necessary amount of study by many naturalists has been devoted to it, and the results which have been attained are received with confidence by all who are properly qualified to judge of the evidence by which the truth of them is sustained.

In respect to the question whether the more remarkable effects now observable upon the earth's surface have been produced by sudden and violent action, or by slow and even in many cases imperceptible movements continued for long periods of time, a great many striking phenomena have been observed in late years confirming the views of Lyell and others in respect to the possibility of such slow and long-continued motions in portions of the earth's crust, and to the actual occurrence of them in certain cases at the present day. Some of these appearances, though known to a limited extent before, excited little attention, and the significance of them was not observed. Among these a striking instance is furnished by the phenomenon of what is called *creeping* in mines. This creeping, as it is called, consists of a very

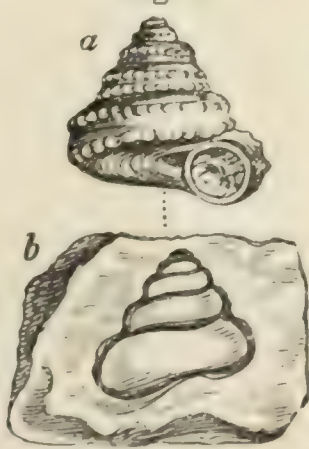
slow movement in the rocky strata cut into and traversed by mining operations when the previous equilibrium of pressure between the different portions of the mass is disturbed by the excavations. An example of this phenomenon is seen in the engraving on page 594, which represents a section of a portion of a coal mine near Newcastle, in England, and shows two seams of coal—a thicker one above and a thinner one below. The black blocks seen above are portions of the seam of coal in that stratum left to support the superincumbent mass of a

Fig. 5.



Phasianella heddingtonensis,
and cast of the same. Coral
Rag.

Fig. 6.

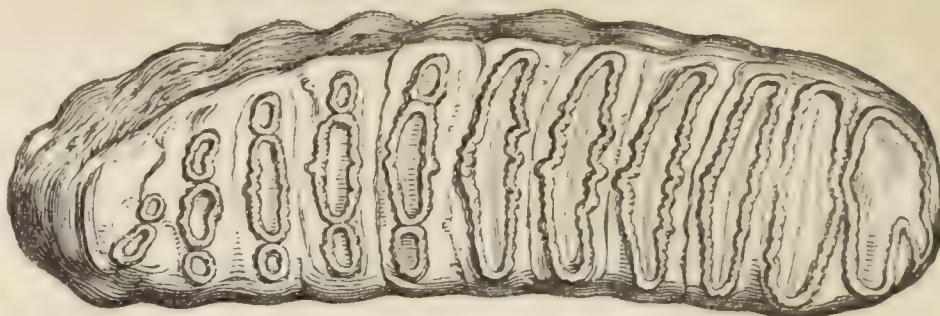


Pleurotomaria anglica,
and cast. Lias.

rock, and also, as will be seen in the sequel, to keep down the mass below. The mass above is more than six hundred feet thick. The precaution of leaving columns of support is always necessary in such cases. The openings *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* are sections of galleries from which the coal has been removed.

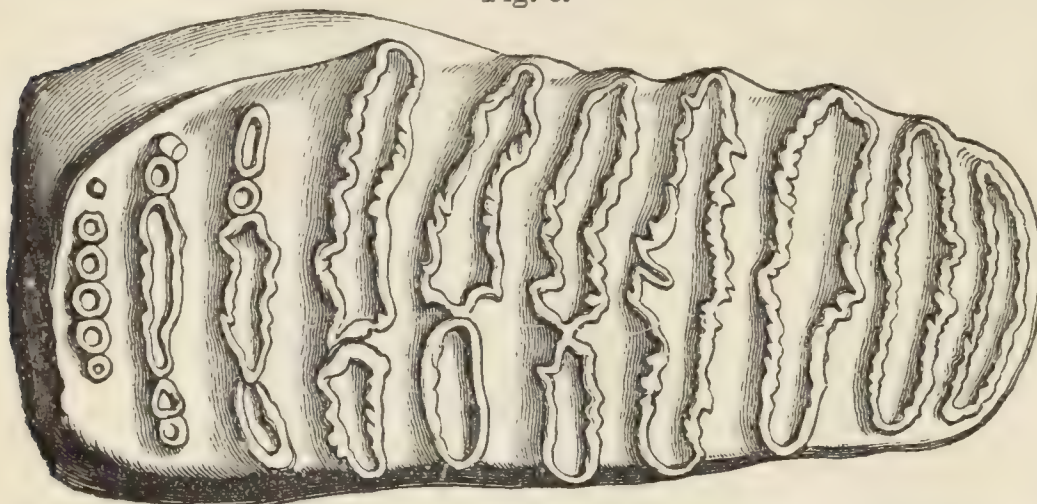
Now it is found in such cases that when the gallery has been re-

Fig. 7.



Elephas antiquus, Falconer. Penultimate molar, one-third of natural size. Post-pliocene and Pliocene.

Fig. 8.

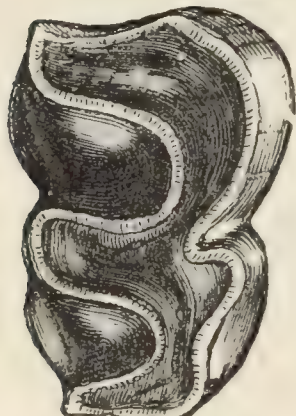


Elephas meridionalis, Nesti. Penultimate molar, one-third of natural size. Post-pliocene and Pliocene.

at *b*, and extends along the whole length of the gallery, though it is shown only in section in the engraving. This crack gradually opens more and more, the rock on each side rising higher, as shown at *c*, so as to make the gallery impassable. The movement still continues, until at length the gallery is closed entirely, as shown at *d*, and the separated portions of the upheaving mass close in, and form again a compact and continuous substance.

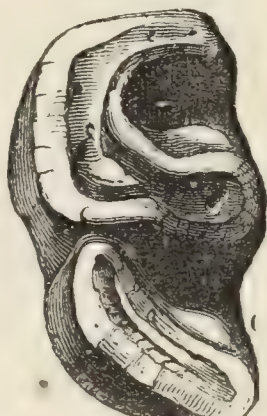
On examining the strata

Fig. 9.



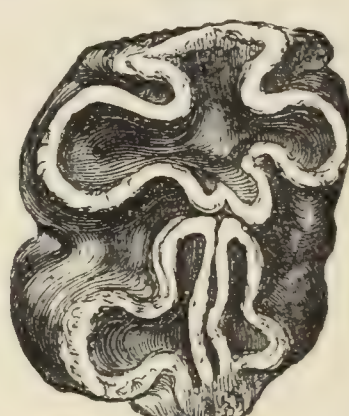
Rhinoceros leptorhinus, Cuvier—*Rhin. megarhinus*, Christol; fossil from fresh-water beds of Grays, Essex; penultimate molar, lower jaw, left side; two-thirds of natural size. Post-pliocene and Newer pliocene.

Fig. 10.



Rhinoceros tichorhinus; penultimate molar, lower jaw, left side; two-thirds of natural size. Post-pliocene.

Fig. 11.



Hippopotamus; from cave near Palermo; molar tooth; two-thirds of natural size. Post-pliocene.

cently opened, as at *a*, before long the floor of it begins slowly to rise. We might have expected that it would have been the roof above that would sink; but, instead of this, it is often the floor that begins to bulge up, and that by a movement so slow and gradual that it is for a time imperceptible, the weight of the mass above, or some other force, taking effect to produce an upward pressure in the material of the strata below. In process of time a crack opens, as

Fig. 12.



SECTION OF CARBONIFEROUS STRATA AT WALLSEND, NEWCASTLE, SHOWING "OREEPS." (J. BUDDLE, ESQ.)

Horizontal length of section, 174 feet. The upper seam, or main coal, here worked out, was 630 feet below the surface.

1. Main coal, 6 feet 6 inches.

2. Metal coal, 3 feet.

underneath, by means of other excavations in different places along the line of the gallery, the upward movement can be traced in the thinner seam of coal below, as shown, much too geometrically, however, in the style of the drawing at *e, f, g, and h*. The displacement in this particular case was traced to a depth of *one hundred and fifty feet* below the lower stratum of coal. It grew, however, continually less, and at last became imperceptible.

We have many other examples of the progress of change taking place at a very slow rate on the earth's surface in a totally different manner from the one above described, but which, if long enough continued, must necessarily result in producing such effects as were formerly ascribed to great and violent and sudden convulsions. In various parts of the world, for example, and especially in certain portions of our Western country, rivers are found to flow, for long distances sometimes, at the bottom of narrow but deep chasms, the sides being precipitous and formed of solid rock. These chasms have all the appearance of gigantic fissures; and many have been the speculations and the surmises in respect to the nature and violence of the disrupting forces which must have acted, in some remote period, to produce such disruptions.

And yet we have in the case of the Niagara the gradual formation of a ravine, in many essential respects strictly analogous to these, and all by a natural action so gentle and slow that the constant and uninterrupted continuation of the process does not disturb at all the avocations of the inhabitants upon the banks, nor attract the special attention of any but scientific observers. The fall itself of the water attracts attention enough, it is true, but the progress which it makes in accomplishing the vast work which it has undertaken, of cutting a deep and precipitously walled channel from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie, through two or three hundred feet of solid rock—a work which it has already half accomplished, and which it is regularly prosecuting at the rate of a certain number of feet in a century—is understood or thought of by very few.

The writings of Lyell, besides the influence which they have exerted upon the progress of science by the vast contributions which they have made to the general stock of geological knowledge in possession of the reading world, and the new aspects in which the great phenomena of nature are presented by him, are marked by some special characteristics, to which a great deal of their influence is owing. In the first place, they are remarkable for the clearness, lucidness, and precision with which every thing is stated and explained, and for a certain picturesqueness in the aspects in which the various phenomena are presented to the reader, and their significance brought to view, which have greatly contributed to their popularity and influence. This particular work, for example,

though called the “Student’s Elements of Geology,” is really well adapted to the purposes of the general reader who feels any interest in increasing his information in respect to this class of subjects.

There are two other characteristics of Lyell’s writings which are worthy of special commendation.

1. The extreme moderation and reserve with which he expresses his opinions, the caution with which he interprets the significance of the facts that he presents, and the strictness with which he brings his inferences within, and more than within, the limits which the premises would seem to justify. If the facts in a certain case prove pretty positively to the mind of the reader that a particular result *always* happens, he says they *seem* to prove that it *generally* happens. If a certain stratum never contains fossils of a particular kind, he says none are yet known to have been found. If the operation of a cause fails entirely to produce the effect that would naturally be expected from it—as, for instance, no extension of the delta of solid land at the mouth of a river, as often happens—he says no *appreciable* extension has been produced in modern times. And so throughout. A great many writers and public speakers seem to think they make their cases stronger by forcing their premises to sustain the greatest weight in the way of conclusion that they will possibly bear; whereas, in fact, by this policy they only themselves give their opponents the opportunity to damage the whole effect of their reasoning by attacking the excess—like besiegers who make a breach easily in walls and bulwarks by directing their attack to an exposed portion that overhangs the foundation, if such an opportunity is afforded them. Lyell leaves no such points exposed. The consequence is that the positions taken in his writings have been found to be impregnable. Although the facts which he has collected and brought to view, taken in connection with the aspects in which he has presented them, and the inferences which he has deduced from them, have exerted a very powerful influence in producing the most fundamental changes of opinion in the scientific world, the writings through which the work has been done have been the object of very few direct attacks, and have awakened very little angry disputation.

2. But besides the caution and moderation with which Lyell advances his own views and opinions, this writer, in connection with Darwin, and with some others who seem to be following in their steps, are founding, as it were, almost a new school of scientific discussion, in respect to the fairness, the honesty, and the courteousness with which the opinions and reasonings of their antagonists are treated—a school governed by a principle exactly the reverse of that which has hitherto prevailed almost exclusively in all human discussions. For it seems to have been hitherto generally understood among men that the way most effectually

to combat one's opponent is to make the *worst* of his opinions and arguments; to give them the most unfavorable interpretation that they will bear, so as to make the views themselves and those who entertain them appear odious or contemptible. This style of discussion has prevailed to a great extent over all the debatable grounds upon which contests have been and still are going on among mankind—the theological, the medical, the political, and the scientific. What caricatures of the evangelical views of the orthodox, so called, are given by Unitarians—only to be equaled by the corresponding exaggerations and distortions of Unitarian views by evangelical writers. In the same manner any simple-minded man, on reading the speeches or the editorial articles on either side of the political questions of the day, would come to the conclusion that the struggle between the parties in political contests was nothing more nor less than a contest between honest men and rogues.

Now Lyell and Darwin, and many other writers following the example which they have set, have introduced a style of discussion exactly the reverse of all this. This new method consists in making the best, and not the worst, of the positions and arguments of an opponent; in treating both the man himself personally and all that he says fairly, courteously, and respectfully; giving to the positions which they oppose the best, and not the worst, interpretation, and recognizing whatever of truth there may be in them, or whatever of argument there may be that deserves consideration. There is always a full acknowledgment of obligations to others for facts observed or arguments presented, and the change which they may have produced in the writer's own mind is spoken of, not reservedly, grudgingly, and obscurely, but in a frank, open, and cordial manner. Nothing is more common in these writings than such passages as these: "I formerly entertained the opinion that, etc., but certain facts and considerations presented by Mr. Blank in his, etc., have led me now to believe, etc." Or, "Mr. So-and-So advances the following objection to this view. There is a great deal of force in this objection, and I do not see how it can be entirely removed. Still, etc."

In a word, Lyell and Darwin are introducing into the scientific world what may be called the frank and good-natured style of discussion. It seems, however, from the many very sharp and cutting articles which we find in the English scientific journals, such as *Nature*, that there is great progress yet to be made before the work will be fully accomplished even in that field; and it is to be hoped that before that time shall arrive the same beneficent change will begin to be extended to other fields. Though so thoroughly, as it would appear, is public opinion perverted on this subject that it is much to be feared that if a Republican were to oppose Democratic principles and meas-

ures in Congress, or a Democrat those of the Republicans, on the principle of making the *best* instead of the *worst* of them, he would lose his next election. It is certain that if a theological writer were to deal on that principle with what he deemed error, his work would be regarded not as an example of the most sure and effectual mode of advancing the right, but as tampering with and encouraging the wrong.

However this may be, there can be no doubt that this mode of dealing with opposition and error has been most eminently successful in the hands of Lyell and Darwin. Probably in the history of science there has been no other instance in which so great changes have been produced in scientific opinion by the writings of any one man as have been brought about by each of these authors through the gentle, unassuming, and candid manner in which they have managed the discussion on their part of the truths and principles involved.

CAUGHT BY AN HEIRESS.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

THERE was quite a pleasant little thrill of excitement on board the Mississippi steamer *Columbia*, bound from New Orleans to St. Louis, as she lay at the quay of the former city (do they call it a quay at New Orleans, or a levee, or a *crevasse*, or what?) just before starting on her voyage. The passengers were nearly all on board; the seemingly interminable process of rolling in casks of sugar and bales of cotton by vociferous, awkward negroes had really come to an end; but the captain still stood on the quay, wharf, levee, *crevasse*, or whatever it was, and the specified hour for departure had long passed away. The sun had gone down—it was in the latter end of April, before the fierce heats had set in to make Canal Street a solitude and Carrollton a howling wilderness—and the crew and the porters did their work by the light of the demoniac-looking little furnaces or braziers, filled with blazing pine-wood, which were fixed at the steamer's bows. Among the impatient passengers the rumor was that the steamer was only waiting now to take on board a young heiress, of immense wealth and social dignity, who was going up somewhere north, and thence to Europe.

Some few of the passengers professed to know all about the matter. Their accounts, of course, did not agree in many particulars; but they all generally bore out one broad conclusion. The young heiress had only recently become enriched. The death of a distant relative, who had amassed a huge fortune in South America, had made her, quite unexpectedly, an heiress. She had been brought up in a New Orleans convent, her mother being dead. Her father was traveling with her. Except as her father he was quite a poor man, ruined in the war. Was she pretty? every body asked. No-

body knew. Several on board were acquainted, more or less, with the father; not one ever professed to have seen the daughter.

While a general and keen anxiety was felt to see the heiress, the ladies were much more eager on the subject than the gentlemen. Men are very seldom curious about a woman whom they have not seen; women are just the reverse. The men on board the *Columbia* who felt or professed the greatest desire to see the expected heiress were Colonel Sharpe, the Hon. Captain Deedes (of England), and Phil Pembroke.

These three ought to be clearly described. Colonel Sharpe was a small, dark-haired man, with eyes that gleamed like jewels. He was handsomely, perhaps rather floridly, dressed; had an emerald in his shirt, and wore elegant glazed boots, small and dainty enough to have peeped beneath a petticoat. I should not care to have played billiards or euchre with Colonel Sharpe, who was almost always playing one or the other. It is doubtful whether the military authorities at Washington could have furnished any explanation as to how Mr. Sharpe came by his title of Colonel; and I don't suppose Jefferson Davis knew any thing more about the matter than General Grant. The manners of Colonel Sharpe to the ladies on board were elaborately polite and chivalrous, with an ostentatious dash of tenderness in them. When he took off his hat and bowed to a lady, there was an air of sentimental confidence about the motion which seemed to hint that it was an act of homage paid to her, and her alone. Colonel Sharpe went up and down the Mississippi very often, and played cards immensely all the way, and drank many, many sherry-cobblers and much Champagne and brandy, and he was ready to offer you a wager on any assertion whatever.

The Hon. Capt. Deedes (whose regiment was now stationed in Toronto) was an English younger son. He was a handsome, florid man, of thirty-five, with a neat brown mustache and brown whiskers and shaven chin, and hair lavishly oiled and carefully parted down the middle. He was specially remarkable for his unalterable composure and impenetrable self-possession. Nothing on earth or sea could disturb him, or shake his calm faith in his own superiority and that of his class to all humanity outside. He was poor, as befits a younger son, and, like a true British aristocrat, he cared not a farthing who knew it. He wanted to marry a woman with money; and he even frankly acknowledged that, given the money, he should not be very particular about the beauty or intellect of the woman.

Phil Pembroke was a handsome young American, who had gone creditably, not perhaps very splendidly, through his university course, and had not yet quite found out what to do with himself in life. He was a wonderfully slow young American in that way; for he was twenty-five years old, and yet had hardly begun the

world. He had very little money. His father and mother were dead. He had had forced upon him, through family influence, a consulship in one of the British possessions, and, not liking the utter absence of real work, he had actually flung up the appointment, declaring himself disgusted with office-seeking, and vowing that he would live by his own brains and exertions, or not live at all. He was a manly young fellow, with a dash of the romantic in him; and he had still a poetic reverence for a woman, even though she wore high heels and assumed the Grecian bend—which I take to be the severest test of a man's devotion to woman ever yet devised by fashion.

Colonel Sharpe thought something could be made out of the heiress or the father, somehow. Captain Deedes thought he might have a try for the girl and her "tin." Phil Pembroke was anxious to see what the mysterious young lady might be like. In the weary hours before the steamer's departure these three had been thrown together a good deal. Colonel Sharpe had won two bets of the Britisher, and played cards with him, but found that in the latter manly sport the Britisher could hold his own.

At last three carriages rattle down to the wharf. Several huge trunks and boxes and valises are taken on board. Then comes an elderly gentleman handing in two ladies, both young, apparently; then a smart French damsel, evidently a lady's-maid; and then a colored man carrying a little dog in his arms. The ladies have their veils down, and nobody can make any thing of them. The whole party passes in, and presently disappears, absorbed into state-rooms. At last the plank, or "stage," is hauled in, the gun is fired, and the steamer begins slowly to make her way through crowding craft of all kinds up the Mississippi.

The elderly gentleman and the ladies did not appear that night, and there was considerable disappointment among the company in consequence. Colonel Sharpe offered to bet drinks that the taller lady was the heiress. Captain Deedes would not bet, for he assumed, with a yawn, that it must be so, seeing that the smaller of the two had shown in passing a very pretty foot and ankle; and girls with lots of money were almost always sure to be "beef to the heels." Phil Pembroke thought that as the taller girl passed him he had caught through her veil the gleam of two very bright eyes; and he hoped these belonged to the heiress, although, as he said, rather grimly, within himself, it didn't much matter to him; a woman with beauty and fortune would not be likely to give herself much concern for a poor devil like him.

The French waiting-maid and the colored man both were seen flitting about the saloon, and from this state-room to that, during the evening. Colonel Sharpe privately "interviewed" them both, and came back to his fellow-passengers triumphant with his news. The tall young lady was the heiress; she was im-

mensely beautiful and awfully rich. The shorter girl was only a traveling companion, a school friend of the heiress's convent days, now taken with her out of kindness and charity. The father was a quiet old gentleman, who didn't amount to much anyhow. The daughter ruled the party. As Colonel Sharpe expressed it, she "bossed the whole lot."

The morning rose beautiful and bright over the yellow waters and the rich green shores. The heiress and her party had emerged from their state-rooms, and were graciously mingling with the general company. The heiress was really a very handsome girl—tall, pale, quiet, with a transparent complexion, long, straight nose, and magnificent fair hair. The other girl was a bright, pleasant little thing, without much pretension, or any pretension to beauty, but with a pretty and compact little figure—just the person to be a very trim and agreeable teacher or mistress in a well-kept school, apparently. The father was a rather handsome, very gentlemanly, gray-haired man, who talked willingly and agreeably enough, but had, every now and then, an odd, uncomfortable way of looking uneasily about him, as if he had something on his mind, or were in fear of some manner of detection. Our trio of traveling companions observed these facts at first from a distance, at breakfast. It was *de rigueur* on the boat that gentlemen traveling without the escort of wife, daughter, or sister must not sit at the tables where ladies ate their meals. On deck, however, all was liberty and equality; and it was not long before each of the three gentlemen had made the acquaintance of the heiress and her father.

Captain Deedes made his way to the lady through the papa, to whom he offered a cigar as a propitiatory sacrifice. Colonel Sharpe disdained such timorous and roundabout ways. He boldly approached the young lady with two green volumes of Mrs. Southworth and the latest number of *Godey's Lady's Book* in his hand (the Colonel was not great on literature), and, taking off his hat with a splendid flourish, and looking wonderful things out of his beautiful dark eyes, he blandly offered her those masterpieces of the modern school, and presently he was seen to offer her his arm, and, to use an expression adopted by himself, "tote" her up and down the deck. He came back, however, to his companions after a while, and though he proclaimed the young lady "too splendid for any thing," and intimated that he had made wonderful progress in the work of captivation, there was an underlook of dissatisfaction, or, at least, of doubt, perceptible upon his face, and he drank two sherry-cobblers in quick succession.

Phil Pembroke, now piqued into trying his fortune, easily found a way of initiating an acquaintanceship with the heiress. Her name, by-the-way, he had heard to be Miss Rosetta Alexander. Now Mr. Phil was fond of pretty names for women, and the "Rosetta" preposessed him. Rosetta's face was certainly very

handsome, and she received his advances—evidently those of a gentleman—with ready courtesy and apparent good-humor. She had a bland, sweet smile, which she turned freely upon the young man as they talked commonplaces together; and Phil began to think she was a charming girl, and that he was very likely indeed to fall in love with her. That sweet, gentle smile! How winningly it turned to him! How it brightened and transfigured a commonplace as a moonbeam does a puddle!

Still the young man began to find that they were only talking commonplaces. That was a waste of power. That white forehead, those eyes, that smile, must have a fine intellect behind them. *Paulo majora*—he soon began to try higher themes. He talked of the scene, of lovely scenes in general; of nature, of the ocean, the desert, the Alps; of places he had seen, and places he longed to see. Miss Rosetta turned her sweet smile on him, and blandly assented to all he said.

"What a glorious sunset!" the half-enamored youth exclaimed; and he gazed at the burning west.

"Beautiful!" replied Miss Alexander, with her sweet smile; and she glanced first to the east, and then to the steamer's deck.

Phil felt a little disappointed, but he tried another tack. He turned to books.

"This," he said, apropos of something, any thing, "reminds me of a part of 'The Earthly Paradise.'"

"Yes," replied the sweet smile; "which part?"

"In 'The Land East of the Sun.' Do you know it?"

"No" (with the sweet smile); "I never was there."

"Oh, I meant the poem! Have you not read it?"

"No. Is it nice?"

"Charming, I think. Have you not heard of it?"

"No." The same delicious smile.

"But you are fond of poetry?"

"Oh yes." The winning smile anew.

"And you read poetry, I know?"

"Oh no; indeed I don't." Smile repeated.

"Who, then, are your favorite authors?"

"My favorite—" Smile equally sweet, but interrogatory this time.

"Authors." Phil a little disheartened.

"I don't like any of them. They are all so dull; and when one tries to read them they give one such a headache." The smile was now as sweet and placid as if it were worn by an Egeria pouring out the finest treasures of her serene intellect upon some rapt admirer.

Phil soon politely bowed himself away. "I can't fall in love with a smile and a fortune," he said to himself. "My British friend may try his chance and welcome, if he will. She ought to marry Lord Dundreary."

In withdrawing he nearly stumbled over a lady, and he stopped to make an apology. It

was the companion of Miss Alexander. She was a plain little girl enough, but she had good eyes, and a very expressive mouth—too expressive, Pembroke thought just then, for she seemed as if she were laughing at him. "She has seen my discomfiture," he thought, "and it amuses her."

Pembroke's apology led to an interchange of a few words. The young woman spoke in a clear, ringing voice, which had at least some character in it, and attracted our somewhat discouraged youth. He uttered a commonplace or two, but to his amazement the girl cut him short by calmly saying:

"Thank you. But suppose we meet each other on the deck or the stairs a few times more, and look at each other without speaking, until we get better acquainted?"

"Why so?" asked puzzled Pembroke.

"Wouldn't that be a better way of opening an acquaintance than a prelude of unmeaning commonplaces that no one cares about?"

"Well, I suppose people must begin with commonplaces. It's like moving the pawns in the beginning of a game of chess."

"Is it? I thought there was some purpose generally in every movement, even of the pawns. But, indeed, the beginning of a game of chess is very dull to me, and I am always longing to get it over."

"Some people can only talk commonplaces," observed Phil, thinking of his recent interview.

"Then why not keep all one's stock for dealing with such people?"

Somebody else came up, and this saucy little lady got out of the odd discussion.

"She goes in for being eccentric," Phil said to himself. "She has no money and no beauty, and she thinks it best to be odd. I suppose she envies the good looks and the fortune of her young mistress, or friend, or whatever she is. Poor thing! A woman without money or beauty must do something."

Captain Deedes walked the deck that day for nearly an hour with the heiress, and reported her to be a nice quiet girl, with no nonsense in her. He said he hated your talking women—strong-minded, and blue-stockings, and all that.

Yet the sweetest smiles of Miss Alexander did undoubtedly seem to be leveled at Phil Pembroke. Phil felt a little flattered, and tried to think her delightful. But he really couldn't succeed. She was insupportably placid, sweet, and dull.

Pembroke talked a good deal to Mr. Alexander, and was much pleased with the quiet intelligence and varied knowledge of the old gentleman. But he was greatly puzzled by the obvious uneasiness and awkwardness which sometimes took possession of the latter when the two young women were near.

None of the other ladies on board liked the heiress. At first they were nearly unanimous in praising Miss Roberts, the companion, who had neither face nor fortune to boast of. But

they soon found her odd and satirical, and pronounced her bold, and didn't like her at all. Some thought her manners highly unbecoming for a person in her class.

The day after their first exchange of words Pembroke came on deck and found Captain Deedes and Colonel Sharpe, one at each side of Miss Alexander, doing their best as rivals to interest and please the heiress. Miss Roberts sat at a little distance reading a book. Phil was rude enough and inquisitive enough to draw near her from behind, in order to see what the book was. It was Molière, and she was reading "*Le Misanthrope*," apparently with deep interest.

"Come," he thought, "a woman who can read Molière is worth something. Why hasn't *she* the money, or even the beauty?"

Presently she glanced at the heiress and her admirers, and an idea seemed to strike her. She took up a scrap of paper and began to draw something on it.

Pembroke presented himself boldly, and plunged into conversation at once by asking her whether she was sketching any of the scenery of the river. She seemed a little embarrassed, and said:

"Oh no; I don't ever care to spoil my impression of a river or a tree by caricature. I hate silly women who waste their time over amateur sketches of scenery."

"But you have been drawing something; may I see it?"

"Indeed you may not. It isn't worth looking at, and therefore it wouldn't be worth concealing, but that—well, but that I don't want to show it."

She tore it in two, crumpled the pieces, and tried to throw them over the side. But the wind blew them back almost to Pembroke's feet, and he was malign enough to catch them, flatten them out, and put them together. He saw two wonderful little sketches, each done in a few touches—one of Captain Deedes, whose head was so manipulated as to look like that of a sheep; the other of Colonel Sharpe, made suggestive of a jackal.

"You have a wonderful gift with the pencil," said Pembroke, gravely and earnestly; "and you can see far enough into people. But don't abuse your gifts; don't be ill-natured. We are all afraid of satirical women."

"Well, I am sorry I caricatured these, since any body saw it; not because it is ill-natured, but only because they are not worth satirizing or caricaturing."

"Captain Deedes seems a very gentlemanly man, I think."

"Yes; a gentleman in keen search of a fortune owned by any woman foolish enough to give it to him! And Colonel Sharpe? Does he seem to you a gentlemanly person also?"

"Well, perhaps not. I wonder what your friend, Miss Alexander, thinks of him?"

"I don't believe she is thinking about him at all, even now. But if *you* were to try—"

"Should I have a better chance?"

"Much better. Go and test it for yourself."

"Not I! Like Sir Lucius in 'The Rivals,' I am too poor a man to do any thing shabby. I couldn't afford to run after heiresses."

Miss Roberts's eyes flashed on him full of keen inquiry. She rose, made a quiet bow, and left him.

"A strange girl, full of talent," he said to himself; "made cynical, I suppose, by seeing a pretty idiot preferred to herself by every man, just because the idiot has money and she has none. I must talk to her again."

He did talk to her again, and again. He found her *piquante*, bright, brimful of intelligence, and, for all her occasional sharpness of speech, full, too, of good feeling, tenderness, and sensibility. He began to think her pretty, and more than pretty. The brave Colonel Sharpe was highly amused at our hero for his having taken up with the companion, in default of the heiress, and offered to bet drinks and cigars that before the steamer reached St. Louis Pembroke would find himself compelled to fall back on the French waiting-maid. But Pembroke received the suggestion with such a frown, and one or two words so angry and fierce, that the intervention of good-humored Captain Deedes was urgently needed to restore pacific relations. After that, Pembroke was allowed to go his own way unheeded—which he did.

An amazing amount of incident, event, romance, love-making, passion, marriage-making, may be crowded into a voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis, and yet not seem crowded neither. This voyage, thanks to an unusual strength of current in the river, was slower and longer than usual. By the time the steamer had reached Memphis Phil Pembroke was in love with Miss Roberts, and by the time the steamer had reached Cairo he knew it.

Meanwhile Captain Deedes had become hopelessly discouraged in his pursuit of Miss Rosetta Alexander. He frankly owned that he could never get any thing more out of her than "Yes," and a sweet smile; and that every body else got just as much, and he had, therefore, no way of testing his progress. Colonel Sharpe now had the running all to himself, and seemed mightily satisfied. The very evening when the steamer touched at Cairo Sharpe whispered to Deedes, in exulting accents, "I've made it all right with the heiress! She's said Yes; and, if papa don't consent, I'll run away with her from St. Louis!"

Captain Deedes stared, turned away, wondered within himself whether he ought not to warn the papa, began to feel heartily ashamed of having given any manner of sanction to Colonel Sharpe and his schemes; but ended by smoking a cigar moodily, and saying nothing.

One thing had puzzled, and even pained, Phil Pembroke a little during the voyage. He could not help, now and then, detecting little

glances of mutual confidence passing between Mr. Alexander and Miss Roberts, his daughter's companion, while no such glances ever passed between Mr. Alexander and the daughter. Could it be possible that Mr. Alexander was weak enough to think of giving his daughter a young step-mother, and that Miss Roberts, who seemed so noble, was capable even of momentarily humoring such an idea? He put the thought away, and would not harbor it.

The voyage was drawing to a close. Soon the party would all separate, perhaps never to meet again any of them, unless Phil should say some words to the one whom alone he profoundly longed to meet again—which words he had not yet spoken. He dreaded the thought of separation. He knew that he loved Miss Roberts now, with his whole manly heart, and that he never could be happy without her. But his prospects were poor; he had as yet made no way in life; he doubted of his own worth, he doubted whether he ought to ask a girl to risk her fortune and fate with him and for him. Yet he felt that he could not leave the *Columbia* without at least telling Miss Roberts all; telling her how much he loved her, and asking her, if she would, to wait a little for him.

Late in the evening—in the night, indeed—he came on deck. The deck seemed almost deserted, and he was glad of it. He walked moodily along and watched the darkling shores and the gliding trees, where now and then a fire-fly was gleaming. Suddenly he saw that close to him, at the stern of the boat, two figures were seated, a man and a woman; and the woman was lying with her head on the man's shoulder, and his arm was round her neck. Phil started, and would have turned back unseen, but it was too late. He felt the blood rushing to his head, and he seemed to see lightnings dancing before his eyes; for the pair he saw were Mr. Alexander and Miss Roberts.

He heard the whisper of a hasty word or two—and—yes, indeed, even something like a half-suppressed laugh, and then Mr. Alexander coolly rose and walked away; and Miss Roberts called to him—Pembroke—by name, and made way for him to sit beside her!

He obeyed, with rage and scorn boiling in his breast, determined to show this worthless girl, this mercenary coquette, how little he cared for her. As he sat by her he could see that she was still laughing—ay, laughing in his very face!

"Mr. Pembroke."

"Madame!"

"Good gracious, what a solemn and melodramatic sound! You are angry with me?"

"I have no right to be, madame!"

"And you say so in a tone which seems to imply that you have all the right in the world. Pray, Mr. Pembroke, don't be angry; forgive my laughing; I can hardly help it. You would laugh if you only knew all."

"I don't ask to know any thing."

"No, of course; but you are longing to know, all the same. Well, Mr. Pembroke, I ask you just for once to believe in me without knowing. I can guess what you have been suspecting, and I won't laugh if I can; but you are quite wrong. Mr. Alexander is more dear to me than any other being almost on earth; but I have not been flirting with him, or trying to marry him. Do you not believe in me?"

She laid her hand gently on his, and looked into his face with eyes so pure and a trust so noble that every darksome thought and harsh suspicion were swept from Pembroke's heart, and he pressed the hand to his lips, hardly knowing what he did, and said:

"I believe in you—I love you!" Then his whole tale of love poured itself out into her unresisting ear; and although for a while she said no word, he knew that she loved him.

She looked up at last, and said:

"You know what my position is—that I am a poor, dependent girl?"

"I do; thank God for it! I am poor too. How should I dare to approach you if you were rich? Let us be poor together—for a while; I shall make my way. I know it now, and, win or lose, we shall be happy."

There was a moment's pause. Then the girl looked bravely into his face, and said:

"Mr. Pembroke, I am no coquette and no prude. I am not ashamed to own that I feel to you as I never did to man before, and never shall to any man else; but if I freely pledge you my undying love, it can and shall be only on one condition."

"Any condition you will—only name it quickly."

"That nothing you may hereafter, or soon, hear about me, nothing I now have to tell you, shall induce you to withdraw your offer of love."

Wild thoughts went through Pembroke's agitated mind. Perhaps there was something in the girl's birth, parentage, family history, which she feared he might regard as a stain, and by which she therefore would test the strength of his love. How idle a doubt! What did he care for any thing but her own purity and truth? and of these his whole instincts, heart and soul, assured him. He passionately protested that nothing on earth should divide him from her, if she would but promise him her love and her hand. He would wait as long as she pleased—years, if she would only give him the pledge that her heart was his.

A bright smile crossed her face even while tears were in her eyes, and she said:

"I have been playing a foolish trick—a mad whim of mine—and I have entrapped you! My name is Rosetta Alexander, and Mr. Alexander is my father, and the young lady with the sweet smile whom you wouldn't make love to is Virginia Roberts, my waiting-maid, the handsomest, best, and stupidest girl under the sun!

I am quite ashamed of all this absurd masquerade; but I have only lately become rich—and I suppose it has turned my head—and I have not long come out of a convent, and I heard that all men were so mercenary, and I thought it would be such capital fun to see people making love to Virginia for her supposed fortune! Papa would try to get me the moon if I cried for it, and so he consented, very unwillingly, to go into the scheme, and very awkwardly he played his part; and—and that's all—except that you are fairly trapped, and can you ever forgive me?"

Pembroke did forgive her, although he was, for the moment, honestly disappointed to find that he was not marrying a poor girl. She, with her quick and subtle instincts, would probably in any case have divined the truth and nobleness of his character; but it appeared that Mr. Alexander and she were already well acquainted, through friends, with our hero's antecedents, and the manly promise of his independent, honest nature. Mutual love did all the rest, and the affection that grew up in six days will last true and bright forever.

Captain Deedes was invited to the wedding. Colonel Sharpe (who was not invited) always offers to bet drinks that Pembroke knew the whole secret from the beginning. He considers himself an injured man, and plays euchre more steadily than ever.

OPPORTUNITY.

SHE leaned out from the lattice

At the budding of the morn;
The sun was on the hill-tops,
'The dew was on the thorn'
The willful, climbing roses
Above her wore a crown,
And crowned her the queen of maidens
As he came riding down.

He checked his horse's gallop,
And lingered by the way,
Smiling and gazing upon her,
Loath to go and loath to stay;
For he thought: "Since the sweet to-morrow
Waits on my delays,
Prithee why should I sorrow
For a flower that blooms always?"

"Where she blossoms I surely can find her,
Or ever the season takes flight,
Blushing and smiling behind her
Lattice, morning and night.
Shall I squander life's early hour,
Ere the dew is dry on the May,
In reaching my hand for a flower
That may be plucked any day?"

So he passed. And the sunshine passed with him,
And the dew dried up on the thorn,
And the roses dropped all their petals
That had crowned her the queen at morn;
But once, when his heart was tried,
And life of its glory seemed shorn,
He turned him again to her lattice,
But she and the roses were gone!

THE REFORMATION IN UTAH.

WHEN Utah was first settled, General Taylor said, "The Mormons have got on to the backbone of the continent." President Lincoln made a parallel statement: "Utah will yet become the treasure-house of the nation."

The early history of the Territory is familiar to our readers; it constitutes one of the most wonderful chapters in the religious annals of the world. But recently three important circumstances have combined to excite an interest in the public mind regarding Utah, not as the abode of an independent religious community, but as a region in which American enterprise and American ideas are destined to prevail. These are: 1. The discovery of silver mines every where in the Territory; 2. The opening of the Pacific Railroad; 3. The inauguration of social reform under competent and vigorous leadership. These momentous facts promise for Utah a glorious future. The miners have caught a glimpse of this coming era, and it is a popular saying among them that "Utah will pay the national debt." They see in the future Salt Lake City one of the principal centres of the continent. They see a Territory now consisting of one hundred and thirty settlements devoted to Mormonism transformed, under these new auspices, into an important section of the nation occupied by millions of United States citizens.

The necessity of recognizing the authority of the United States government has interfered with the grand design of the Mormon leaders, which was to establish an independent theocracy—a "Kingdom of God." This design would have been accomplished had the Mormon exodus taken place in 1844, as was originally intended, for then the Territory was nominally Mexican, and the United States could have uttered no protest; while the Indians, the only inhabitants of the valleys, would have been organized as the auxiliaries of "the kingdom." But the movement was delayed until 1847-48, and when the Territory was occupied it was a province of Upper California, and it was necessary for the apostles to organize their community as a part of the nation. In applying for the nation's recognition, however, they urged the capacity of their people for self-government, and dwelt upon their essentially organic condition as a society. They applied for admission as the "State of Deseret." In their scheme their peculiar national economy was as important as their religious organization. And, although it has not been recognized, this "State of Deseret" has existed from the beginning, and has practically governed the Territory of Utah. Not until the rise of the Utah Protestants, and the rule of the late Governor Shaffer, could the general government reach the executive functions of the Territory for a practical administration of its affairs. In effect, Brigham Young has been the potentate. Hence the

significance of one of the Mormon national anthems:

"God bless our Prophet, Priest, and King—
Our Leader, Brigham Young."

The Territorial dispensation did not stand in the way of the hierarchy, since, under President Fillmore, the government machinery was controlled by the apostles. Brigham Young was appointed Governor and Indian Agent, and Almon W. Babbit Secretary. The Chief Justice and his associates were the only United States men in the administration. Practically, the Mormon leaders obtained what they desired—self-government—and Utah, in all her cities and settlements, grew up under the most complete hierarchical rule that Christendom has ever seen. There and in Europe the disciples of this new religion were taught that the republic of the United States had been Divinely ordained to give "the kingdom" time to grow up and spread until it obtained the supremacy of the entire American continent. The United States was the first to be subdued to the Divine rule. As soon as the Mormons grew strong enough, by the influx of their people in tens of thousands from Europe, they would declare their independence, and establish a distinct national government, to be called "The Kingdom of God."

While Brigham Young controlled the executive department, the city corporations, the courts, the police, the militia, and the Legislature, and thus practically excluded the nation from the administration, there was yet one thing he could not do: he could not exclude the nation from the Territory. Notwithstanding his arrogance, he was sustained by Presidents Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan. He had but to speak, and the federal officers were removed; if he sent them away in disgrace, his decision was confirmed by new appointments. It was thought, and truly, no doubt, that Brigham Young was the best man to govern the Mormons in their isolation, and in their exasperated mental condition consequent upon their expulsion from Nauvoo. Their past persecutions inclined the nation to sympathy and forbearance.

Colonel Steptoe was commander of the first military force sent to Utah. He and his principal officers were favorable to the Mormons. Disloyal speeches were overlooked; and Brigham Young, though he assumed the attitude of an independent potentate who had Divine authority to rebuke the United States, was arrogant with impunity. But there were occasions when the superior officers with difficulty prevented a conflict between the soldiers and the citizens. Upon the expiration of Governor Young's term, Colonel Steptoe was appointed to succeed him, but declined the empty honor; for he knew that, whoever might be nominally the Governor of the Territory, Brigham Young would exercise the functions of that office. He was joined by his officers in a petition to Congress for the reappointment of Brigham Young.

It was not long before difficulties arose be-

tween the Mormons and the federal government. The United States judges were provoked by the arrogant claims of the priesthood to attempt the overthrow of the hierarchy, and were compelled to leave the Territory. They only attempted what Congress has since resolved upon, what General Shaffer was appointed by Grant to do, and what the present Chief Justice and his associates are doing. In 1857-58 Buchanan took up the conflict; and no great nation was ever more completely beaten and humbled than was the United States in that struggle. The President sent out the Utah expedition, under the command of Albert Sidney Johnston, to crush a rebellion which had then no palpable existence, and to force a Governor upon the people, assuming beforehand that he would be rejected. This army was sent at a season of the year when it could do nothing, and was obliged to winter at Ham's Fork, where both men and animals were liable to perish from hunger and cold. Hundreds of the mules died in a night, and there was not an ounce of salt in the whole camp. This delay gave the Mormon chief time to play the diplomatic rôle suggested by the advantages of his position. He said to Captain Van Vleet, the government representative: "If I can keep the army out till spring the nation will see its mistake, send commissioners, and there will be a reaction throughout the country in our favor."

On the approach of the army Brigham Young sent a proclamation to meet it, in which, as Governor of Utah, he forbade its entrance into the city. He had not been removed from office, he said, nor notified either of the coming of an army or of the purposes it was sent to execute. As Governor, he did not need this army as a *posse comitatus* to enable him to execute the laws, having the militia at his command; and if it should attempt an entrance into the city he would call out the militia to disperse it as an armed mob. Protests from the Governor and the apostles were sent abroad affirming that Utah was loyal, had broken no law, and had rejected no Governor, and demanding investigation by a "commission of honorable men." Evidently the Mormons had the best of it, and had succeeded in putting the national government in a ridiculous position. General Sam Houston was brought over to their side, and General Thomas L. Kane, their great friend, rushed to the rescue, and, it was generally understood, secured a special but private mission from the government to hasten to Utah and heal the breach.

There was also the heroic and sensational part in this extraordinary drama. The apostles declared that they would burn all the cities and settlements in the Territory, destroy their orchards and farms, and, leaving Utah a waste place, as they found it, make another exodus; or, to use Brigham's own words, he would "make a Moscow of every settlement, and a Potter's Field of every cañon." The entire people backed their resolution by acclamation; and

Captain Van Vleet, who was then in the city, sent by the government, was so impressed with this wonderful demonstration of religious heroism and self-sacrifice that he pledged his honor to Brigham Young that, if the army attempted to force an entrance before a commission of investigation could be sent, he would resign his office in the army and protest to the nation against the wrong. Then arrived General Thomas L. Kane, who immediately went out to meet Governor Cumming, and both were escorted into the city by the Mormon troops, and the Governor duly installed. Then followed the "second exodus," and the people moved south, leaving men selected to burn the city. Cumming thereupon sent after the refugees a proclamation requesting their return, assuring them that no harm should befall them. A reaction in favor of the Mormons took place throughout the country, and also in Europe. The event was compared to that of the Dutch submerging Holland to save it from France, inspired by the heroism and daring of the young Prince of Orange; and the London *Times* called the Mormons a nation of heroes. Commissioners were sent, and through them Buchanan humbly said, "Let us have peace."

When the Southern rebellion broke out, in 1861, the Mormon pontiff issued his manifesto, in the style of an independent sovereign, against the "fratricidal war," and in favor of the right of secession—a right which he might thereafter find it convenient to assert for himself. Singularly in this matter did he depart from the settled programme of Joseph Smith. For thirty years the Mormon elders had declared that the day would come when the fate of the nation would hang in a balance, and then the Mormon people would come out and save the Union. It was the intention of Prophet Smith to throw an army of his elders upon the battlefield, and to lead them himself; for he supposed, as is shown in his famous prophecy on the rebellion of the South, "beginning at South Carolina," delivered December 25, 1832, that it would come in his lifetime. To be ready for this he organized the Nauvoo Legion, and, through the influence of Senator Douglas, got himself appointed, by the Legislature of the State of Illinois, its Lieutenant-General.

From the moment of the establishment of Camp Douglas in Utah, in sight of Salt Lake City, the nation maintained a permanent foothold in the Territory, for with General Connor and his soldiers came the era of change and reforms. He, and others who sided with him, in attempting to bring about a harmony between the people of Utah and the institutions of the republic, were stigmatized by the church party as "The Regenerators." About that time T. B. H. Stenhouse, now one of the reformers, but then a stanch adherent to the cause of Brigham Young, was allowed to start *The Daily Telegraph*. The new paper opposed the "regenerators," but it inaugurated the reign of the press in Utah. Harrison and Tullidge at the same

time went into direct fellowship with the national party, and published their magazine, *The Peep o' Day*, at Camp Douglas. Its cardinal affirmation was that Mormonism was republican in its genius—a statement justly pronounced untrue by Brigham Young, and only affirmed by the editors to draw attention to its falsity.

But it was too early as yet for the reform movement. There was a party in its favor every day growing stronger, made up of United States men, on the one hand, and of prominent Mormons, including a corps of elders, on the other. This latter feature was the most auspicious one connected with the movement, since it tended to prevent a violent collision between the national and the church parties, and thus to deprive the Mormons of the advantages of religious martyrdom. The Pacific Railroad—a most important element in the progress of this movement—was being rapidly pushed forward. Nor was Brigham Young ignorant of the significance of this new fact, and since he could not prevent its accomplishment, he purposed to make it serve his own ends. He became the chief contractor in the construction of the Utah branch of the line. He went further than this, and introduced the telegraph, sending for wires, in 1866, to connect all the settlements, so that he could converse in his own office with all his bishops, and simultaneously direct them in all parts of his Territory. The design was bold in its conception. It was an attempt to use the machinery of civilization, usually designed for breaking up isolation, to make isolation complete and organized; to establish Mormonism within civilization, but intact, as a wheel within a wheel, an *imperium in imperio*; an isolation of a higher and more complex character, unlike that which had hitherto existed, and was dependent upon geographical conditions merely, was to be secured.

In the execution of this purpose the entire commercial economy of the Territory must be revolutionized. This was to be done through the system of co-operation—a kind of Mormon commercial commune, from which the gentiles must be excluded. This co-operative scheme established over the Territory, all the influential Mormon merchants absorbed, and the Walker Brothers and the gentile merchants driven out, it was his design next to bring in the "Order of Enoch." This order, which bears the deceptive style of the "celestial law" for society, would altogether supersede the law of tithing, and "consecrate" the entire property, wealth, and persons of the saints "unto the Lord," i.e., in effect, to Brigham Young. So complete would this have been that the very laborer would lay his wage at the feet of the bishop, and to each would be given that which he needed.

Brigham Young's confidence in his scheme was an infatuation. He aroused the ire of the government, provoked a Cullom bill, and caused a schism among the elders. He denounced the members of the administration and of Congress

as a lot of scoundrels, drunkards, gamblers, and whoremongers. This was at the October conference in 1868. Vice-President Colfax did not forget this, and on his second visit to Salt Lake City he made the outrage upon himself and his associates the subject of a public speech.

For years Elias L. T. Harrison and his friend W. S. Godbe had attempted to establish a free press. At the time of which we write they left the Territory, worn out with their exertions, Mr. Godbe giving the *Utah Magazine* into the hands of the gentleman who had started with him *The Peep o' Day*. These men had reached a critical point in their career. Their faith in Mormonism burned in the socket, but it was hard for them to obliterate the past with all its dreams, its attachments, and its strange romance. They must now decide for or against the "Lord's anointed." They made the matter a subject of earnest prayer and consultation. A more than ordinary experience was now theirs. Their minds were conceptive of a divine mission, calling them to redeem the Mormons from the priestly rule that had so long enslaved them. They returned to Utah as inspired reformers.

During their absence Brigham Young's co-operative scheme had been organized into an institution. Over all the stores were fixed the new signs of commerce, inscribed "Holiness to the Lord." This inscription was surmounted by a golden eye, meant to represent the All-seeing One, but irreverently stigmatized as "the bull's eye;" beneath was the commercial description, "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." This communal scheme was pressed upon the people with all the savage energy and iron will that characterized the Mormon pontiff. Not even Jennings, one of the most enterprising merchants of Mormondom, dared to refuse to be absorbed into the one-man and one-pocket power, while among the gentiles there was universal consternation, extending even to the United States officers. The bishops and apostles were ordered to cut off all communication between gentiles and the people, to see that no employment should be given to the disaffected of the working classes, and nightly missionaries were preaching in every ward throughout the city, and over all the Territory, to whip the people into commercial union. The Mormon merchants were publicly told that all who refused to join the co-operation should be left out in the cold; and against the two most popular of them the "Lion of the Lord" roared, "If Henry Lawrence don't mind what he's about I'll send him on a mission, and W. S. Godbe I'll cut off from the church." Years ago this would have been an awful utterance of doom against the men, but now W. S. Godbe and his brother merchant, who was secretly a disciple of the reform mission, which was waiting for birth, did not tremble. Henry Lawrence, however, put into the co-operation about thirty thousand dollars, for it had been resolved that Brigham should be allowed to work up the movement against himself in the public mind.

The reformers opened action upon the cause of the working classes. Not content with crushing out individual enterprise on the part of the merchant class, Brigham Young undertook to systematize the wages of the working-man, reducing the laborer to seventy-five cents and a dollar per day, and the mechanic to a dollar and a half. He held conventions and took up the matter in the "School of the Prophets," with two or three thousand pliant elders at every meeting to back him with a unanimous vote. But the great public had to be managed over the wages question. He found something in his hands which he could not master, yet which he was resolved to master. He threatened to bring in Chinese labor if the working-men did not come to his terms. They did not rebel, as working-men elsewhere would have done, with a grand "strike" and a public demonstration of wrath against the "oppressor and the tyrant," but they left Brigham Young and his bishops to manage the "elephant" which it was evident they had now in hand.

The working-men, however, would have been forced to submit or leave the Territory, as many were actually preparing to do, when the *Utah Magazine* came to their rescue. It exposed the "false policy of President Young" in attempting to reach social and commercial results by lowering the wages of the working classes, at the same time mildly condemning him for his oppressive measure. The working-men were safe then; but Brigham raged as only he who has held absolute power can when suddenly and for the first time checked in his career.

The reform movement had fairly begun. Its leaders were ready to be excommunicated and anathematized by their pope; but their aim was to let the wrong-doing be clearly on his side. Each week an editorial, dangerous because of its much truth, drew the "man of infallibility" on to the brink of a precipice. He sent the editor on a mission. The mission was *accepted*, instead of being rejected, as was designed; but the acceptance gave time, and Brigham lost his point.

The next step taken by the reformers was to agitate the subject of the mineral resources of Utah. The people were urged to develop the inexhaustible wealth which Nature herself had stored for them in the mountains and cañons every where. Again was exposed the false policy of their leaders in attempting commercial and manufacturing schemes which crippled enterprise, while they left the treasure-houses of the earth unopened, whence alone prosperity could come to the people. This brought on the issue. The president now saw something of the aim of the reformers. Men were arising who sought to lead the people through the power of the press. He had feared the mines from the beginning; for none believed more than did he in the mineral resources of the Territory. It had long been the household talk among the Mormons that Brigham knew where to open gold and silver mines which

would tempt a nation and throw a million gentiles into the Territory. When General Connor and his men began to explore the mountains and cañons some years ago the apostles and the saints prayed that the "Lord would hide up the treasures from the gentiles." And the time is not long gone by when if a Mormon had opened a silver mine he would have been in great danger. Yet there were now such men as Godbe, Lawrence, Harrison, and others, who led commerce and the press, urging the people into a course which would destroy his power in a year or two, and bring in the gentiles. He would cut them off at once, and they would pass away as straws upon the rapid tide. As chief elders they were potent to create public opinion; as apostates they would be powerless.

In the School of the Prophets, which Brigham had instituted for the purpose of carrying out his measures, he arose as the "prophet of the Lord," a character which he assumes only on extraordinary occasions, and *revealed* to the awe-stricken elders that there was a great and secret rebellion in Israel, and that an apostacy was coming which would shake the entire church. He made out in his prophetic mood perhaps more than he intended; for he certainly prophesied little less than his own overthrow. He denounced and cursed Godbe, Harrison, Stenhouse, George D. Watt, Tullidge, and two others, and summoned them for trial.

There was a great sensation in the city. The gentiles were deeply interested. Nothing before had occurred in Utah to so stir them toward a common cause. An organized movement from the elders was what the national party most desired to see arrayed against the Utah hierarchy. That night might have been seen in the gentile stores groups of men in earnest conversation touching the signs of the times and the new situation.

At the School of the Prophets on the next Saturday the rebels were at the bar. The prophet, however, had somewhat revised himself. He designed, if possible, only to take action against Godbe and Harrison. To raise up a party against himself of the chief men of the press and of commerce he saw, upon reflection, was too serious an undertaking. The first hour of the trial before the School of the Prophets was exhausted by the president's manoeuvres to exclude from trial two of his good but erring servants, that they might "testify" for the "Lord's anointed," and weep for having spoken against co-operation. They were patted on the back and restored to grace. There was management and comedy in this; and the elders were fitly chosen, for one of them was the best character comedian of Brigham's theatre, the other the costumer. Next came T. B. H. Stenhouse, who had designed to proclaim the rebellion. But the prophet was playing the fox, not the lion, that day. Stenhouse was the father-in-law of Brigham's eldest son, and the wily chief made the grievance between them a personal matter of a most trivial character, to

the infinite chagrin of the elder. At last Brigham came to his rivals, whom he and his counselors had foredoomed; while they, on their part, had resolved to force a controversy with the president and the Twelve. W. S. Godbe was the first called. Modestly, but with firmness, he took the speaker's stand, and awaited the questions from Apostle Woodruff upon which he and his compeer were to be tried. The first embodied all the rest—"Do you believe that President Young has the right to dictate to you in all things temporal and spiritual?"

The question drew a speech from Mr. Godbe to several thousand assembled elders. He did *not* believe in the extraordinary right claimed for President Young; deemed it wise in commerce to be guided by commercial experience and the circumstances of the case; had till then followed the president in his mercantile schemes, often against his own judgment, and he instanced the failures. Touching theology, he said that "the light of God in each individual soul was the proper guide in the life of every rightly cultured man, and not the intelligence of one human mind dictating for all God's creatures."

The pontiff of Mormondom then arose, and let loose his matchless tongue of ridicule to belittle his rivals. He mimicked the man of sentiment who had preached "another Gospel" to the School of the Prophets than that which it was accustomed to hear. The *Utah Magazine* he denounced as a snake in the grass, which he would now destroy; for it was more dangerous than all the papers which the gentiles had published in Utah to destroy the priesthood.

There was a sensation when the president sat down, and Elder Elias Harrison arose and took the stand. Brigham and his Luther were now face to face in their controversy. The reformer, instead of addressing the audience, turned boldly to the judge himself, and protested against him and his rule in a voice which thundered through the School. The apostles and elders were wrathful. At a word from their chief they would have driven the bold heretic from their synagogue; but Brigham hastened to hand the case over to the High Council for private trial, and took a vote to discontinue the reading of the *Utah Magazine*. This brought Henry Lawrence out with his protest, and the statement that he should maintain the freedom of the press. The affair was becoming every moment more serious, for Lawrence was one of Brigham's pillars in commerce and the city government.

The trial before the High Council came on the following Wednesday morning. None were allowed into the court-room but those who brought with them the permit of President Young. The reform leaders did not permit the case to take the form of trial, but made the circumstance their opportunity to declare their mission before the High Council, and read a series of resolutions for a reform movement. Clearly nothing remained for the High Council to do but to excommunicate these men of a

rival mission; and at a word from President Young Eli B. Kelsey was added to their number, and cut off without the form of a trial.

On the following Saturday the *Utah Magazine* appeared with manifestoes from the protestant elders, which were republished in most of the leading papers in America. The reform leaders hastened, also, to take the platform, which they were prepared to do in a few weeks.

In the meantime Henry Lawrence had resigned as one of the directors of "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," and drawn out his capital, thus half-breaking the back of Brigham's great scheme. He also resigned all his offices as alderman, first counselor of the bishop, etc., and forced his excommunication. Presidents Young and Wells had plead with him for hours not to leave their side; but Henry Lawrence had resolved to stand by his friend Godbe and the reform cause, and the man is as an immovable rock.

When the protestant elders first announced their intention of taking the platform for a great agitation of public opinion, the Mosaic mind of Mormondom was touched as by a tremendous innovation. Even the men of progress, now the mightiest in maintaining the national cause in Utah, deemed their compeers rashly forward in proposing thus to strike directly in the face of Brigham Young and his hitherto all-potent priesthood. And these more prudent men were sound in judgment, for they had in remembrance the solemn oath of the terrible man in power that before apostates should be allowed to form a party in Utah he would "unsheath his bowie-knife and lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet." A proscribed press, conducted by excommunicated elders, might not provoke a destructive wrath, but an organized movement of protest and reform, with public agitation by bold men denouncing the ruling priesthood and their policy, was very likely to bring a massacre of the protestant party, or at least the assassination of its leaders. But the men of progress had counted the cost, and with their lives in their hands they went forth to their work.

The Thirteenth Ward assembly-rooms were applied for to inaugurate the reformation. Mr. Godbe owned three or four thousand dollars' worth of stock in the property, but Bishop Woolley dared not grant the chapel without first consulting President Young. Henry Lawrence and William S. Godbe had been appointed by the council of the reformers, and they answered the bishop: "Tell Brother Brigham we have no desire to be unkind, and hope he will grant our reasonable request; but we are resolved that if he refuses we will shut up the Thirteenth Ward assembly-rooms by a process of law upon W. S. Godbe's claims." The bishop took the message, and the chapel was granted for the morning service. Brother Brigham, however, did take the threat as unkind, but he well knew that Lawrence and Godbe would keep their word.

Sunday, December 19, 1869, was an eventful day in the history of Utah. An hour before the time the people began to gather, and by eleven o'clock the large assembly-rooms were filled and the door-way crowded. The service of the day opened by the choir singing the famous hymn of Parley P. Pratt:

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
So Zion's standard is unfurled;
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world."

It is the first hymn in the Mormon hymn-book, and has been sung thousands of times at home and abroad, but on this eventful morning it had a new meaning. The people sang it with the heart and with the understanding; and even the gentiles, who formed one-third of the audience, evidently liked the theme. Thus the spirit of Parley P. Pratt, the Mormon Isaiah, through the mediumship of his hymn, opened rebellion against the man who was jealous of him all his lifetime, on account of his influence over the Mormon heart. Then came the speeches of the two reformers, Harrison and Godbe, reviewing the past and declaring their mission and "call from the heavens to arise and redeem the people of Zion from their bondage."

In the evening the Utah protestants met in Masonic Hall, which was literally packed, and yet not more than two-thirds of those who came could get inside of the door. There were great speeches delivered that night, and that of Henry Lawrence was like an iron bolt driven with a forceful deliberation direct to its mark. That speech assured the United States party that the movement of the reform elders would be carried on with a will which not even Brigham Young and his apostles could shake. All were impressed by the results of the day that the "schism" was a great fact, and that henceforth in Utah there would be a public platform and a public voice.

The next capital event in the history of Utah was the laying of the last rail of the Utah Central Pacific Railroad. The completion of the Union and Central Pacific lines was a national event, affecting greatly the destiny of Utah as well as that of the entire Pacific coast; but the completion of the Utah Central was the proper local sign of radical changes in Mormonism. That event put the Territory *en rapport* with the age of railroads, and under the influence of its civilizing agencies lessening in a day half the influence of the priesthood over society, without shocking it with the consciousness of the fact. A world of expansion came to Mormondom with the laying of the last rail in Salt Lake City, and a community, formed in a state of isolation, appreciated at once that henceforth the hand of the East and the hand of the West were on Utah, and forty millions of people at her door.

It was January 10, 1870; the weather was cold, a heavy fog hung over the city of the Great Salt Lake; but the multitude assembled, and by two o'clock P.M. there is said to have

been gathered around the dépôt block not less than fifteen thousand people. As the train with the invited guests from Ogden and the north came in sight, dashing toward the end of the track, shouts arose from the assembled city. A large steel mallet had been prepared for the occasion, made at the blacksmith's shop of the public works of the church. The "last spike" was forged of Utah iron, manufactured ten years ago by the late Nathaniel V. Jones, one of the chief prophets of the iron resources of the Territory. The mallet was elegantly chased, bearing on the top an engraved beehive (the emblem of the State of Deseret), surrounded by the inscription "Holiness to the Lord," and underneath the beehive were the letters U. C. R. R.; a similar ornament consecrated the spike, both intending to symbolize that Utah with the railroad should still be the "Kingdom of God." The sun, which had hid himself behind the clouds during the whole day, burst forth as in joy to witness the event of the laying of the last rail almost at the very instant. It was like a glad surprise, and the apostles took it as an omen of good. The honor of driving the last spike in the first railroad built by the Mormon people belonged to President Brigham Young. At a few minutes past two o'clock he stood on the spot with the steel mallet in his hand, and lifted it to strike with the symbol of "Holiness to the Lord" and the arms of the State of Deseret. Brigham Young, the "man of destiny," missed his mark and broke the last spike!

Other events of marked importance soon followed. Indignation meetings of Mormon women were held throughout the Territory to protest against the passage of the Cullom bill. To encourage them to persevere in their patriotic course, the Utah Legislature passed a bill granting woman suffrage. The following is a copy of this remarkable instrument:

"An Act giving Women the Elective Franchise in the Territory of Utah.

"Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Governor and the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, that every woman of the age of twenty-one years, who has resided in this Territory six months next preceding any general or special election, born or naturalized in the United States, or who is the wife, or widow, or the daughter of a naturalized citizen of the United States, shall be entitled to vote at any election in this Territory.

"Sec. 2. All laws or parts of laws conflicting with this act are hereby repealed.

"Approved February 12, 1870."

This bill was intended by President Young to serve his own purposes; but, as the issue will prove, it was an important step in the progress of reform: the women of Utah were emancipated.

The act granting female suffrage was approved on the Saturday preceding the city elections on the following Monday. While the Legislature was working on the bill the national party was holding political meetings and organizing the opposition ticket. Eli B. Kelsey, a chief of the reformers, was chosen chairman of

the convention which put into operation the first political machinery of the national party in Utah, and "gentiles" and the liberal elders were mixed on the independent ticket. A mass-meeting was also called of the liberal party, to confirm or disapprove the nominations of the convention.

But Brigham Young had resolved not only on a female suffrage bill to overthrow his enemies, but also on a *coup d'état*, providing some excuse could be worked up through the management of his agents. He notified the bishops to send picked men to the mass-meeting. Main Street was lined with a chosen mob, who, on the opening of the doors, rushed in with shouts and possessed the place in a moment. At their head came one of the three archbishops of Mormondom, with the marshal of the Territory, and, like so many captains, followed the policemen; the whole body organizing as by programme, each principal man taking his assigned place. The marshal marched to the foot of the stand, laid his cloak and hat on the table, and, turning to the expectant sea of faces, stroked his flowing beard majestically, and moved Bishop Jesse C. Little to the chair. The church nominations were then duly taken up and carried by acclamation; after which the bishop told the people to go peacefully to their homes, and then marched through the crowd and left the hall, followed by the responsible men.

That a sequel was intended was evident. The mob remained; the secret police were among them, and the little party of the independent men was literally wedged into the corners around the stand. These were well armed, as it is supposed was the case with every man in the hall. Within, and without in the street, there were not unlikely a thousand armed men, and no one knew what a moment would bring forth. For the space of ten minutes there was a great suspense; all were waiting, no one acting. Mr. Kelsey, the real chairman of the meeting—for it was an adjourned one—calmly and respectfully urged the people to withdraw as their bishop had counseled, thus connecting the sequel with the men in authority. The impatient people at length began to clamor, while the little band of the independents remained quiet, but ready to sell their lives dearly. "I can take that man out," exclaimed a chief of the police, who had been posted all the evening behind Mr. Kelsey, as he left his position to take out the offender from his own party. It was the excuse, the signal, for dispersion; in five minutes the hall was cleared.

As the affair shaped itself, it was plain to the managers that Brigham would be made responsible for all the acts of that night. Moreover, Godbe, Harrison, Shearman, and Lawrence, the rival candidate for the mayorship, were absent. The very plot had crowded out the liberal party, all but its committee and a few who had entered by the back, before the opening of the doors. The prominent men there were

also nearly all gentiles, chiefly United States officers, and President Young was convinced before the morning that he had committed another mistake; for early he sent down his chief clerk to the *Tribune* office to pay for the damages done to the place of meeting, laughing the affair off as an *intended* practical joke upon the opposition party. But the United States men, who were the committee, would not thus consider it, but sent out in print their stern protest, denouncing the affair as a political outrage, worthy to be classed with the early acts of Kansas. The church authorities were also given to understand that, if necessary, on the Monday's election, the soldiers from Camp Douglas would be posted in the city to protect United States citizens in the exercise of their rights. The election, however, came and passed off without any more than a legitimate excitement attending the first organized opposition to the church rule over the state.

Meanwhile the Cullom bill was before the House, and near its passage; the leading papers were speculating upon the prospects of another Mormon war, and the probable exodus of the "peculiar people" to some spot outside the United States dominion, while Mr. Fitch made his great speech before the House on the same subject. The Mormon leaders on their side were proclaiming their intentions, through the *Deseret News*, and the bishops throughout the Territory, that they would lay their cities and settlements in ashes and make another exodus if the Cullom bill was passed and the government sent troops to execute it. But this was not all; vengeance was to be taken. The bishops boldly declared on the stand that in the event they would first "wipe out the Godbeites and the gentiles;" and the fanatics among the people openly talked of it as a settled thing, even in the presence of the men marked for vengeance. The passage of the bill at that period in both Houses, and the immediate action of the government to enforce it, would have been most fatal to all concerned, and martyrdom to the men who, daily, at the risk of their lives, were boldly braving the priestly leaders and warning the people against a disloyal course. It was deemed expedient in this crisis that William S. Godbe, the leader of the reformers, should go immediately to Washington to explain the situation to President Grant and the chief men of the nation, of whose sympathy with their cause they had received many assurances.

The leader of the reformers, on being presented by Mr. Colfax, was cordially received by the President of the United States, who was then face to face with the difficulty of thousands in the person of a patriot who had laid his life, his fortune, and his family upon the altar for a public cause, to help bring the Mormons into harmony with the age, and preserve them from a collision with the government. The interview was long and important, for General Grant was as much interested in the matter as Mr. Godbe. The reformer received the assur-

ance of the President that the government would act with a deep consideration of the complex case, and that troops should only be used as a moral force. He left the presence of the executive chief confident that Utah would be permitted to work out her own redemption by her agencies of progress, her new circumstances, and her mines, simply backed by a firm but ordinary administration.

The Cullom bill, however, had previously passed the House, and was referred to the Senate. At home in Utah the Mormon apostles had gathered an immense assembly of the brotherhood in mass-meeting to memorialize the Senate, affirming polygamy as a part of their religion, and a matter in which their salvation was involved. Respectfully, but with the solemn earnestness of men who would meet martyrdom rather than renounce their religion, they proclaimed to the nation their unalterable resolution to "obey the commandments of God," be the consequences what they might.

The administration of Governor Shaffer, which came in at this point, took the Territory over to United States ground. No more could Brigham Young boast that he was the Governor of Utah. General Shaffer was sent by President Grant for the express purpose of breaking down that assumption forever, and establishing at length over the Territory the rule of the republic, overturning the rule of the theocracy. It was known to the Mormon chiefs and to the opposition that he was chosen specially for this, and his arrival in Salt Lake City created a general concern on one side and an eager confidence on the other. The new Governor, however, duly appreciated the views of the protestant elders, with whom he often counseled, and settled upon the policy of leaving the peculiar institutions of the Mormon people to the action of the extraordinary circumstances then rapidly developing. He was convinced that enough would be done if he made himself governor in fact, and practically affirmed the national supremacy. But even this could not be well and wisely done unless done cautiously, and a trial case placed between himself as the Governor of the Territory and the chiefs of the hierarchy in their exercise of power which clearly belonged to the state. The Utah militia, which had from the beginning been in the hands of the church, was chosen to furnish such a case, and that, too, directly between the Governor, as the rightful commander-in-chief of the militia, and Lieutenant-General Daniel H. Wells, who for years had been the actual commander-in-chief and one of the three presidents of the church.

It was deemed necessary to send more of the regular troops to Utah to establish there as many military posts as the circumstances required. For this purpose General Sheridan visited Salt Lake City to make himself acquainted with the situation. A council was held upon the matter in Governor Shaffer's room, and the leading reformers were invited

to be present, for thus General Sheridan had been instructed by President Grant, that Mr. Godbe and his copatriots might furnish information and their experience in dealing with Mormon affairs; for all the government designed, the general said, was to use the troops as a "moral force." The result was that another military post was established to fortify the situation at Provo, the second principal city in the Territory. The time for Governor Shaffer's *coup de main* on the militia question soon arrived, when he issued the following

PROCLAMATION.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SALT LAKE CITY,
UTAH TERRITORY, *September 15, 1870.*

Know ye that I, J. Wilson Shaffer, Governor of the Territory of Utah, and Commander-in-chief of the Militia of said Territory, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by the laws of the United States, have this day appointed and commissioned P. E. Connor Major-General of the Militia of Utah Territory, and W. M. Johns Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General of the Militia of Utah Territory. Now it is ordered that they be obeyed and respected accordingly.

[L. S.] Witness my hand and the great seal of said Territory, at Salt Lake City, this the 15th day of September, A.D. 1870.

J. W. SHAFFER, *Governor.*

By the Governor.

VERNON H. VAUGHAN, *Secretary Utah Territory.*

But this instrument alone would have left the matter very much as before. A gentile commander and a Mormon army would have taken nothing from the hands of Brigham Young and Lieutenant-General Wells. It was necessary that the military force of the Mormon pope-dom, by which it had in 1857-58 maintained an actual rebellion, should be broken up forever. This was the aim of the second

PROCLAMATION.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SALT LAKE CITY,
UTAH TERRITORY, *September 15, 1870.*

Know ye that I, J. Wilson Shaffer, Governor of the Territory of Utah, and Commander-in-chief of the Militia of the Territory of Utah, do hereby forbid and prohibit all musters, drills, or gatherings of militia of the Territory of Utah, and all gatherings of any kind or description of armed persons within the Territory of Utah, except by my order, or by the order of the United States Marshal, should he need a *posse comitatus* to execute any order of the court, and not otherwise. And it is hereby further ordered that all arms or munitions of war belonging to either the United States or the Territory of Utah within said Territory, not in the possession of United States soldiers, be immediately delivered by the parties having the same in their possession to Colonel William M. Johns, Assistant Adjutant-General. And it is further ordered that should the United States Marshal need a *posse comitatus* to enforce any order of the courts, or to preserve order, he is hereby authorized and empowered to make a requisition upon Major-General P. E. Connor for such *posse comitatus* or armed force; and Major-General P. E. Connor is hereby authorized to order out the militia, or any part thereof, as my order, for said purpose or purposes, and no other.

The church authorities at first, in defiance of the proclamation of the Governor, contemplated the annual muster of the militia, retaining President Wells in the extraordinary office of lieutenant-general. But the dying veteran was equal to the occasion. "Do not imagine," he said to a city authority, "that I shall call upon the few troops at Camp Douglas to execute my

order. I shall telegraph to President Grant to send me on enough force. It will be sent. You will not want to see troops a second time in Salt Lake City." Grant afterward affirmed that Will Shaffer should not have been disappointed, but should have been backed with sufficient force.

President Wells, as "captain of the Lord's host," would have dared rebellion, but Brigham Young retreated in time. The kingdom gave way to the republic. General Shaffer lived just long enough to make the nation supreme in Utah.

Next in importance to the taking of the militia out of the hands of the church, was that of taking the United States courts out of her hands by the ruling of the chief justice, J. B. McKean, that the United States marshal had the right to call the jurors of the Supreme Court.

Closely following these events was the contested election for the seat in Congress between delegate Hooper and General Maxwell, which gave another practical illustration of the wonderful changes fast coming over the theocratic Territory.

But the mines of Utah have done, perhaps, more than any other agency in bringing about those changes, and they will give to Utah her future. To General P. Edward Connor and the California volunteers is due the credit of giving the first mining impulses to the country, but it was not till the reform leaders braved the priestly anathemas, and urged the Mormons to develop their mineral resources, that the spell was broken which had so long held them from opening the inexhaustible treasures which they believed were all around them. From that day a new era has opened to Utah, and her mines have already obtained a national fame. They are being opened in every direction throughout the Territory, and fabulous wealth is in them. Valuable discoveries have been made of chlorides and "horn silver," varying in actual assay value from five hundred dollars to twenty-seven thousand dollars per ton. Though several other mines are becoming of nearly equal reputation for future prospects, the "Little Emma" is the most prominent. She is now returning a quarter of a million dollars per month, or ten thousand dollars per day, and many millions of wealth will be taken from this mine alone before it is exhausted. Yet the country is only beginning to open its treasure-houses, and, till within the last six months, excepting in the Emma, labor has done the work almost without the helping hand of capital, which to-day, however, is making haste to become principal. Not more than eighteen months ago Brigham Young excommunicated the reformers for urging the people to develop their mineral wealth, but to-day he and his apostles are pushing them in the same direction, carried on themselves by the irresistible rush of the new circumstances. They are striving with all their might to hold the supremacy of the country by reversing their policy. The "Lord"

now, they say, has "uncovered the mines." Indeed, it is not improbable that those whom the age has hitherto known as the community of "Saints," in future will be known as the *community of miners*; for Utah in her silver bids fair to be to America what Wales is to England for coal and iron.

The future of Utah is very distinctly marked. Theocracy will pass away, and a republican State take its place, while ten years hence scarcely a relic of polygamy and the patriarchal system will remain.

STOLEN FLOWERS.

ON the 8th of June a boy, who gave his name as John Lintott, age unknown, but supposed over twelve, with long matted hair, and with hands and features almost untraceable through the dirt by which they were begrimed, was brought before Mr. Vaughan, magistrate, at Bow Street, London, charged with being found in Somerset Street, Strand, with a box of flowers in his possession, supposed to have been stolen.

Police-constable Sergeant, E division, stopped the boy at twelve o'clock at night. He said a chap gave him the box to take to a coffee-house in Hart Street; but he was walking in the opposite direction.

It was found that the box contained cut flowers, worth two guineas, and had been stolen from a van belonging to Mr. Reeve, florist, Acton.

MR. VAUGHAN (*to prisoner*). "Where do you live?"

PRISONER. "I don't live nowhere."

MR. VAUGHAN. "Have you no friends in London?"

PRISONER. "No; I ain't got no friends."

MR. VAUGHAN. "But where do you sleep at night?"

PRISONER. "Under the show-board agin the Lyceum Theayter."

MR. VAUGHAN. "What does he say?"

JAILER. "He says he sleeps under the large posting-board in front of the Lyceum Theatre."

MR. VAUGHAN. "Do you mean, boy, that you sleep there every night?"

PRISONER. "No; I don't sleep there every night. Sometimes I gits under other boards."

MR. VAUGHAN. "But have you no home, no father or mother?"

PRISONER. "I has a father and mother, but they won't let me go home. When I goes home they turn me out again. Father says he won't have me there."

MR. VAUGHAN. "Why does he refuse to have you there?"

PRISONER. "'Cause I stopped out two or three nights. Then he wouldn't never take me back again."

MR. VAUGHAN. "Where does he live?"

PRISONER. "Over a boot-shop in Red Lion Street. I don't know the number."

MR. VAUGHAN. "What is your father? Where does he work?"

PRISONER. "In Common Garden Market."

JAILER. "He is a porter in the market, your worship."

The prisoner was then remanded for a week.

Shortly before this incident occurred I had been wandering for a few days amid the beauties of embowered Surrey, losing myself amid the floral seas that surround Deepdene, and gathering wild flowers in the woods near Godalming. When I reached Waterloo Station, on my return, I bore quantities of these flowers in my hand, and in all the by-ways through which I passed on my way home I was surrounded by ragged and filthy children, each pleading for a flower. One or two pale-faced girls overcame the grasp with which I held on to my beauties; but for the rest I stopped my ears with the maxim that charity begins at home, and pressed on. It took only two days for my flowers to wither; and, now that I have read the dialogue that occurred between John Lintott and the magistrate, I begin to wish that I had disposed of my flowers a little differently. Might I not have put them into a new blossoming by making each call a smile of delight to one of those children inured to want and dirt? Might I not have made them enduring had I associated them with little faces made happier? And what might not one of the flowers have meant for the poor child clutching after it? A smile of God through the darkness of poverty and sin, it may be—a radiance such as falls for me from Raphael's Madonna.

But may it not be that the ragged John Lintott merely meant to sell the flowers? It may be so; but it is doubtful, and I give Johnny the benefit of the doubt. I put the question to one who knows much about our street Arabs. "Don't know," was the reply; "these ragamuffins are always mad after flowers." Moreover, there were as many vegetables as roses at the spot whence the flowers were stolen.

Mad after flowers, then, is this wretched, dirt-grimed child of thirteen. Can a woman forget her child? Father and mother have abandoned little John to find his only bed on the stone which the high porch of the Lyceum Theatre shelters. He "ain't got no friends." But one day the flowers may have (who knows?) smiled on him with something of a mother's smile, and the roses said, Poor Johnny, we are your friends! So he hears, and remembers; and in the hour of midnight he creeps from his show-board covert on the pavement, hies him in the darkness to the van of roses awaiting the morning market, and clasps his friends to bear them—whither? Heaven knows! "I don't live nowhere," says John.

I can imagine that in certain far-away ages and climes such an incident would have called some artist to this child's cell in the station-house; but property stands for more than the love of beauty in England; and if the child of thirteen is permitted to ignore its laws, as defined by the Lord Chancellor, the same igno-

rance may be pleaded by the Artful Dodger. Nevertheless, those whose universe admits other considerations than the rules of *meum* and *tuum* can not help reflecting that it were almost as bad that John Lintott should be denied sunshine as that he should be denied flowers, or, at least, that beauty which the flowers signify. The wretched boy—yes, every boy and girl who is begging flowers this moment about Covent Garden—is a bundle of unsatisfied hunger; and where the skinny little hand passes by this or that exposed edible to purloin a flower, there is a hunger that may be for a half-penny, but again may be for what is highest and noblest. It is of such stuff as this last that artists are made. I once heard a philosopher claim that all human beings were poets, because they loved fables. I will claim that these London Arabs are artists, because no one can walk through the streets with a flower in his hand without being asked for it, in pleading tones, twenty times where he will be asked for a penny once.

I sometimes wonder whether well-to-do people ever really see a flower. Flowers are very mystical things. The daughter of Linnæus declared that she saw hovering just over a flower its spirit as a delicate flame. Had the great botanist's passion for flowers re-appeared in his daughter as a second sense? And may it be that some such second sense is enlisted when pure beauty is looked at from the nethermost region of ugliness? If from the bottom of a deep well the uplooking eye can see the stars at mid-day, may it not be that from amid dirt and filth and haggard dismalness there may be a radiance about these petals beyond that with which the sun can tint them, and beyond what people who live among comfort and pictures, or even with bright wall-paper around them, and carpets beneath them, can discern? It might be that Millais and Rossetti would give a great deal to see the hues of nature from the John Lintott point of view, if they knew more about it. But as few of us can get all the glimpses and revelations that visit the midnight passed under the show-board covert on the pavement fronting the Lyceum Theatre, let us try if we can not interpret flower language a little better by the light of our lad's story.

It is common to point to flowers as final answers to utilitarianism. J. R. Lowell has told us of those practical questions which would abolish the rose and be answered triumphantly by the cabbage. All very true; but may not one question whether the flowers were really meant to be as useless as we make them out? No doubt their use is very different from that of the cabbage. One can heartily respond to Leigh Hunt's claim for them—

"Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest;"

but at the same time one may have a misgiving that we do not put them to the finest uses when we cut them for bouquets and adorn our rooms with them. The ancients made a religious use of flowers, as chaplets, altar decorations, and

as symbols of particular gods and goddesses. Each flower preserved a divine myth. The tradition of their sanctity passed to the Christian convents, and many of our exotics would never have reached us but for their assiduous cultivation within monastic walls. The rosary is the transfiguration of roses into prayers; and one of the noblest of Persian sacred books is the Gulistan, or Rose Garden. Sheik Saadi walked with his friend in a beautiful garden. "It was the season of spring; the air was temperate, and the rose in full bloom. The vestments of the trees resembled the festive garments of the fortunate. It was mid-spring, when the nightingales were chanting from the pulpits of the branches; the rose decked with pearly dew, like blushes on the cheek of a chiding mistress. You would have said that the knot of the Pleiades was suspended from the branch of the vine. Under the shade of its trees Zephyr had spread the variegated carpet. I saw in my friend's lap a collection of roses, odoriferous herbs, and hyacinths, which he had intended to carry into town. I said, 'You are not ignorant that the flower soon fadeth, and the enjoyment of the rose is of short continuance; and the sages have declared that the heart ought not to be set upon any thing that is transitory.' He asked, 'What course is there to be pursued?' I replied, 'I am able to form a book of roses, whose spring the autumn blast can not injure. What benefit from a basket of flowers? Carry a leaf from my garden.' Saadi's friend cast away his flowers. 'Whilst the rose was yet in bloom the book entitled the Rose Garden was finished.'" From this book the dervishes get their hymns to-day, and the people say each sentence of it has seven meanings.

Shall we say that, while carrying floriculture so far, we have not been able to transform our flowers yet into transcendent rosaries and rose gardens? I fear not. Poor little John would not be so starved in heart and mind if we had learned all the charity there is in a rose. The flowers are but wasted in ball-rooms if they might be carrying tender messages from God to hearts to which earth refuses friends, and even mothers and fathers refuse a home. It is very sad that any box of flowers which a boy of thirteen could carry should be worth over ten dollars in gold. Flowers ought not to be such luxuries, but they are. And how can the case be bettered? We may and should make more use of flowers in adorning our churches, making of them a perpetual sacrament on the altar, and twining them about our creeds and dogmas. We might do much, too, by seeing that they should be planted in every nook of the city where they will grow. But the real satisfaction for poor Johnny's craving is, I suspect, to open an eye in him which can see flowers more within his reach than those of the Acton van. To his somewhat savage taste Beauty has now to appeal in her most obvious and plain-spoken form. There may be doubt in

his mind about the beauty of honesty and truth, but none of the deliciousness of the color and fragrance of flowers. But Mr. Ruskin tells us of a boy who grew up not fifty yards from where John Lintott purloined flowers, under whose eye and paint-brush the very cabbage leaves and incidental litter of Covent Garden Market became glorious, and the castaway orange peel was raised to Hesperian gardens, and London fog became spiritual. Every poor lad that wanders about the purlieus around Covent Garden can not, indeed, become a Turner; but by true care taken of him—half as much, say, as Mr. Reeve, florist, bestowed on those stolen flowers—every lad might be taught to see blossoms in earth, in sky, lustres in human faces, now covered over by ignorance as thick as the dirt on his face. Every where, indeed, are flowers abloom. Wren and Barry saw them in parterres on the cornices of old buildings; Charles Dickens gathered them by handfuls from the dens of thieves. Will an age of humaniculture follow this of horticulture, which shall train our little Lintotts to withhold their hands from forbidden flowers, and answer their craving for the beautiful by training within them honesty, truth, sympathy, and hope? Every flower is a prophet of the Divine benevolence, and calls man to rise to the sacred circle of charity. Each says to the lowly listener at its feet, Strive to add some bloom to human pathways, and be sure that there is no heart so poor that it will not leap in response to every smile and every kindness bestowed upon it. The art of making others happy—that is the great art. Such is the sense of the flowers.

PUNS AND PUNSTERS.

THE sort of verbal jest which the Greeks termed *paronomasia*, and which, in our language, is known by the less euphonious name of pun, is one of the most ancient forms of pleasantry. The earlier and later Hellenic and Roman writers were partial to puns; so fond, indeed, as clearly to have regarded very poor ones as much better than none at all, where the occasion did not allow the best. The plot of Homer's *Odyssey*, as every scholar knows, would have failed of its *dénouement* but for the author's play upon "*Outis*"—the most solemn and stupendous pun ever perpetrated in literature. Shakspeare, as every reader has observed, loved a pun so well that, for the sake of a paltry play upon words, he sometimes runs a sublime passage quite "into the ground." Indeed, the gravest writers of his time were excessively addicted to punning, and often sacrificed the dignity of their discourses to their fondness for quibbles. Cicero appears to have been extremely fond of punning, and employed the art for oratorical effect—sometimes with great felicity, as in one of his philippics, where the force of his invective is greatly enhanced by his use, not of the pun proper (that is, a word

bearing two different significations), but by a clever play upon words of similar sound. To call his adversary "little and wicked" would have been much less sarcastic in effect than the equivalent sense which the orator conveyed in the Latin epithet, "*parvus et pravus!*" Of the same sort, though used for praise instead of satire, was the play upon words employed by one of the early popes when certain handsome youths were brought into the presence of his Holiness, who now saw for the first time specimens of the *blonde* heathens of England. "*Non Angli, sed Angeli!*" he exclaimed, adding, thoughtfully, in the same tongue, "if they were only Christians!" The same kind of punning appears in Pasquin's Latin epigram on the Barberini family after they had plundered Rome by their extortions, to the effect that "what the *Barbari* [barbarians] began the *Barberini* completed!"

Perhaps the best of Cicero's puns is that where, in one of his orations, he turned the *paronomasia* to a very pointed account by employing a proverbial expression of Plautus in ironical compliment to a senator who had formerly been a tailor. "*Rem acu tetigisti*" ("you have handled the subject with acuteness") was a quotation employed as a panegyric; but to say to the "honorable senator" that he had "pricked the thing with a needle," which was equally the meaning of the words, and what the orator intended to say, was, considering the *circumstances of the case*, a good deal less complimentary. Another from Cicero, on the name of *Verres* (one of the Latin names of the porcine tribe), is worth quoting by way of introduction to another branch of the subject in hand. An Israelite having threatened to take part in a great state case then *sub lite*, Cicero said to him, "What has a *Jew* to do with *Verres*?"—a natural enough jest to make on the occasion, but too easy and obvious for wit, and too uncivil for good manners, as are most puns on the names of persons. What renders the practice of punning on names a particular nuisance is the fact that the owner of the name is compelled to hear the jest, good or bad, in endless iteration. When, thirty years ago, the Rev. Mr. Ingersel, a Unitarian minister of Burlington, Vermont, remarked to Mr. Haswell, one of the clergyman's parishioners, that his name "would be *as well* without the H," the latter was delighted with the pun; but imagine the gentleman's weariness and disgust when (the joke having got abroad) every booby in town repeated the pun in his ear, either as original or borrowed, until the unlucky man wished the whole tribe of punsters in perdition! Of all the personal puns we remember to have seen, the best is that of the poet Gay on his own name and that of his friend Rich, proprietor of the theatre which brought out the "Beggars' Opera," the success of which was so profitable to both manager and poet that the latter said, with equal felicity of wit and temper, the venture had

"made *Rich* gay, and *Gay* rich!" Dryden, whose dramatic writings contain many puns, disliked the pun personal, and, though his own name was not mentioned, is related to have been much offended when, as he was standing with his back to Rome, a friend informed him he was like a waterman; "for," said the punster, "you look one way, and *Rome* another!"

As the pun is one of the oldest forms of wit, so also, in spite of its enemies, it seems likely, with whatever vicissitudes, to live as long as language itself. That any thing at once so innocent, and so pleasing when cleverly employed, should have been the subject of so much hostility and detraction strikes one, at first thought, with surprise. Thomas Hood, who was *facile princeps* among punsters ancient and modern, attributes something of this antipathy to simple dullness. As Swift had said, long before, that "it is as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company as it is to whisper in it, and for the same reason, namely, that he is ignorant of what is said," so Hood remarks, in the same vein of satire, "It is not wonderful that people should be offended with two meanings [to a word] who with difficulty understand one!" Another famous wit has observed that "no man ever condemned a good pun who was able to make one," a remark which suggests the real reason why puns have been so often and so harshly denounced—namely, that most puns are bad ones; and thus the whole family of punsters are brought under suspicion, if not into positive odium and disrepute. Every art is damaged more or less by bunglers and false professors; and yet, we venture to affirm, no punster ever became odious save by his own bad puns. It is the would-be wit, in whatever sort of *facetiae*, who is disliked and derided; the punster along with the rest of the great family of bores, and not more than his brethren. It is so easy to make a bad pun that every fool must try his hand at punning, ignorant or heedless of the fact that only men of wit can turn to a witty account words of two senses or one. Sometimes it has happened, as in the reign of James I. of England, that the genuine *beaux esprits* having given *éclat* to punning by their brilliant *jeux de mots*, all the dunces in the country, from the king to the dullest of his courtiers, set up for wits, and deluged the land with puns, of which the excellent were to the execrable in the ratio of Falstaff's modicum of bread to his quantum of sack; until at last the real wits hastened to denounce, and if possible destroy, a custom which had brought the art, in itself not ignoble, into odium or contempt. So potent was the example of "the royal pedant" that all classes fell a-punning to such a degree that what from the lips and pens of a few men of wit was a delight became at length, in the general abuse, an intolerable nuisance. Judges punned on the bench, parsons in the pulpit, and thieves and homicides on their way to Newgate or Tyburn. The sermons of the most eminent divines were as full

of puns as the rhymed plays of Planche and John Brougham in our day; and drawing-room discourse was rendered inane beyond its natural limit by verbal quibbles as abundant and offensive as the conundrums of the present period, when giddy juveniles worry their adult relations with eager questions touching the resemblance of this to that, or the reason of the difference between that and the other. The mania which commenced in the time of Elizabeth, and culminated during the reign of the Jameses, began to abate in the days of "good Queen Anne," when Addison, Pope, and Swift, and other eminent wits of the time, attacked the custom with so much vehemence and vigor as to banish puns at least from pulpits and drawing-rooms, where they had been offensively prevalent for nearly a century. Swift, at once the most inveterate and brilliant punster in the kingdom, led the crusade in a pamphlet entitled "God's Revenge against Punning;" and Addison headed hostile columns against the enemy in the elegant pages of the *Spectator*.

While at its height the punning mania of England resembled, in its extravagance, the famous tulip madness of Holland. There is another point of similarity worth mentioning—namely, that none the less for the absurd infatuation of the Dutch, the tulip remains a pretty flower; and, despite the folly of King James I. and his quibbling parasites, a good pun is still a pleasant thing, and will always be so regarded while there are men of wit to make and enjoy it.

The real value of the *paronomasia* may be easily judged by recalling the names of the men of genius who have employed it—from Homer to Hood—and with still greater certainty by considering the fact that if from the most notable examples of wit recorded in literature or living in oral tradition—epigrams, repartees, and other *bonmots*—we deduct those the wit of which turns on the pivot of a pun, the number will be diminished by nearly a half. Martial, the oldest and most voluminous of the epigrammatists, deals largely in verbal quibbles. Ovid and Horace were both accomplished punsters. So also, among English wits, were Sheridan, Moore, Curran, Foote, Quinn, Byron, Rogers, Lamb, Hook, Jerrold, and Sydney Smith. Of Hood it is not extravagant to say that, in facility and felicity of punning, he has no equal among authors in any language. In American literature, Lowell's "Fables for the Critics" and Saxe's "Proud Miss M'Bride" are remarkable for the abundance and variety of their puns; and many of Holmes's humorous poems are indebted to verbal quibbles for a large share of their mirth-moving effect.

All the famous French wits, with Voltaire at the head of the list, make frequent use of the *équivoque*, as the pun is termed in their language—a language peculiarly adapted to punning, since the French usage of joining their words together in pronouncing them greatly

increases the frequency of similar sounds in words and sentences of different meaning, thus offering endless occasions for the punster. Several pleasing examples of French puns, which occur to us as well worth quoting, we reluctantly omit, since this article is intended for English readers, and puns, unluckily, are almost always untranslatable. There are some exceptions, as where the word played upon is the same, or nearly the same, in both languages. Thus in Voltaire's epigram on a certain volume of ill-written hymns, or "Sacred Songs," which found no favor with the public, the pun and the point are preserved by saying in English that the satirist declared that the songs were properly called "sacred," since no one meddled with them.

An anecdote of the year 1650 credits to an anonymous wit a very clever piece of Latin punning, accompanied by a no less clever English translation. The Archbishop of Canterbury sent as a present to a scholarly nephew a plate of fish from his table, requesting (the story goes) an *extempore* acknowledgment in rhyme; to which the young man (who was disposed to complain that his Grace had omitted to send any thing to drink) replied in the following verse:

"*Mittitur in disco,
Mihi pisces ab Archiepisco—
Po non ponatur,
Quia potus non mihi datur!*"

Whereat the archbishop and his friends laughed heartily; but one of the guests, who knew nothing of Latin, said he wished it had been in English, that he might have laughed with the rest of the company; whereupon the scholar immediately gave him a translation in these words:

"There was sent me fish
In a dish, from the archbish—
Hop is not here,
Because he sent no beer!"

It is somewhat remarkable that Sydney Smith should have written disparagingly of puns (*vide* "Lectures on Mental Philosophy"), considering how much he owed to them for the point of his own witticisms. Where would have been his famous *bonmot* on the dean and chapter, who, he declared, in order to complete the wooden pavement, had only to "put their heads together," but for what another calls "the merry, social, urbane pun," of which the reverend satirist afterward wrote so slightly? And so we might inquire of many another jest of the punning parson, which gave point and pungency to his damaging ridicule of current social follies, and chronic abuses in church and state.

And here we think it worth remarking that the disparaging definition in the text-books of intellectual science which declares puns to be the "wit of words," as distinguished from the "wit of ideas," is unsatisfactory and clearly at fault; since by whatever use of words wit is made to appear, it is still a "wit of ideas," or it fails to be wit at all. The forms and mate-

rials and occasions of wit are unlimited, but the point must still lie in the *thought*—in the pleasing surprise—which, as all agree, is the principal element of wit.

Every body has heard of Dr. Johnson's asseveration that "the man who would commit a pun would pick a pocket;" but every body is not aware that the pun-hating pundit at least once in his life committed the crime he denounced so heartily—so much easier is it to utter fine moral sentiments than invariably to observe them! Certainly the Doctor was wrong

either in his precept or his practice. It must have been the former; for we do not think "the great moralist" would have picked a pocket, but he *did* perpetrate a pun, and one of the best (or worst) in the annals of wit. Witness his reply to the provost of St. Andrew's College, when (shortly after that institution had made itself infamous by *selling its honors*) the provost complained to Johnson that the college was thriving but poorly in a financial way. "Sir," said the Doctor, "you have only to keep on as you have begun, and you will get rich *by degrees*!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

SEVENTY-ONE years ago the seat of government was removed from Philadelphia to Washington, and President John Adams, with his family, was obliged to leave the comfortable and even luxurious city upon the Delaware to establish himself upon the lonely and unpromising shores of the Potomac. "Woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach the city, which is only so in name," writes the clever and accomplished Mrs. Adams. "Here and there is a small cot without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being." Of the first White House she says: "The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables—an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary! The lighting the apartments from the kitchen to parlors and chambers is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in that great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain..... We have not the least fence, yard, or other conveniences without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of to hang up the clothes in."

This was seventy-one years ago; but to-day if, on some soft, bright summer afternoon, you are driving along the lonely wooded roads upon the Virginia shore of the Potomac, upon some high point, near Fort Whipple, perhaps, you turn and see, over a foreground of rounded foliage, a striking picture. Beyond the descending foreground is the broad gleaming river, seen far from east to west, and on the gently rising shore beyond, for many and many a mile, stretches what seems to be a great city. From the midst of it rises one of the most imposing buildings in the world. St. Peter's, seen from the Villa Doria, is hardly finer than the Capitol from Arlington House. And it is impossible to stand in that great and beautiful cemetery, in which the sacred dust of an army is deposited, and look toward the noble building which symbolizes the national Union for which the soldiers fell, without profound patriotic emotion.

Yet the wildness which Mrs. Adams observed

in her journey from Baltimore to Washington may be still remarked on the southern shore of the Potomac. The roads that you traverse are little more than water-courses. The sides are hollowed into gullies, and the absence of fences, with the low growth of trees, gives an aspect of careless desolation. The fine stone wall about the cemetery of Arlington is in curious contrast with the general want of improvement or care in the neighborhood. The estate is pleasantly varied and prettily wooded. Behind the house are the long white ranks of the graves; and upon the plain wooden slab the most touching inscription is also very general—"Soldier, unknown." In front of the house the hill falls suddenly almost to the level of the river, where the chief plantation was, and on the other shore the blank, meaningless, ugly white mass called the Washington Monument defies the eye and insults the taste, and goes very near to spoil the landscape.

The house itself—Arlington House—is a miracle of ugliness and inconvenience. The most remarkable part of it is a mass of enormous round and squat yellow columns in front, which dwarf and darken the building and the rooms, and conceal the prospect. The impression of the interior is that of meanness. The rooms are small and ill-proportioned, with the exception of one upon the left of the entrance, which is large. The staircase, the *scala regia*, is contemptible, and a very tall man could scarcely descend the narrow way without bumping his head against the projection of the floor. The chambers are low and very dark; and a more comfortless, miserable mansion in its outlines—for there is no furniture—could not easily be imagined. The most ludicrous impression is that the building has an air of considering itself a remarkably fine and aristocratic residence. "As if a man's gentility," says Sir Philip Sidney, writing to his brother, "stood all upon his outside." In virtue of the huge squat columns of the portico it would fain be considered a noble mansion; but it lacks, with the sole exception of situation, every thing that makes a fine house.

The later interest of the house before the war was that it was the residence of Mr. Custis, whose distinction it was to be the adopted son of General Washington. And, indeed, in an early number of the *Magazine* there is an interesting description, by Mr. Lossing, of a visit to

Arlington House during the life of Mr. Custis. The contributions of this gentleman to the treasures of his country consisted of pictures, which he painted upon the most heroic scale. And, indeed, over the rear door of the main hall of the house there is now a scene, painted in fresco, of a deer-hunt, of which, the Easy Chair having remarked that the color seemed to have faded entirely away, its companion added that the drawing was of so affectionate a disposition that it had gone with it. Opposite, and at the same height, there is another work in fresco which, after much study, was pronounced to be a nest of owls, but which proved to be a lion lying upon his back in great difficulties of every kind. There is something very comical in the thought of an elderly gentleman, famous solely because he was no relation of General Washington, living in a house which, under great delusion, supposed itself to be very fine, and devoting his dignified leisure to painting bad pictures.

The city, stretching for many miles, and from which the stately Capitol rises, is the city which Mrs. Adams describes in so lively a strain. It is a city of a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, in which are spacious and incomprehensible avenues, and large and imposing buildings, the chief of which, the Treasury Department, was evidently designed in the days of "classic" architecture, when every building, from a summer-house to a public office, was nothing if not Greek. The great size of the Treasury building, and its fine exposure upon three sides, necessarily make it imposing. Its western front, upon a broad avenue descending in stately gradation to a grove, beyond which the horrible Washington Monument ruins the vista, is toward the bowery grounds of the White House. The White House itself is of Palladian simplicity and lightness. But common charity suggests a screen of foliage that the state entrance may not be in full view of the statue of General Jackson upon horseback in the square opposite the White House, a work of art in which the general and the horse are represented as "rearing up" together.

There are very fine houses in the neighborhood of the White House: parts, scattered here and there, of a great city. But the mass of the houses are insignificant, and the pavement of the streets is the worst to be found in any town. Then there is what is facetiously and familiarly called "the plan" of the city, which is that of a cart wheel with rectangular lines across the spokes. It is this system of streets which caused the remark that if you set out from any point in Washington the only thing of which you can be sure is that you will not arrive at the spot to which you meant to go. And there is something very amusing in the insidious way in which a street at certain angles blends with an avenue, so that you not only go wrong easily, but so easily that you insist that you are right. But the breadth of the ways makes it a cheerful and airy city, and the Easy Chair heard from a shrewd physician, who has lived in Washington, engaged in a large practice, for a dozen years, that, contrary to the general impression, it is one of the most healthful cities in the country.

This was very pleasant to hear, but there are also old residents who cry beware of August and September, and whose shaking voices and frames

justify the warning. They whisper that in those months the evil angel, Malaria, hangs fateful over the city, and they point with lean fingers to the slimy flats and shores below the White House, from which spacious home every sensible President during these months now justly flies. And the slimy flats aforesaid are certainly very unpleasant objects, especially when the stranger hears as he gazes that once the placid current of the Potomac swept along grassy banks, and that in early days sloops and schooners and other gentle inland craft moored at the foot of the gardens or the green fields which rimmed the river. The inquisitive stranger presently perceives that the Long Bridge is the sinner. The Long Bridge is the evil angel, and under the homely guise of convenience it generates disease, desolation, and death.

The river flowed calmly from shore to shore in the days when Mrs. Abigail Adams was obliged to hang up clothes in the great unfinished audience-room of the new White House. The tide rises and falls only two or three feet, and she describes the view from her windows as very beautiful. But some years ago, when it was decided that the two shores of the river must be connected, the Long Bridge was designed, and a very large part of it is solid causeway, or causeway. That is to say, the river was dammed by the people, and has taken its revenge upon them in kind. Bringing down every kind of deposit from above, it encountered the fortification, and it said, very simply, "Very well; if you people in Washington don't wish me to carry all this stuff out to sea, I'll leave it at your doors, as you suggest; and here goes!" And here it has gone ever since. Daily for all these years the river has obeyed instructions, and has made a dumping-ground of the edges of the green shores where the inland craft were moored. Gradually and surely accumulating slime, it has laid it in the checked channel. When the tide falls the noisome flats emerge and breathe disease upon the shore. And instead of a broad, beautiful river flowing tranquilly to the sea, there is a narrow channel with a broad margin of poisonous mud.

And as if this were not enough, as if, indeed, there could not be enough of this derangement, a causeway was laid from an island opposite Georgetown to the main-land on the south, and the course of the river was hermetically sealed in that direction. It is in this that the evil angel delights. These slimy reaches are his Elysian fields. And thus, whisper his victims, with white faces and quavering voices, the Potomac revenges itself upon a foolish city, which obstructed its course, by breeding in its loveliest haunts the fiend Malaria. And if, some pleasant night, a band of five hundred healthy and hearty men wished to send the fiend about his business, they might go with engineers and petards, and by sunrise have destroyed him and released the city. The dam once removed, the curse that lurks in it would disappear. Once more the river would sweep deposits to the sea, and with them this vile obstruction itself.

The river should be spanned by a suspension-bridge, or by one of such open arches that its course would not be impeded. But a dam! It is not continuous, of course, and offers a passage for some water; but against the solid causeway the

sediment is piled that works the woe. And now there are to be rails laid upon it, and the curse entailed. The Easy Chair is far from suggesting to the five hundred healthy and hearty men that, with a little leading of engineers, so feasible in Washington, the structure could be completely leveled and swept away. It does not recommend nailing any ears to any pump whatsoever. But it casually remarks that a more convenient pump for the purpose, if ears were to be nailed, could not readily be found than that just around the corner.

And as if the destroying angel, Malaria, were not enough, whispers another, his victims, who from June to October live here in the tropics, eat as if they had outstripped Captain Hall in the *Polaris*, and were already in the central polar sea. Down they come in the sultry mornings, hotter than those Sicilian mornings when the wise traveler or the native instinctively takes a light and cool and rational repast, and they fall upon blubber, and consume it as if all their heat aliment were lost. That is, explains the prudent whisperer, they eat such frightfully solid breakfasts, they consume bacon and fat steaks, and butter and coffee, that it is wonderful if they do not pay some tremendous penalty. Why don't they adapt their food to the season and to the temperature? Cool salads, delicious fruits, delicate cold meats and light breads, are not these provided by the markets, and does not every Muse suggest them? The suggestions of the Muse, indeed, are perhaps not very much heeded in Washington. But there is great veneration professed there for the Muse of Common Sense, so that it might be supposed her hints would be heeded.

Certainly, in some ways, they are. If there is the usual folly and ostentation and extravagance of all great centres of society, so there is also a certain social independence in Washington which distinguishes it from other places. Elsewhere it is essential to the highest *ton* that a man lives in a certain quarter and in a certain style. But so much of the resident society of Washington has been connected with the public offices, and has, therefore, been dependent upon such small salaries, that to live in a small house in a small way in any quarter of the city compromises nobody, even with Mrs. Grundy. There are representatives of foreign powers who live in a very small way. In other years the Easy Chair has eaten delightful breakfasts in Washington with dignified diplomatic personages where every thing was upon the most moderate scale—a scale which any one of Mrs. Grundy's young bachelor friends in New York, for instance, would have regarded with amazement and scorn. This freedom gives the city the advantage of the uncompromising economy of life in foreign capitals; and it was the perception of this, probably, which caused Washington Irving to say that life in Washington was more delightful than any where else in the country.

Yet he who sees it in summer sees it stripped of its characteristic aspect, which can be known only when Congress is in session: Congress and its endless train, its train forever renewed—the lobby, the schemers, the sharpers, the sharks: Congress with its depthless margin of banditti. Then, of course, the streets and the hotels and the Capitol and the public offices swarm with

the hollow-eyed Outs glaring at the quaking Ins. As in a horrible fairy tale, not one of the Ins is sure that he will awake in the morning with his head on; and every spectator is sure that nineteen out of twenty of those hollow-eyed Outs will go home with his head irremediably sore. There are the fishers for contracts, for agencies, for little or large grabs and dabs at the plunder. The civil system is a helpless hulk ashore at the mercy of these pitiless wreckers. Goldsmith's Chinese philosopher would probably think that Congress would desire nothing so fervently as to be free of the eager crew. But what, O philosopher, foreign or domestic, what if Congress was itself filled by the system of which this fierce contest of the Outs and Ins is but a part?

In the summer weather, when Congress is gone, there is a lull in the tremendous strife for petty place, which is the substance of American politics. That stately Capitol may be to the imagination of the musing traveler imposing as St. Peter's from the Villa Doria, and a noble symbol of the national unity, as he glances across the evening river from the low-whispering shades of the city of the dead, but in sad fact it is the huge temple of party brokerage. The priests who serve in the temple were placed there by the Outs on condition that they would make the Outs the Ins. There is a lull in the summer days, but you can still see the loiterers and lingerers from the field, and still the strife, though lessened, goes on. The Easy Chair opens the morning paper and reads: "Senator —, of —, is on a pilgrimage to Long Branch for the purpose of persuading the President to remove Collector —, of —, and commission his friend —." And in the same column just below, "Mr. —, the newly appointed — at —, has filed his bonds and received his commission. Senator —, who was bitterly opposed to —'s appointment, has hastened to Long Branch to tell the President that —'s appointment will displease the party in the State of —."

There is a lull, but the battle goes on.

THE commencements will be past when these words are read, and the summer eloquence of the young orators will be remembered like the nose-gays that were flung at their feet. But what an hour of pride and glory it is! The vast applauding crowd, the long expectation, the eager interest, the tender sympathy, the consciousness of triumph! And yet all is over in a moment. There is a class supper, which to the true-hearted "fellows" in the class is not gay, however festive. For they can not but think of the happy days ended, and the doubtful ones begun. Do college boys read Willis's "Philip Slingsby" stories now? Of all our writers, he was the one who touched the social romance of college life. It is indirectly and by implication often, but he does it, and with real sympathy. Indeed, Willis was a college hero. There was a feeling for him at one time among "young gentlemen" in college not unlike that for Byron among young gentlemen in general. His fame was made as a very young man, and he never ceased to be one of the golden youth while he lived.

There seems to be little reason in placing the great festival of the college at the very fiery apex of the year, so that we can only gasp our delight with the performance. But it seems to be un-

avoidable. Brown University, in Rhode Island, held out for many years. The commencement there justified its name. It was the beginning, not the end, of the college year. Yet it must be confessed that it did not entirely escape the heat, for it was in the first week of September, and commencement-week, it was always agreed, was an estray from the tropic fervor. But Brown has yielded, and commencement is now at mid-summer. How is memory confused? How is young September bereaved? "I wonder," said Senex, as we watched the procession filing into the old church—"I wonder do these young fellows really enjoy the day as we did? Do they seem to you, Easy Chair, to feel it, to be lost in its romance? Or is its glory past, like that of the games of Greece?"

The question was answered when the audience was seen. There were the banks and ranks of loveliness, as of yore. There, in a word, was youth; and has youth grown old, O Senex! Indeed, the question which he asked is one of the sure signs of age in the asker. It is the imperfection of sympathy. So keen is the individual sense of life often that it seems to exhaust the object. It is as if ardent appreciation and intense enjoyment of a picture exhausted its charm, as evaporation robs wine of its spirit. A man stands upon the wharf and watches the eager young travelers sailing away for Europe, for Italy, for Greece, the Orient, and fairy-land. "Farewell, farewell," he cries in his heart; "but you will not find it; you can not see it. I saw it forty years ago; but it is visible no longer." Of course it is an old man who says it; and he does not reflect that the happy voyager whom he salutes returns tenderly his greeting, and says, in turn, in his heart, "Poor old fellow! He saw nothing but the fairy-land of forty years ago."

Romeo never dies, nor Juliet: ambition is not less powerful, and hope still springs immortal. We seniors may be very sure, therefore, that the juniors who graduated this year found all the charm in commencement that we ever knew; and that the young traveler who climbs this summer from the valley of the Rhone to the Col de Balme, and looks from that wonderful spot down into the valley of Chamouni, beholding Mont Blanc from base to crown, will recognize the glory and grandeur of the scene as fully as those who stood there twenty years ago. Do they still sell *vino d' Asti* at that cabaret, *chiaro, spumante*?

As colleges are planted in large cities, or as college towns expand, the sole and absorbing interest of commencement, of course, disappears. Yet Harvard commencement at Cambridge is still, unless it be very recently changed, a legal holiday in Boston. His Excellency the Governor—and the State Constitution, we believe, awards him that title—used to proceed, perhaps still proceeds, under especial military escort to the little wooden church upon the village square, which has become a "city!" There upon the platform the dignified and reverend personages of the commonwealth were gathered. Black is the only color of dignity in America and in modern times, and black broadcloth, and often very thick and heavy black broadcloth, was to be remarked especially upon the sturdy or slight frames of the reverend the country clergy. On a hot July day in the crowded church, and upon the platform where the clergy, in thick woolen garments, were

packed uncomfortably close together, there were panting and perspiration and agony of body and soul. There they sat, imperturbable but melting, through hours and hours of orations, disquisitions, intermediate orations, and essays from scores of young gentlemen; and one of the familiar traditions of that platform is that one commencement-day, in the fervent midst of the performance, while the locusts sang without and the students spoke within, one of the perspiring brethren, a very small man with a very small voice of a rising inflection at the end of his phrases, turned to his gasping and melting brother and remarked, in the words of the hymn,

"The heart, distrustful, asks if this be joy?"

Often the Easy Chair meets a man, grave, plodding, unknown, sometimes very rusty and seedy, who for one day was a hero. To-day perhaps he preaches dull sermons to a small and sleepy country parish, but on that great day Demosthenes had no more sensitive ears before him, nor swayed them more absolutely. How phrases linger, detached from all connection or relation with contexts! Was it yesterday, or was it innumerable years ago, that the youth who was to speak of "Byron" mounted the platform in the academic gown and bowed to the expectant throng? The Easy Chair recalls but four words of that discourse. The orator was portraying the genius and power of the poet, who did this and that—"making even madness beautiful." It was, indeed, a quotation and commonplace rhetoric; but the thunders of applause seem still to haunt that old church. The young speaker was the hero of the hour. What was not believed of him? What was not possible for him? It was how many years ago? And the orator is now a teacher of a small country school, and starves on five hundred a year.

And with the phrases the least details are remembered. In those days at commencement the graduating class all wore black clothes under the gown, and low shoes with black stockings. The black satin waistcoat of our country was, of course, universal. It was the delight of the small Easy Chair to stand close to the steps—to lean upon them—by which the orators ascended to glory, and the creak of the new shoes as they passed is still very audible to that Chair grown larger. And what pleasure to see a commencement in a town not too large to be mastered by such an occasion! The holiday air was apparent at the beginning of the day. Gradually the streets filled with the rural neighbors, who drove in clad in their Sunday clothes. Rows and ranges of open country wagons in all the stable-yards and around the inns seemed to suggest Fourth of July returned before its time—too much happiness for belief. Along the streets were wagons full of fruit for sale, and stands of cocoa-nuts and pea-nuts. Country belles, in summer raiment, loitered along the sidewalks, munching melons and candy, talking and laughing loudly with country beaux in Sunday woolens. The museum was gayly decked with flags. The circus had pitched its tent upon a convenient vacant "lot." There were illustrated placards of the calf with two heads, and the glass-blower, and Professor Spada, who swallowed swords, and the wonderful Master Handy, who, born without arms, would cut your profile with his toes for ninepence.

There were stands of spruce-beer—and how cool and pungent and delicious it was!—for two cents a glass. There were cords of taffy, if any body wanted it; and the boy with fopensappenny in his pocket—for such was the familiar pronunciation of the thin little coin, long since vanished, known as fourpence-ha'-penny—was a happy boy and a rich. He, and he only, knew what a cent would buy, and none so well knew “what his six cents would do.”

Presently the procession came. If you had been at the college grounds you had seen the busy assembling, the meeting and greeting of old friends, and the gliding about of figures in the silken gown, the graduates of the day. Black was the only wear—black dress-coat and trousers, and the great American black satin waist-coat. And at last the chief marshal—a youth with a parchment baton—stepped aside, and called out that the procession would now form. First came the younglings, the neophytes—the fair-faced boys who had just entered Freshmen. Dear little men! with smooth cheeks and candid eyes and hopeful, generous hearts, full of wonder and expectation at the great future already beginning to unroll. To-day the Easy Chair passes many of those remembered faces. They are smooth no longer, and the beautiful bloom is gone—gone, but only inward, let us hope; the rind is rougher, perhaps, but the juice at the core is sweet as ever, and unspoiled. If not, which of their honors would they not give that it might be so? A success which costs the curdling of one drop of that sweetness is not a success worth having.

But here are the Sophomores, Freshmen of yesterday, falling in. Then come the Juniors, and then, silken-gowned and treading on air, the proud, important Seniors; Venetian ambassadors not more stately; kings going to their coronation of no loftier mien. Receding then toward the earlier years of graduation, the ranks of the alumni follow, thinner and grayer, until a few venerable men close the line. Then follow the professors, in gowns professorial; and last of all the august president, in his robes, and wearing the square academic cap—a portly, striking figure, of serious and weighty mien, an abbot or superior. The blaring band goes before, and as in narrow ranks of two and two the scholastic procession descends the hill, how pleasant and familiar are the tunes to which it moves! They haunt the air still, although the musicians play no longer, and many and many of these scholars march no more. Often now as the Easy Chair, changed in all but heart, slowly mounts the hilly street which arching elms embower, it hears the inspiring strains of those old days, and restores to their places in that advancing line the forms of youth and hope and proud ambition, the ruling figures of that commencement pageant. How can it believe that younger eyes, which see nothing behind the visible procession, which are not touched by the tender glamour of memory, truly enjoy all the possibilities of the spectacle? Where to such observers is that romantic melancholy which is of the essence of the highest joy?

But how entirely the college and its general relation to our society have been changed since the days of which the Easy Chair is garrulous! Then the monkish traditions survived. The college was a higher school, a school of more

pomp and circumstance, where boys from fourteen to twenty gently studied a little Latin and less Greek, and ogled a choice selection of isosceles triangles. There was something said to the Seniors of chemistry and physics. But the college scheme was impregnable. Its management, generally rurally clerical, was the most rigid system of conservatism known. There were one or two hundred scholars housed in the college halls, which was the fine name given to the rude old barracks which generations of boys had whittled and battered, while generations of rats and mice disputed possession. They were little lodges of students, and college ways and phrases and degrees were a kind of harmless freemasonry. The two maxims of the college were tradition and routine, and the protest of the American genius against them was therefore inevitable.

That protest has come and conquered; and the two facts most observable in them to-day are the generosity of gifts to them and their wider and resolute expansion to the spirit of the time. The wonderful impulse and extension of recent scientific research and discovery are no longer to be barred by the college. Henceforth a youth is to know the present state of science even if he does go to college; and he is to enjoy the literature as well as the grammar of the Greeks and the Romans. Inevitably the old traditions that had been most intrenched and sacred were the first assailed. Sansculotte “goes for” the king. The reform demands of Latin and Greek what they have to say why sentence should not be pronounced, while, without, the spirit of the age complacently sharpens the edge of the axe. But Sansculotte does not have his way, and a very wretched way it would be if he could. That which conquers and is conquering is the gracious spirit of catholic or universal cultivation—the generous scholarship which asks truth and beauty only, but asks them and seeks them every where. The more languages a man hath the more man is he, says Bacon; and what is every branch of knowledge but a language? The narrow cynicism which would ask of a university that it should teach only agricultural chemistry or only applied mechanics is the same old monkish tradition in a form more repulsive. In the old day, whoever had Latin and Greek had at least the key to the sciences of whose literature those languages were the tongue; and this is also true, that the most generous spirit of scholarship, that which opens wide the gates that the king of glory of the new time may come in, is the product of the college itself. The word humanities was well applied in Old England to the simple, early studies, because study and learning are in their very nature humanizing. The university is reformed by a spirit which the university has itself bred. Its forms were narrow, perhaps, its methods close and conservative; but minds nurtured upon these fair humanities, which no form nor method can wholly obscure, have seen the wisdom of enlarging the college scope, and making the university the cherishing mother of all knowledge.

It is the children of Harvard who have renewed the youth and vigor of their parent with more than “Medea’s wondrous alchemy.” And Yale will be recuperated by the vision within and not without her charmed pale. In the West the Uni-

versity of Michigan, and deep in Central New York the Cornell University, are moulded by scholars to the newer time. Their conviction, indeed, accords with those who were not college-bred. Mr. Cornell, with exhaustive comprehension, said, "I would found a university in which any one may obtain any kind of knowledge." But it was because President White, a son of Yale and a professor of Michigan, was inspired by the same feeling, with the accomplishments of the scholar and the executive faculty of a master, that the university became practicable.

And one thing remains to do, which is being swiftly done, and that is to extirpate sectarianism from the college. Harvard, the oldest and chief of our schools, is virtually unsectarian; Cornell, the youngest, is absolutely so. Science, scholarship, letters, are of no sect; they are of

all sects, because they are of humanity itself. To insist upon the sectarian organization and control is to insist upon binding the infant with an iron cord. It may not kill him, but it will destroy his necessary freedom. No gyved infant grows into the perfect Apollo. Upon the stone seat which Professor Goldwin Smith has placed under a tree of friendly shade upon the campus, or college ground, at the Cornell University there is an inscription which he wrote carved in stone—"Above all nations is humanity." It is a text of depthless significance, of which the pure and hopeful young minds that gather there will for a hundred years supply the improvement. And happy they who, as they sit wistfully meditating in that tranquil air, shall resolve that when they found a university they will carve in imperishable gold upon its gates, "Above all sects is truth."

Editor's Literary Record.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

WE have looked with interest for what is popularly but unfortunately designated the "Speaker's Commentary," but is, in the edition before us, simply entitled *Holy Bible with Commentary*. Its popular title is derived from the fact that it grew originally out of a suggestion made by the Speaker of the House of Commons, Hon. J. E. Denison. To its composition a number of the bishops and clergy of the Anglican Church have contributed, five different writers uniting to make this first volume on the Pentateuch. At the time of our writing only the English edition has yet reached the public; but the American edition, to be issued by Charles Scribner and Co., is promised in September. We do not understand that there is to be any American editor, or that the American edition will be any thing else than a simple reprint of the original work.

The object of the work is stated in the preface to be, "to provide a Commentary on the Sacred Books in which the latest information might be made accessible to men of ordinary culture." It is a layman's commentary, and by its adaptation to the wants of the laity its value must be tested. Measuring it by this test, we find in it certain strongly marked qualities which may be said in some sense to be characteristic of it. It is modern. The questions of the composition of Genesis (whether by one writer or by many, whether from one source or compiled from different documents), of the scientific accuracy of the account of the creation, of the origin and antiquity of man, of the nature and extent of the deluge, are all impartially stated and fairly argued. The authors are familiar with the latest rationalistic hypotheses, and do not fear to acquaint the reader with them; nor is it possible for one to use the Commentary with any care and be ignorant of the problems which modern criticism has raised. It is in spirit liberal and evangelical. It maintains the substantial accuracy of the history of the creation, yet maintains that "a miraculous revelation of scientific truths was never designed by God for man." It insists that as yet there is no evidence

of any greater antiquity of man than the Bible presupposes, yet claims that, "even if it could be made probable that man is only an improved ape, no physiological reason can touch the question whether God did not, when the improvement reached its right point, breathe into him a living soul, a spirit which goeth upward when bodily life ceases." It insists on the historical verity of the scriptural account of the deluge, yet maintains as a probable doctrine that "only that portion of the earth into which mankind had spread was overwhelmed by water." It is wisely arranged upon a plan borrowed from Dean Stanley's "Commentary on the Corinthians." The notes are annotations simply—i. e., they are confined to the explanation of the text. But additional discussion of questions raised, less by a single verse than the general passage, are scattered through the book in additional notes. Thus beyond most commentaries it affords the reader not only a verbal criticism but also a comprehensive survey of many of the points brought before the mind by the sacred narrative itself. The style is clear, and, on the whole, popular. The chief defect of the work lies, however, in a somewhat too scholastic tone. It is exceedingly difficult for scholars thoroughly familiar with the Greek and Hebrew text, and the endless but unprofitable discussions which have been waged upon it, not to assume in their readers a larger knowledge of, and a greater interest in, those controversies than they really possess. The editors have not always remembered that their pages were for "men of ordinary culture." Still, if they have sometimes fallen into the fault of excessive scholasticism, they have done so more rarely than most of their predecessors. And while the controversialist and the biblical student will miss something of the elaboration which belongs to Lange, the ordinary reader will find in this new work a far more useful, because a less minute, and a more practical interpretation of the Word, and an interpretation which, as it is the product of the English mind, so is more easily apprehended by the English student. If the other volumes shall fulfill the promise of the first one, the English public will owe to Speaker

Denison, and the American public to Scribner and Co., no small gratitude for a work which can hardly fail to prove a valuable addition to our biblical literature.

It is one tendency of the age to produce a certain class of men who, though they necessarily belong to some sect, are in no sense sectarian; who disregard creeds because they can do their work better without them; who, when in the ministry, speak directly to the experience of men without employing that which appears to be the necessary instrument of most preachers—formulated doctrine. No church has a monopoly of this class, to which belong alike Father Hyacinthe in the Catholic, and Robertson in the Episcopalian, Mr. Beecher in the Congregational, and Robert Collyer in the Unitarian churches. Those who think that there can be no Christianity which is not crystallized in a creed, will think that Mr. COLLYER's last volume of sermons, *The Life That Now Is* (H. B. Fuller) is a dangerous book, or, at least, that it is a defective one; but those who believe that, however desirable the modern formulas of belief, yet Christianity may be as truly manifested without a creed in the nineteenth century as it was in the first, will find enjoyment and helpfulness in these discourses, even though they may not always agree with them.

The number of Americans is so very small who accept the Elisha on whom Theodore Parker's mantle has fallen—JOHN WEISS—as their prophet, that it seems a little like assumption for him to entitle the exposition of his views *American Religion* (Roberts Brothers). Of the theology of his book all we have to say in these pages is, simply, that a philosophy which denies special inspiration, miracles, prayer, and atonement is not the embodiment of American religious doctrine, and we should hope that the spirit which travesties the faith of at least half the nation, as Mr. Weiss does in his essay on prayer, is not a fair representative of American religious spirit.—Dr. SHEDD's *Sermons to the Natural Man* (Charles Scribner and Co.) are thoughtful and scholarly, but so technically theological that they have little chance of being read except by theologians. If they ever reach the "natural man" at all, it will only be by trickling down in sermons through other minds less scholastic than Dr. Shedd's, and more capable of clothing them in popular forms.—The Appletons have rendered a good service to theological literature in republishing Dr. STROUD's treatise on the *Physical Cause of the Death of Christ*. While the primary object of the author is to show by arguments, both physiological and scriptural, that Christ died not from the physical tortures of the cross, but from a rupture of the heart caused by mental agony, he incidentally throws a great deal of light on other points connected with the crucifixion.—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE's *Ten Great Religions* (James R. Osgood and Co.) is not so much an "essay in comparative theology" as a contribution to its materials. The book describes, without prejudice, and yet not without an avowed partiality for Christianity as a supernatural religion, the other great religions of the world. We know of no work which describes so clearly, and, despite some inaccuracies, or rather erroneous estimates, so fairly, the religious

aspects of the various races and nationalities of mankind, ancient and modern. The failure to give any description of fetichism is a serious omission.—One who wishes his thinking done for him will find it pretty well done in Dr. BALDWIN's treatise on *The Model Prayer* (Lee and Shepard). And yet we can not escape the impression that if the author had given in a book one quarter of the size hints of thoughts instead of such elaborate amplification, and had left his readers to meditate a little for themselves on the Lord's Prayer, instead of doing all their meditation for them, he would have rendered them a more profitable as well as a more pleasing service.—One of the literary results of the union of the Old and New Schools in the Presbyterian Church is the *Presbyterian Reunion Memorial Volume* (De Witt C. Lent and Co.). It is a valuable addition to the ecclesiastical history of the country, but would be a great deal more valuable if its publisher had secured the services of one competent editor, instead of publishing a volume composed by a dozen different authors, working apparently independently and without mutual conference.—The aim of Mr. SAMUEL G. GREEN's *Life of Christ upon the Earth* (American Tract Society, Boston) is capital. We wish we could say as much for the execution. The purpose of the writer is to furnish the children what so many are attempting to furnish to their parents—a connected biography of Jesus Christ. The result is a book which the mothers will commend as admirable, and the children will condemn as dull. The story of Christ's life is not new to any tolerably well educated child, and it is not made interesting by prosaic homilies upon it. Something of that personal magnetism and that wealth of illustration which characterizes Dr. Newton's writings is essential to give such a book its hold upon the children, and both are wholly wanting in Mr. Green's treatise.

BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

WE have hesitated somewhat whether to class Mr. BEECHER's *Life of Jesus, the Christ* (J. B. Ford and Co.), as theology, poetry, or biography, and have put it under the latter head, not so much because it is biography as because it is not either theology or poetry. It is nearly four years since Mr. Beecher first definitely formed the purpose to write this book, and over three years since he commenced its execution. During that time he has kept steadily at his work, with an assiduity which has surprised those who credit Mr. Beecher with much erratic genius but with little patient application. He has meanwhile added the editorship of a religious paper to his pastoral labors, and served, as heretofore, the office of popular orator on all sorts of religious and political occasions. But the work on this book, though sometimes intermitted, has gone steadily on; and the public, who had begun to wonder whether the promise was ever to be fulfilled, have in its half fulfillment a strong assurance of its final completion. The book itself shows evidently that the delay has been caused not by idleness, but by industry. There is very little geographical or archaeological information directly afforded. There are no discussions of disputed points concerning these trappings of history. The author passes them all by as matters of secondary importance, if not of indiffer-

ence. There is very little of that graphic picturing of ancient life which makes Renan's romance as fascinating as it is false. But there is abundant evidence scattered through these pages that Mr. Beecher has acquainted himself with these questions and with this external life, and that he has abstained from imparting the results of his study only because it would interfere with his purpose, which appears to be to unfold the interior life of Christ and the spiritual meaning of his teachings.

Those who expect to find in Mr. Beecher's "Life of Jesus" a contribution to history will be disappointed. It is not a life of Christ, it is Mr. Beecher's thoughts about Christ's life. It is analytical, metaphysical, subtle. Do not misunderstand us. It is not ministerial. There is no aspect about it suggesting the thought that it has been composed of old sermons and prayer-meeting talks. Mr. Beecher's rhetoric is never rhetorical. His exhortations are never hortatory. Certainly in his "Life of Jesus" there is no professional sermonizing. It has not even so much of the sound of the pulpit as attaches to Dr. Hanna's "Life of Christ." Yet it is not a narrative of facts, illuminated by light shed on them from a minute and particular account of the past, but a careful, thoughtful probing of the gospel narrative, and a compendious comment on it, from one whose talent for historical research is less than his genius for spiritual insight. Measured as a biography, it deserves and will receive criticism for its constant digressions. It is the work of a man running over with affluence of thought, whose greatest difficulty is not to find what to say, but to determine what to omit. The third chapter steps aside from the narrative to discuss the character and person of Christ, the seventh to give an account of the various attempts to afford some portrait of him, the eighth to describe the moral and intellectual characteristics of his age. Half of the chapter on the Marriage at Cana of Galilee is devoted to a general discussion of the temperance question. In the account of the visit of Nicodemus to Jesus "by night" two pages are devoted to a general defense of the Jewish rabbi from the charge of cowardice. Judged by the ordinary standards, these digressions are a serious defect. They prevent that continuity of narrative which is essential to history, and utterly deprive the book of all dramatic power. But they will not render it less popular. The questions which Mr. Beecher turns aside to discuss are questions in which the public are interested, and his discussions they will eagerly read. On the whole, we judge the book will be in greater favor with the people than with the critics. The *littérateurs* will discover faults in its rhetoric, its logic, its artistic arrangement. They will find, perhaps, as much to criticise in his book as they have found in his preaching. The astute critic of the *Saturday Review* will find as many joints in the harness here as he discovered in Harper's edition of Beecher's Sermons. The theologians will find his theology faulty. They will hasten to condemn anew the heresy which denies Christ's double nature, and to prove once more, conclusively, how great is the fallacy which asserts that the incarnation was simply the indwelling of the divine soul in a human body. They will hardly accept without a protest

the declaration that the Sermon on the Mount is not original, no epitome of Christianity, but only "a criticism of the received doctrine." Theologically, we should ourselves dissent from some of Mr. Beecher's positions. But, despite the critics, both literary and theological, Mr. Beecher's "Life of Christ" will carry the truths of Christianity to many a mind, and the power of Christianity to many a heart, and will give new, clear, fresh, and striking views to many a reader of the character, the teaching, and the mission of Jesus, the Christ.

The work is handsomely illustrated. Only one volume is yet ready; there are to be two. It is to be sold, we believe, only by subscription.

DR. STOW would hardly have consented, if he could have had aught to say about it, to the motto title which Dr. STOCKBRIDGE has given to his *Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of Rev. Baron Stow, D.D.* (Lee and Shepard). That he was a model pastor is very probable. To claim that he was "the model pastor" is to provoke criticism of the editor, and to invite criticism of the subject of the biography. The Memoir itself has nothing except the interest in Dr. Stow to distinguish it from other works of its class. It is, as its author frankly confesses in his preface, a compilation, in which there is given not more of Dr. Stow's journal and correspondence than his personal and ministerial friends will be interested to read, but more than will be read by the general public.

We could wish that more of our really best writers would follow the example of THOMAS HUGHES, and turn aside now and then from other, and possibly heavier and harder work, to instruct the children. He must be a dull boy who can read the history of *Alfred the Great* (James R. Osgood and Co.) without interest, and he yet more dull who can get through it without profit. It is a manly story of one who was in the highest sense of the term a great man. And though Mr. Hughes does not turn aside to deduce morals, he does not turn aside to avoid them. The true way to correct the wretched appetite which the average children's stories do so much to foster is by providing in just such books as this some better, healthier intellectual food.—Those who least like THEODORE PARKER may well welcome the second edition of his *Historic Americans* (Horace B. Fuller). There is little or nothing, either in philosophy or rhetoric, in its pages to remind one of a writer whose best work was done when he got farthest away from his German teachers, and wrote most out of his own resources. Franklin, Washington, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson are the four portraits which make up the book. Without being, perhaps, absolutely exact, they are painted with an apparently scrupulous purpose to be honest and impartial.

The Russo-American Telegraph and Exploring Expeditions can hardly be esteemed a failure, since they have added so much to our knowledge of a before unknown country. Last of the books of travel, and we are inclined to think the best, is RICHARD J. BUSH's journal, published under the somewhat odd but significant title of *Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-Shoes* (Harper and Brothers). It is far more interesting to the general reader than Mr. Dall's contri-

bution, and, though less humorous and sprightly, not less vivacious and more instructive than Mr. Kennan's volume. It is very handsomely illustrated, too, which adds greatly to its interest, and is accompanied by a map of the author's route, which adds greatly to its value. The style is simple, clear, unostentatious, and wholly free from that double taint, egotism and exaggeration, which most travelers in new countries find it so difficult to avoid, whether they narrate their adventures about their own fireside to personal friends, or in the pages of a book to the general public.

We find HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN's *Poet's Bazaar* (Hurd and Houghton) a charming series of "pictures of travel in Germany, Italy, Greece, and the Orient." But the charm is indescribable, and we are not particularly surprised to find some very appreciative readers pronounce it dull. In truth, one either likes Hans Christian Andersen's writings without knowing why, or he finds it difficult to understand why any one should like them. It is as impossible to interpret to another the charm of his pen as it is to explain the listless enjoyment of resting on the bosom of a quiet river in the still twilight of a summer's eve.

FICTION.

Won—Not Wooed (Harper and Brothers) wooed us by its opening to an attentive reading, but failed to win us as the story went on. The description of "The Grand," in the first chapter, is the best thing in the book. As the story develops, the pleasant characters are, one after the other, bowed off the stage, until finally no one is left, except Mabel, in whom the reader has any special interest. The plot is after the most approved pattern of the modern novel, which pretty invariably marries the heroine to the wrong lover, by way of pleasant preparation for marriage to the right one. In "Won—Not Wooed" she is separated from her true-love by poverty, marries an indifferent husband from a sense of mistaken gratitude, and is persecuted by a third and disappointed aspirant to her hand, who is considerably more brutal than his bull-dog, and is quite as mad before the creature has given him the hydrophobia as afterward. Those who are inclined to sup upon horrors must have an insatiable appetite if the description of the fight between the two brutes, human and canine, and the subsequent wretched death of the wretched Horn, does not more than satisfy them.

Mrs. CAROLINE CHESEBRO only lacks dramatic power to be a great novelist. Her last story, *The Foe in the Household* (James R. Osgood and Co.), barely falls short of the first rank, at least of American novels. The scene is laid in Pennsylvania. The characters are thoroughly American; so is the plot, which turns upon the secret marriage of Delia, the daughter of a Mennonite bishop, to an outsider—an act which violates the rules of her order, and involves her in difficulties from which it takes many years to extricate her. The events which first involve her in this labyrinth, and finally extricate her from it, are well conceived, and so simply, naturally evolved, one from the other, that all sense of romancing is taken away. The characters, too, though not remarkable for any wonderful traits, either of virtue or of vice, are well im-

agined, and well sustained throughout. But though the plot is the plot of a drama, the style is the style of a narrative. The men and women do not act their parts before us; the authoress tells us how they acted. There is a consequent lack of vividness and warmth and reality in the narrative, so that, despite its naturalness, the impress of the story-teller is never lost. Thus we find ourselves not so much carried along by the current of the story as wondering why we are not. The experiences depicted are neither unnatural nor of a kind unfitted to touch our sympathies; and yet we read them untouched, because they do not *live* before us. The authoress has modeled her characters artistically, and has posed them gracefully; but she has not breathed into them the breath of life.

In *Pink and White Tyranny* (Roberts Brothers) Mrs. STOWE presents the reverse side of the picture to that presented by John Stuart Mill in the "Subjection of Women." The pink and white tyrant is Lillie Ellis. She has deliberately formed her theory of the "sphere of woman"—this, namely, that it is her place to be cared for and coddled, and man's place to care for and coddle her. Animated by this high and noble purpose, she marries John Seymour. Actuated by it, she inflicts upon him by her petty selfishness a series of unintentional persecutions, which make his life an intolerable burden. He fain would escape the despotism of his pink and white tyrant, but is too brave and too strong in principle to sunder by flight the tie which binds him to her, or to disregard the vow once taken "for better or for worse." At length his failure and her sickness work a change in Lillie, and, after devoting her life's energies to being nobody and doing nothing, she resolves on her sick-bed to be somebody and do something. But the resolution is too much for her; she dies in the effort; and he—why he, we are left to understand, lives happily ever afterward. Moral No. 1. Look before you leap. Moral No. 2. What can't be cured must be endured. In other words, reflect before marrying; but when once marriage is made, account it like the laws of the Medes and Persians—a something on no account to be broken. We commend the book very cordially to all pink and white tyrants, and to all their unhappy subjects, whether already captured or only partially entangled, with some hope of deliverance still left them.

There is no more plot to Mrs. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL's novel, *The Island Neighbors* (Harper and Brothers), than to *Pickwick Papers*, and hardly as much incident. An invalid, or a hypochondriac, perhaps a little of both, goes to the sea-shore—the location is not very definitely fixed—to spend the summer. The story is one of various scenes witnessed, and experiences suffered and enjoyed, by his household and their "island neighbors." There are one or two exciting adventures, and there is just enough of love-making and love-quarreling between two of the characters to supply a reasonable amount of that necessary flavoring of all romances. The movement of the story is, however, exceedingly quiet, or rather, to speak more accurately, it has no movement. One incident succeeds another without any particular connection, very much as they do in real life. The story is like the organ-playing which we hear so

often in our churches, and in which we are kept in a constant state of expectation, momentarily anticipating that with the next chord the organist will begin his theme, until the dying away of the instrument and the end of the wandering music demonstrates that the player had no theme. Artistically, such a story is certainly defective, though, morally, it is better than are those romances which keep the reader in breathless chase after a plot from the opening to the closing chapter. Nevertheless Mrs. Blackwell has transfused her sea-shore sketches with a real interest. The very quietness of the movement adds to the naturalness of the story; its very lack of unity enhances its fidelity to nature. The characters are unmistakably photographic reproductions from real life; the incidents just such as might make up the sea-shore life of any summer visitors; and the "idlers and holiday seekers," to whom the "Island and Neighbors" is dedicated, will find it, perhaps, all the more restful because it can be read so leisurely.

It required some courage and self-confidence to attempt a novel without a heroine and without love. But in *Around a Spring*, by GUSTAVE DROZ (Holt and Williams), there is only a hero, and a guilty passion which he with difficulty conquers. The plot is comparatively simple, the characters few. The interest of the story centres in a priest, Abbé Roche, a man of strong character, and, therefore, strong passions, who is finally deposed from his parish, and dies as a missionary in China. Out of very simple materials the author has woven a very charming and pathetic romance, which is French in its artistic composition, but not in its morals, and which, with a fidelity to truth that will bear imitation among English and American romancers, represents the priest as a man of principle, and the men with little or none as infidels and scoffers.

The moral meaning of the plot of *The Wife of a Vain Man*, by MARIE SOPHIE SCHWARZ (Lee and Shepard), is displayed in its title. It is a domestic story of the miseries which a true and loving wife experiences at the hands of a husband who intends to be neither unjust nor cruel, but is simply insufferably vain. He finally dies, his last words being a direction for the composition of his obituary notice, and leaves the wife to marry the one who truly loved her, and whom she truly loved.

The object of *Her Lord and Master*, by Mrs. ROSS CHURCH (Florence Marryat), is to teach that "pride goeth before a fall." It is something more than an average novel, with a rather commonplace plot, a good deal of power in characterization, and a moral so plain that he who runs may read. The wife by her pride drives her husband from her side, but lives to repent her course, and to find in his absence that love awakened which his presence had failed to incite. So at last he returns to her, and "all's well that ends well." This is the strand, though it is woven of many threads, and some of the subordinate characters are quite as important as the two chief actors in the drama.

The Blockade of Phalsburg (Scribner) is the last of the ERCKMANN-CHATRAIN novels. Those who have not already had a surfeit of the Franco-Prussian war can get a new and graphic picture of its horrors in this novel.—*My Discontented Cousin* (Roberts Brothers) is an odd sort of a

story, that sounds as though it were written by a man who first intended to write some essays in the guise of a story, but changed his mind when he got half-way through, and concluded to convert his book into a melodramatic romance. However, both the essays and the melodrama are very well done, and perhaps neither is worse for being married to the other. Several short stories are woven into the narrative, and the whole book is a very good specimen of light and easy reading, not too stimulating for the warm weather.—The object of *The Best Fellow in the World* (National Temperance Society) is to point out the dangers of moderate drinking. The lesson is one that can be taught only by line upon line. There is no danger that young America will be warned too much or too urgently, and Mrs. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT's story can do no harm, and can not well fail to do good into whosoever hands it may fall, young or old.—The mothers will read with interest *Six Boys: A Mother's Story* (American Tract Society, Boston). It purports to be composed of extracts from a mother's journal, and to narrate a widow's trials in training up her six boys for life, and the results in their life experiences. In a literary point of view it is better than the average of similar stories.—OLIVER OPTIC commences a new series of *Young America Abroad* (Lee and Shepard). We have not always been able to commend Oliver Optic's stories, but if this series fulfills the promise of its first volume it will be well worth commendation. The boys will read it with interest, and the useful information concerning the countries visited is so interwoven with the story that the reader can not fail to get some measure of it, even if he tries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wake-Robin (Hurd and Houghton), the name of a flower whose bloom marks the arrival of the birds, is the pleasant title of some very pleasant musings on nature in general, and birds in particular. Mr. BURROUGHS has the eye of a keen observer, and the sentiments of a genuine poet, and his pleasant talk about the birds makes a book of very pleasant reading. It is really worth more than that if one will take his cue from this book, and will study for himself the habits of the birds, whose interpreter Mr. Burroughs is content to be. So doing, he will find them capable of affording him a degree of both enjoyment and instruction of which those unstudious of nature know nothing.—In *Lawyer and Client* (Appleton) WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER considers the question how far a lawyer may go in representing an unjust client and defending an unjust cause. His sensible conclusion is that every man, right or wrong, is entitled to have his case fairly and honestly presented, and that no advocate may justly make himself judge, and render a decision before trial had; but that, on the other hand, he has no right to employ or wink at fraud and falsehood as a lawyer which he abhors as a man.—FRANKLIN FISKE HEARD has gathered together in *Curiosities of the Law Reporters* (Lee and Shepard) a multitude of witty and sententious sayings from the law-books, which are thus incidentally demonstrated to be not without a humorous relief to their dryness.—A somewhat analogous but much more complete collection of legal wit and humor is af-

forded by *Bench and Bar* (Harper and Brothers). Mr. BIGELOW in this book has not confined himself to the books, but has ranged also the experiences of the court-room. His volume is one less of curiosities than of witticisms. In the new edition now before us 160 pages of anecdote have been added.—Harpers add to their Classical Library an edition of *Livy Literally Translated*, by D. SPILLAN. The editor has

been more careful to preserve with exactness the idiom of the original than to transmute it into elegant English, and his work will be of greater value to the Latin student than to the English reader.—Lippincott and Co. add to their Ancient Classics a volume on *Xenophon*, by Sir ALEXANDER GRANT, principal of the University of Edinburgh. It sustains the commendable reputation which this series has already obtained.

Editor's Scientific Record.

BLYTH ON ZOOLOGICAL PROVINCES.

MR. EDWARD BLYTH, a well-known naturalist of England, has lately published in *Nature* a sketch of a new division of the earth into zoological regions, differing somewhat from that of Dr. Sclater and other writers upon this subject. The number of regions proposed by him is seven, the first being called the *Boreal Region*, divisible, first, into the portion within the arctic circle, including Greenland; second, North America; third, Central America, with the Antilles; fourth, the chain of the Andes, with Chili, Patagonia, and the archipelagoes to the southward; fifth, Europe and Asia south of the arctic circle and north of the Pyrenees and to the Western Himalayas, thus extending from the British Islands to Northern Japan; sixth, the country adjacent to the Mediterranean, including Africa north of the Atlas, and extending eastward to Middle China and Southern Japan; seventh, Mongolia, Thibet, and Chinese Tartary.

The second, or the *Columbian Region*, including South America minus the portions already referred to, is divided, first, into the forest countries east of the Andes; second, the pampas territory; third, Bolivia, Peru, Chili, and the Galapagos.

The third, or the *Ethiopian Region*, includes Africa south of the Atlas and of Egypt. This is divided into the countries extending from Senegal to Nubia and Arabia, and including that around the head of the Persian Gulf, etc., as well as the depression of the Dead Sea and the valley of the Jordan; second, Negroland; third, Southern Africa; fourth, Hindostan proper, Deccan, and the country to the northern half of Ceylon.

The fourth, or *Lemurian Region*, includes Madagascar, the Mascarene Islands, Seychelles, etc.

The fifth is the *Australian Region*, embracing the Indo-Chinese peninsula, the Southern watershed of the Himalayas, Lower Bengal, the Philippine Islands, Hainan, Formosa, etc. This includes five subdivisions, which, perhaps, it is not necessary to enumerate in detail.

The sixth, or *Melanesian Region*, embraces, first, Australia minus Yorke Peninsula, part of Queensland, and Tasmania; second, the islands of Papua, New Britain, and New Ireland, Ceram, and the Moluccas; as also Yorke Peninsula and the eastern half of Queensland, or the main-land of Australia; third, the islands of Celebes, Lombok, Timor, etc.; and fourth, the antarctic region, including Kerguelen Land.

The seventh, or *Polynesian Region*, embraces, first, New Zealand and adjacent islands; and

second, Polynesia, comprehending the archipelagoes of the Pacific, with the exception of those belonging to the *Columbian Region*.

CARBOLIC ACID FOR PRESERVING MEAT.

In a late number of the *Moniteur Scientifique* Dr. Baudet communicates the result of some experiments made with a weak solution of carbolic acid in preserving meat. For this purpose he took four wide-mouthed stoppered bottles, and placed in each half a pound of raw horse-flesh, slightly moistened with solutions of carbolic acid varying in strength from five parts to one part in a thousand. In each bottle he put a few small pieces of charcoal for the purpose of absorbing any gaseous matter evolved from the meat. After keeping these bottles three months in a room constantly heated to a temperature of about 70 degrees he found, at the end of that time, that no decomposition had occurred, and that the flavor of the meat was fully preserved—to such an extent, indeed, that it was considered excellent by himself and his friends who partook of it. No taste was imparted to it by the acid different from that which attaches to ordinary smoked meat; and the experimenter was of the opinion that this substance may be used with great advantage for the preservation of flesh on a large scale for a considerable period of time. He thinks, however, that this should be kept in well-closed vessels, although it is not necessary, perhaps, that they be hermetically sealed.

DIRECT CONDENSATION OF WATERY VAPOR.

Professor Forel, of Lausanne, after long-continued observation, has determined the quantity of water passing the Rhone below the Lake of Geneva, and finds that to furnish this amount it would require an atmospheric precipitation in the basin above of nearly 45 inches. The actual precipitation, however, amounts to but 27½ inches; and the question arises, therefore, whence comes the surplus water? Professor Dufour finds its origin in the direct condensation of the atmospheric vapor on the ice, the cold rocks, and the snow-fields of the Alps. The following experiment may serve to elucidate the principle involved: A vessel containing a cooling mixture of 672 grams weight, on being exposed for an hour in the calm, open air, increased five grams in weight from the vapor condensed on its exterior. Direct measurements at suitable points would be interesting for the purpose of ascertaining approximately what quantity of water is thus actually carried to the river.

SIMPLE METHOD OF COPYING DRAWINGS,
ETC.

Silvered albumen paper, after being washed, may be conveniently used for copying negatives as well as positives. It keeps for weeks, and becomes sensitive to light only after exposure to the vapors of aqua ammonia, technically termed "smoking with ammonia." Dr. H. Vogel has greatly simplified the latter process by substituting for the liquid ammonia the powder of carbonate of ammonia. He thoroughly impregnates a piece of felt or cloth with this powder, and lays it under the silvered sheet, separated from it by a piece of blotting-paper. The negative is placed on the top, and the back covered, and the whole is ready for the copying frame. One impregnation with the carbonate of ammonia serves for several copies. So very simple is the operation that Dr. Vogel has made use of it in public libraries for copying complicated drawings. He places the silvered paper, with the substratum of carbonate of ammonia and the drawing on top, between two plates of glass, and, exposing it to the light of the window, obtains a copy quite distinct in all its details, while he himself may be occupied with reading or otherwise. The copy obtained is, of course, in white lines upon black ground. Such photographs merely require to be treated with soda when intended for long preservation. They are generally, however, not designed to be kept a great while.

ARTIFICIAL PORPHYRY.

Messrs. Sepulchre and Ohresser have succeeded in making artificial porphyry from the slags of a smelting furnace, of great strength, and quite useful for building purposes. To this end the size of the slag-pit is increased, and its form made like an inverted truncated cone. It is necessary to retard the cooling, and therefore the glass-like cover has to be well preserved, and its heat-retaining property even increased by the addition of ashes. The volume of the collected slags must be sufficiently large to allow the cooling to proceed slowly. Messrs. Mangon and Tresca have tested different specimens of this artificial stone, and found them to resist a pressure of 600 to 1200 pounds per cubic centimeter, and other experiments have satisfactorily demonstrated that a very valuable building material may be obtained in the manner indicated.

SORBY ON TINTS OF AUTUMNAL FOLIAGE.

In an elaborate article by Mr. Sorby upon the varied tints of autumnal foliage, in a recent number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, he comes to the conclusion that the production of the fine tints of autumn is an evidence of diminished vital powers of the plants. This generalization also agrees with the fact that the unhealthy branches of a tree turn yellow, while the rest remain green, the subsequent development of more sombre tints being evidence of more complete death.

FASTENING PARCHMENT PAPERS.

The use of parchment paper has hitherto been extremely limited, for the want of a glue that would resist equally well both dry and moist heat. It is now stated that the brothers Jacobsen, of Berlin, have succeeded in overcoming this

difficulty by preparing a paste which has been found, on being subjected to a most severe test on an extensive scale, to meet the required want. The supply of intestines soon being exhausted by the enormous quantity of pease-sausages manufactured for the German armies, the necessity arose for a substitute. This consisted of a tube of parchment paper, glued together. Millions of these tubes from Dr. Jacobsen's factory were tested by the government, and found to answer the purpose admirably. They were even boiled for hours, without either the glued seam or the paper itself being injured by the operation. The great value of this material having been thus shown, it will undoubtedly be found equally useful in many other important applications.

IMPROVED ELECTRIC AMALGAM.

It is well known that a deposit of moisture greatly interferes with the action of electrical machines, experiments often wholly failing from this cause, especially in the winter season. Mr. F. Dietlen, of Klagenfurt, has devised a method by which he obviates this difficulty, consisting simply in a modification of the amalgamation of the rubber cushion. For this purpose he pours petroleum over zinc filings, and adds an equal quantity of mercury (though an excess of mercury facilitates the process). The mixture is then brought, by working together in a mortar, to the condition of a homogeneous paste, and pressed between a double cloth. A soft mass is thus obtained, which, however, soon hardens; but which, being finely pulverized and mixed with a proper quantity of grease, is spread upon the rubber cushion. This makes the surface quite glossy, and, when the glass disk has previously been wiped with a piece of cotton slightly impregnated with petroleum or benzine, will act even in damp localities where the usual arrangement fails.

REMOVAL OF FRECKLES.

Freckles, so persistently regular in their annual return, have annoyed the fair sex from time immemorial; and various means have been devised to eradicate them, although thus far with no decidedly satisfactory results. The innumerable remedies in use for the removal of these vexatious intruders are either simple and harmless washes, such as parsley or horse-radish water, solutions of borax, etc., or injurious nostrums, consisting principally of lead and mercury salts.

If the exact cause of freckles were known, a remedy for them might be found. A chemist in Moravia, observing the bleaching effect of mercurial preparations, inferred that the growth of a local parasitical fungus was the cause of the discoloration of the skin, which extended and ripened its spores in the warmer season. Knowing that sulpho-carbolate of zinc is a deadly enemy to all parasitic vegetation (itself not being otherwise injurious), he applied this salt for the purpose of removing the freckles. The compound consists of two parts of sulpho-carbolate of zinc, twenty-five parts of distilled glycerine, twenty-five parts of rose-water, and five parts of scented alcohol, and is to be applied twice daily for from half an hour to an hour, then washed off with cold water. Protection against the sun by veiling and other means is recommended, and in

addition, for persons of pale complexion, some mild preparation of iron.

POISONING BY CHARCOAL FUMES.

From observations made by Drs. Eulenberg and Vohl, of Cologne, it would appear that the poisonous carbonic oxide gas is generally to be found in common charcoal, and that it may, under certain circumstances, become dangerous to human life. When newly burned charcoal is stored in a cellar and overflowed by an inundation, carbonic oxide may be displaced and pass into the rooms above. It is said, also, that sleeping upon charcoal has proved fatal. Wherever an open charcoal fire is kept burning for a long time, as in laboratories, or for heating sod or soldering irons, etc., fresh charcoal having, of course, to be added from time to time, the attendants frequently suffer from headache and vertigo. Should the fact be as just suggested, that fresh, cold charcoal is impregnated or saturated with carbonic oxide, it is evident that the gas will be expelled by the heat before the coal reaches the temperature of ignition, and will thus infect the air. The same is the case in high furnaces when coke is used. On the other hand, it is known that the use of live coals, viz., charcoal heated to redness in a furnace constructed for the purpose, rarely proves injurious. The Dutch coal-pan (stoofjas) for keeping one warm, or for heating food, is sufficient evidence of this fact.

ADULTERATION OF ANILINE WITH COAL.

Dr. Reimann, of Berlin, has lately detected quite an ingenious adulteration of brown aniline; this consisting in the addition of pieces of charcoal or of brown coal (lignite), which, when thoroughly impregnated with the dye-stuff, are only detected with great difficulty. When the aniline is treated with hot alcohol and filtered, the coal, of course, remains on the filter; but, since all the common aniline colors leave a residuum, this is no safe test. The comparison of the intensity of a solution of aniline of acknowledged purity with that to be examined gives the best indication; and if the price of the compound be established only in proportion to its dyeing power there will be but a small inducement for fraud.

EFFECT OF A CONTINUED BREAD DIET ON MEN AND DOGS.

According to late experiments of Meyer, neither man nor dogs can be fed economically upon bread alone, an immense quantity of this substance being required to prevent the body from undergoing waste. By the addition of a small percentage of flesh a much less amount of total weight of food will answer the desired object. A persistence in the bread diet causes the tissues of the body to become more watery, and the entire organization is less capable of resisting injurious influences. In experimenting upon different kinds of bread Meyer found that white wheat bread was taken up in the greatest amount during its passage through the alimentary canal; next to this leavened rye bread; then the rye prepared by the Horsford process; and finally the North German black bread. With all these differences, however, the first kind is said to be less satisfying to the feeling of hunger than the

other three, and to be more expensive in every point of view. Meyer does not admit that bran has the nutritious value claimed for it by many persons, since the nitrogenous compounds it contains are mingled with much non-assimilable matter.

ABSORPTION OF GAS BY CHARCOAL UNDER INCREASED PRESSURE.

Mr. Hunter, of London, has lately shown that the quantity of gas absorbed by charcoal increases with the amount of pressure to which it is exposed; and that equal variation in pressure produces nearly equal variation in the quantity of the absorbed gas.

FUCUS SERRATUS IN NORTH AMERICA.

The announcement is made in a late number of the *Canadian Naturalist* of the discovery by Mr. Camp, on the shores of the harbor of Pictou, Nova Scotia, of living specimens of a species of sea-weed known as *Fucus serratus*. This plant, though known upon the shores of Northern Europe, had not been authenticated, at the time of the publication of Dr. Harvey's work on the American sea-weeds, as occurring in North America, and botanists will be interested to learn that it is actually found on this side of the Atlantic. The specimens referred to were cast on the shore with other sea-weeds, and others were subsequently found growing sparingly, attached to the rock. It is, however, thought not improbable that the plant may have been brought in ballast by British ships, and that it is not actually a native of the New World. Its occurrence at Marblehead, if the statement be correct, would, however, militate against the latter idea.

BORAX FOR EXTERMINATING COCK-ROACHES, ETC.

Among the many applications of borax recently made, one of the latest is in the extermination of cockroaches, which purpose it is said to answer very perfectly, although we are inclined to doubt it. Half a pound, finely pulverized and scattered about where these disagreeable pests frequent, will, it is said, clear an infested house so thoroughly that the appearance of one in a month is quite a novelty. It is not known upon what peculiar influence of the borax this depends; but we are assured that the facts are as stated. One advantage of this application is the harmless nature of the borax, so that there is no danger to the household from its being exposed. The use of borax, in Europe, for washing, is well known, the addition of a large handful of borax, instead of soda, to ten gallons of water, being sufficient to save half the quantity of soap ordinarily required. For light fabrics and cambrics a moderate quantity is to be used; but for crinolines, which require to be made stiff, a strengthened solution is necessary. Being a neutral salt, it does not affect the texture of linen in the slightest degree; and as it softens the hardest water, it is much used in washing generally. It is also said to be unsurpassed for cleaning the hair.

FEET IN A TRILOBITE.

Much interest was excited some time ago by the announcement on the part of Mr. E. Billings, of Montreal, of the discovery of a specimen of

trilobite which, in his opinion, exhibited unmistakably the possession of legs, and thus solved what was considered an interesting problem in the economy of that animal. Professor Dana, however, assisted by Professor Verrill, has lately made a criticism of the original specimen of Mr. Billings, and both came decidedly to the conclusion that these organs are not legs, but the arches in the membrane of the ventral surface, to which the foliaceous appendages of the abdomen were attached. Professor Dana calls attention to the fact that similar arches exist in the under surface of the abdomen of the macrourous crustaceans, to which the abdominal appendages are articulated. From a careful examination of the subject, Professor Dana concludes that, with the exception of these arches, the under surface of the belly of the trilobite must have been delicately membranous, like that of the abdomen of the lobster and other long-tailed crabs.

CARPENTER ON OCEAN CURRENTS.

In a previous article we have given Dr. Carpenter's account of the outward deep-sea current from the Mediterranean into the Atlantic, corresponding with the surface current flowing inward, together with his explanation of the physical cause of this circulation. The phenomena observed have led him to suggest some striking views in reference to the currents of the ocean, especially those known as streams, and also the general movement of the entire body of water. The Gulf Stream of the North Atlantic he considers to be due to the impulse given by the trade-winds to the superficial layer of the portion of the Atlantic over which they blow, creating what is known as the equatorial current, which moves constantly from the coast of Africa toward that of America, the northern portion entering the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, where it receives a further accession of heat, and undergoes a change of direction, in consequence of the resistance offered by the American coast-line; thence issuing in a northeasterly direction through the narrow strait between Florida and the Bahama Islands. In its course obliquely across the North Atlantic Ocean the Gulf Stream gradually spreads itself out, diminishing in depth as it increases in breadth; and when it approaches the Banks of Newfoundland one portion of it bends round the Azores, and returns in the equatorial current, thus completing the shorter circuit of that *horizontal* movement of which the *primum mobile* is the action of the trade-winds. The other portion continues its northeasterly course past the Banks, there meeting with arctic surface currents, which tend to neutralize its movement, and to reduce its temperature. Of these currents the principal, formed by the junction of the Labrador and Greenland currents, sweeps southward along the Atlantic sea-board of the United States, not only cutting this off from the influence of the Gulf Stream, but reducing its winter temperature considerably *below* the normal temperature of the latitude.

This current, however, is quite different from the general movement of the entire Atlantic Ocean, which, he thinks, takes place under precisely the same conditions as those which he has pointed out in the case of the Mediterranean.

He simply substitutes, in the explanation, the polar basin for the Mediterranean, cooled down by the withdrawal of solar heat, and for the Atlantic the equatorial ocean. The antagonistic conditions of temperature being constantly sustained, a constant interchange between polar and equatorial waters, through the seas of the temperate zone, may be predicted as a physical necessity. The reduction in temperature of the polar column, the whole of which may be brought down by the continued exposure of the surface to atmospheric cold almost to its freezing-point, must diminish its height while augmenting its density; and thus the water of the surrounding area must flow in to maintain the level thus lowered. But when the column has been restored to an equality of *height* it will possess such an excess of *weight* that its downward pressure must force out a portion of its deeper water; and thus an outflow of ice-cold water will be occasioned from the polar toward the equatorial area, over the sea-bed of the deepest oceanic basins, while at the same time there will be a continual indraught of warmer surface water into the polar basin, which can only be supplied by a general poleward movement of the upper stratum of the equatorial water. These movements will not have the character of currents; for it is only where the communication between the two bodies of water takes place through a narrow strait that differences so considerable can give rise to a perceptible movement between them. But the movement is not the less real when diffused than it is when concentrated; and the same vertical circulation would take place between the two extremities, or between the centre and circumference, of the same continuous basin, under opposite conditions as to heat and cold, as would exist if they were connected by a comparatively narrow channel or communication.

RENDERING WALLS WATER-TIGHT.

It is proposed by Mr. F. Ransome, of London, to render stone and brick walls water-proof by coating them to saturation with a solution of silicate of soda, which is superficially decomposed by the further application of chloride of calcium. The surface thus obtained consists of silicate of lime, which is perfectly insoluble, while it does not alter the appearance of the wall.

PELOUZE PROCESS OF PRESERVING MEAT.

We have already referred to a process devised by Pelouze for preserving meat unchanged for an indefinite period of time without the use of any chemical solution, and to his having deposited an account of it with the secretary of the Academy of Sciences in Paris. In a late number of the *Moniteur Scientifique* the secret is announced, from which we see that it is not essentially different from processes already in use. For the purpose in question the meat is to be cut up into pieces of convenient size, and subjected to an atmosphere of carbonic oxide under pressure. After this a current of dry air is passed over the meat, so as to carry off all the moisture, and this being accomplished, a solution either of salt or saltpetre, or much diluted carbolic acid, is to be brought into contact with it, and the mass then sealed up in a tight vessel.

THE MOVEMENT OF CHLOROPHYL GRAINS.

Dr. B. Frank contributes to some late numbers of the *Botanische Zeitung* the newest observations on this subject. He confirms the statement of Famintzin and Borodon as to the motion observed in the grains of chlorophyl in the leaves of plants under the action of light, and identifies it with the movement of the protoplasm previously observed by Sachs. The protoplasm alone, he believes, possesses this power of motion, and carries the grains of chlorophyl along with it. It takes place not only in direct sunshine, but also under the diffused light of the sky. Colored rays, as blue and red, also produce decided though less energetic action.

EOZON NOT OF ORGANIC CHARACTER.

In a late communication to *Nature* Mr. John B. Perry, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge, ranges himself among the number of those who oppose the theory of the organic origin of the *Eozoon canadense*, as maintained by Dr. William B. Carpenter, Dr. Dawson, of Montreal, etc. In reference to the so-called eozoon limestone in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, Mr. Perry states that this is not a sedimentary rock, but that it occupied pockets or oven-shaped cavities once plainly overarched by gneiss; and that it is foliated, there being a regular succession of leaf-like layers from the walls toward the centres of the cavities, witness to which is borne by a like succession of different minerals; that in some places it ramifies through the surrounding rock in a vein-like way, while in others it exactly conforms with the most abrupt irregularities of the surface; that in one locality which he had repeatedly examined it conforms with the uneven portions of a mass of syenite, with which it is so associated as to reveal its more recent origin; and that, therefore, it is not of nummulitic derivation, but was deposited in a vein-like form, the materials having been probably forced up into the cavities from below while in a vaporous state.

BRYOZOA AND PARASITIC CRUSTACEA.

Professor Claparède has lately made some interesting communications to the "Society of Physics," of Geneva, upon certain marine invertebrates. One of these has reference to the *Bryozoa*, a group of animals found both in fresh-water and salt, and resembling polyps in living in associations, and in the formation of hard polypidoms, but which are distinguished from them in their external characters, and especially in the absence of any radiated structure. He has investigated this group with special reference to the relations which exist between the different individuals of the same association—relations of nutrition by the intermediation of pores which permit the passage of the nutritious liquid from one individual to another, and the nervous relationships established by a colonial nervous system, as already pointed out some years ago by Mr. Fritz Miller. On different points of the group of individuals there are frequently found fixed bodies called *Avicularia*, which M. Claparède considers as rudimentary individuals, their object appearing to be that of attracting and retaining the animalcules which serve as food to the *Bryozoa*. All the individuals of any one colony are not active, some of them, indeed,

seeming as if dead, and actually having been so considered. This, however, is an error, these individuals, although having lost most of their organs, yet preserving the branches of the colonial nervous system, and continuing to live at the expense of the juices elaborated by the active members of the society. M. Claparède has shown the mode of retrogressive metamorphosis of these animals, which retrace their steps over the same route of development which they had traversed in their first growth.

In a second paper upon parasitic crustaceans of the annelids M. Claparède shows that of eleven species hitherto known, all belong to the order of copepods, although constituting eight or nine genera, divided into very different families. Among these copepods some are free, and others are parasitic; in others the female sex is completely parasitic, the males being free; while, again, the male, very much reduced in volume, lives as a parasite upon its female, which itself is a parasite of some other animal.

M. Claparède, in the critical study of the annelids collected by the British deep-sea expeditions—some of them taken at a depth of 650 fathoms—has shown that these animals are very largely the same, generically, with the kinds found nearer the surface of the sea, and even along the shores. Contrary to the opinion of M. Quaterfages, he has ascertained that lumbricoid worms are very common at great depths, and that this group consequently contains species indubitably marine.

RARE ECHINUS.

In an appendix to a report published by the Museum of Comparative Zoology on the echini collected by Pourtales, mention is made by Mr. Alexander Agassiz of an interesting species of this group, obtained during the Coast Survey exploration of the Gulf Stream in 1868 and 1869. This, at the time the preliminary report was written, could not be identified by Mr. Agassiz, but he has since then been able to ascertain that they belong to a genus named *Keroiaphorus*, the type of which had been drawn up on a fishing line from a depth of about 700 feet. It is peculiar on account of its long curved spines, which resemble the antennæ of a certain family of beetles.

METHOD OF PREPARING FRUIT SIRUPS.

Some rules for preparing fruit sirups given by a German expert are perhaps worth a trial by our readers. To have fruit juices fit for preservation it is necessary, in the first place, to select fully ripe and undecayed fruit; and after mashing the fruit it should receive an addition of five to ten per cent. of sugar, and then be left to undergo a slight fermentation. Pectine is precipitated in consequence of the production of alcohol, and the juice, after filtration, becomes perfectly clear, and is much improved in flavor and color. Raspberries, whortleberries, currants, cherries, etc., may be thus treated, but the delicate flavor of the strawberry requires some modification of the process. In this two pounds of carefully picked strawberries (the wild strawberry of the woods is the best) are put into a glass jar with two and a half pounds of white powdered sugar, and occasionally shaken. The sugar extracts the juice, and the berries shrivel to a dry pulp, and, after filtering, the sirup is

ready for use. Heating must be carefully avoided, as it would at once destroy the fragrance of the fruit. As to cherries, the so-called Morello is recommended, and, by leaving the cracked stones in the pulp, a flavor like that of bitter almonds will be imparted. To make sirup of the fruit juice prepared as above indicated, our author advises us never to make use of any metallic vessels or spoons, and always to take best refined loaf-sugar in lumps, five parts of juice to eight parts of sugar constituting a good proportion. The lumps of sugar are moistened with just enough water to cause them to dissolve readily, when the remaining juice is added, and the whole is to be rapidly heated to boiling, which, however, must only be continued for a few minutes. With good sugar no skimming is necessary, and filtering through flannel or other woolen cloth, previously wetted in water containing a few drops of sulphuric acid, and well wrung, will make the sirup perfectly clear. It is best to fill the preserve jars with the sirup when cold; but if it has been done when hot, the vessel must be filled up after cooling, as the vapor condenses on the portion of the vessel left empty, and, running down, dilutes the upper stratum of the sirup, thus making it more liable to spoil.

FUNGUS THEORY OF DISEASE.

The cause of the so-called infectious diseases has always been an unsolved problem in medical science, and whether it be miasma or contagion, or both, is yet an undecided question. Indeed, the disputants differ as to whether contagion itself is purely chemical in its nature or organic—that is, of animal or vegetable origin. The latter opinion is at present supported by many eminent physicians, and the idea that the spreading of such diseases as cholera, typhus, small-pox, etc., is due to specific fungi, the minute spores of which propagate within the animal organism, has been received with great favor.

Professor Grohe, of Greifswalde, assisted by Dr. Black, has instituted a series of apparently decisive experiments on this subject, and they have come to the conclusion that the theory of the vegetable nature of infection has not yet been fully demonstrated. Two species of parasitic fungi, *Aspergillus glaucus* and *Penicillium glaucum*, were, after suitable preparation, introduced into different organs of living animals, such as rabbits, dogs, sheep, etc., and from a critical examination of their action the following facts were ascertained:

1. The spores of some fungi develop into *mycelia* within the animal organism.
2. This development occurs not only with spores brought directly into the circulation, but these will also be taken up when introduced into the abdominal cavity.
3. The *mycelia* thus developed from the spores are the same in all the organs, and only differ in their terminal ramifications from those grown otherwise.
4. *Aspergillus* and *Penicillium* have, in the tissues, the same form.
5. The most extensive pathological alterations, which occasion the destruction of the organism, are induced by the vegetation of fungi.
6. Spores taken up into circulation from the abdominal cavity produce most intense pathological effects, but finally disappear entirely, and

without leaving a trace, whenever the organism does not soon succumb.

HABIT OF REDUVIUS.

Mr. Meehan, of Philadelphia, reports a curious fact in the natural history of a well-known bug, the *Reduvius novenarius*. He had previously mentioned his discovery that this insect stored up turpentine in its body, but for what purpose he was then unable to ascertain. He has since discovered that it is used for fastening its eggs to the branches of trees, and sticking them together, and also, in all probability, as a means of protection against enemies and the weather. The eggs of this insect were inserted in groups, and each one set upright, one against another, with the turpentine, like the cells of the honeycomb. He does not think that this matter is a secretion of the insect itself, but believes it to be simply turpentine gathered up and stored away.

ILLUSTRATION OF FLUORESCENCE.

Professor Flückiger, of Berne, has recently detailed a method of preparing a liquid which exhibits the phenomenon of fluorescence to a very remarkable degree. If one drop of nitric acid be added to about seventy of the essential oil of peppermint, and the two thoroughly shaken together, the fluid turns to a faint yellow color, and then becomes brownish. After an hour or more it assumes a brilliant blue-violet, or greenish-blue, when examined by transmitted light. Seen by reflected light, the liquid is of a copper-color, and not transparent.

PREVENTING MOULD IN MUCILAGE.

Solutions of gum-arabic are very liable to become mouldy; and while the introduction of creosote, corrosive sublimate, etc., frequently used to remedy this evil, is objectionable on account of the danger of poisoning, according to the *Industrie Blätter* sulphate of quinine is a complete protection against mould, a very small quantity of it being sufficient to prevent gum mucilage from spoiling. It is quite possible that writing ink might be protected by the same application from a like difficulty. The use of ammonia for the same purpose is also recommended.

TAPIOCA PAPER IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

A substance called tapioca paper—recommended as very useful in taking photographs by artificial light—is prepared by soaking 300 grains of tapioca for two days in an equal weight of water, then adding a quart of water; and afterward for every tenth of a quart of the liquid fifteen grains of iodide of potassium, forty-five grains of chloride of potassium, and one and a half grains of bromide of potassium are to be introduced, and, when dissolved, the whole boiled for ten minutes, allowed to stand for a day, and then decanted and filtered through linen. Twelve to twenty sheets of the paper are immersed in this liquid at a time, or can be floated upon it for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then hung up to dry in a dark room. Should the paper assume a dark color it will be of no consequence, since this tint will disappear in the silver bath. This bath is to be prepared in the proportion of 1 to 15, and for every ounce of nitrate of silver fifty to sixty grains of citric acid are to be add-

ed. The developer is made of fifty grains of pyrogallie acid and eighty grains of citric acid in thirty ounces of water. The time of exposure varies from ten seconds to twenty-five minutes, according to the picture to be copied and the actinic force of the light.

LÜTKEN ON GANOID FISHES.

Dr. C. Lütken, in a paper on the limits and classification of the ganoid fishes, published in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, as translated by Mr. Dallas, discusses at considerable length the true affinities of this remarkable group of fishes, of which, as is well known, the gar-fish, or gar-pike, of America and the *Polypterus* of Africa are types, constituting living representatives of a form which, in the earlier geological periods, was the predominant one.

The conclusion to which Dr. Lütken arrives, in answer to the question "What is a ganoid?" is as follows: Every fish (abdominal, malacopterygian, physostome) with osseous scales, articulated (as in the lepidostei) or interlocked (in the manner of the pycnodonts), or with gular plates in place of the branchiostegal rays, and with the paired fins fringed and scaly (as in the polypteri), or which combine several of these characters, should be classed among the ganoids.

INFLUENCE OF SALT AND FRESH WATER ON CRUSTACEA, ETC.

Professor Plateau has lately prosecuted some investigations as to the effect of placing fresh-water articulates in salt-water, and salt-water articulates in fresh, the observations having been directed more particularly to the crustaceans. Among the conclusions arrived at are, that sea water has but a slight influence upon the aquatic coleoptera and hemiptera in the perfect state, but that it produces injurious effects upon fresh-water articulates with a delicate skin, or furnished with branchiæ. Among crustaceans some species of *Gammarus* and *Asellus* resist the action of sea water for several hours, while others perish in a few minutes. The fresh-water articulates that can live with impunity in sea water are those in which no absorption of salt takes place by the skin; those which die in it in a comparatively short time having absorbed chlorides of sodium and magnesium, which the experimenter found to be the most injurious salts, the sulphates having no special effect. When the fresh-water articulates pass, by a slow transition, from fresh to sea water, and reproduction has taken place during this transition, the new generation resist the action of the sea water longer than the ordinary individuals of the species.

In the investigations upon the marine crustacea of the Belgian coast the conclusions arrived at were, first, that the commonest species die in fresh-water after the lapse of a variable time, which, however, does not exceed nine hours; second, that the marine crustacea, when immersed in fresh-water, give up to this the salts, especially the chloride of sodium, with which their tissues were impregnated. The converse of this observation was also true, that the fresh-water articulates immersed in sea water absorb these salts; third, that in most cases the presence of chloride of sodium forms one of the indispensable conditions of resistance for the ma-

rine crustacea; but this salt appears to be the only one necessary; fourth, the smaller individuals, and those which, having just moulted, have the integuments delicate, present less resistance than the others to the influence of liquids of exceptional composition; fifth, the difference between the densities of sea water and fresh-water can not be regarded as the cause of the death of marine crustacea in fresh-water.

As a general conclusion, applicable to both groups, Professor Plateau states that the idea of endosmose enables us to explain the absorption of salts by the delicate skin or the branchial surfaces of fresh-water articulates when immersed in sea water. The fact that diffusion and dialysis take place with more energy in the case of the chlorides of sodium and magnesium than in that of sulphate of magnesia explains why it is that the chlorides of sea water are alone absorbed. Dialysis explains why marine crustacea, when placed in fresh-water, lose the salts with which they were impregnated.

TREE-PLANTING ON THE PRAIRIES.

M. R. S. Elliott, industrial agent of the Kansas Pacific Railway, has lately been experimenting upon the cultivation, upon the plains, of various seeds without accompanying irrigation; the principal trials having been made at three stations along the railroad: the first, Wilson, being 239 miles west of the State line, and 1586 feet above the sea level; the second, Ellis, 302 miles west, and of 3019 feet elevation; and the third, Pond Creek, 422 miles west, and 3175 feet in altitude. Trials were made in these experiments of winter grains, as wheat, barley, and rye; of spring grains, as wheat and oats; of various grasses; of tree seeds, such as ailanthus, chestnut, piñon, elm, etc.; and of various fruit trees. The conclusions arrived at from these investigations were, that Lucerne and other valuable forage plants, winter and spring grains, and trees, may be grown on the plains from seed, without irrigation, as far west as the 100th meridian, and perhaps even further. Also that trees may be grown from seeds, cuttings, and young plants, for timber or for fruit, in all parts of the plains between the Platte and the Arkansas rivers; and finally, that the growth of living storm-shields along the line of the Kansas Pacific Railway, and of timber for the uses of the road, is only a matter of effort and time.

INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOLISM ON THE SIGHT.

In a paper read before the Académie de Médecine, some interesting remarks were presented by Mr. Galezowski upon the influence of alcoholism on the sight. Cases of this form of amblyopia were frequently brought on during the siege of Paris, as the author believed, by drinking alcoholic liquids in the morning on an empty stomach. The characteristic symptoms are a somewhat sudden enfeebling of the sight, which, however, then remains for several weeks without any sensible change; the acuteness of vision is sensibly diminished, and that of distant objects, especially, is much lessened, the face of a person not being recognizable at some paces' distance, in consequence of a sort of white haze appearing to envelop every object. The haze is less apparent toward evening, and the sight consequently then improves. A curious pervers-

sion of the faculty of appreciating colors occurs in this disease. Thus carmine, red, and green are often confounded with each other, while violet is taken for red, and yellow for red. The vision is often double and triple, and colors of objects become very much mixed. This disease, according to the author, is due to an affection of the longitudinal muscular fibres of the arteries, which act by dilating them, and to a spasmodic contraction of the circular fibres of these same vessels. The result of this is to prevent the arrival of the blood in sufficient quantity for the arteries. An application of the extract of Calabar bean was found to be quite efficient in removing the difficulty.

The paper sums up the general conclusions of

the author in the following language, as quoted by the London *Medical Times*: 1. This disease appears as a consequence of prolonged indulgence in alcoholic drinks, and especially when these are taken fasting, or before dinner; 2. Bad food and a wretched condition of existence predispose to its development; 3. Complete abstinence from alcoholic drinks during several weeks or months is an indispensable condition for recovery; 4. The bromide of potassium is a very efficacious remedy; and the éserine, or Calabarine collyrium, is one of the best means of combating the visual disturbance; 5. This amblyopia is tractable when combated at an early period; but later it becomes a serious affection, which is very difficult of cure.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of July. It includes in its summary an account of the New York riots, the results of Commander Selfridge's Darien expedition, an unusual number of disasters in this country, the reorganization of the Spanish cabinet, the abolition of the purchase system in the British army, and the latest official dispatches relating to the Korean expedition.

UNITED STATES.

The Orangemen of New York city, having determined to celebrate the 12th of July—the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne—in their usual manner by a procession through the principal streets of the city, applied to James J. Kelso, Superintendent of the Police, for protection and support in the execution of their plan against the threatened violence of Irish Catholics. The superintendent refused this application, and in General Order No. 57 commanded the police to “prevent the formation or progression” of the procession. His reason for issuing the order, as stated therein, was that the procession would provoke violence. The public sentiment of the city, of the State, and of the entire country failed to sustain the superintendent in his decision, and regarded the Order No. 57 as a surrender to the religious prejudices of a menacing and overbearing mob, that had presumed to dictate to the city authorities against a celebration as illegal and not to be tolerated simply because it was offensive to Irish Roman Catholics.

On the 6th of July Mayor Hall had written to John J. Bond, Grand Master of the Orangemen, suggesting to him the propriety of foregoing the celebration, giving the same reason which Superintendent Kelso gave for preventing it. On Sunday, the 9th, the Roman Catholic clergy throughout the city warned their people from the pulpit to entirely ignore the proposed celebration, as by any attempt at interference they would only scandalize themselves, and be led into a snare that had been cunningly laid for them.

On the 11th Governor Randolph, of New Jersey, issued a proclamation guaranteeing protection to public processions of Orangemen in that State. A similar proclamation was issued by Governor Hoffman, of New York, dated the same day, though not in time to be published in the

evening papers. Had this proclamation been made in the place of Superintendent Kelso's Order No. 57, all lawless parties would have been impressed with a decent respect for the legal authorities. As it was, and as the event proved, having first been led to believe that they had overawed the government, it was not afterward easy for them to reverse their conception and to believe in the supremacy of the law and the subjection of citizens.

Every preparation was made to suppress disturbances if they should arise, both by the police and the military. Of the latter over 5000 were under arms. During the forenoon of the 12th there were many exciting reports. The appearance of lawless men in the streets in great numbers, in some cases armed and marching in defiant processions, and movements threatening important armories, caused apprehensions of a serious nature to be entertained. At 2 o'clock P.M. the Orange procession, numbering less than 100 men, was organized at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. The military escort for its protection consisted of five regiments, under the command of General Varian. At the corner of Twenty-fourth Street the procession was fired upon, and assailed with bottles, bricks, and other missiles from the sidewalks and from the houses. The military returned the fire with salutary effect. The procession moved on through Twenty-third Street to Fifth Avenue, down the avenue to Fourteenth Street, thence around the Washington Monument, down Fourth Avenue to the junction of Third Avenue, where it was dismissed a little after 4 o'clock P.M. There was very little disturbance after the dismissal of the procession, and at 6 o'clock P.M. all the regiments except the Eleventh were ordered back to their armories.

During the day over one hundred persons were killed or wounded. The following is the official report of casualties among the military:

Sixth Regiment.—Captain Adler, slightly grazed at the wrist; one private badly bruised in the leg.

Ninth Regiment.—Sergeant Samuel Wyatt, Company F, killed; private H. C. Paige, Company K, killed; Colonel James Fisk, Jun., ankle sprained; Captain B. W. Spencer, slightly hurt with a brick; private Pryor, Company A, wounded in leg, since dead; private Burns, Company E, stabbed in back; Sergeant T. C. Byers, Company B, kicked in side by mob.

Eighty-fourth Regiment.—Captain J. Douglas, Com-

pany K, cut in head by missile; private Jennie, Company I, shot in head, seriously; private W. Archer, Company F, flesh wound in wrist.

Seventh Regiment.—Sergeant Behringer, Company G, leg wound by a stone; private Townsend, Company G, shot in neck, musket ball; private Morgan, Company H, scalp wound, slight.

The Democratic State Convention of Maine met at Augusta, June 27, and nominated C. G. Kimball for Governor.

Commander T. O. Selfridge, who has conducted the surveys for a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, returned to New York July 13. He spent seven months on the isthmus, during which two routes for an interoceanic canal were thoroughly examined. The Tuyra-Atrato route was found to be impracticable, not merely because of the height of the dividing ridge, but more particularly on account of the insurmountable physical difficulties presented by the line on the Pacific side. The lowest elevation of the "divide" was found to be 763 feet. In exploring this route the expedition opened up a tract of country hitherto unknown, and the hydrographic work accomplished by it in the Gulf of Darien is considered to be of great and permanent value. A practicable route for a canal was found, extending from Limon Bay, on the Pacific, to the Atrato by way of the Napipi River, and thence to the Atlantic through the Gulf of Darien. This route presents some very interesting questions for the consideration of engineers and capitalists. "It is proposed that vessels coming from the Atlantic should enter the Gulf of Darien, and then ascend the Atrato River to the confluence of the Napipi. An ugly bar must be removed before the Atrato can be entered, but the difficulties are by no means so great as to cause any objection to the route on that ground. The Atrato having been thoroughly examined, it is reported that there are five fathoms of water the entire way up to the Napipi, the current itself flowing at the rate of from two and a half to three knots an hour, and the distance being about one hundred and twenty miles. The canal would commence at the Napipi, and thence to the Pacific, its entire length to be thirty-two miles, making the distance from ocean to ocean about one hundred and fifty miles. At the confluence of the Napipi River the Atrato is forty-one feet above mean tide. Nine locks, each of ten feet lift, would be constructed from that point toward the 'divide.' The country thereabout is comparatively flat. These locks would be arranged so as to keep the cutting near the surface twenty-one miles from the Atrato. The ninth lock would be constructed convenient to the Dogado River, which flows into the Napipi, then an open cut of 264 feet in depth and several hundred feet long would be made to the Atlantic portal of the 'divide,' which is 612 feet in height. This mountain ridge is about half a mile from the Pacific shore and rises almost perpendicularly on that side, while on the other it slopes gradually to the plain. After the open cutting from the ninth lock would come a tunnel through the 'divide,' four miles in length. This tunnel is to be sixty feet wide at the bottom, with a total height of 116 feet—ninety feet above the water line. After passing through the tunnel with topmasts housed, vessels would descend to the Pacific by means of thirteen locks, each of ten feet lift—the depth of water throughout the canal being twenty-six

feet. The total cost for the construction of this canal, having been carefully calculated, has been set down at \$106,000,000; and, making an allowance of \$25,000,000 for contingencies, the entire sum would be about \$130,000,000. The length of time required to construct the canal is estimated to be twelve years. This, in brief, is the route upon which Commander Selfridge bases his hopes of success, and considers that the expedition has achieved a triumph by its discovery."

On July 1 a bust of Washington Irving, in bronze, was unveiled in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered the address. The bust was presented to the Park by Mr. Demas Barnes.

In the New York Yacht Club regatta, June 22, the schooner *Tidal Wave*, and the sloops *Addie* and *Breeze*, won the prizes.

The corner-stone of the new Capitol at Albany was laid June 24. The procession, notwithstanding the severe rain, is said to have been three miles long. Governor Hoffman and Hon. Hamilton Harris made addresses, and the Masonic fraternity laid the stone with all the impressive formula and ritual of the order.

The total population of the United States, according to the census of 1870, is 38,549,987, of which number 4,899,423 are colored, 25,733 Indians, 55 Japanese, and 63,196 Chinese.

DISASTERS.

Six men were killed by the bursting of a boiler on the steamer *Moses Taylor*, of Webb's Australian line, when four hours out of San Francisco, on May 24.

The Pullman express train for Boston was thrown from the track near Freeport June 26. Several cars were wrecked. Two men were killed, and two badly wounded.

While a passenger train on the Nashville and Northwestern Railroad was passing the Harpeth River, about eighteen miles from Nashville, the bridge gave way, and two coaches and a sleeping-car fell into the river. Fifteen persons were killed, and twenty-three wounded.

The propeller *Maine*, of the Northern Transportation Company's line, exploded her boiler, on the night of July 4, a mile above Ogdensburg, New York. The engineer and a passenger were killed, and a fireman was so badly scalded that he has died since.

During a storm in Nebraska on the night of July 5 a train on the Fremont and Blair railroad was blown from the track. Two lives were lost, and fifteen of the passengers were injured.

A collision occurred on the Newark and New York Railroad July 8, occasioned by a misplaced switch, and resulting in the loss of four lives, and severe injuries to a large number of passengers.

A furious storm of wind, accompanied by a heavy rain, took place in the vicinity of Dayton, Ohio, June 9. A number of trees in and around Dayton were uprooted. The German Lutheran church was demolished; four persons were killed and twenty injured. The bridge over the Miami River was destroyed, and two boys were killed and one injured. The Southern Ohio Lunatic Asylum was unroofed, and two female patients were wounded. The school-house of the Church of the United Brethren was blown down; St. Mary's Catholic church and the Miami Railroad

dépôt were unroofed, and about fifty other houses otherwise damaged.

A terrible hurricane visited St. Joseph, Missouri, on the night of July 13-14. Houses were unroofed or blown down in every part of the city. Four or five persons were killed by the lightning and falling timber, and many persons were injured.

OBITUARY.

Amos Robins, ex-Senator of New Jersey, died at his home in New Brunswick, in that State, June 27.

Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, died at his home July 2. He had been ill for six weeks, but was not regarded in danger. He was in his seventy-fourth year, and graduated at Harvard in the class with Caleb Cushing and George Bancroft.

Thomas Lincoln, familiarly known as "Tad," the youngest son of the late President, died at the Clifton House, Chicago, July 15, aged eighteen years.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

On the 4th of June President Baez's troops, numbering from 1200 to 1500, attacked and defeated an army of about the same size under General Cabral.

The primary elections in Mexico, June 25, resulted in a triumph for Juarez, who, it is confidently reported, is re-elected.

EUROPE.

The Spanish Cortes, on the evening of June 24, voted the address to the crown—an address expressing want of confidence in the government—164 to 98. The vote was followed by the resignation of the ministry. A compromise was, however, effected by the retirement of M. Moret, the Minister of Finance, M. Sagasta temporarily succeeding him. July 20 the entire cabinet again resigned, and the following was announced as the constitution of a new ministry: *President of the Council and Minister of War*, Marshal Serrano; *Minister of Foreign Affairs*, Admiral Topete; *Minister of the Interior*, Señor Sagasta; *Minister of Justice*, Señor Ulloa; *Minister of Finance*, Señor Aerostegui; *Minister of Public Works*, Señor Candan; *Minister of Marine*, Admiral Malcampo; *Minister of the Colonies*, Señor Ayala.

The purchase system in the British army has been abolished by the action of the Queen in canceling the royal warrant by which the system was legalized. The announcement of this act was made by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on the evening of July 20.

The ratifications of the Treaty of Washington were exchanged in London June 17. The British Commissioners landed in the country on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, February 22; the treaty was signed in Washington on the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday, May 24; the ratifications were exchanged in London June 17, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill; and the official proclamation of the ratification in this country was made on the Fourth of July.

The following are the aggregates of population in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, as reported in the recent census:

	Males.	Females.	Total.
England	10,437,053	11,050,635	21,487,688
Ireland	2,634,123	2,768,636	5,402,759
Scotland.....	1,601,633	1,756,980	3,358,613
Wales	603,350	613,070	1,216,420
Channel Isles	40,223	50,340	90,563
Isle of Man	25,691	28,176	53,867
	15,342,073	16,267,837	31,609,910
Army, navy, and merchant marine abroad.....	207,198	207,198
The United Kingdom.....			31,817,108

The supplementary elections in France, July 2, to fill the vacancies in the National Assembly, resulted in a decisive triumph for the Thiers government. One hundred and twenty out of one hundred and forty deputies chosen were republicans. M. Gambetta was elected both for Paris and Marseilles.

A Paris telegram, dated June 9, announced that news had been received there of the total wreck of the French ship *Souvenance* on the coast near the Cape of Good Hope. All on board, including a large number of passengers, were lost. A hundred and fifty bodies had washed ashore from the wreck.

The powder-works of St. Maur, in Paris, exploded July 14, occasioning considerable loss of life.

The explosion of a quantity of petroleum at Rheims, July 17, occasioned the conflagration of a large number of buildings, and, it is reported, the loss of fifty lives.

An accident on the military railroad from Leipsic to Berlin, June 21, resulted in the deaths of twenty-one soldiers on their way home, and in serious injuries to forty-one others.

Rome was, on July 2, formally occupied as the national capital by the Italian government.

ASIA.

The following dispatch was received from Admiral Rodgers at the Navy Department, Washington, June 28:

COREA, June 23, 1871.

To the Secretary of the Navy:

The Coreans not apologizing for their treacherous attack, on the 10th we landed on Kang Noe, took and destroyed the lower fort and munitions.

On the 11th we took another fort, and then stormed and captured the stronghold. Five posts have been taken. The troops which defended them are reported as numbering 11,000. There was desperate hand-to-hand fighting in the citadel.

The ordnance was destroyed, 481 pieces (principally small brass pieces), very many small-arms, and fifty flags taken.

We counted 243 dead Coreans around the citadel. We had three killed. They were the gallant Lieutenant M'Kee, who was first inside the citadel, killed with bullet and spear, marine Denis Hanrahan, and landsman Seth Allen. Our nine wounded are all out of danger and doing well. JOHN RODGERS,
Commodore United States Navy.

The Coreans claim justification for the murder of the crew of the *General Sherman* on the ground that the latter were guilty of piracy.

A telegram to Lloyds from Hong-Kong, July 17, announces that a terrific typhoon had visited Hiogo, Japan. Seven steamers were driven ashore or sunk, and were nearly or quite destroyed. The place was inundated, and suffered considerable injury.

A London telegram of July 21 announced that, following upon the frightful famine which had devastated Persia, the cholera had made its appearance, prevailing to an alarming extent.

Editor's Drawer.

COLONEL JOHN W. FORNEY, writing of the late Thomas Ritchie, who for forty years (1804 to 1845) was the editor and proprietor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, and who in 1845, at the request of President Polk, went to Washington to take charge of the *Union*, says:

"A more amiable, simple-minded, honorable gentleman never existed, but he had lived too long in a narrow sphere to figure on the national stage. He was a conscientious believer in the extreme doctrine of State rights—the kindest and most genteel old foggy who ever wore nankeen pantaloons, high shirt collars, and broad-brimmed straw hats. He was the delight of every social circle—not for his wit, which was dull, but for his chronic Virginia peculiarities. He was the Grandfather Whitehead of the politicians, and the Jesse Rural of the diplomats."

Colonel Forney's mention of Mr. Ritchie calls to mind the following incident:

Soon after the passage of the Compromise resolutions Mr. Ritchie was in Washington, the guest of Mr. Webster. After a fine dinner-party given to him by Mr. W. the latter proposed that they should attend Jenny Lind's first concert in Washington, to be given that evening. The invitation was gladly accepted, and the party occupied one of the stage-boxes, which had been reserved for Mr. W. Evidently the party (to use Mr. Webster's own playful phrase for such occurrences) were "suffering from an accident of hospitality;" for when Miss Lind sang, as only she could sing, the "Star-spangled Banner," at the close of the programme, Mr. Webster deemed it the part of patriotism to stand up, in the front part of the box, and join heartily in the chorus, which he did. As a vocal effort it could not be called a success; for the "godlike" was so unfamiliar with *fa, sol, la* that he was unable to make that nice discrimination between "Yankee Doodle" and "Old Hundred" which might reasonably be expected from the average amateur.

Another incident may be mentioned in connection with those famous Compromise measures: they were passed on the day that Jenny Lind gave her first public rehearsal in the United States at Castle Garden.

THANKS to a correspondent at Terre Haute, Indiana, for the following:

General Craft, one of our prominent lawyers, was hailed, while passing Freeman's jewelry store, by the proprietor, with, "General, come in here a moment; we have something for you to solve. If a man brings his watch to be fixed, and it costs me ten cents to do it, and I keep it a week, and charge him six dollars, what per cent. do I make? We have been figuring, and make it nine hundred per cent., and have only got up to one dollar. How much do you say it will be at six dollars?"

"Well," replied the general, "I do not wonder at your perplexity; for it is well known, and the celebrated Babbit calculating machine has demonstrated, that at certain points in progressive numbers the law governing them changes. In this case the law would change, and long before it would reach the six dollars it would run

out of per cent. and into what is known as *larceny*!"

JUST at this season of the year, when the youth of the country are rampant with the "national game," the grave and the gay are sometimes suggested in the drollest way. A few weeks ago the New York *Herald* sent one of its reporters into the neighboring country of New Jersey to report the proceedings of the Annual Convention of the Episcopal Church of that diocese. Either the reporter or the compositor who "sets" the headings must be a member of some base-ball club, for the report was published under the heading of "The New Jersey Episcopalians," as though they had been playing against the "Long Island Congregationals," or some other champion club. As Hamlet says, "To what base-ball uses we may return, Horatio!"

THE frequency with which Mr. Seward's name is mentioned in the public journals in connection with the ovations he is every where receiving abroad reminds us that in the year 1860 he visited Minnesota in company with Charles Francis Adams and Senator James W. Nye. The citizens of St. Anthony, wishing to receive these distinguished gentlemen in a becoming manner, appointed a committee to meet them at Cheever Hill and escort them to the Winslow House. The committee repaired to the Hill, and, after waiting some time, learned that the party had reached the Winslow by another route. They at once returned to the hotel, and were introduced to Mr. Seward. The spokesman, a lawyer of the place, after a few brief remarks, said, "Mr. Seward, we are very sorry indeed that we did not have the opportunity of escorting you into town, but we beg to assure you we shall take great pleasure in escorting you out of it."

REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D., of Philadelphia, in his recent speech at the 47th anniversary of the American Sunday-School Union, said:

"The love for children! How much there is in them to call it forth! How much love in them, how much freshness, how much artless simplicity and beautiful sympathy, and how much charming originality—how much of every thing there is in them to call out our very best and richest emotions!"

"Some years ago a little five-year-old boy in my church, after saying his evening prayers, asked, 'Mother, will father go to heaven when he dies?' (His father was a large man, with a great, huge frame.), 'Yes, I hope he will; I do not doubt he will. Why do you ask?' 'Oh, I only wanted to know;' and for a time the subject seemed to have faded from the child's mind. But it soon cropped out again. 'Are you sure, mother, that father will go to heaven when he dies?' 'Yes, my child, I do not doubt it; why do you ask?' The little fellow was silent a moment, and then burst out with, 'Golly! what a whopping angel he'll make!'"

"Very often we find true wisdom in the utterances of even the youngest children. You have all noticed or heard of illustrations in your

own experience. One little girl six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers. 'Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!' 'What does he say, my dear?' 'Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?' 'Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself.' 'How can I, grandpa?' 'Get your Bible, and see what it says.' 'Where shall I begin?' 'Begin at the beginning.' The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery, 'I've found it, grandpa! it isn't true; for God made the moon before he made any cows!' She was certainly a 'chip off the old block.'

It is so seldom the Drawer has any thing particularly intended for the medicos that we quote, and are sure they will enjoy, the following squibs written by a Miss Rachel Burton, who flourished in the days of Canning. Dire feuds existed between Miss Burton and Lady Pegge, the wife of Dr. Pegge, afterward knighted, and Regius Professor of Medicine. When the Oxford Volunteer corps were formed of the citizens and members of the university, and Miss Burton and Lady Mackworth presented the heroes with colors, Miss B. produced the following:

THE RIVAL COLORS.

(*Miss Burton loquitur.*)

Twice twenty sons of peers, in bright array,
Formed a proud line, and bore my flags away—
Seized my gay banners with a decent pride,
And swore to keep them, fighting by their side;
For these, they cry, we every toil will bear—
And bravery and beauty filled the air.

(*Lady Mackworth loquitur.*)

Twice twenty tradesmen formed into a row
Made at my feet a fine and comely show;
A son of Galen, stationed at their head,
Who swears he'll strike the sons of Gallia dead:
Not all your nobles in the front or rear
Can fill a Frenchman with a greater fear:
For, panic-struck, at once they sure would stop,
If shown the phials in my captain's shop;
And, coward-like, would scamper in a trice,
If threatened *e'en* with Major Pegge's advice.

THE recent racings at Jerome Park, the hurdle-jumping, the horse-trading, and the general talk there—which is of the horse, horsey—recalls a conversation between a gentleman who desired to purchase a horse and an Irish dealer:

BUYER. "Have you got a fast horse to show me?"

SELLER. "I have that, Sir."

BUYER (*looking at a horse brought out for inspection*). "Is he a good hunter?"

SELLER. "Is it hunter, Sir? Why, then, Sir, I'll be open with ye. He's a craving 'oss, but he's what I call a flippant lepper [leaper]. I might say he's the most *intrickate*-lept 'oss in the South of Ireland."

BUYER. "Is he a good hack?"

SELLER. "Is it a hack you mane, Sir? Well, Sir, I'll be fair with ye. He could not, conveniently to himself, trot under sixteen miles the hour."

BUYER. "And whereabouts is the figure?"

SELLER. "Is it the figure, Sir? Then I'll

tell you, by the virtue of my oath, I should consider it my duty to go a hundred miles to call *anny* man out who would preshume to offer me less than eighty pounds for him."

BUYER. "Is he good at water?"

SELLER. "Is it wather, bedad?" (Looking around, and standing up in his stirrups and surveying the country as if he were a stranger in those parts.) "*Boys, is there anny canals about!*"

AN editorial friend in New England, thinking that the ensuing effort of genius is better adapted to the Drawer than to the style of paper he publishes, kindly incloses it; for which, thanks. It is a veritable poem, and the author asks pecuniary re-imbursement for the wear and tear of brain caused by its manufacture:

"HOW PRECIOUS IS A MAIDEN SISTER!"

How precious is a maiden sister,
Whose main desire's to serve the Lord,
And to every trouble's an unwearied listener,
And always finds comfort in the Word!
I've one who devotes her life
To doing good to others,
And if she wished to become a wife,
How sad would be her sisters and brothers

Not that they are selfish, and would take from her
A single joy, but she is so dear
That they fear she'll be made to shed a tear
By one who's not bound by consanguinity near.
You know we run some risk when we marry, (?)
No matter how well we think we'll do;
So, if I had my choice, I'd have her tarry
As she is, and have no connubial acts to rue. (!)

Don't think that I'm averse to marriage,
For I would not my own state disparage,
Nor a dear, kind husband mortify;
So I'll try what I said to modify,
By wishing, if she should marry eventually,
That she'll be provided with as much that's essentially
A part of a woman's happiness on earth
As I've been by *my husband*, who's of great worth.

And that she'll be provided for well,
While she's permitted on this earth to dwell,
And when she dies may her voice help to swell
The anthems of heaven, where all sin is quelled,
Is the constant prayer of one whose love
She shall have till she goes to her home above;
And there, I trust, to be one of the choir
That sings praises eternally to the Jehovah.

THE Rev. Julian Charles Young, in his recently published "Journal," says: "There is no class of persons more truly devout than the shepherds of Scotland. Among them the exercise of family worship is never neglected. It is always gone about with decorum; but, formality being a thing despised by them, there are no compositions so truly original, occasionally for rude eloquence, and not unfrequently for a plain and somewhat unbecoming familiarity."

One of the most notable men for this sort of homely fireside eloquence was Adam Scott, of Upper Dangleish. Here is a short sample:

"We parteeklarly thank Thee for Thy great gudeness to Meg; and that it ever cam' into Your head to tak' ony thought o' sic a useless bow-wow as her" (alluding to a little girl of his who had been miraculously saved from drowning). "For Thy mercy's sake, for the sake o' Thy puir sinfu' creeturs now addressing Thee in their ain shilly-shally way, and for the sake o' mair than we daur weel name to Thee, hae mercy on our Rob. Ye ken Yoursel' he's a wild, mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committing sin than a dog does o' licking a dish. But

put Thy hook intil his nose, and Thy bridle intil his gab, and gar him come back to Thee, wi' a jerk that he'll no forget the langest day he has to live. Dinna forget puir Jamie, who's far awa frae us the night. Keep Thy arm o' power about him, and, ech, Sirs, I wish Ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk and smeddum to act for his sel'; for if Ye dinna he'll be but a bauckle i' this warld, and a back-sitter i' the next. 'Thou hast added ane to our family' (one of his sons had just married against his approbation). "So has been Thy will. It wad never hae been mine. But, if it is of Thee, do Thou bless the connection. But if the fule hath done it out o' carnal desire, against a' reason and credit, may the cauld rain o' adversity settle in his habitation," etc., etc.

A CORRESPONDENT at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, sends us the following copy of an inscription that may be seen in one of the cemeteries of that city. Its perusal may be consolatory to some of the readers of the Drawer who may be so unfortunate as to live at a distance from that smoky town:

Din, Dan, my Passing bell
Fare you well my Mother
Burie me in my own Church-yard
Beside my own dere Brother
When I die my Coffin is Black
With six Brite Angils on my back
tow to Sing and tow to pray
And tow to carry my sole away.

THIS of a Fifteenth-Amendment friend:

A gentleman traveling homeward from Atlanta met an old negro on whose hat was encircled the crape of grief. The gentleman said, "You have lost some friend, I see?"

"Yes, massa."

"Was it a near or distant relative?"

"Well, pretty distant, massa—'bout twenty-four mile!"

ONE hundred and six years ago there was born in London one who lived to achieve great eminence as a criminal lawyer at the Old Bailey, as a writer for the press, as a historian, and as a man of society—Mr. John Adolphus. "Recollections of his Public Career and Private Life" have recently been prepared by his daughter, and have been favorably reviewed by the London press. From the day when he used to take pinches from Richard Cumberland's snuff-box to the night when, in his seventy-fourth year, he turned into the Garrick's Head to criticise the coarse mimicry of the "Judge and Jury," he was a man about town, and familiar with literary cliques and theatrical celebrities. The memoirs of such a man ought to be, and are, rich in anecdote. Among the celebrities were Theodore Hook, Barham, Charles Mathews the elder, Sydney Smith, Hood, Curran, etc., etc. On one page of the diarist we find a droll note about Fauntleroy, the great forger, whom the ordinary of Newgate surprised in the performance of his last toilet. The convict, under a capital sentence that he knew would be carried out within an hour or two, was "most carefully airing the shirt" in which he was hung. In another page the diarist, on the authority of the Duke of Sussex, tells how, when Earl Ferrars had been convicted of murder, and great efforts were being made to procure a pardon on the ground of

his insanity, his mother declined to bear witness to his madness, lest by doing so she should injure her daughters' matrimonial prospects. "Well," said the anxious mother, "but if I do, how am I to marry off my daughters?" Elsewhere in the volume we come upon mention of an extempore rhymester, who, on being challenged to dispose satisfactorily of such awkward words as Sennacherib and Jehoshaphat, answered instantly:

"The valiant King Sennacherib
Of any man could crack a rib,
But could not of Jehoshaphat;
I'll tell you why—he was so fat."

Of Barham we are told how, on hearing that a process had been discovered for reducing parchment to gelatine, he exclaimed, "That is good, for now a man not only eats his words, but his deeds also." To a clergyman who was hesitating to accept a small preferment because it was insufficient for his necessities, Sydney Smith exclaimed, "Pooh, pooh! think of me; I have always led the life of a razor—in hot water or in a scrape." Of *mots* and anecdotes such as these—some of them old, many new, and not a few very much mistold—Mrs. Henderson's volume is a collection that professional conversationalists and talkers at dinner-parties will not fail to turn to account; but it contains few stories more sensational and grimly humorous than the following entry in Adolphus's diary:

"May 8, 1840.—We had a dinner-party; among them Mrs. Mathews, and Curran, who told an amusing story of an agent to a nobleman in Ireland. It was known to some ruffians in the neighborhood that he had collected a large sum for rents due to his employer. In the middle of the night he heard thieves breaking into his house. He jumped out of bed, and, arming himself with a carving-knife, stood behind the door, and closed it so that only one could enter at a time, which one would be shown in the moonlight, while he remained in the shade. Four of the thieves entered and were dispatched, one after another, those without not knowing what had happened. The fifth saw a gleam of the blade in the moonlight, seized the man, and a tremendous scuffle ensued. The agent struck several blows with his weapon, but made no impression. He was got down, and his antagonist over him, when, feeling the knife, he found the point was bent. He had the presence of mind to press it strongly against the floor, so as to turn it back, stabbed his adversary dead, and, as he was alone in the house, and could have no assistance till the morning, retired to bed. He was knighted for the exploit. Some one said to him, 'I wonder you could go to bed while there were on the floor the corpses of five persons whom you had killed.' His answer was, '*It did make me very uneasy; I could not get a wink of sleep for very nearly an hour!*'"

From the stories told by Mrs. Henderson to illustrate her father's professional subtlety and acuteness the following may be taken as one of the best of them:

"A very extraordinary criminal case was entirely decided by the knowledge my father had picked up of nautical affairs in his early voyages to and from the West Indies. Two Lascars were on their trial for the murder of the captain of the ship; the evidence of the mate seemed

quite conclusive. In the course of it he said, however, that at the time of the murder there was great confusion, as the ship was in much peril, and requiring all the attention of the sailors to prevent her striking on a rock. My father, who defended the prisoners, asked so many questions as to the exact number of the crew, and where each man was, and what he was engaged in during this perilous time, that at last the judge whispered, 'I suppose, Mr. Adolphus, those questions are to the purpose? I own I do not see it,' thinking, doubtless, the time of the Court was being wasted. After a few more questions as to the special duty each man was performing, the witness had accounted for every man on board, the captain being below, and the two prisoners murdering him. My father fixed his eyes steadily on the witness, and said, in a searching and loud voice, '*Then who was at the helm?*' The wretched mate dropped down in a fit, and soon after confessed he was himself the murderer. In his false evidence he had given to each man his position, and forgotten the most material, or rather left none to fill it."

THERE are one or two humorous things in Fitz Hugh Ludlow's "Heart of the Continent" that are worth transferring to the Drawer. First is an account of what is called "An Indian Visit" to the house of a frontiers-man named Comstock, showing what a good thing it is to have the "friendly Indian" call on you:

"Even where a tribe pretends to be friendly, its only distinction between that and the hostile bearing is that, instead of scalping you first and robbing you afterward, it takes all the property it can lay its hands on, and leaves your hair for a more convenient season. A band of 'friendly' Sioux comes to a small settlement, stops at the first house, emaciates itself by drawing in the cheeks and abdomen, denotes by sepulchral grunts and distressed gestures that it has had nothing to eat for 'three shneep' (whereby three *sleeeps*, or entire days and nights, are intended), seizes on every thing edible and, if the white feather is shown it, every thing portable which it can appreciate besides; confiscates guns, ammunition, and whisky; and, having cleared out house number one, goes in succession to every other dwelling, with the same emaciation, gesture, and appropriation, until it departs at the other end of the settlement, stuffed beyond the elasticity of all conceivable animals save Indians and anacondas, and loaded with the materials for a month's barter and a fortnight's 'drunk.' I asked Mary Comstock if she was not afraid of such visitors. 'Oh no!' she replied; 'we always get the guns out of sight when we are left alone by the men-folks, so that if the Indians come we needn't be robbed of what must defend us on a pinch; and if we see them coming, we bolt the doors, and talk to them through the shut window. Sometimes they steal a march on us, and the first thing we know they're swarming in like bees—asking for every thing they see, hunting for something to eat, and begging to be "treated." We generally give 'em every thing they want to eat, but when it comes to liquor—not we! One young Indian last summer got mighty sassy when his band came here, and insisted on having something to drink. At last I got a bottle of Perry Davis's Pain-killer, and handed him

that. He just threw his head back, and took it down at one swallow. The next thing he gave *such* a yell, bolted through the door, and after that he never troubled *me* much.'"

There was one of Ludlow's party, a young Swiss watch-maker, who had spoken lightly of the Mormons, and when he was told he was in the Territory of Utah his horror was ludicrously evident:

"His broken English deserted him entirely, and he fell back on his French. 'Mon Dieu! ce n'était qu'une de mes petites plaisanteries! seulement ça—seulement, *seulement*—parole d'honneur! Je n'ai point de préjugés, moi! Toute ma famille, nous sommes francs-penseurs—mon frère aîné est Voltairien. Ventrebleu! un des plus prééminens! Je suis philosophe—je ne crois rien de tout. Adolphe (c'est notre cadet-là), il n'a que vingt ans, et ses liaisons montent jusqu'à deux fois ce numéro! il est vrai libertin—vrai Don Giovanni! Moi je n'ai point de préjugés—quant aux mormons, de mon enfance j'ai éprouvé pour ces braves gens des sentiments les plus respectueuses, les plus affectionnés. Que voulez-vous? Une femme, deux femmes, trois, quatre, cinq, cent, mil—c'est égal! Mais quoi! Si je resterais à Sâlt-Lac—je ne me gênerais pas per l'arithmétique—je me marierais, je vous le jure! deux fois par mois—régulièrement.'"

As to waltzing, there's no doubt at all about its being pleasant. The difficulty lies in executing the manœuvre. The mode of execution adopted by one party, at least, is perfectly simple, and may be practiced with impunity by any one.

"How is it," said one swell, who never could please the damsels, to another, who was immensely popular—"how is it that all the women want to waltz with you, and say that no one can waltz so well? How do you manage it?"

To which the swell replied, "Why, my dear fellow, *I just hold them and let them kick!*"

SIMPLY to put on record the gushing style in which they celebrate local events in the Rocky Mountains, we copy the following, sent to the Drawer by a friend in Missoula, Montana:

GRAND INAUGURATION BALL!

THE OPENING OF THE NEW COURT-HOUSE IN MISSOULA
WILL BE FORMALLY INAUGURATED BY THE
CITIZENS OF THIS COUNTY

on

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 20, 1871,

by a

GRAND SALTATORY REUNION!

in honor of the completion of the first Temple sacred to Justice erected in Western Montana.

The lofty and splendidly proportioned Court-Room of the Beautiful Edifice has been decided upon as the most appropriate place for celebrating the auspicious event.

The Managers confidently expect that the *pleasure of your own company*, and the *lustre* shed by the *attendance of your lady*, will materially contribute to render this *brilliant occasion* an unqualified success.

TICKETS (Including Sybarite Refection), \$6.

THERE is infinite drollery in Ruskin, provided you regard him as a wag, and read him with jocular intent. His last book has the popular title of "Fors Clavigera," which he defines to be "many things." These "things" he publishes on costly "cream-colored paper, with a margin underneath which you can write on if

you like;" that style of publication, he maintains, being "a proper form of book for any man to have who can keep his books clean, and if he can not he has no business with books at all." Mr. Ruskin meekly says, "I am not an unselfish person, nor an evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good; neither do I dislike doing it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world." His views about Government, Liberalism, Conservatism, and Destruction are droll to a degree, and his wishes as to the ultimate fate of the city of New York are splendid. Let us take a little Ruskin:

"And, first, I beg you most solemnly to convince yourselves of the partly comfortable, partly formidable fact, that your prosperity is in your own hands; that only in a remote degree does it depend on external matters, and least of all on forms of government. In all times of trouble the first thing to be done is to make the most of whatever forms of government you have got by setting honest men to work them (*the trouble, in all probability, having arisen only from the want of such*); and, for the rest, you must in no wise concern yourselves about them; more particularly it would be lost time to do so at this moment, when whatever is popularly said about governments can not but be absurd from want of definition of terms. Consider, for instance, the ridiculousness of the division of parties into 'Liberal' and 'Conservative.' There is no opposition whatever between those two kinds of men. There is opposition between Liberals and Illiberals—that is to say, between people who desire liberty and who dislike it. *I am a violent Illiberal*, but it does not follow that I must be a Conservative. A Conservative is a person who wishes to keep things as they are; and he is opposed to a Destructive, who wishes to destroy them, or to an Innovator, who wishes to alter them. Now, though I am an Illiberal, there are many things I should like to destroy. I should like to destroy *most* of the railroads in England, and *all* the railroads in Wales. I should like to destroy and rebuild the Houses of Parliament, the National Gallery, and the East End of London; and to destroy, *without rebuilding*, the new town of Edinburgh, the north suburb of Geneva, *and the city of New York (!!!)*. Thus in many things I am the reverse of Conservative—nay, there are some long-established things which I hope to see changed before I die; but I want still to keep the fields of England green and her cheeks red; and that girls should be taught to courtesy, and boys to take their hats off, when a professor or otherwise dignified person passes by; and that kings should keep their crowns on their heads, and bishops their crosiers in their hands, and should duly recognize the significance of the crown and the use of the crook.....*Men only associate in parties by sacrificing their opinions, or by having none worth sacrificing*; and the effect of party government is always to develop hostilities and hypocrisies, and to extinguish ideas..... Even with respect to convenience only, it is not yet determinable by the evidence of history what is absolutely the best form of government to live under. There are, indeed, said to be republican villages [towns?] in America where every body is civil, honest, and substantially comfortable; but these villages have several un-

fair advantages: there are no lawyers in them, no town councils, and no parliaments. Such republicanism, if possible on a large scale, would be worth fighting for; though in my own private mind I confess I should like to keep *a few* lawyers for the sake of their wigs—and the faces under them—generally very grand when they are really good lawyers, and for their (unprofessional) talk.

"The first object of all work—not the principal one, but the first and necessary one—is to get food, clothes, lodging, and fuel. It is quite possible to have too much of all these things. I know a great many gentlemen who eat too large dinners; a great many ladies who have too many clothes. I know there is lodging to spare in London, for I have several houses there myself which I can't let.....Now it is perfectly true that you may sometimes sell a picture for a thousand pounds; but the chances are greatly against your doing so—much more than the chances of a lottery. In the first place, you must paint a very clear picture; and the chances are greatly against your doing that. In the second place, you must meet with an amiable picture-dealer; and the chances are somewhat against your doing that. In the third place, the amiable picture-dealer must meet with a fool; and the chances are not always in favor even of his doing that—*though, as I gave exactly the sum in question for a picture myself only the other day, it is not for me to say so.*"

FROM the "Reminiscences of Mark Lemon" we quote the following:

"A brusque but wealthy ship-owner of Sunderland once entered the London office of Mr. Lindsay on business. 'Noo, is Lindsay in?' inquired the Northern diamond in the rough. 'Sir?' exclaimed the clerk to whom the inquiry was addressed. 'Well, then, is *Mister* Lindsay in, seest thou?' 'He will be in shortly,' said the clerk. 'Will you wait?' The Sunderland ship-owner intimated that he would wait, and was ushered into an adjacent room, where a person was busily engaged in copying some statistics. Our Sunderland friend paced the room several times, and presently, walking to the table where the other occupant of the room was seated, took careful note of the writer's doings. The copier looked up inquiringly, when the Northerner said, 'Thou writes a bonny hand, thou dost.' 'I am glad you think so,' was the reply. 'Ah, thou dost; thou macks thy figures weel; thou'rt just the chap I want.' 'Indeed,' said the Londoner. 'Yes, indeed,' said Sunderland. 'I'm a man of few words. Noo, if thou'lt come ower to canny and Soonderland, thou seest, I'll gie thee a hoondred and twenty pound a year, and that's a plum thou doesn't meet with every day in thy life, I reckon. Noo, then?' The Londoner thanked the admirer of his penmanship most gratefully, and intimated that he would like to consult Mr. Lindsay upon the subject. 'Ah, that's reet,' said our honest friend—'that's reet; all fair and above-board with —: that's reet;' and in walked Mr. Lindsay, who cordially greeted his Sunderland friend; after which the gentleman at the desk gravely rose and informed Mr. Lindsay of the handsome appointment which had been offered to him in the Sunderland ship-owner's office. 'Very well,' said Mr. Lindsay,

'I should be sorry to stand in your way; £120 is more than I can just now afford to pay you in the department in which you are at present placed. You will find my friend — a good and kind master; and, under the circumstances, I think the sooner you know each other the better. Allow me, therefore, Mr. —, to introduce to you *the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer.*' Mr. Gladstone had been engaged in making a note of some shipping returns for his budget. The Sunderland ship-owner, you may be sure, was a little taken aback at first; but he soon recovered his self-possession, and enjoyed the joke quite as much as Mr. Gladstone did."

IN one of the Down-East States there was, some twenty-five years ago, a certain judge of a justice's court whom we will call Judge Cush. The statute of that State excluded such judge from any jurisdiction in any case where the title to real estate was called in question; but allowed the proceedings in such case to be transmitted to a higher court upon the request of either party. A case of landlord and tenant came one day before Judge Cush. In the course of the trial it appeared that the title to the real estate was in question. Defendant called the judge's attention to the matter, and asked him if he was satisfied of the fact. The judge assented.

"Then," said the defendant, "will your Honor have an entry made upon the record to that effect?"

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "enter upon your record the fact that the title to the real estate in this case is called in question."

The clerk did so.

"Now," said the judge, "Mr. Plaintiff, do you wish to have this case carried up?"

"No," said the plaintiff.

"Mr. Defendant," said he, "do you wish it carried up?"

"No," said the defendant; "it is enough for me that your Honor has no jurisdiction after it once appears that the title to real estate is in question."

"Mr. Clerk! Mr. Clerk!" said the judge, with great dignity and greater heat, "erase that, erase that. This is an imposition upon the Court. Erase that, and enter judgment for the plaintiff."

So he ignored the fact, and took jurisdiction, and carried the day against the statute.

IN the days of Rufus Choate a new district-attorney was appointed, who was exceedingly rusty in his law, and often made excuses for mistakes on that account. One day, however, the attorney was called in to attend to a case which he professed he was not ready to try, because he did not know of a certain agreement upon the subject.

"Humph!" said Choate; "he has been pleading ignorance of the law for months, and I beg he may not now be allowed successfully to plead ignorance of the fact."

THAT same Judge Cush once had a dog case, in which the ownership of the canine was in dispute. The evidence was conflicting and the judge became confused.

"Stop!" said he; "stop right there. We'll

settle this matter very shortly. You, Mr. Clerk, hold on to the dog. You, Mr. Plaintiff, go out into the far corner of the room out there. You, Mr. Defendant, come into this corner up here. Now both of you whistle, and, Mr. Clerk, let loose the dog."

So said, so done; but the dog sprang between the legs of the by-standers and "scooted" out of the door.

"Very extraordinary! very extraordinary!" said the judge. "I can't understand that. Mr. Clerk, on the whole, as the plaintiff couldn't prove his case when I gave him the chance, you may enter judgment for the defendant."

A SELECT squad of us went from an inland village to the Ohio River on a fishing excursion. No sooner had we pitched our tent and rigged our tackle than we were honored with a visit from Jake Henthorn. Jake is a man of too independent a spirit to be tyrannized over by despotic fashion or arbitrary conventionalities. Accordingly he goes barefoot twelve months in the year; and in consequence of the expanded valley which his "footsy-tootsies" make in the mud (frequently in the vicinity of hen-roosts) he is best known as "Barefooted Jake." However, it is not with Jake's "bug-mashers" that we have to do, but with the "elastic receptivity" of his maw. One morning Bill Lynch and I were running the fishing business, while Bill Read prepared breakfast. Jake's instincts prompted him to "shassay" around the fire, and feast his nostrils on the odor of a ten-pound perch which was then baking. In due time Lynch and I returned to camp for our breakfasts, and found Read coming in with an armful of wood.

"Well, how about grub?" was our greeting.

"Oh, all right; I'll set it out for you in a minute, boys. But just come this way, and see the nicest baked perch you ever laid eyes on."

We went and we looked; but saw only a rick of bones, from which every fibre of meat had been picked! Jake had been there before us. I don't distinctly remember whether we swore or not. It don't seem to me as if we did. Anyhow, we ate breakfast without fish.

During the afternoon, while we were all lounging on the bank, Jake yawned, and drawled out:

"I'd like to have as many fish as I could eat, jist onst. I hain't had a mess since Tom Whitten ketched the big cat-fish."

"Jake," said I, in a tone meant to be scornfully sarcastic, "I thought you had a pretty fair mess this morning. You ate at least fifteen pounds."

"Oh yes," replied Jake, "I ate that; but what I mean is a *reel, reg'lar mess.*"

A NEW idiom comes to us from Newark, New Jersey:

Our servant, writes our correspondent, is a newly arrived German, and was sent by my wife to the fish-market to get a "she shad." She returned with the article, and a very red face besides, and in a state of rage exclaimed,

"I don't know why dem beebles laff so mit me!"

"What did you say to them, Katy?"

"Why," answered the honest Teuton, "I ask dem for a *wife shad*, and dey all laugh mit me."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLVII.—OCTOBER, 1871.—VOL. XLIII.

DOLORES.



“THE FISHERS IN THEIR BOATS,
MENDING THEIR NETS WITH MURMURING SONG AND NOISE.”

In beauty fairer far
Than the divinest dream of him who drew
The stately Eos guiding up the blue
Her gemmed and golden car,
From the dusk realm of night
Comes forth the radiant morning, brushing back
The clouds like blossoms from her rosy track
With diamond dew bedight.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. XLIII.—No. 257.—41

The priestly mocking-bird
Wakens the grossbeak with his early hymn,
And down the slopes, and through the woodlands dim,
Sweet, holy sounds are heard.

Her gold-enameled bells
The tall campanula rings; 'mid daisies white
The slim phalaris* flaunts his pennons bright
O'er all the grassy swells.

The benzoin's breath divine
Spices the air; the jasmine censers swing;
Among the ferns beside the darkling spring
The mailed nasturtions shine.

The brown bees come and go;
His cheerful tune the lonely cricket sings;
While the quick dragon-fly, on lightning wings,
Darts flashing to and fro.

Pomegranates, golden-brown,
Drop delicate nectar through each rifted rind;
And ghostly witches'-feather† on the wind
Comes slowly riding down.

The gray cicada sings
Drowsily amid th' acacia's feathery leaves;
Around her web the caterpillar weaves
The last white silken rings.

October silently
His pleasant work fulfills with busy hands,
While, cheering him, floats o'er the shining sands
The murmur of the sea.

Deep in the shady dell
The cowherd, whistling at his own rude will,
Lists, with bared head, as from the distant hill
Rings out St. Michael's bell,

Calling, with warning lips,
Matron and maid, albeit the south winds blow,
To climb the height, and pray for them that go
Down to the sea in ships.

The fishers in the boats,
Mending their nets with murmurous song and noise,
Stop sudden, as Dolores' silver voice
From the gray chapel floats.

They think how, o'er the bay,
The sailor bridegroom, from her white arms torn,
Sailed in the haze and gold of Michaelmas morn—
One year ago to-day.

Then, rocking with the tide,
They reckon up the news of yesterday,
And count what time to-day within the bay
The home-bound ship may ride.

* The ribbon-grass of Southern Texas (*Phalaris americana*) is remarkable for its splendid colors.

† The winged seeds of a species of thistle.



“‘STEADY, THOU FRESHENING BREEZE,’
HER DARK EYES SAY—”

Dreaming, the long night hours,
Of white sails coming o’er the tossing deep,
At dawn this morning from her strange, glad sleep
She rose to gather flowers,

Cups honeyed to the brim,
And fruits, and brilliant grasses, and the stems
Of myrtles, with their waxen diadems,
To offer unto him.

Beside the chapel porch,
The Gloria ended, lingering now, she turns
To look, as on the brightening spire cross burns
The morning’s golden torch;

Then sees, with sober glee,
The swift prophetic sea-gulls flying south,
Far out beyond the landlocked harbor’s mouth,
Into the open sea.

“Steady, thou freshening breeze,”
Her dark eyes say, as o’er the sparkling main
She gazes; “steady, till thou bring again
The ship from distant seas;

"So, ere his golden wine
The setting sun adown the valley pour,
Dear eyes may watch with me, beside the door,
The autumn day decline."

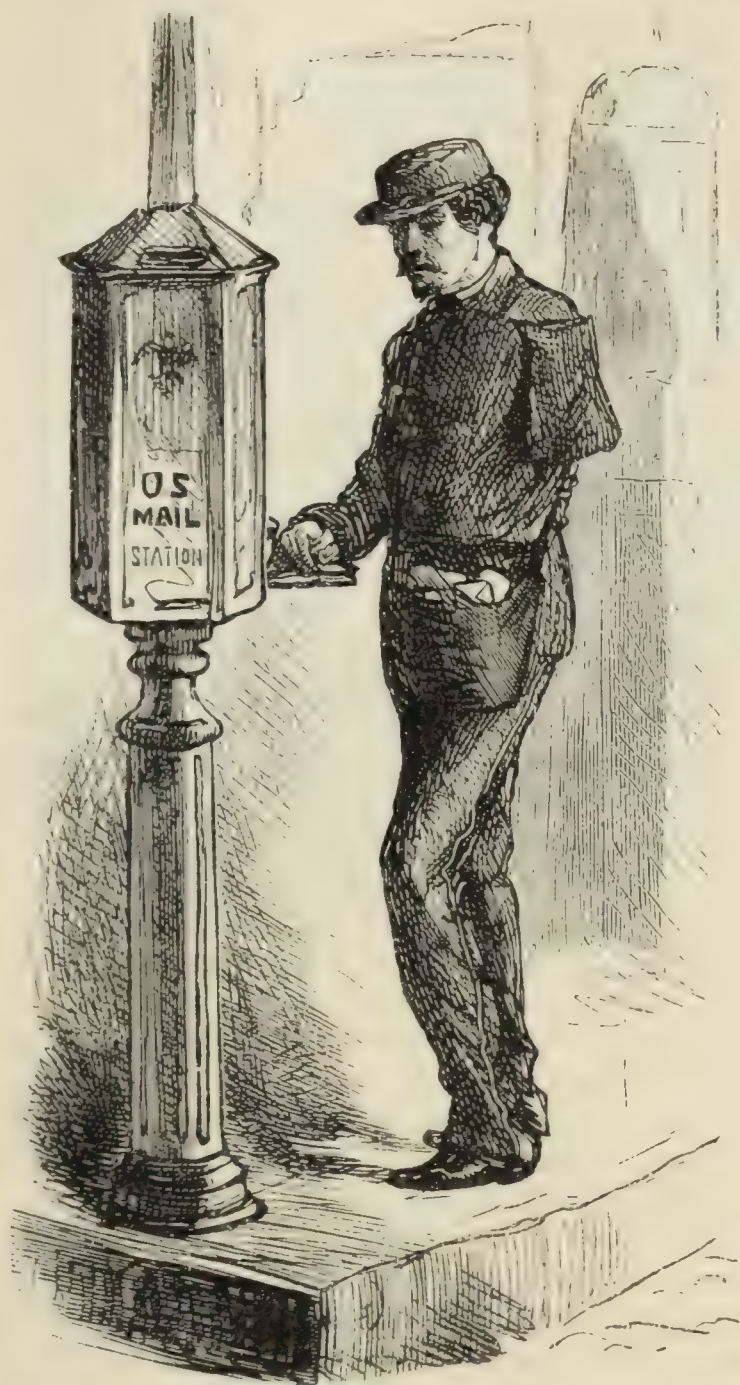
O breeze! O sea-birds white!
Ye may not bring her from that rocky coast—
The stranded ship—nor wrest the tempest-tossed
From the black billow's might;

But when she wearily
Shall pray for comfort, of that country tell
Where all the lost are crowned with asphodel,
And there is no more sea.



"YE MAY NOT BRING HER FROM THAT ROCKY COAST—
THE STRANDED SHIP—"

NEW YORK CITY POST-OFFICE.



COLLECTING LETTERS.

THERE seems to be no preserved evidence that for very many years after the settlement of what is now known as the city of New York there was any officially recognized post-office. The population was small in numbers, and there were no business inducements which would lead to much correspondence. The very first ships which arrived after the primitive settlement of course brought letters to New Amsterdam, and the commencement of our local office was naturally coeval with the foundation of the city; but it was many years before there was a population which called for any system looking toward revenue.

On the arrival of the vessel those letters relating to the cargo were delivered to the merchants; the members of the exulting, expecting crowd which welcomed their friends received their letters from hands warm with the grasp of friendship. If a solitary epistle found no owner, it was left in the possession of some responsible private citizen until called for. In time the intercourse with Holland increased, and there gradually developed a system of voluntary distribution which became eventually known as the "coffee-house delivery," which

maintained its popularity and usefulness more than a hundred years.

This system grew out of the custom of masters of vessels, and the people from the settlements of Breucklyn, Pavonia, and the distant Hackensack, leaving at some agreed-upon popular tavern letters intrusted to them which they could not personally deliver. Here these "waifs" were kept in a small box, conveniently placed within the reach of all, or gibbeted ingeniously upon the surface of a smooth board, by means of green baize, tape, and brass-headed nails, the "composition" displayed the while, like some choice picture, in the most conspicuous part of the public room. There were hangers-on at these popular resorts who unconsciously acted as agents for this arcadian post; for they acquired temporary importance, and sometimes a bit of tobacco or a glass of Schiedam schnapps, by circulating information regarding the "letter list." It was a curious sight, these old depositories of commercial speculations and homely friendships. Many were the neglected letters which were taken and examined by the simple-hearted old burghers, until the superscriptions were entirely defaced by the handling. Crabbed writing must, under the best circumstances, have made the characteristic and familiar Holland names of Guysbert van Imbroecken and Ryndert Jansen van Hooghten appear very much like an imitation of a Virginia fence; but when these same letters became here and there defaced and stained by soiling fingers, the superscription must have been a jumble indeed. It is asserted, however, that the possible contents of these "literary orphans" were sources of infinite gossip to the loungers at the tavern, for they would sit silently and smoke for long hours thinking over the important matter, occasionally uttering the vague speculation that they "were written by somebody;" and after this severe effort of conjectural thought would lapse again into dreamy somnolency.

The tradition, however, is doubtful that the earlier Dutch governors received their official dispatches through the coffee-house delivery, and continued so to do up to the time of the testy and resolute Stuyvesant, who conceived the idea that more rapid communication with the gubernatorial head-quarters might be had by sending these important documents, without any circumlocution, to his official residence.

For many years, even after the English took possession of New York, the coffee-house delivery was really the people's institution for the distribution of written information. The custom continued with the population of the seaport towns of turning out and greeting the arrival of every important vessel, and there followed the consequent exchange of congratulations, inquiries, and letters; and even after a more comprehensive and responsible system

was demanded it was difficult to get the people to wholly change their old and confirmed ways, to depart from habits associated with so many pleasant traditions.

But this simple style of conducting business gradually became inefficient; and the "mother country," after England assumed the maternal position, turned its attention to the establishment of post-offices throughout the few densely settled portions of the colonies. At this period, toward the close of the seventeenth century (1672), New York boasted of five thousand inhabitants. Both Philadelphia and Boston were her superiors in population and commercial importance, and their citizens entered upon the new arrangements with actively expressed zeal. But New York in spirit remained a mere village, for its old population was quite satisfied with things as they were, and resolutely maintained its correspondence, whenever it was possible, through private means. An innovation on this custom was evidently made by an official order, issued in 1686, that ship-letters *must* be sent to the custom-house; and we presume that the municipal government came to the rescue in 1692, by passing an act establishing a post-office.

In the year 1710 the Postmaster-General of Great Britain directed the establishment of a "chief letter office" in the city of New York, Philadelphia having been previously made the head-quarters of the colonial organization. In the succeeding year arrangements were completed for the delivery of the Boston mail twice a month, and propositions to establish a *foot* post to Albany were advertised. The *New York Gazette*, for the week ending the 3d of May, 1732, has the following interesting advertisement:

"The New York post-office will be removed tomorrow to the uppermost of the two houses on Broadway, opposite Beaver Street.

"RICHARD NICHOL, Esq., P. M."

In 1740 a complete road was "blazed" from Paulus Hook (Jersey City) to Philadelphia, over which road, without any stated intervals of time, the mail was carried on horseback between Philadelphia and New York.

Twenty-one years (1753) after the notice we have quoted of the removal of the New York post-office to Broadway we find it still in the same location, but designated as being opposite Bowling Green, and that it would be open every day, save Saturday afternoon and Sunday, from 8 to 12 A.M., except on post nights, when attendance would be given until ten at night. Signed, Alexander Colden, Deputy Postmaster, and Secretary and Comptroller.

Dr. Franklin must have been very active in the establishment of postal facilities throughout the colonies; for in the year 1753, much to his personal satisfaction, he was appointed Postmaster-General, with a small salary, which, it was quaintly added, "he could have if he could get it." But in spite of the establishment of a city post forty years previously, New York

did not attract any special attention, and the revenues derived therefrom are not mentioned, while those of Boston and Philadelphia have frequent notice. It is probable that the municipal and the colonial authorities carried on much of their correspondence through agents, who were left to their own ways, the habits of the mass of the people confining them to their old notions of volunteer distribution, which was also encouraged by the high rates of postage. So long, indeed, did the coffee-house delivery maintain its popularity, that we find "the constituted officials" complaining of the fact as injuring the revenue, and finally an attempt was made to break up the custom by the publication of severe penalties.

In Dr. Franklin's celebrated examination before the House of Commons Committee on the situation of the colonies we find the following questions and answers, evidently aimed at the coffee-house distribution of letters:

COMMITTEE. "Do not letters often come into the post-offices of America directed to inland towns where no post goes?"

DR. FRANKLIN. "Yes."

COMMITTEE. "Can any private person take up these letters and carry them as directed?"

DR. FRANKLIN. "Yes, a friend of the person may do it, paying the postage that has accrued."

But for many years, in spite of this governmental opposition, New York city kept up the custom. The coffee-houses maintained their popularity. To them resorted the chief men and the wits of the town. At them were to be met the sea-captains and strangers from abroad, and gossip answered the place of the daily paper; and there was kept up the "card-rack," sticking full of letters and business notices; nor would public opinion severely condemn this custom, so peculiar to New York. Even the first Tontine Coffee-house, as it was called, had its place for exchanging letters. It was not until it was found out by experience that a well-regulated city post was safer, of less trouble, and more expeditious, that the coffee-house letter distribution came to an end.

The oppressions of the colonies by the British government occasioned a novel form of indignation, which expressed itself by the decided patronage of what appears to have been a "continental post," which was carried on in opposition to the one under the control of the English Postmaster-General, for we find a notice that the deputy of the British government was vainly endeavoring to keep up a post-office.

Alexander Colden remained postmaster up to the breaking out of the Revolution, for in the year previous (1775) his name appears in the *Gazette* in connection with the office, and with the additional one of agent for the English packets, which sailed once a month.

Upon the British troops taking possession of New York, the old record of the post-office disappears. For seven years it was abolished by the exactions of the provost-marshal, and little



THE OLD POST-OFFICE AT 29 WILLIAM STREET.

correspondence ensued not connected with the movements of troops. William Bedlow was the first postmaster after the close of the war, as his name appears in that connection in 1785; but in the succeeding year (1786) Sebastian Bauman was postmaster; and in the first directory of the city ever published—in which we find 926 names of citizens, the members of Congress, etc., John Hancock, Esq., President—is the following advertisement:

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES OF THE MAILS
AT THE POST-OFFICE IN NEW YORK.

ARRIVALS.

FROM NEW ENGLAND AND ALBANY.

From November 1st to May 1st.

On Wednesday and Saturday, at *seven o'clock P.M.*

From May 1st to November 1st.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at *eight o'clock P.M.*

FROM THE SOUTHWARD.

From November 1st to May 1st.

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at *nine o'clock P.M.*

DEPARTURES.

FOR NEW ENGLAND AND ALBANY.

From November 1st to May 1st.

On Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, at *ten o'clock P.M.*

From May 1st to November 1st.

On Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, at *ten o'clock P.M.*

FOR THE SOUTHWARD.

From November 1st to May 1st.

On Sunday and Thursday, at *two o'clock P.M.*

From May 1st to November 1st.

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at *four o'clock P.M.*

*** Letters must be in the office half an hour before closing.*

Congress in those early days was more considerate of the personal comforts of the post-office clerks than at the present time; for, with busi-

ness that was scarcely worth noticing under the head of "labor," that deliberative body found heart to pass a solemn act directing "that all letters left at the post a half hour before the time of making up the mail must be forwarded therein." Therefore, advertised the sagacious Sebastian Bauman, all letters left at the office not conformable with this act will be left over until the next post! The income of the New York post-office the first year (1786) of this most excellent red-tape official was \$2789 84; and from this amount, as a starting-point, can be correctly estimated the annual increase of the postal business of New York city.

On the 30th of April, 1789, Washington was inaugurated President, and the establishment of the General Post-office as now organized immediately followed. Samuel Osgood was appointed Postmaster-General, and assumed his duties in the city of New York under the tuition of Sebastian Bauman. What should be done with this important official was evidently a subject of Congressional discussion; for we find officially recorded, that "the Postmaster-General shall not keep any office separate from the one in which the mails arriving in New York are opened and distributed, that he may by his presence prevent irregularities, and rectify mistakes which may occur." In fact, this now most important officer of the general government, and his solitary assistant and one clerk, then had nothing to do; so they took their first lessons in the service in the post-office of the city of New York. At this time there were throughout the United States seventy-five legally established post-offices and one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five miles of post-office routes.

In a very short time the national capital was transferred to Philadelphia, which had three penny-post carriers when New York had one—suggestive data of the comparative importance of the two cities at that time. The Southern, or Philadelphia, mail left New York daily, the Eastern mail tri-weekly, special mails for New Jersey and Long Island once a week. Mails to Albany were carried on horseback, contractor's remuneration, "postage collected."

"Colonel" Sebastian Bauman disappears in 1803; and his successor, Josias Ten Eyck, after what was to the public probably an uneventful year, gave way to General Theodorus Bailey, who received his appointment January 2, 1804, and who satisfactorily performed the duties of his office for nearly a quarter of a century. General Bailey was a gentleman of high standing in the community. He was a member of the House of Representatives two sessions, and a United States Senator in 1803, which position he held one year, and then resigned to assume the duties of postmaster.

The post-office was removed from Broadway by General Bailey, who established it in a house he had purchased, 29 William Street, corner of Garden, now Exchange Place. The building, even at that early day, was considered and spoken

of as an "old-fashioned house." The windows were wide apart, and between the two on the lower story was a narrow door, the entrance of which was protected by a stoop lined with the usual wooden benches. A single dormer-window broke up the monotony of the peaked roof. The window-frame on the left of the door was divided into the novelty of small boxes (now for the first time introduced), one hundred and forty-four in number. The office occupied was twelve feet in width and fifteen deep. The room was so small that it soon became overcrowded, and the increase of the newspaper mail became so great that William Coleman, publisher of the *Evening Post*, who kept a bookstore corner of William and Wall streets, used to take the accumulated newspapers, generally of an entire week, over to his store, and assort them at his leisure, tying up each distribution with a string, and then sending them back to the post-office to be distributed through the mails.

General Bailey occupied the upper part of the house with his family. In accordance with the custom of those times, between twelve and one o'clock he closed up the lower part of the door and joined his family at dinner. If any parties were delayed by this attention to refreshments, they would, if strangers, reach around, and, seizing hold of the huge lion-headed knocker, make a clatter that could be heard a block away. If the solitary clerk answered this clamor, he generally remarked that the banks closed between twelve and one, and why shouldn't the post-office? and, with other evidences of dissatisfaction, would dismiss the impatient citizens. But if General Bailey was forced to reply, he would answer the call with the courtliness of an officer of the army associated with General Washington, and he would dismiss the inquirer after written and sealed information with the same old-school bow with which he would have delivered an order from head-quarters or a bouquet to a lady. If any of General Bailey's personal acquaintances happened to call in an unpropitious hour, and no one was in attendance, they would help themselves, carefully leaving the money for postage on the table, which occupied almost the entire interior of the room.

The establishment of the "embargo" in the year 1807 paralyzed all business, and, of course, seriously affected that of the post-office. From this time onward for several years there was little that occurred of general interest. It was not until the agitation of the right of the British government to impress seamen sailing under the American flag that New York was aroused from what seemed to be a chronic apathy, and the name of General Bailey, the postmaster, suddenly appears, among others, attached to certain resolutions resenting this monstrous assumption on the part "of the self-styled mistress of the seas." The war of 1812 followed, and the post-office business continued to suffer. The clerical force, in consequence, was reduced one-third by the dismissal of a junior clerk;

Archibald Forrester, one of the two retained, acting occasionally as a volunteer in throwing up earth-works "above King's Bridge," and again in superintending laborers engaged in constructing the round fort which still adorns the Battery. Jimmy Mower, the junior clerk, was drafted, but saved his place by hiring a substitute. Thus the post-office took a front rank in the patriotic efforts made to save the national honor. This war excitement had a healthy action on the country; the post-office business began to increase, and from that time steadily developed in importance.

In the summer of 1822 the city was desolated by the yellow fever, and was almost absolutely deserted by its population. The infected district was separated from the outer world by a high board fence, which ran across the city through the line of Duane, and what was then known as Harrison Street. Persons who had the temerity to climb to the top of this barricade relate that in the height of the plague not a living person could be seen. The post-office, for the public accommodation, was moved to Greenwich village, the desks, mail-bags, and all making hardly enough to overcrowd a modern furniture cart. The building temporarily appropriated was a handsome two-story frame house, erected for a bank but not occupied, situated corner of Asylum, now Fourth, and what was subsequently known as Bank Street. The magnificent trees which surrounded the house still have representatives standing in Hammond Street. Between Greenwich village and New York at that time was a vast tract of unoccupied and broken land. Woodcock and snipe "from the Jerseys" still found shelter in the marshes, the waters of which drained through old Canal Street.

When the yellow fever was raging, the rural population of the village, much to their annoyance, found their houses filled with people flying for their lives; these inflictions were borne with patience, since any fears were quieted by liberal pay for shelter; but when the post-office arrived, followed by the fear-stricken clerks, they concluded that disaster had indeed fallen in their midst, and that the letters and those grim road-worn mail-bags were but seeds and depositories of pestilence. With the sharp, biting frost of the latter part of November the post-office was removed back to its old quarters.

In the year 1825 there was an imperative demand for better, or rather for more roomy, accommodations, and the government leased the "Academy Building," opposite Dr. Matthew's church in Garden (now Exchange) Street. The free school which had been its occupant for many previous years was under the control of the "Reformed Dutch Consistory." It was a two-story wooden building, and familiar to the youthful population, and especially "the rising young men," for they had one and all within its inclosure been more or less severely disciplined in the principles of a useful education, and had



OLD POST-OFFICE IN GARDEN STREET.

been physically invigorated by the virtues of a sound thrashing.

The front of the building had some pretensions to novelty by slight attempts at ornamentation, and the unusual covering of a flat roof. On one side was a small pen, through which was the entrance into the yard, and underneath was a sort of dungeon for the confinement, if so ordered, of fractious boys, whom reason, mingled with Scripture, worldly advice, and birchen rods, had failed to reform. On the opposite side was Postmaster Bailey's residence, a narrow two-story house, with a single dormer-window, and a cellar in the basement, protected from observation by doors, which, from their propitious angle, formed the "summer sliding-pond" of Young New York.

In this new location two windows were knocked into one, and the acquired space was filled up with nine hundred letter boxes, and, to the astonishment of many, they were soon leased for business purposes. To make every thing satisfactory to the public, General Bailey obtained permission from the government to build a wooden shed over the sidewalk, so that people waiting at the delivery window were protected from the snow and rain. At this time there were eight clerks — W. B. Taylor, Joseph Dodd, George Abell, Courter Goodwin, W. S. Dunham, James Lynch, James Mower, and Charles Forrester. On the 1st of January, 1871, three of these clerks, after forty-five years of faithful service, were still at work, viz., W. B. Taylor, Joseph Dodd, and Charles Forrester; the two last named are all that are left of those who were on duty in the first quarter of the century.

In those days the prevailing spirit was one of

quiet. There was not apparently even a foreshadowing of the "lightning speed" which is characteristic of every event of this generation; for, thirty or forty years ago, a voyage from Liverpool to New York was "rapid" if accomplished within two months, and quite satisfactory if not prolonged to ninety days. Even after the lapse of this last-mentioned time, there was no anxiety in the minds of self-possessed friends. The vessel, they would say, has met with some accident and put in at Fayal, of Azores or Western Islands, then a sort of half-way station, where ships and passengers alike rested from their fatigues. After repairing sails and cordage, and supplying the exhausted stores of provisions, the good ship and easy-going passengers would renew their slow progress westward, possibly consuming a third of a year in the voyage. It was after one of these "long-drawn-out events," when the skipper probably consumed more time to get his craft from Sandy Hook to the "Dover Street dock" than is now necessary to make the entire voyage across the Atlantic, that a passenger, evidently born out of his time, so fully realized the misery of the programme that he indignantly, and with some tendency to hyperbole, asserted, "that if all the trees in the world were pens, and all the men in the world scribes, and all the water in the sea ink, they couldn't explain the calamity of such a voyage."

There were no telegraphs, no speedy movements by the aid of steam, and consequently nothing of what is now designated newspaper enterprise. As a consequence, the people, even like their Knickerbocker predecessors, depended upon, and were quite satisfied to wait upon, chance for information. A well-known citizen "from the interior," now designated the "rural districts," was button-holed ("interviewed," we would say) under the post-office shed regarding the corn and potato crop of his section. A "Southerner," or a live sea-captain, or a passenger "just from Europe," were severally perfect magazines of news. Information thus obtained—if used with spirit—would frequently appear within a week or ten days. Here at the post-office was to be met, every pleasant morning, Charles King of the *American*, Redwood Fisher of the *Daily Advertiser*, and the pleasantest man of all the press, Major Mordecai Noah of the *Courier*, and other distinguished editors, who, having exchanged the ordinary courtesies of the day, would in an oracular manner give utterance to startling political or social observations, the pleasant interlude very likely terminating in a practical joke, profanely indulged in by an irreverent bank clerk, or valuable assistant of a popular auctioneer.

But the post-office had among its clerks Jimmy Mower. He was a smart business man, of wonderful capacity for work, and of the most equable good-nature. In addition, he was pretty well read; he boasted that he got his information in connection with his business of distributing the newspapers. One of his jokes grew out of the fact that in the war he was

drafted, but, to avoid the responsibility, hired a substitute, who was killed at the famous sortie on Fort Erie, Canada frontier, and consequently that he (Jimmy Mower) had been killed in the service of his country, and that his bones were absolutely whitening on the battle-field. His efforts to get a pension for his heirs and get his post-office pay at the same time proved a puzzler to the best legal minds. The fashion of the times was rather "stately," but Mower, dead as he was, had life enough in him to amuse his fellow-clerks by sometimes joining in the conversations held under the shed outside of the post-office, and turning what was serious into ridicule. He generally hallooed his remarks through a broken pane of glass, at the same time making his hands almost invisible in the distribution of mail matter.

He was popular with the crowd, and if he could give the erudite Charles King, or the subtle Redwood Fisher, or the worthy Major Noah what the "boys" termed a "side-winder," it would set the post-office congregation in a roar. If Jimmy was turned on by some indignant individual who didn't see his joke, the light-hearted official retreated to the interior of the post-office, leaving the vehement eloquence intended for his head to be expended against the obtruding glass. Colonel Dodd and Charley Forrester, who are still clerks in the post-office, were great admirers of Jimmy Mower, and they still insist, after forty-five years of serious reflection on the subject, that Mower was the smartest man they ever knew, and that in his fights with "the editors and the big-bugs" he always got the advantage.

The post-office now began to be an institution, and this growing importance was pleasant to General Bailey, who, with more enlarged quarters and a private house entirely at his disposal, seemed to grow more courtly than ever, and dispensed his pleasant hospitality of conversation from the benches of his front-door, where he could often be seen side by side with the Clintons, the Willetts, and Schuylers, indulging in mutual congratulations upon the growth of the city and country, both of which they had assisted to rescue from colonial dependence and place on the high-road to national greatness.

At that time there were six letter-carriers, the extreme up-town boundary of their field of labor being a straight line crossing the island at Catharine and Canal streets. Colonel Reeside was now becoming of national importance by his connection with the Post-office Department. He carried the great Southern mail through from Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, delivering it by contract at Paulus Hook (Jersey City). Here it was taken possession of by Colonel Dodd, who brought over the bags in a skiff, and then trundled them up to Garden Street in a wheelbarrow.

At the foot of Rivington Street, in the year 1825, was an important spot of high ground, known as "Manhattan Island"—a place where were located the ship-yards, among them the

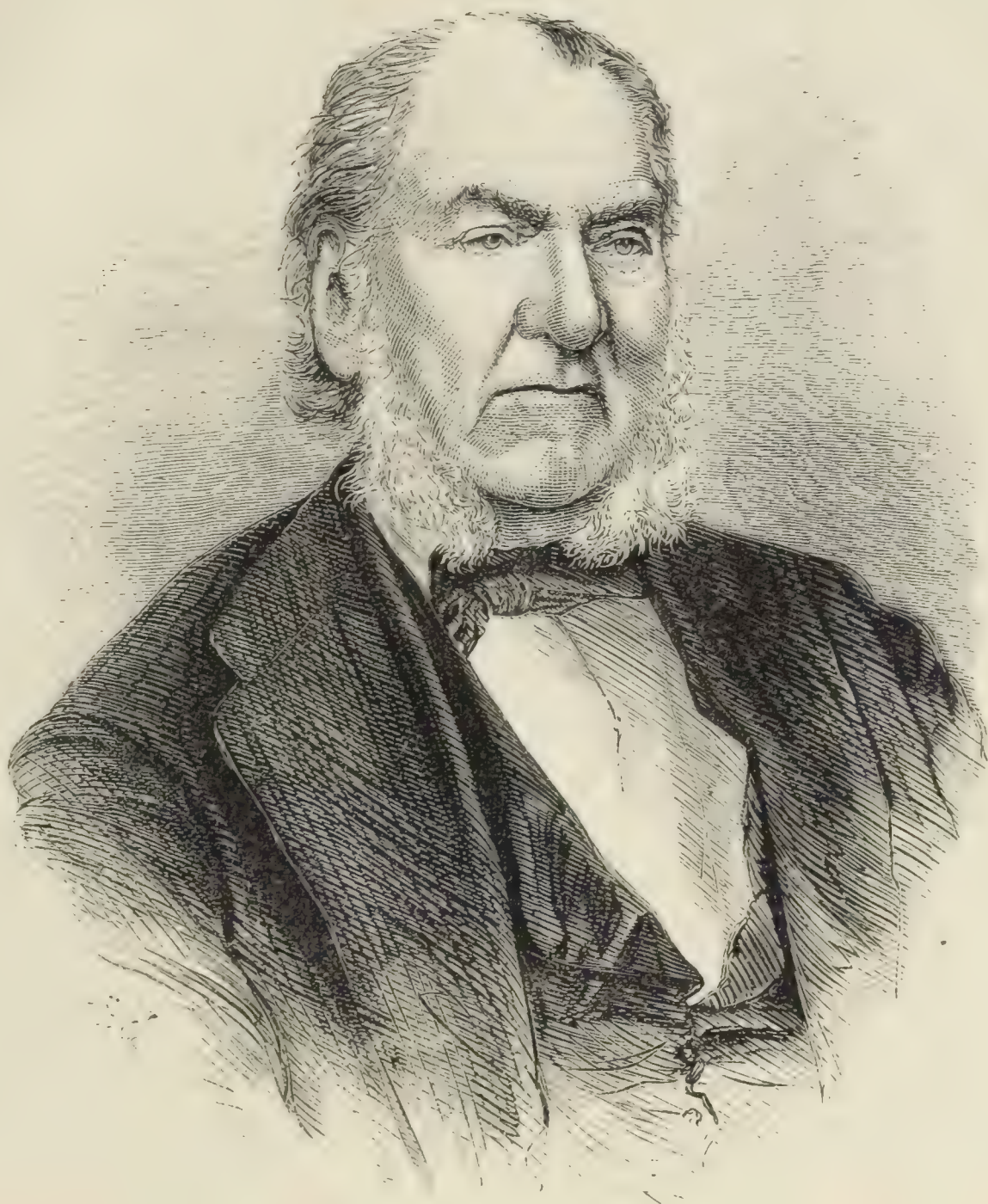
large one belonging to Henry Eckford. The proprietors of these yards had an extensive correspondence with the South, especially with Georgia and Florida, from which States they obtained their fat pine and live-oak used in ship-building. Mr. Charles Forrester, more than forty years an employé of the post-office, and who still performs his daily and arduous duties, then a boy, lived in the suburbs, and he would bring up the letters directed to these ship-builders, carry them across the wet meadows that lined the eastern side of the island, and deliver them to their owners.

The year 1825 was made memorable by the fact that Colonel Reeside obtained the contract to carry the mails from Boston to New York, the route being over the old post-road. Reeside's stages were very showy, drawn by four blooded Virginia horses, and driven by the most accomplished "Jehus."

On pleasant summer afternoons the people confined to the lower part of the island would purposely walk up the Bowery to see the "Boston mail" come in. Some time before the vehicle reached the old hay-scales, just where the Cooper Institute now stands, the driver would herald his approach by a melodious winding of his horn; then, laying aside this vulgar instrument, he would assume his legitimate sceptre, the whip, which he would harmlessly crack over the heads of his spirited steeds with a noise that, on a clear day, could be "heard a mile."

On Saturdays the jolly school boys and girls would gather together under the tall poplars and button-wood trees, and as the stage dashed along they would wave their hands as a welcome, and the most venturesome would catch hold of the straps, and thus have the glory of riding a few yards under the overhanging "boot." The characteristic gamins of that period would evince their enthusiasm by following the coach and rollicking in the dust of its revolving wheels; would cheer it and its passengers to the end of the route; and especially was this the case when the driver would make purposely abortive attempts to drive these human flies away with his whip, or a jocose passenger would bandy wit with the boys, and make them crazy with delight by the scattering of a few pennies in the road.

In the winter these gay coaches were put aside, and in their place was a huge box on wheels, the combination not unlike a hearse, in the heart of which was deposited the load. The practice then was to abandon passengers, when the roads were heavy from mud and rain, and carry the mails; but nowadays, if the reports from many of the existing stage routes be true, under unfavorable circumstances the drivers abandon the mails to carry the passengers. Amos Kendall, the indefatigable Postmaster-General, by his industry and good management, reduced the carrying time between New York and New Orleans from sixteen to seven days. The event was celebrated at the Merchants' Exchange and the post-office by



COLONEL DODD.

the raising of the national standard, and there was a general rejoicing in Wall Street. Jimmy Mower had his joke by gravely asserting, that all newspapers delivered at the office from New Orleans less than sixteen days old were printed at the *Advertiser* office.

Progress was now perceptible in the whole city in the evident growth of wealth and population. The merchants (1825) were suddenly inspired with the ambition to have an Exchange worthy of their increasing importance, and an honor to the growing metropolis. To realize this idea they purchased a lot of seventy feet fronting on Wall Street, and at that time practically between William and Pearl streets. The foundations of the building were laid with imposing ceremonies, and its gradual erection, joined with the promising grandeur, was to the citizens a source of daily surprise and self-congratulation. In due time the structure was completed, and to give proper importance to the event, and a characteristic recognition of one of New York's greatest financiers and lawyers, a marble statue of Alexander Hamilton was placed conspicuously under the dome.

The "solid men" went from this stately pile around to the humble post-office in Garden Street, and the board front and "shanty" shed became distasteful to their eyes and unworthy of the city. This public sentiment was utilized into well-written articles for the newspapers, and the people grew suddenly ambitious for a better and more convenient post-office. The merchants favored the idea, and a part of the basement of the new Exchange was leased to the federal government, and in the year 1827 the post-office was established in its new and excellent quarters.

Wall Street at this time presented a picturesque mingling of the highest social life with churches, banks, and business stores combined. That it was in a transition state was apparent, yet we much doubt if the fact was fully realized by even the most sagacious citizens. The monetary institutions had a solid, unpretentious look, and the buildings in which they were lodged, in some instances, were occupied in their upper stories by the presidents, or cashiers, with their families. Then our most solid merchants did not find it incon-

sistent to live over their stores, and have at their tables their confidential clerks. Large trees still shaded the sidewalks, and private residences were to be seen, at the windows of which, after business hours, the ladies of the household presented themselves, or, standing at the front-door, according to the early custom of New York, chatted with neighbors. "Wall Street Church" and grounds occupied half the block that reached from Nassau to Broadway; while over the whole towered the venerable pile known as "Old Trinity," its grave-yard adding to the rural aspect, and giving an air of quiet to the surroundings. The Merchants' Exchange occupied only the eastern half of the square on which it was built; and directly adjoining it was a little candy shop, where they sold spruce-beer and "taffy" by the penny's worth. Then came the shop of a fashionable haberdasher, and on the corner was Benedict's well-known watch establishment, the regulator of which governed Wall Street time.

In the rear of the eastern corner of the basement of the Exchange was located the celebrated lunch-room of Charley King. How his restaurant would compare with the more pretentious ones of modern date we will not assert; but for hearty good-will, substantial fare, high respectability, and unquestioned manners, the proprietors of this now almost forgotten lunch-room have not, since its destruction, been surpassed. In the basement corner of Wall and Hanover streets James Buchanan, British consul, and David Hale printed a paper with the happily selected name of *Journal of Commerce*. It was at the commencement an unpretending sheet, and from the fact that it was semi-religious in its tone, and refused advertisements for the sale of liquors, was assumed to be a "temperance sheet." Among the well-known characters then living in New York was one "Johnny Edwards, scale-beam maker." He lived "up town," in the vicinity of what is now known as Fourth Street and Second Avenue. He was a man of the most harmless eccentricity, dressing himself in a Quaker garb, and riding about in a rickety old gig. He used sometimes to come down to Wall Street in business hours, and, taking advantage of the crowd in front of the Exchange, would proceed to harangue the "thoughtless generation" on the virtues of his patent scale beams, and the necessities of temperance. As he clinched his arguments regarding temperance with the distribution of tracts, he took great umbrage at the assumptions of the *Journal of Commerce*, pronouncing it a rival sheet on the great subject of temperance. The crowd enjoyed these interruptions of the usual routine of the street, to the great annoyance of David Hale, who considered the whole thing an undignified travesty on his gravely attempted efforts to bring about a moral reform.

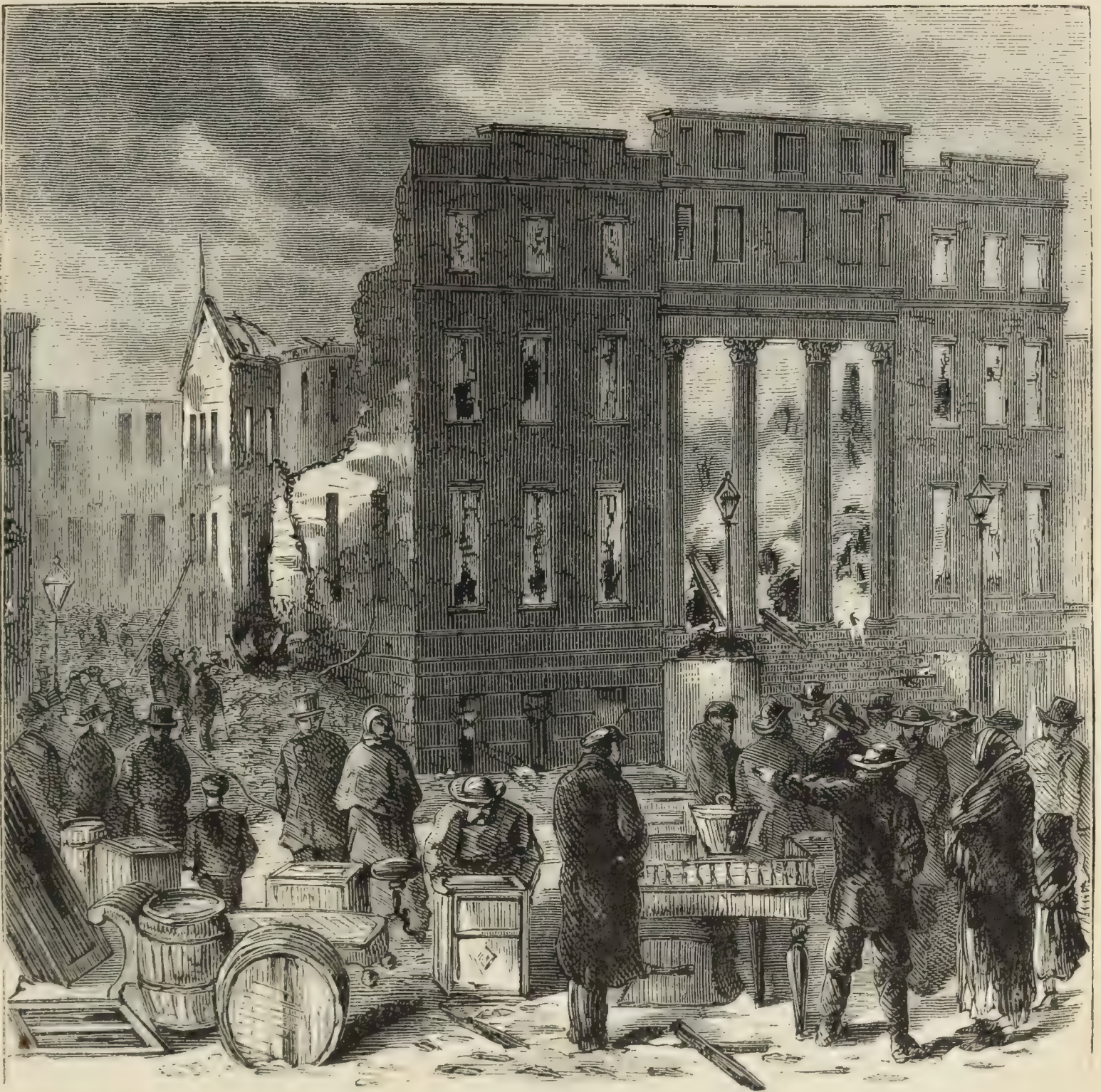
Even at this dawning era the spirit of New York was unambitious, and the people, with few exceptions, were evidently unconscious of the

changes in its character which were impending. One mail delivery a day was all the merchants demanded. The newspapers were rarely excited about the receipt of their exchanges. The hurry and bustle and anxiety which now pervades Wall Street were totally unknown. Groups were constantly in and about the Exchange conversing upon trivial matters; the merry, hearty laugh was heard time and again through the day, expressing admiration of harmless jokes uttered by persons at the time enjoying the hospitality of Charley King's lunch; while the clerks, less able to pay, made merry at Billy Niblo's, or Clark and Brown's, where for a sixpence they commanded a plentiful dish of Fulton Market beef, and trimmings to match; and, if extravagantly inclined, they would pay another sixpence for a cup of coffee and a kruller, to make the equal of which has ceased to be possible outside of the "kitchen-houses" belonging to our old population.

The Exchange had a narrow front on the street, and ran through to Garden. The entrance to the basement was under a circular opening, which was made of the arch which supported the steps that led up to the rotunda. The post-office was established in the rear eastern half of the basement, where it had ample room and much to spare. Two delivery windows were established, and three thousand boxes for the accommodation of the merchants; and so seemingly enormous had now become the business that twenty-two clerks were employed, and twenty-two letter-carriers, whose routes now reached up as high as Houston and Ninth, now Fourth Street. Now for the first time was found a demand for the assignment of a clerk wholly to a special duty, and "little Sam Gouverneur" was appointed to the exclusive care of the money department, and dignified with the title of "cashier."

To facilitate the arrival and departure of the mails, and give light to that part of the basement occupied by the post-office, what is now known as Hanover Street (which had, thirty years previously, been used by foot passengers as a short-cut to Hanover Square) was cleared out and made a street, and a small court on this side of the Exchange conveniently opened itself for the accommodation of the wagons and other vehicles employed by the post-office.

General Bailey, who had been an acceptable and honored postmaster almost a quarter of a century, full of years and honors, on the 4th of September, 1828, passed away. The veterans of the Revolution, as they now began to be called, State and city soldiery, the various civic societies, and representatives of the army and navy, vied with each other in paying to his memory every possible respect. General Jackson, in compliment to ex-President Monroe, who was then living, appointed his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur, to succeed General Bailey. With this event the old-times history of the post-office of New York may be said to have passed away.



RUINS OF MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, WALL STREET.

The business of the post-office steadily increased, and the public grew more and more satisfied with its location in the Exchange. The newspaper press centred in its vicinity; and even the sad summer of cholera (1832) did not altogether destroy a certain air of vitality, that maintained itself in spite of the most unhappy surroundings.

On Wednesday night, December 16, 1835, a fire broke out in a building in the rear of the Exchange, and in fifteen hours destroyed an area of fifty acres of the most valuable business part of the city. In this dreadful calamity the Merchants' Exchange, after resisting the surrounding fire for some time, was involved in the general destruction; and the post-office, of which the people were so proud, no longer existed. Through the almost superhuman energy of the clerks—for no volunteers could be obtained to help them—*all the mail matter* and most of the furniture were saved. This result was largely due to the fact that the fire made at first slow progress in penetrating the brick walls, but more especially to the plentiful supply of mail-bags at hand, which were filled and in-

stantly removed, by United States soldiers from Governor's Island, to what was then the new Custom-house, now the Sub-treasury, corner of Wall and Nassau streets. Jimmy Mower, who had charge of the newspaper department, was exceedingly disgusted when he subsequently discovered that the oil-cans and inkstands were promiscuously mixed up with his printed documents.

On the morning of the 18th of December, a day after its destruction in the Exchange, the post-office was extemporized in two brick stores in Pine, near Nassau Street. The destruction of such an enormous number of buildings made it impossible, even if economy was no object on the part of the government, to obtain a suitable building in the vicinity of the burned district. In this strait the city authorities offered the Rotunda in the City Hall Park, erected in the year 1818 by Vanderlyn, the artist, for a studio and the exhibition of panoramic pictures. When it was understood the government proposed to accept the Rotunda, busy as the merchants were in re-establishing themselves and counting up their losses, they found



THE ROTUNDA, CITY HALL PARK.

time to get up very demonstrative indignation meetings and protests against locating a post-office so far up town.

The post-office was, however, installed in the Rotunda, and the commercial pressure of 1837, which followed the great fire, diverted the public mind from the location of the post-office. Illustrative of the pecuniary disaster of the period may be mentioned that, in the "collapse," many of the merchants of the day owed the letter-carriers various sums, ranging from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars, much of which money was never paid, the debtors being irretrievably ruined. This year the mail time between New York and New Orleans was reduced to six days and six hours. But the people, nevertheless, were impatient for more rapid communication, for we find in a Chicago paper of the time this notice:

"HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—By a foot passenger from the South we learn that the long-expected mail may be looked for in a week."

Fortunately for the interests of commerce and the unity of the country, rapid transit of news, cheap postage, and facilities for traveling were approaching consummation in the erection of railroad lines, with which private enterprise was threading every section of the country. One triumph announced seemed only to create a demand for another, and when Amos Kendall carried out the idea of connecting the non-continuous lines of railways by pony expresses, there was added a new value to the post-office of New York. It began to assume its present

central importance, and the promise of its brilliant future was almost realized, when the firing of guns from our national forts and vessels, with the ringing of bells, and cheers of thousands of exultant men, all joined in welcoming the first appearance of steam merchantmen in our harbor—the ever-to-be-remembered *Sirius* and *Great Western*.

The event which revolutionized the commerce and business enterprise of the world seemed to be most thoroughly appreciated; for, besides the incidents of welcome we have alluded to, crowds of curious spectators surged day by day at the foot of Clinton Street, where the vessels were at anchor, to admire and wonder; and even long journeys were taken from distant cities to behold the daring innovators. "Daddy Rice," the father of negro minstrelsy, then reigned supreme at the Bowery Theatre, and called forth his greatest shouts of applause when, as Jim Crow, he sang:

"And while they were discussing,
And making mighty talk,
The steamboat *Great Western*
Came to New York:
So turn about, and wheel about," etc.

The inconvenience of having the post-office so far from the centre of business was still complained of, and, to quiet dissatisfaction as far as possible, a letter delivery was established in the new Merchants' Exchange, where the Custom-house is now located, and placed in charge of Jemison Cox, an alderman and ex-chief-engineer. For letters two cents, for pa-

pers one cent, extra, was charged, which sums were paid without complaint by the merchants, and the amount thus collected paid the letter-carriers' charges.

In the year 1836 Mr. Gouverneur had been removed, and James Page, Esq., postmaster of Philadelphia, commissioned to take charge, which supervision was maintained for six weeks, when Jonathan J. Coddington was commissioned postmaster. When the latter assumed the duties of his position the post-office was in the Rotunda building and in the house of a hook-and-ladder company adjoining, and a "hose-house on the opposite side of the way." Nothing could have been more inconvenient, contrary to good discipline, and injurious to expeditious business operations. To remedy these evils Mr. Coddington built a handsome extension facing toward Wall Street. With this important addition, and other improvements, he brought the entire business (now constantly increasing) under one roof. The mails were received in Chambers Street, the box delivery was on Centre Street, while the interior of the Rotunda was devoted to the general delivery.

The location of the post-office in the Rotunda seemed to be unsatisfactory to citizens living in every part of the city. An application was therefore made for the establishment of a branch post-office for the receipt and delivery of the mails in the upper part of the city. The reply was that such an office could only be a branch of the one already existing, and that no compensation could be allowed for services beyond the two cents per letter paid the carriers. It was also doubted if the extent of New York demanded such an addition to its postal facilities. The proposition was also submitted to Mr. Coddington, and was opposed by him and his clerks. The subject was finally referred to the Chamber of Commerce, which recommended that there be established a sub-post-office for the reception of letters at Chatham Square, but not any place for the delivery of letters other than the existing arrangements at the post-office and by the penny post. Such was the origin of the Chatham Square post-office, which maintained its popularity and usefulness until its occupation was destroyed by the present iron boxes now so familiar on the street corners.

So much esteemed was Mr. Coddington by the officials at Washington that the Postmaster-General, under General Harrison's administration, informed him that, though a political opponent of the administration, he might retain his position. One week after this notice President Harrison died, and his successor, John Tyler, promptly requested Mr. Coddington to renew his bonds. On this hint, after some hesitation, he did as requested, and forwarded them to Washington in June. The reply was promptly returned, in the form of a commission creating "John Lorimer Graham postmaster of New York, in place of Jonathan Coddington removed."

Mr. Coddington is still remembered among the old clerks of the post-office, and the old merchants of the city, as one of the best of officers. He tried to learn the details of his position, and took pride in making every improvement that would render his department efficient. He was a man of great personal independence, and though a decided politician, he would not allow his bias that way to affect his official conduct. On one occasion a committee of ward politicians called upon him, and stated, through their chairman, that he had been assessed fifty dollars for partisan purposes. Mr. Coddington heard the proposition with patience, and then rising from his seat, said :

"I refuse to pay any such assessment as this you speak of. I'd have you understand that I am postmaster of New York city, and not postmaster of a ward committee."

The pressure to get the post-office "down town" still continued, and advantage was taken of the fact that the "Middle Dutch Church" was for sale to procure it for a post-office. There was nothing in the world so unsuited as the building for such a purpose; but the location was desirable, and the merchants went to work to press the matter upon the government. The property was offered for \$350,000, but the Postmaster-General decided not to give more than \$300,000. Lest the purchase might not be consummated, the merchants in a few hours raised by voluntary contributions the additional \$50,000, and the old church was secured for secular purposes.

The extravagance and folly of the federal government in buying property erected for a church, and attempting to alter it to accommodate a post-office, or in leasing any kind of private property and fitting it up for public service, finds an illustration, but not an exceptionable one, in this "high old Dutch Church post-office of New York city." It may not be out of place to mention to the general reader that this old church was dedicated, in 1732, as a house of Christian worship. Until the close of the century its services were carried on in the "Holland language;" after that it was alternated with the English language. In the year 1776 the British tore out its pews, and (with the adjoining building, the old sugar-house) used it as a prison for American patriots, taken and treated as rebels. When no longer needed for this purpose, it served in rainy weather as a school-house for cavalry. When the British evacuated New York the congregation again took possession, removed the pulpit and altar from the eastern side to the northern end, and erected the heavy formidable galleries, destined eventually to become so conspicuous in the economy of the post-office.

Perhaps no building could be invented more unsuited for the purposes to which it has been appropriated. John Lorimer Graham, who had the responsible and difficult task of making it available, commenced by expending on the attempt what was then the large sum of \$80,000.

He then issued a printed circular, surmounted by a picture of the old church, dated New York, January —, 1845, which read :

"The postmaster has great pleasure in announcing to his fellow-citizens that the *new* post-office building (112 years old), in Nassau Street, will be ready for

occupation in a few days, and respectfully invites etc., etc., to view the interior arrangements of the establishment."

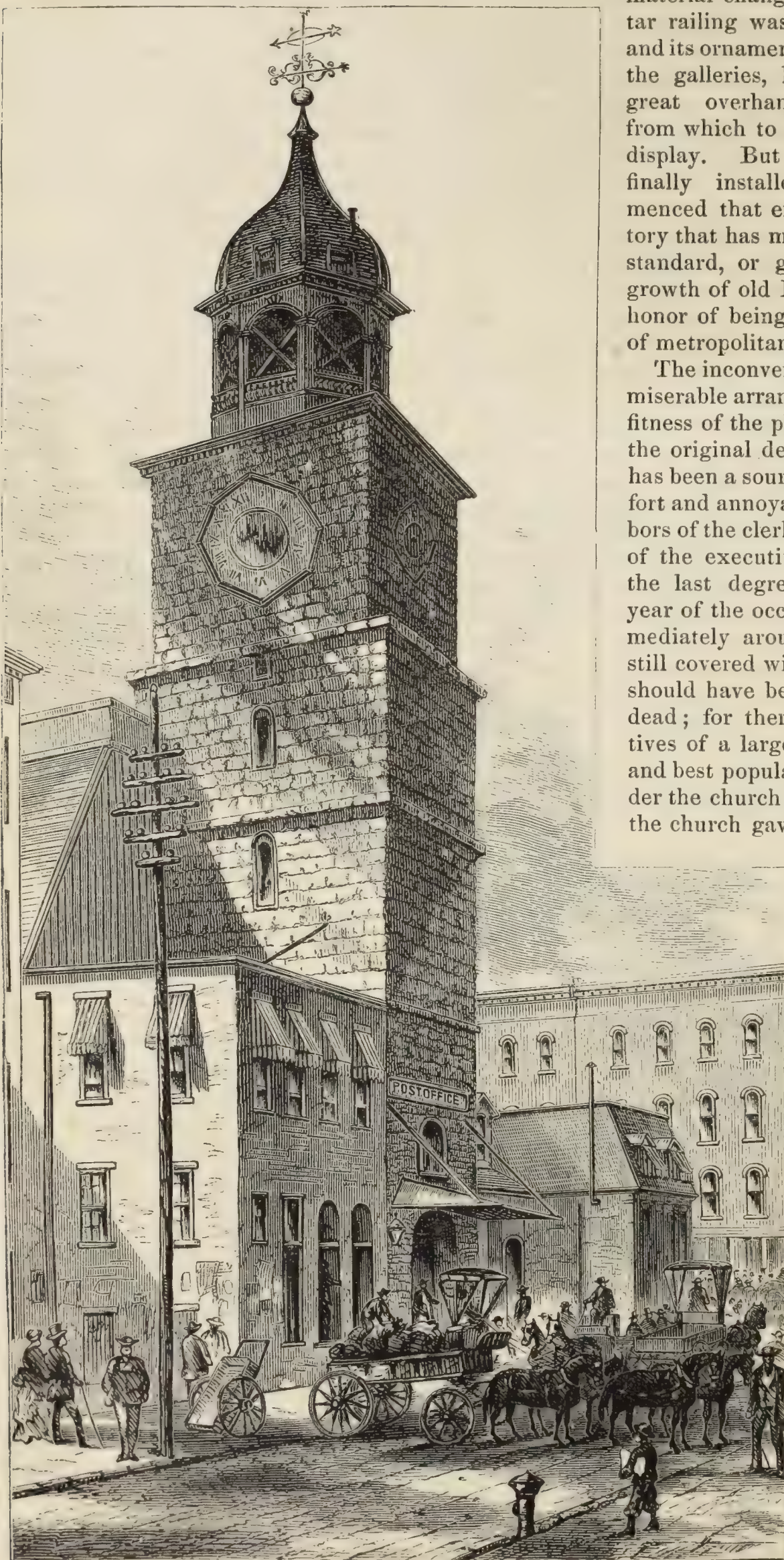
It was a grand time when the citizens crowded into this old church to look for the post-office.

The eighty thousand dollars had made no material change ; to be sure, the altar railing was gone, but the pulpit and its ornamentation remained ; and the galleries, left intact, resembled great overhanging amphitheatres, from which to witness a gladiatorial display. But the post-office was finally installed, and then commenced that era in its business history that has made it a sort of visible standard, or gauge, of the mighty growth of old Manahatta toward the honor of being one of the mightiest of metropolitan cities.

The inconvenience, the necessarily miserable arrangements, the total unfitness of the place—inherently so by the original design of the building—has been a source of constant discomfort and annoyance, and made the labors of the clerks, and the supervision of the executive officers, onerous to the last degree. During the first year of the occupation the space immediately around the building was still covered with the tablets of what should have been the truly honored dead ; for there lay the representatives of a large part of our ancient and best population. The vaults under the church and the vaults around the church gave up their dead when

the profane feet of the busy multitude pressed forward toward the church, not for prayer, but from absorbing interest in the living, active, bustling world. For a long year the spectacle was presented of coffins and mailbags, of carts and extemporized hearses, jostling each other while engaged in their allotted work ; but at last this incongruous mingling of the dead population and the living ended ; but the forbidding look of that old castellated church remained.

The tower, bountifully made of stone, continued, and still continues, to look



NEW YORK POST-OFFICE IN THE DUTCH CHURCH.



THE RAT-IFICATION.

down sullenly on the bustle beneath, while the strong walls of the church, inside, announcing, in Dutch, that "My house shall be called a house of prayer," and the rough plastered walls, outside, speaking of the wasting storms of nearly a hundred and fifty years, repudiate all harmonious minglings and sympathies with the secular business of distributing the mails.

But the place is not without its living defenders of old traditionary possession. The mynheers are gone; the Knickerbockers know the place no more; but the rats, descendants of the original stock, keep high revel still, and continue to dispute possession with Uncle Sam and his salaried cohorts. And they, the rats, have had a queer history—these old Low-Dutch-Church-post-office rats.

For many years they lived a hard life, suffering starvation and dyspepsia under the preaching of Dominie Bogardus; but when the old sugar-house was erected adjoining the church, they felt that their trials and tribulations had brought them great reward, for the sweets of the Indies were at their disposal, and they revelled, until, in an evil hour, the sugar-house and church were filled with sad men, who starved and suffered and perished under a prison discipline that made the bodies of its victims not even passable fare for famished rats.

Then came the jolly times when the church was turned into a stable, and oats and hay and profanity were abundant; again another change, and the old-fashioned times returned, and the rats went into mortifications and fastings as a punishment for the good fare of the past. And tribulation was not soon to end; for, to their discomfort, the sugar-house, even as a place to hide their sorrows, disappeared, and the old church itself was finally consigned to the evil doings of the post-office.

Under this new administration even the dead bodies in the vaults underneath the church were carted away, and nothing, for the time being,

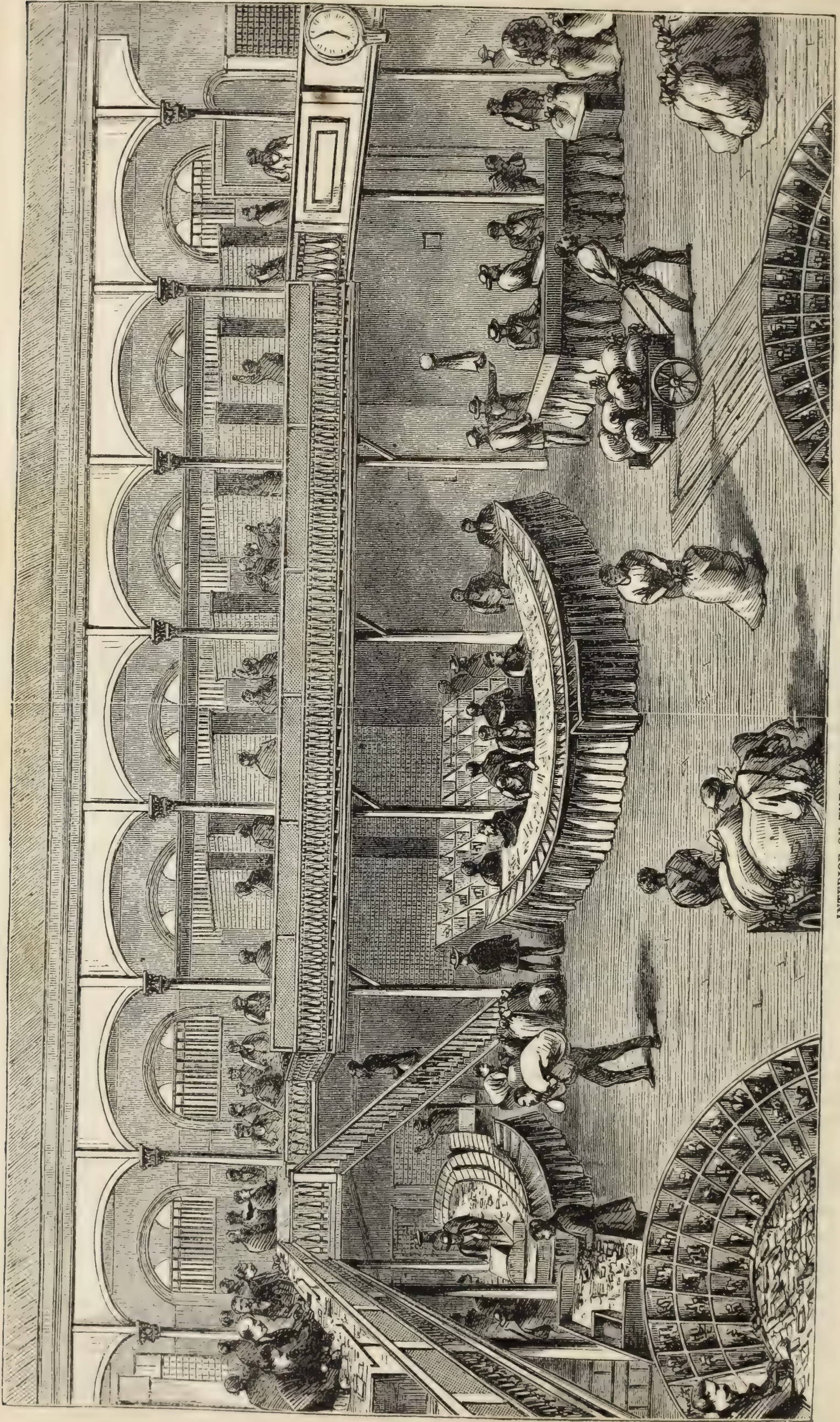
was left to prey upon but the poorly paid post-office clerks. But this resource, together with brown soap, the paste-pots, bits of apples, and the lunches of the night watchmen, left matters even worse than the most solemn times, when they heard sermons without any refreshments six hours long. But relief was to come to these historically interesting and brave old rats.

The Agricultural Bureau at Washington commenced an annual distribution of "choice seeds" through the mail, and good times dawned again for these old Dutch-Church rats. Once possessed of the secret of the rich contents of the plethoric mail-bags, the rats soon became such experts that they could smell a paper of marrowfat peas buried in newspaper walls as solid as an iron safe. In the pursuit of an honest living they have sharpened up their teeth until they can bore through a pile of compressed

mail matter with the precision of an auger. They revel in cutting into leather pouches, laughing at the tough exterior, and treating the "patent, compound, burglar-proof padlocks" with infinite scorn. It is asserted by some of the old clerks, who have been hidden away for a quarter of a century in the damp vaults of the church until they are as gray and as sharp as the rats, that these rodentia read the agricultural papers; and the annual announcement in the *Tribune* of the distribution of seeds is celebrated in the lower vaults by a grand "rat-ification."

From this era onward the New York post-office becomes of too much magnitude to permit individuals to figure prominently in its history. Its leading characteristic, from the time it was established in Nassau Street, has been a constant increase of business. Robert H. Morris, W. V. Brady, Isaac V. Fowler, John A. Dix, William B. Taylor, succeeded each other as postmasters without any marked change in the routine except the employment of additional clerks. Abraham Wakeman accomplished a long-desired reform by abolishing the independent offices of Washington Heights, Bloomingdale, Manhattanville, and Yorkville, making the whole island one postal district. The names of James Kelly and P. H. Jones bring the succession down to our day.

The hard-working employés, who have carried on the department with such marked success that they have made its leading features the rapidity and correctness with which the mail matter is received and distributed, seldom appear above the surface. There are a few whose efficiency, knowledge of details, and unvarying faithfulness have secured them against the unhappy law of removals, which is especially an evil in the post-office. Among these "permanents" we must mention Colonel John Dodd, regularly in service for fifty-four years, and now the oldest clerk in the department. Fifty



INTERIOR OF THE POST-OFFICE IN THE DUTCH CHURCH.

years ago it was his business to carry the Southern mail on his shoulder down to the Cortlandt Street landing, transport it by skiff to Paulus Hook (Jersey City), and receive the Southern mail in return. The change may be vaguely realized when we consider that it takes four stout horses each day to draw the same mail to the "Washington train."

In spite of the infirmities of advancing years, at eighty the colonel was faithfully at his post in the letter-delivery department. A year or more ago his desk and its business, when he was absent from duty, were moved up stairs. The old colonel, after this change, went to his accustomed place, and found it occupied by another; where there had been letters were piles of newspaper packages—all was changed. He was shown where was in future to be his desk, but he ob-

jected, and wanted to be put on duty in his old location; the spot and its surroundings had become necessary for his happiness. This, of course, was impossible, and he has never recovered from the disappointment. In the month of June, 1869, when the foundations of the new post-office were laid in the Park, he was a prominent actor. When all had been concluded the old government officer observed, "Now let me live to see this building completed, and I will die content."

The windows of the post-office for the distribution of letters and the selling of stamps, "in sums less than one dollar," are interesting places to study the cosmopolitan character of our busy population. It is not uncommon to witness people of every nationality "in line," waiting for their turn to inquire for correspondence. The ladies' window is especially a centre of observation; and the appearance of the sex dressed in gay colors and wreathed in smiles lightens up the otherwise care-worn, pell-mell, rushing, and sombre-looking crowd. Here the "young lady of the period" contrasts with the old crone whose undutiful son is "off at sea." The widow in her weeds throws sly glances at the dashing clerk; her hopefulness of the future contrasting strongly with the face of the suffering wife, who, sad and discontented,



THE LADIES' WINDOW.

turns abruptly away because her absent spouse "had failed to write."

During the rebellion the post-office clerks, by virtue of their duties, were often made unwilling participants in many sad scenes and associations. There was a terrible significance in the hymn or prayer book returned "from the front," often saturated with blood or marred by the bullet. Then there were the packets of unclaimed letters, dictated by loving, patriotic hearts, returned to the mother, wife, or sweetheart of the soldier, bearing the formal but terrible indorsement of the adjutant of the regiment, of "William Brown, killed in battle." It was often almost like stabbing the recipients to the heart to hand them such a fatal gift, and the look of unutterable anguish that sometimes followed haunted the day musings and midnight dreams of the sympathizing official. But there sometimes, nay, often, came a letter that conveyed to wife and family a respite to agonizing suspense, and then the old post-office was for the moment bright, and the dangers of war for an instant were forgotten. Lessons of human nature are taught at the delivery window of a post-office in the classified peculiarities of the universal patrons of the "republic of letters," among which are developed the common facts, that "clergymen, as a class, and women, universally,

are the most difficult to please ;" certainly they seem to complain the most.

Romantic incidents are not unusual in the history of specific mails. When the Japanese empire was opened to the outside world, the first mail from that legendary country was sent to New York in a sailing vessel *via* San Francisco, Panama, and Aspinwall. By a coincidence a mail from China *via* England arrived at the post-office simultaneously, and the written ideas and wishes of these two Oriental nations for the moment reposed side by side. In their route of destination they separated, and made the circuit of the world, to meet again in our great Western city of "mushroom barbarians." But speculation is brief in the post-office when work is to be done ; the words, "Who separates?" are heard, the "travelers" are "broken up," and piecemeal sent to their various destinations.

Some years since a steamer running between Liverpool and Quebec was involved in a terrible storm that swept over the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The stanch ship was lost, and all living creatures on board perished. Two months afterward the divers, among other things, recovered from the wreck the New York city mail, and it was promptly forwarded to its place of destination. When opened the contents were found comparatively safe ; the letters were carefully dried and duly distributed ; and these frail, delicate, paper memorials of thought remained intact, while the iron-ribbed ship and the brave men who commanded her still repose in their ocean grave.

No service in any department of the federal government is more exacting in hours of labor and hard work than the post-office, and no government service has more enthusiastic and faithful officers. On a recent occasion a ward politician was appointed to a place in the post-office. He was set to work "killing postage stamps"—that is, defacing the stamp on mailed letters. He worked away from 8 o'clock A.M. until noon, then deliberately quit his table, went up to the postmaster, and drawled out, "Look here, gineral, I wanted an app'intment, not hard work ; and ef this is the best thing you can do for me, I'll quit." And the "wielder of powerful political influence" quit, and departed to the more genial quarters of a drinking saloon up town.

The pay of the post-office clerk is exceedingly small, and, however earnest he may be as a partisan, the political tax annually levied is by no means a bright spot in his hard fortunes. We have mentioned how Mr. Coddington treated this custom ; another example may not be out of place. When General Dix was postmaster he was approached on the subject of allowing a subscription to be taken among the clerks for party purposes. He appeared to promptly coincide with the idea, making only one condition—that it should be taken up in his own way. He accordingly took a small blank book and wrote the following :

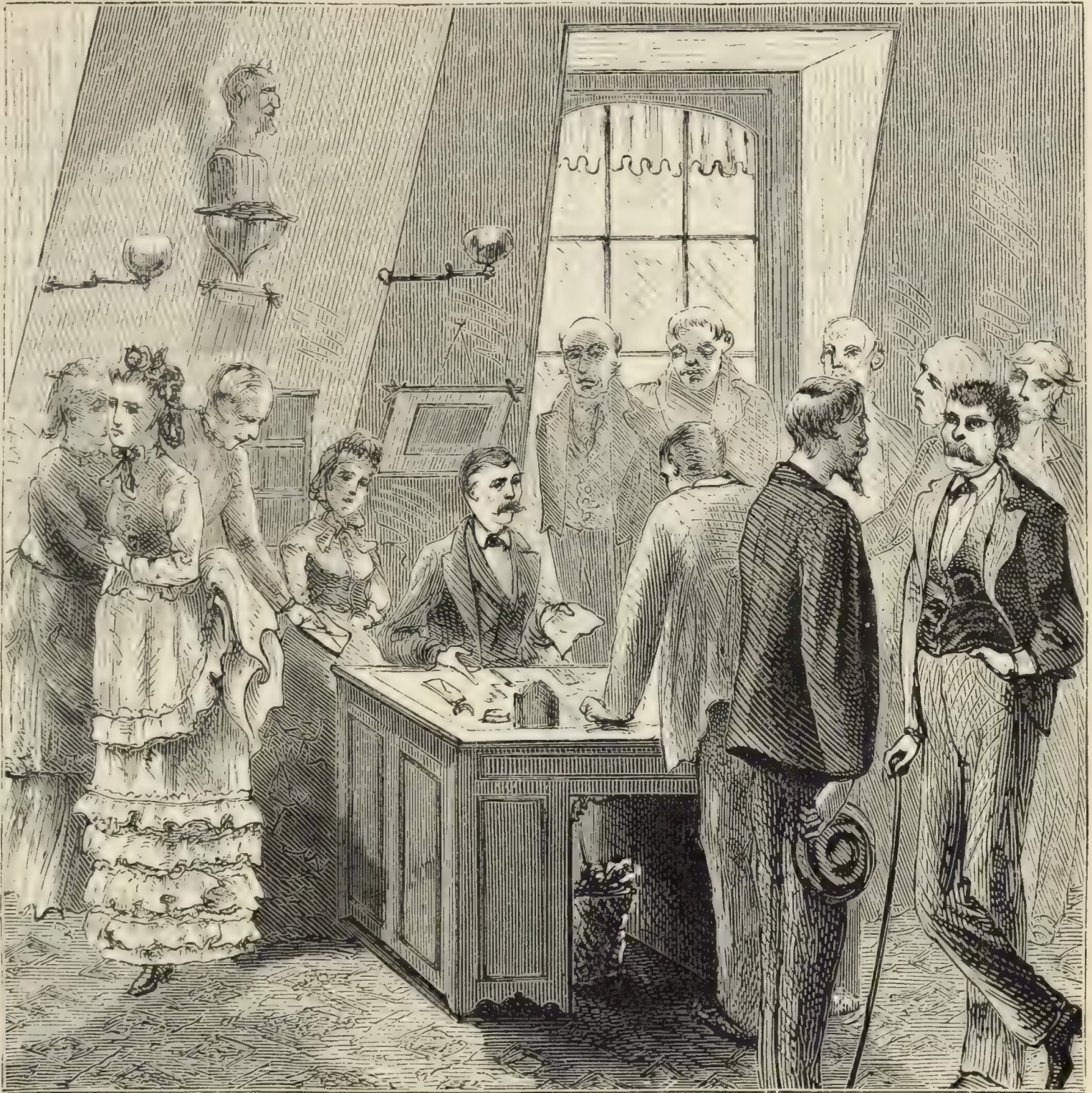
"This book will be handed to you by Mr. —, who is authorized to collect moneys of the clerks for political purposes ; but I wish each clerk distinctly to understand that giving funds for such a purpose is at his own option. Those who give will not be helped by it, and those who refuse will not be injured."

Possibly it is necessary for us to state that while the clerks saved their money, and the party wasn't injured, the "grand central committee" was deprived of nothing more nor less than the means of indulging in a Champagne supper.

A post-office clerk, under the most favorable circumstances, has a delicate and responsible position to hold, for he is constantly subjected to suspicion. Money letters can be robbed before they reach the office, and can be robbed before they reach their owners after they leave the office. One day a person called on the postmaster with a letter written by a lady of great respectability, in which it was stated that "inclosed you will find ten dollars in liquidation of your bill against me." But the letter had apparently been opened, and the remains only of the edges of the remittance, sticking to some paste, were left behind. The bill, save the remains of the slight mutilation alluded to, was gone. By examining the fragment still adhering to the paste the word *one, one, one*, oft repeated, presented itself. Thus this base attempt to swindle an honest creditor and defame the credit of the post-office was exposed.

People who come to the post-office and make complaints of being robbed, when they discover that they were mistaken never call and make reparation, or relieve the department of the charge made against its employés. A merchant, much excited, complained that a letter sent to him "by a most responsible house," containing \$500, had not been received. This charge was fortified by showing a letter from the postmaster who mailed the missing letter, certifying that it was forwarded, and contained the \$500. Detectives were at once set to work to unravel the iniquity, but all efforts proved unavailing. Finally the post-office authorities, after weeks of hard work, called on the complaining merchant and asked if he had heard any thing about the missing money. "Oh," replied the gentleman, with great vivacity, "that's all right ; by mistake that letter was thrown into the safe, and remained unopened nearly four weeks. Funny, wasn't it?" Not even an apology was made for charging the post-office with purloining the money, or for giving its officers so much unnecessary trouble.

Charges of dishonesty against the post-office are made where nobody but "extraordinary circumstances" are to blame. A letter containing two \$1000 bills in it was delivered by the carrier, who, according to custom (ignorant of its contents, of course), at the house of its owner, shoved it into the hallway, under the door. The letter was missing. Complaint was made at the post-office ; evidence was produced that the money had been forwarded. The detectives were set to work to trace out



POSTMASTER'S OFFICE.

the robbery. The poor carrier, and the clerks in the office who handled the letter, were placed under surveillance. The clerks where the letter was mailed were "shadowed." Every dollar they expended after the probable robbery was secretly inquired into, to see if any of them had been at any given time, after the letter was lost, unusually "flush;" but all signs failed. After a long time the floor covering of the hall was taken up, and there was the letter, "safe and sound:" the unfortunate carrier had thrust it *under*, instead of over, the oil-cloth.

The misdirection of letters is the cause of serious charges against the post-office. A letter containing \$700 was mailed from Albany to New York. It was sent from a well-known person, and the package which was supposed to contain the letter, made up in Albany, was not opened until it reached New York. Both ends of the line were under suspicion. It was stated that the letter was addressed Mr. ———, Broadway, New York. After a long search it was found that the letter had never left Albany at all, being directed by mistake Mr. ———

——, Broadway, Albany, and the faithful clerks had thrown it into their own city delivery box instead of forwarding it to New York. The confusion in the mind of the writer of the letter grew out of the fact that there is a Broadway in both cities, and from force of habit he wrote the wrong address.

Miserable chirography is one of the most prolific causes of post-office inefficiency. It is safe to say that unmistakably written directions would remove nine-tenths of the complaints. What is a nonplused clerk to do with letters addressed to "Mahara Seney," "Old Cort," or "Cow House," when Morrisania, Olcott, and Cohoes were really intended?

One day, possibly four years ago, Mr. Kelly was sitting in his private office opening his *personal* letters, and enjoying the delusion that every thing was working satisfactorily, when, to his surprise, he found one letter from Washington calling his especial attention to the "inclosed editorial," cut from the *Tribune*, in which the carelessness of his clerks, and the generally unsatisfactory manner with which he carried on his business, were dilated upon, ending with



DELIVERING LETTERS.

the startling announcement that, under the present management of the department, it took *four days* to get a letter from New York to Chappaqua, distance about thirty miles, and made literally no distance by a fast railway! Consternation ensued, and Mr. Kelly, to commence examination into these serious charges, sent a special agent to Chappaqua for the envelope of said delayed letter. At the place named the official fortunately not only found what he went after (the envelope), but also Mr. Greeley and "Miles O'Reilly." After due explanations the envelope was handed to Miles O'Reilly, with the query of what he thought was the meaning of the superscription.

"Why," said that genial wit, who had once been a deputy postmaster, "the devil himself couldn't make it out."

The envelope was then brought to the attention of the berated clerks, who looked at it with glazed eyes, the hieroglyphics suggesting somewhat the same intellectual speculation that would result from studying the foot-prints of a gigantic spider that had, after wading knee-deep in ink, retreated hastily across the paper.

At the post-office, when they distribute letters, those on which the direction is not instantly made out, to save time, are thrown in a pile for especial examination; if a second and more careful study fails, they are consigned to an especial clerk, who is denominated the chief of the bureau of "hards." To this important functionary the envelope of Chappaqua was at last referred. He examined it a moment, and his eye flashed with the expression of recognizing an old acquaintance. "This thing," said he, holding up the envelope with the tip ends of his fingers, "came to me some days ago along with the other 'hards.' I studied the superscription at my leisure a whole day, but couldn't make it out. I then showed it to the best experts in handwriting attached to the office, and called on outsiders to test their skill; but what the writing meant, *if it was writing*, was a conundrum that we all gave up. Finally, in desperation, it was suggested, as a last resort, to send it to Chappaqua," which happened to be its place of destination. Such is the *literal* history of the reason of an earnestly written denunciation of the inefficiency of the city post.

We have traced the growth of the post-office of New York

from the time when it found but partial employment for one postmaster and a single assistant to the present, and what a change! Language fails to give an idea; statistics pall on the ear in unmeaning sounds, and only confuse the mind. A few random illustrations must therefore suffice.

The discipline and efficiency of the city post is shown in the reminiscence that, twenty years ago, before there was a postal treaty with England, people in that country, according to their caprice, indorsed on the outside of their letters by what line of steamers they desired them to be sent. By some accident neither of the two composing the American line crossed from England in six months! The consequence was an extraordinary accumulation of letters indorsed "by American steamer;" and when the *Washington* did reach this port, having "broken her shaft, and been frozen up in the harbor of Bremen," she had a six months' mail on board. This enormous collection of letters was taken to the post-office, and the clerks, without neglecting their daily routine duties and working "overtime," distributed this ac-

cumulation in *ten days*! The same number of letters, without interfering with the daily business of the office, would now be distributed in *one hour*!

Large publishing houses and newspaper establishments afford great assistance to the post-office by making up their own mails according to printed lists and instructions furnished by the Post-office Department. If this were not the case, the facilities afforded would not be adequate to perform the required service. To illustrate: If it were not advantageous to publishers to aid in the prompt circulation of their papers and magazines, and they should send their daily distribution to the post-office in one indiscriminate mass, that institution would be literally "avalanched;" floors, desks, clerks, and every available place for storage would be buried under one vast pile of accumulated mail matter.

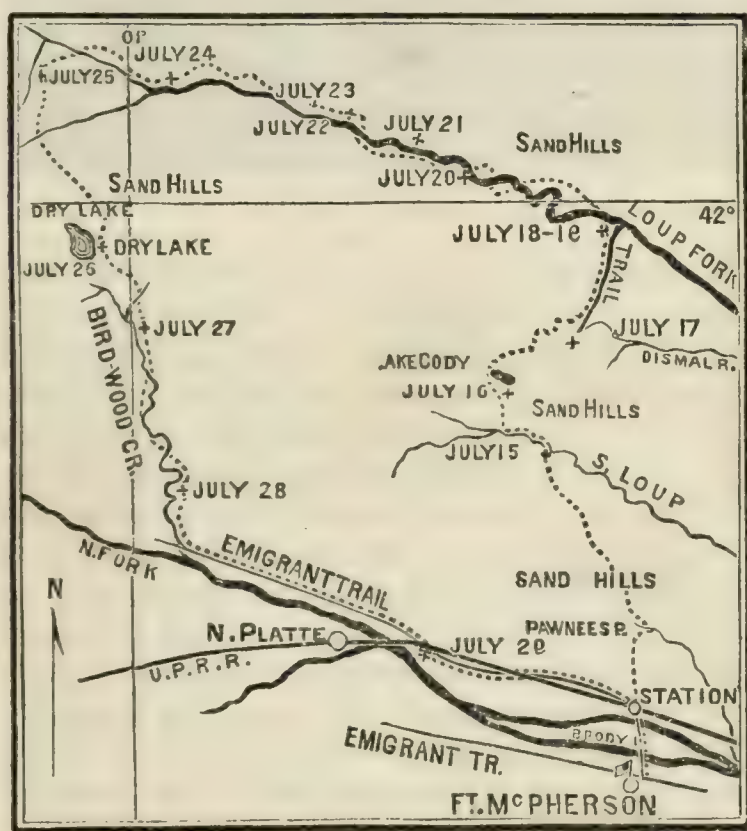
Instead of there being as formerly only a few straggling letters, two hundred and fifty thousand postage stamps are, on an average, daily canceled, and that is a representation of the number of *domestic* letters delivered at the post-office every twenty-four hours.

It costs the government sixty thousand dollars annually for cartage to haul this vast amount of mail matter to the stations and railway lines.

One comparative statement more. The city of New York is divided into twelve postal stations, each one having its distinct officer and clerks. Station A, situated in the heart of New York, does a larger business than either of the cities of Buffalo, New Haven, Hartford, Hudson, or Troy.

Such is the epitomized history, illustrated by the post-office, of the growth and prosperity of the city of New York.

THE YALE COLLEGE EXPEDITION OF 1870.



FIRST TRIP—NEAR THE FORKS OF THE PLATTE.

THE peaks of the Rocky Mountains once projected as islands from a vast inland sea whose waves swept from the Gulf of Mexico to the polar ocean. In this era of the world a tropical climate extended far beyond the arctic circle, and the tepid waters swarmed with sea-serpents and other reptilian monsters. At the close of this period, known to geologists as the cretaceous, a slow upheaval drained this ocean from the continent, and left behind great lakes, whose shores and waters teemed again, in tertiary time, with new forms of tropical life. Rhinoceros, crocodiles, and huge tortoises basked upon the banks or lay beneath the shade of gigantic palms; and as the ages rolled away prolific nature brought upon the scene the mammoth, mastodon, and horse. During the tertiary period mud and sand accumulated in the lakes to the depth of many hundred feet, and

entombed the bones of all these animals. Then came a time when all was dry, and torrents from the mountains wore through the deep accumulations. Ages have passed since then, while rains and streams have toiled to wash away the work of all the prior years; and in the crumbling bluffs that now remain as memorials of the past the patient geologist may find the petrified remains of all the forms of life belonging to that early time.

To the region of these eroded basins Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, had long contemplated a geological expedition; and in June, 1870, he organized, from graduates and students of that university, the party to which it was the writer's privilege to belong.

Our first exploration was to be made along the Loup Fork River, in Nebraska. We started from Fort McPherson escorted by a company of cavalry; for this was the country of the Sioux, and that warlike tribe was now in a state of unusual excitement. Across an unexplored desert of sand hills between the river Platte and the Loup Fork the celebrated Major North, with two Pawnee Indians, undertook to lead us. These guides rode about a mile in advance of the column. The major pointed out the least difficult paths; while the Indians, with movements characteristic of their wary race, crept up each high bluff, and from behind a bunch of grass peered over the top for signs of hostile savages. Next in the line of march came the company of cavalry, commanded by Lieutenants Reilly and Thomas; and with them rode the Yale party, mounted on Indian ponies, and armed with rifle, revolver, geological hammer, and bowie-knife. Six army wagons, loaded with provisions, forage, tents, and ammunition, and accompanied by a small guard of soldiers, formed the rear.

The object of the expedition greatly puzzled



"BAD LANDS" (MAUVAISES TERRES), ON BLACK FORK.

our military companions of the rank and file; but Professor Marsh, as we rode along, endeavored to explain to them the mighty changes of geology, and the grand discoveries that we would make. "Buffalo Bill," the famous frontier hunter, accompanied us the first day's journey, and at the camp fire that night remarked to the soldiers, "The professor told the boys some mighty tough yarns to-day; but he tipped me a wink, as much as to say, 'You know how it is yourself, Bill!'"

As night closed over our geologists, cut off from civilization, in a country infested by hostile Indians, and they saw around them the tents, the bivouac fires, the soldiers standing in picturesque groups, the horses cropping in the twilight, the corral of wagons and pacing sentinels beyond, they felt "in for" something more than science. This fact was more forcibly impressed by day, as hour after hour they marched over burning sand hills, without rocks, or trees, or sign of water, while the thermometer stood at 110° in the shade of the wagons. After fourteen hours in the saddle, one of the soldiers, exhausted with heat and thirst, finally exclaimed, "What *did* God Almighty make such a country as this for?" "Why," replied another more devout trooper, "God Almighty made the country good enough, but it's this deuced geology the professor talks about that spoiled it all!"

Thirst continued to haunt us all through this desolate region. Once we hailed a distant lake; but, like mirage in other deserts no more horrible, it proved a mockery. The water was so

impregnated with alkali that even horses and mules refused to drink it. For fresh-water we had to thank a thunder-shower, during which we drank from the rims of each other's hats. After five days of such trials we hailed with joy the fresh running water of the Loup Fork. Far up the river a column of smoke indicated the neighborhood of Indians, and showed that we had left the dangers of the desert only to enter upon those of the Sioux hunting grounds. The savages were evidently keeping watch upon our movements, for in the night their ponies were heard whinnying behind the bluffs across the river, and daylight showed a warrior sentinel upon a distant height.

Our geological labors now commenced. The sides of the river were indented with cañons, in which were exposed the strata of the ancient lake, weathered into the formation known as *mauvaises terres*, and full of fossil remains. A strong guard was each day detailed to accompany our party, while the main body marched up the river. The soldiers not only relieved us from all fear of surprise, but soon became interested and successful assistants; but the superstition of the Pawnees deterred them for a time from scientific pursuits; for Indians believe that the petrified bones of their country are the remains of an extinct race of giants. They refused to collect until the professor, picking up the fossil jaw of a horse, showed how it corresponded with their own horses' mouths. From that time they rarely returned to camp without bringing fossils for the "Bone Medicine-man."



MARCH OVER THE "BAD LANDS."

Our researches resulted in the discovery of the remains of various species of the camel, horse, mastodon, and many other mammals, some of which were new to science; but in addition to extinct animals, these hunting grounds of the Sioux were well stocked with live deer and antelope and elk. One herd of the latter numbered at least a hundred and fifty head. Another smaller herd crossed the river within two hundred yards of our geologists and their guard. The entire party at once opened fire, like a pack of large fire-crackers, and with such effect that we not only had meat enough for a week, but brought the whole command sweeping down upon us, thinking that we were attacked by Indians; for this was a matter of hourly apprehension.

We became so used to the constant expectation of a fight, and practiced so assiduously the Indian science of dodging behind the horse's neck when at full run, that we were not in the least alarmed when the Sioux really came in sight. Our composure was doubtless due to the fact that the warriors had been for some years

dead, and were reposing on platforms of boughs, supported at the four corners by poles about eight feet in height. On one of these tombs lay two bodies—a woman, decked in beads and bracelets, and a scalpless brave, with war-paint still on the parchment cheeks, and holding in his crumbling hands a rusty shot-gun and a pack of cards. Beneath the platform lay the skeleton of the favorite pony, whose spirit had accompanied his master's to the happy hunting grounds. A feeling of awe was creeping over us as we built in thought historic castles for the dead, when the professor brought us down to the stern realities of science by the unromantic remark: "Well, boys, perhaps they died of small-pox; but we can't study the origin of the Indian race unless we have those skulls!"

So far we had not been molested by live Indians; but the threatening column of smoke far up the river each night was nearer and wider; and at length we found close upon us a prairie-fire which the Sioux had lighted on both sides of the river. The fire upon the southern bank had fortunately gained several miles upon the



INDIAN GRAVES.



SECOND TRIP—WYOMING, NEBRASKA, AND COLORADO.

other, and we watched it sweep by from the latter bank, beating out with blankets the sparks that fell around us. The sun had set amid the angry clouds of an approaching thunder-storm that increased the gloom of twilight. Across the river wavy lines of fire crept up the rolling sand hills, and, catching the clumps of cotton-wood and pine trees, wrapped them in crackling pyramids, while each gust of wind from the rising storm would sweep a whole hill-side into a sheet of flame. The shower at length burst upon us, and so subdued the fire that we no longer feared that it would leap across the narrow river; and the wind, suddenly shifting to the east, checked the progress of the flames upon the side on which we were encamped.

From this point we marched over the burned prairie that stretched on every side as far as the eye could reach, studded with roasted cactus and dead grasshoppers; and it was with great difficulty that isolated patches of grass were found for the stock. The river soon dwindled to a little stream, and then to a slender rivulet and half-stagnant pools. We had reached its head waters—the goal of our first expedition. We now turned southwest, and once more encountered the privations of an unexplored desert, where water was only once obtained, and then by digging in the dry bed of an alkaline lake. On reaching the Platte, the Pawnees led us across the treacherous quicksands of the river in a mock raid on the city of North Platte, whose terrified inhabitants mistook us for a party of Sioux, and rose in arms to repel the invaders. The tents were pitched at last in the quadrangle of Fort M'Pherson, the Loup Fork expedition was finished, and General Emory and his officers congratulated us on our safe return.

The second expedition started from Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming Territory, to explore the great triangle of country lying east of the Black Hills, and between the north and south forks

of the Platte. General King kindly supplied us with horses, forage, army wagons, and an escort of thirty men from the Fifth Cavalry, commanded by Captain Montgomery and Lieutenant Stembel.

The first geological discovery of importance was made at the mouth of a cañon which opens on one of the broad plains of Northern Colorado. Here was a miocene formation of *mauvaises terres* such as had never before been identified south of the White River region of Dakota; and this determined the southwestern boundary of the great tertiary lake basin east of the Rocky Mountains. The deposit contained great quantities of fossil turtles and rhinoceros, a few unknown species of rodents and birds, and remains of the oreodon—a remarkable animal combining characteristics of the modern sheep, pig, and deer. In a lower deposit were many bones of the *Titanotherium*—a monster of such vast proportions that a lower jaw measured over four feet in length. We traced the oreodon beds many miles to the west and north along the Pine Bluff ranges to the railroad. Another outcrop occurred at Antelope Station, containing remains of several species of horse; one a three-toed animal, and another which, although full grown, had attained the height of but two feet. Although we were successful in geological research, fortune did not smile upon us in the affairs of every-day life. At Antelope one of our cavalry horses was accidentally shot dead, and three draught animals were bitten by rattlesnakes. We were thankful that no more of our stock were lost, for the country swarmed with the reptiles. Numbers of them were killed every day among the horses' feet; and while we were bathing they would bask upon the bank of the stream beside our clothes. Their humming soon became an old tune; and the charm of shooting the wretches wore away for all but one, who was collecting their rattles as a necklace for his lady-love.

On reaching the North Platte we followed the old California emigrant trail, in whose deep-worn ruts the grass is now growing. The column left us at an extensive fossil locality; and so absorbing is the practical study of paleontology that sunset surprised us still at work. Here we were found by some soldiers, who had been sent back to guide us through a labyrinth of shale and sandstone known as Scott's Bluff. It was pitch-dark when we began to pick our way through these narrow and rugged defiles, where, at every turn, deep cañons yawned at our feet. Fitted by nature for ambush and surprise, this had been the Indians' favorite spot to fall upon the emigrants; and those dim bluffs, that towered so gray and ghostly silent, could tell many a tale of lurking savages, of desperate fights and massacres. The place looked scarcely less awful when by daylight we returned to gather its fossil treasures. Guards were posted to watch the borders of the river, and many an anxious glance was cast across into the Sioux reservation. "The bishop," a corresponding member



SNAKES.

of the American Tract Society, here gladdened our hearts by emerging from a gully with an immense petrified turtle lashed upon his horse's back, while he pulled and shouted and swore to urge along the staggering beast. It soon became a vital question which he should aban-

don, the turtle or the horse. The professor protested that it be not the former, and painted in vivid colors the future position of this grand specimen in the Yale collection, with the discoverer's name immortalized thereon. But, on the other hand, the thought of Indians was too



THE PETRIFIED TURTLE.



A PRAIRIE FIRE.

much for the bishop. So the turtle still lies in nature's museum.

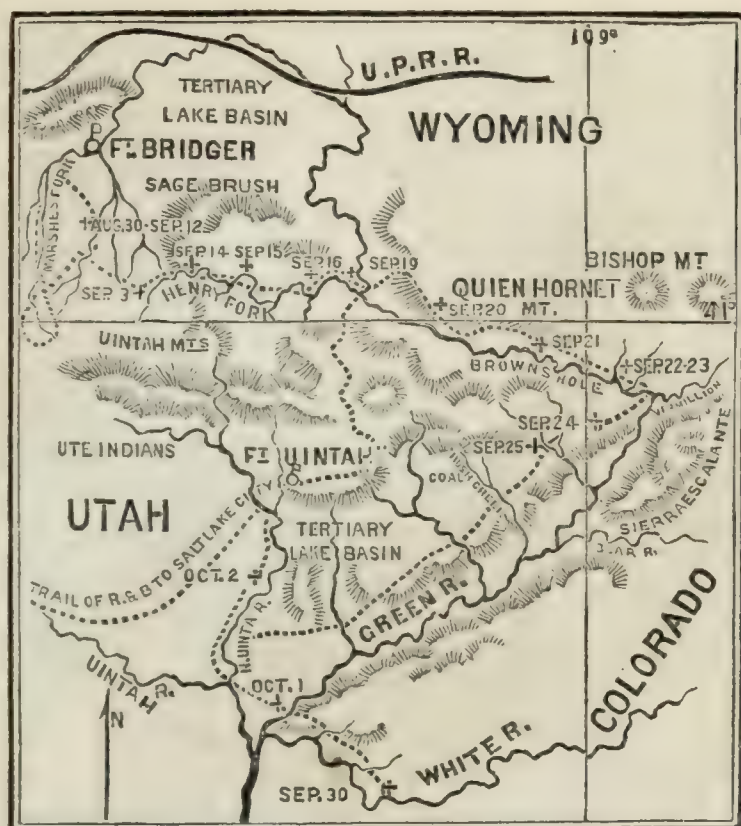
After leaving the Platte we followed the valley of Horse Creek. This is a famous hunting ground, and we came upon many fresh signs of the savages. Notwithstanding these evidences of unfriendly neighbors, two of the party, all intent on duck-shooting, persisted in following the creek, which bent far away to the west, and promised to meet us at two high bluffs about twenty miles away.

Night closed over our camp between the bluffs, but brought no signs of our comrades. We called to mind the fresh tracks of Indians, and saw with anxiety a high column of smoke far in the north. Darkness deepened, and showed the sky lurid with the glare of a prairie fire; and, as night advanced and a blazing beacon did not bring the lost ones home, our fears became intense. We waited impatiently for daylight, and then started to discover their trail; but hope died within us on finding, near the camp, an Indian pony, evidently just abandoned on account of lameness. The day dragged away in unsuccessful search, and when night again closed in all returned to camp in despair.

The duck-shooters, meanwhile, excited with successful sport, forgot that the stream bent far to the west, until, at sunset, they looked in vain for the row of tents, for the sentinel upon the hill, and for the horses grazing by the stream, and realized that they were lost. After making this discovery they philosophically lighted their pipes, and then left the stream, hoping to see the camp from a neighboring

bluff. On reaching the height, they were startled by a great column of smoke rising from the very spot which they had left. The burning match, carelessly thrown upon the grass, had started a prairie fire, which was now under full headway, and a high wind was driving it swiftly toward them. The first impulse was flight; but the flames spread on every side with fearful rapidity, leaping many feet each moment; and they had barely time to resort to a well-known border expedient, when they felt upon their faces the breath of the coming blast. They lighted a new fire, and, taking refuge in the burned space, held their terrified horses while the wall of flame swept by them. This danger past, they remembered that they were lost, with no arms but their shot-guns; and knowing that the fire would surely attract any bands of Indians who might be near, they waded down the bed of the stream for a great distance to conceal their trail, and then took refuge in a side ravine. Still they feared that in the night some prowling savage might stampede their horses; and each tied the picket-rope to his ankle before seeking repose beneath his saddle-blanket. The result was a bad scare. For before morning one of the horses, frightened by a wolf, jumped beyond the length of the lariat, and, as his owner afterward expressed it, "Yanked him out of a sound sleep into a bed of cactus." It was after an absence of two days that the wanderers relieved the anxiety of their friends by appearing in camp.

The snow-patched summits of the Black Hills at length rose upon the horizon and showed that



THIRD TRIP—WYOMING, UTAH, AND COLORADO.

our examination of the great eastern tertiary lake basin was finished. Far beyond these mountains lay other eroded basins, whose exploration was to be the work of our third expedition. We therefore made our next headquarters at Fort Bridger, in Western Wyoming, and for a fortnight explored the wonderful region which lies at the northern base of the Uintah Mountains. Successful research in this vast basin did not divert us from our main object, which was to reach the junction of the Green and White rivers in Utah, and to examine the surrounding country. No exploration of this region had ever been made; but hunters and Indians had brought back fabulous stories of valleys strewn with gigantic petrified bones. To this geological paradise the shortest route lay across the Uintah Mountains, the altitude of whose lowest pass is eleven thousand feet; but we could find no guide through these rugged defiles, and were obliged to follow the circuitous course of the rivers. From Fort Bridger we were supplied with a train of army wagons and with an escort of soldiers, from the Thirteenth Infantry, who, like ourselves, were mounted on mules. The rough bottomlands of Henry's Fork made terrible work with the latter, and we were at last compelled to lighten them by "caching" a large quantity of grain. Notwithstanding this relief, they again broke down so hopelessly that we determined to abandon them, and to make the rest of our journey with pack-mules. Our Mexican guide, Joe, was therefore sent back to the fort with instructions to obtain pack-saddles and ropes, and to meet us at the mouth of the river. During this delay we were overtaken by a party in pursuit of a desperate band of horse-thieves, who have their head-quarters at Brown's Hole, on the Green River. Our route lay of necessity through their haunt; and we were startled by the report that two suspicious characters, supposed to be in league with them, and who

knew of our expedition, had left the fort just before us.

When we reached the Green River, one of the Nimrods who distinguished themselves on the last trip again went shooting. He was riding his mule through the thickets, and looking for ducks, when he came suddenly upon a huge grizzly. For a moment it was difficult to tell which was the most scared; but the bear was the first to spring forward. He received the contents of a shot-gun on the end of his nose, when the terrified mule fled so precipitately that he fell among the bushes. Our hero now thought it was all up; but the mule recovered himself just in time, and made such good time to camp that the bear was distanced.

That night a herd of elk charged across the river and through the camp. The sentinels heard them plunging in the water, and, thinking that a party of Indians or the horse-thieves were upon us, challenged; but, immediately discovering their mistake, they remained true to military discipline, and allowed the whole herd to pass through without firing. We had now been without meat for some days, and, in our half-starved condition, this was a cruel disappointment; but steaks were soon supplied in a most unexpected manner. A soldier was riding a mule at full speed, when the unfortunate beast stepped in a badger's hole, precipitated his rider, and fell with such violence as to break his own neck. We found him somewhat tough, but sweet and nutritious; and we passed him off on one of our comrades, who came in late that night, as bear-steak. He had once been "bucked off" by this particular mule, and his subsequent disgust was attributed to personal prejudice.

The pack-saddles came at last. We forded the Green River, and formed a long line up the narrow Indian trail which led toward Brown's Hole. The pack-mules were interspersed among soldiers and geologists; but despite the most careful watching they would often be seen bucking and tearing from the line, with ropes and straps flying, and sacks of corn, cooking utensils, and tent-poles, to say nothing of geological hammers and other scientific implements, strewing the ground in every direction.

By dint of continual packing we made fair progress, and entered the much-dreaded Hole—a narrow valley, with high mountains on either hand. Here we descried a camp, which proved to be that of the pursuing party returning unsuccessful; for on their approach the horse-thieves had scattered to their fastnesses. Our scouts examined the various trails leading to the south, and found that it was impossible to continue our course down the left bank of the river. We therefore forded just above the mouth of Vermilion Creek, and ascended the eastern end of the Uintah Mountains to the altitude of snow. After crossing an extensive tableland a grand scene burst upon us. Fifteen hundred feet below us lay the beds of another great tertiary lake. We stood upon the brink of a vast



A GREAT SCARE.

basin, so desolate, wild, and broken, so lifeless and silent, that it seemed like the ruins of a world. A few solitary peaks rose to our level, and showed that ages ago the plain behind us had extended unbroken to where a line of silver showed the Green River, twenty miles away. The intermediate space was ragged, with ridges and bluffs of every conceivable form; and rivulets that flowed from yawning cañons in the mountain-sides stretched threads of green across the waste, between their falling battlements. Yet through the confusion could be seen an order that was eternal. For as, age after age, the ancient lake was filled and choked with layers of mud and sand, so on each crumbling bluff recurred strata of chocolate and greenish clays in unvaried succession; and a bright red ridge that stretched across the foreground could be traced far off, with beds of gray and yellow heaped above it.

Late on the second day after entering this basin we saw the distant smoke of an Indian camp. Our Joe had never been further south than Brown's Hole, and it was necessary to procure a guide. Soldiers were therefore sent to reconnoitre; but the Indians, fearing the approach of strangers, set fire, as their custom is, to the grass around the camp, and fled. Next morning we followed the trail of the fugitives toward the Green River, and soon detected the retreating Indians by several clouds of dust. Our advanced guard at once gave chase, and after a race of several miles caught up with the last band. It was a hunting party of Utes, or

Utahs, and among the braves Joe recognized an old acquaintance with whom he had traded, and who still owed him three deer-skins. This placed us at once in friendly relations, and gave us such an advantage that a bargain was soon struck for guidance to the White River. It was evident why the race had been so unequal; for the Indians, though better mounted than ourselves, had with them their families and camp equipage. The squaws carried the long and slender lodge-poles, strapped to their horses' sides and trailing on the ground, and in addition were burdened with papooses slung upon the saddle pommels and thus rocked to sleep. One woman also carried a dog in the folds of her buffalo-robe; but she evidently wished to be permanently relieved of some of these incumbrances; for, pointing to her papoose, and then at one of our ponies, she smiled sweetly, and said, "I swap."

At the White River we had ample reward for all the hardships we had experienced in reaching this goal of our journey. Though we found none of the gigantic bones of which we had heard so much from hunters and Indians, yet, as we ascended the river, the fossils increased in number, until from one point of view we counted eleven shells of pliocene tortoises which had weathered from the bluffs. After making collections in this region to the satisfaction of even our enthusiastic professor, we reforded the Green River, and followed a trail to Fort Uintah, the government agency of an important tribe of Utes. Here we en-

gaged a guide through the wild ravines and dense pine forests of the Uintah Mountains. It was a route never before traversed by whites, and probably never by Indians. The ground in the forest was often heaped with fallen trunks; and for mile after mile a path for the pack-mules had to be cut with hatchets through the tangled thickets. After great difficulties we reached Henry's Fork, picked up the abandoned wagons, and came to the spot where the grain was cached. Here we found in possession a party of men occupying a log-hut, and professing to be ranchmen; but the lieutenant commanding our escort assured us that they were the identical horse-thieves of whom we had been already warned. They had appropriated the grain, and Professor Marsh went to the hut to claim our property. He was ushered into the presence of the party, each of whom was armed to the teeth, and looked ready to take his life for half a dollar. Endeavoring to control his embarrassment by speaking as to ordinary ranchmen, our illustrious chief remarked, blandly, "Well, where are your squaws?" "Sir," replied a dignified ruffian, "this crowd is virtuous."

On our return to Fort Bridger we bade farewell to Major La Motte and Judge Carter, who had greatly assisted our expedition, and then spent several weeks in seeing what all tourists see. At Salt Lake City we flirted with twenty-two daughters of Brigham Young in a box at the theatre, and, overcome by the effort, immediately crossed the Sierra Nevada to San Francisco. From this point we made excursions to the Yosemite, the Mariposa Big Trees, and the Geysers. One of the party then sailed for Panama, and one for Alaska. The rest, after visiting the interesting hydraulic mining region of Little York, You Bet, Gouge Eye, Red Dog, and Dutch Flat, in California, went east by rail to a locality near the Green River, in Wyoming. Here, in an eocene deposit, petrified fishes abounded; and we found a small bed containing fossil insects—a rare discovery, although in Western hotels beds are common where the insects are not petrified. Here were beetles and dragon-flies and grasshoppers, the ancestors, perhaps, of locust-like swarms that still infest this valley. A gigantic fossil mosquito, and an extinct flea, of dimensions not to be despised, contributed to our collection; so that if the primeval Adam really existed in the tertiary period, as some have supposed, the slumbers of himself and worthy spouse were doubtless disturbed like those of mortals since the fall.

Leaving this interesting and suggestive spot, we spent a day in Denver, and finally reached Fort Wallace, in Kansas. The last geological expedition was to be made from this post, along the Smoky River, and, with a small escort of cavalry, we started on the 20th of November. The nights had now become bitterly cold, and to avoid the piercing wind our camp was pitched under a high bank. About midnight a wolf,

attracted by the scent of meat, jumped off this bank into the midst of our mules, and frightened them to such a degree that about a dozen broke loose and stampeded. The night was dark, and the greatest confusion followed; for until the sentinels told us the true cause of disturbance we instinctively thought of Indians. The mules, with broken halters and lariats flying, reached the fort early in the morning, and caused great consternation among the officers, who naturally concluded that the Cheyennes had attacked us, and sent a company of soldiers to our rescue. The troops appeared more disappointed at losing the expected fight than gratified at our safety.

The search for fossils met with great success, and remains of cretaceous reptiles and fishes were collected in great quantities. One trophy was the skeleton of a sea-serpent, nearly complete, and so large that we spent four days in digging out and carrying it to camp. This monster when alive could not have been less than sixty feet in length. It was allied to the genus *Mosasaurus*, which, as our discoveries proved, had a slender eel-like body and tail, and not only the anterior paddles previously known, but posterior limbs also. With a mouth resembling that of the boa-constrictor, this monarch of the cretaceous seas could bolt with ease the largest of his coeval reptiles and fishes.

The Smoky River runs through the great Kansas hunting grounds. Every day herds of the buffalo were around us, and we enjoyed many an exciting "run" across the prairie.

The weather day by day grew colder, and at length we saw indications of an approaching storm. Knowing the danger of exposure to snow on these open plains, we reluctantly bade farewell to our geological diggings, and, satiated even with buffalo-hunting, turned back to Fort Wallace. So ended our last excursion. For the last time we were received and entertained by officers of the army, so many of whom had aided our different expeditions. On commencing the journey homeward, and entering the palace cars, our ruffianly appearance created consternation among sober railroad tourists. Months of hardship, labor, and adventure had made many a rent in our well-worn clothes; and the buckskin breeches and army blouses of several members gave to the party a wild and warlike character, in keeping with the open display of revolver and bowie-knife, and bronzed faces covered with the untrimmed stubble of a season. We reached New Haven on the 18th of December, after six eventful months, during which no serious illness or accident had happened to any of the party.

The geological results, so briefly touched upon in this incomplete narrative, are now in course of publication; and they will show that in addition to the individual advantages derived from experience in frontier life, no unimportant contribution was made to science by the Yale College Expedition of 1870.

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES:
SIBERIAN TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION.*
(Concluded.)



VIEW IN MARKOVA.

MAY 8.—After a journey of twenty days we are at Markova, on the Anadyr River, which empties into Behring Sea. It is situated in latitude 65° , almost under the arctic circle. The town consists of half a dozen mean log-houses and a small church. We set out from Ghijigha on the 18th of April. A few days of bright sun, followed by a snap of cold, had given a glassy smoothness to the snow, from which the light was reflected so brightly that we were forced to protect our eyes by goggles. On the second day there were indications of an impending "poorga," or storm. An hour before midnight, although it was broad daylight, we came to the Korak settlement of Coeil in the midst of the storm which had burst upon us. It was the oddest hamlet we had seen. There was a group of log structures looking like huge hour-glasses. The habitable part of each was below ground, only the conical roof being in sight. On the top of this was another inverted cone, like the hopper of a grist-mill. Nothing like a door or window was visible, and we were at a loss to imagine how an entrance was effected. A fat, jolly-looking fellow came up, and, pointing to a perpendicular pole in which were cut a series of notches, motioned us to follow him. We clambered up after him, and found ourselves inside of the hopper, which was garnished with seal-skins stuffed with fat, snow-shoes, dog-harness, and other paraphernalia. There were also several puppies, choked to death with wisps of straw; these were sacrifices to some god or devil. At the bottom was a square hole, from which rose clouds of smoke laden with the most abominable odors. It was as though the "thirty separate stinks" of Cologne were all amalgamated into one. Into this our guide disappeared;

we followed, climbing down a pole similar to the one by which we had ascended on the outside. We found ourselves in the centre of an octagonal apartment about twenty-five feet in diameter, constructed of heavy logs standing on end. The aperture through which we had descended, nearly thirty feet above the dirt floor, was hardly discernible through the smoke. Sitting or reclining around were a score of dirty natives of both sexes and all ages. Directly under the entrance was a fire for heating, and by its side a large copper caldron, supported by stones, for cooking. A fire was soon built under this, and into it were thrown pieces of seal-meat. When it was cooked it was dished up into large wooden trays. We joined in the feast with better appetites than we should have done a little later, when we saw a child using one of these same trays for a purpose the very reverse of eating. Dinner over, the women returned to their occupations, sewing skins, hushing the babies to sleep, and waging war upon certain enemies intrenched in their own hair. After a while a dance was got up for our delectation. The chief features of this were bouncing about in a miscellaneous manner, writhing their bodies, and contorting their faces into all possible forms, accompanied with unearthly grunts, groans, and squeaks. The perspiration poured down in streams, and the performers grew so hoarse that they could not even grunt audibly.

This was our first encounter with those "savage Koraks," who, we had been told, would be ready to murder us for the smallest possible plunder. These, however, belonged to the civilized Koraks, who differ little, except in being more dirty, from other natives of the region. The beaux, however, shave the crowns of their heads, leaving the remainder of the hair hanging in a circular fringe, giving them the aspect of monks, while the belles heighten their charms by tattooing. We found them good-natured and hospitable. There are two

* *Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-shoes*: A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations, made in the Years 1865, 1866, and 1867. By RICHARD J. BUSH, late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition. With Map and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

classes of pagan Koraks—the one living near the sea, and subsisting mainly upon its products; the other, in the interior, called Reindeer Koraks, are nomads, and have immense herds of deer. In many respects they resemble the Bedouin Arabs. From the best accounts we could get they are usually hospitable, although there are recorded instances of treachery on their part.

We were detained three days at Coeil by the poorga, and then went on our way. It soon grew bitterly cold, the thermometer on the 24th of April falling to -30° . May-day brought us another terrible poorga, the snow whirling in every conceivable direction. We laid by, but could not light a fire, and had to content ourselves with making a dinner of dried fish. Then the weather began to moderate, and it became hard traveling over the softened snow, and on the 5th we were obliged to rest at mid-day to escape the heat, and it kept thawing all the night. We then passed through a long stretch of forest thirty miles broad, lying along the Myan River, a tributary of the Anadyr. Here were trees enough to furnish telegraphic poles for a thousand miles—an important discovery, for Kennan had found the Anadyr destitute of trees.

On the morning of the 8th we reached Markova. Our journey had been a fatiguing one, but we were consoled by knowing that we had discovered the true line for the telegraph. Our



KORAK YURT.

journey of nearly three thousand miles by reindeer, dogs, and snow-shoes, lasting eight months from the day when we landed at De Castries, was over. The different parties of our expedition had accomplished the task they had undertaken by exploring the route from the mouth of the Anadyr to that of the Amoor. It remained to set about the work of building the telegraph. We shall pass briefly over the incidents of eighteen months—two summers and a winter, for there is here no spring or autumn—almost under the arctic circle. All these are detailed in the volume by Bush.

June 19.—Summer has now fairly opened. It was Bush's plan to go to the Myan River with native laborers for the purpose of cutting poles, which were to be rafted down that stream and the Anadyr. This would be our summer task; and should the vessels of the company arrive in good season, the work of construction



KORAK BEAU.



KORAK BELLE.



SAMULKA IN SUMMER COSTUME.

could begin. But, unfortunately, there was no dog feed to be had, and so no journey could be undertaken until the ice broke up on the rivers.

As summer came on every thing began to assume a strange aspect. Night, as marked by darkness, ceased to exist. The interval between sunrise and sunset grew less and less, until it was only an hour; and even then the sun only sunk just below the horizon, and during this interval the heavens were all aglow. At no instant for weeks was it so dark that a star could be seen. It was quite immaterial at what time we went to bed or got up. We almost instinctively conformed in this respect to the habits of the animal creation, which were as regular as though there was such a thing as evening and morning. We would look out from our quarters and see life and activity. Smoke wreaths curled from every chimney; men were hauling wood for fuel, and women going to and from the water-holes; dogs were prowling about, hunting field-mice or searching for morsels of food, and birds fluttered from bough to bough. Looking out a few hours after, it was just as broad daylight as before, but every thing was still; not a man or woman was to be seen; the dogs lay asleep, their noses covered by their bushy tails; the birds, their heads tucked under their wings, were perched, fast asleep, upon the trees.

On the 6th of June the ice in the river broke up, and the water poured down in floods, bearing along huge masses of ice, logs, and trees, all jammed together in one roaring, writhing mass. Upon the banks natives were assembled firing blank cartridges from their old flint-lock muskets—a kind of sulphurous prayer to the spirits of the rivers, upon whose bounty they depend for their winter supply of fish. In twelve hours the region was transformed into a vast lake, whose waters, overflowing many of the houses, rose almost to the level of our quarters. This is the starvation period of the year. The flood has driven all native tribes to the mountains, and cut off all communication with them. The water-fowl have

retreated to the inland pools, the grouse have gone to the distant plains to build their nests. Not a fish is to be caught in the river. The natives suffered greatly from famine. One family ate only once every two days, another subsisted for many days upon their dog harness, which they boiled into soup; others lived upon their deer-skin bedding. We could do little for them, for our own supplies ran fearfully low; our frozen meat thawed, and became so putrid that we could not eat it, but it was eagerly devoured by the natives. We had only a little black flour, and barely enough sugar and tea to last us to the mouth of the river. The dogs suffered still more, many of them living only on the carcasses of their starved companions. The natives have donned their summer attire, which consists mainly of the "comla," a kind of long shirt of light deer-skin, fitting closely around the neck and wrists, with a hood covering the whole head except the face. This, as well as mittens on the hands, is a protection against mosquitoes.

We had in the mean while constructed eight rafts, each having a hut upon it, and all lashed together, but so that any one could be easily detached. On the 20th of June the waters had so far subsided that we thought it safe to venture to embark on our voyage of five hundred miles down the Anadyr. There was, indeed, no time to be lost, for we had not tasted meat for a week, and our flour was reduced to a supply for two days for ourselves and the eight natives who were to accompany us, and no more was to be had until we should reach the mouth of the Myan, a hundred miles distant. It was the longest day in the year, there being only fifty-five minutes between sunset and sunrise, and there was no moment when there was not light enough to enable us to read fine print. The day was clear and warm, but a heavy wind was blowing, so that our utmost endeavors barely kept the raft from drifting ashore. After a few miles the current swept us into a creek, and we had to send back to Markova for assistance to extricate us. Seventeen men came down, and after two hours' towing and poling we regained the main channel. In order to travel day and night we divided our force into two watches, relieving each other every six hours. The stream was full of islands, and the current so slow, hardly half a mile an hour, that we were able to examine them. Besides eggs, we found sufficient numbers of hares, geese, and ducks to keep us in meat. The voyage would have been pleasant enough had it not been for the mosquitoes. These pests compelled us to wear our skin clothing night and day; but although we kept up a great smoke, and wore mosquito nets, and had our garments tied tight at the neck, waist, wrists, and ankles, we suffered severely. Our two dogs were almost tormented to death. The natives assured us that the mosquitoes were nothing to a small gnat, called the "moska," coming later in the season, who will bite through any thing short

CAPTURING THE WALRUS.



of buckskin, and can crawl through a pin-hole. On the 28th we came across a company of natives who had just speared sixteen deer; from them we procured meat enough to last us two days, and on the following days we speared a deer for ourselves, and caught several fish, so that we were safe from present starvation.

On the 3d of July, just a year from the day upon which we set sail from San Francisco, we stopped at a place called Oochostika. It consisted of two or three excavations in which huts had been built. The Tchuetchus, who dwelt along the river, from some superstitious notion, pull down their houses in the summer, and rebuild them in the fall. Here we landed and

put up our first yourt. This was our way of celebrating the glorious Fourth. After floating down the Anadyr another week we reached Macrae's camp of last winter, where we hoped to find that the expected vessels had preceded us. But we were doomed to disappointment. There were no vessels, and, what was worse, the storehouse had been broken open, and every thing carried off except a little salt beef and pork. Our party of thirteen soon used this up, and we stood a fair chance of starving, for it was too early for salmon, and other fish were scarce. There were plenty of geese, but we could not get a shot at them with our revolvers. Luckily for us, the moulting season was at hand,



THE "WADE" BEACHED BY THE ICE.

when they are unable to fly. One of our men discovered a large flock near a pond two or three miles away. We knew that they would take to the water when alarmed, so we hauled our light canoes to the place. Our hunt was successful. In an hour or two we speared and knocked over sixty of the birds. These lasted just three days. It was our last goose-chase, for all the flocks in the neighborhood took the alarm and disappeared.

We determined to remain as long as there was any hope of the arrival of the vessels, sending back, however, all the natives except four. Our sole reliance for food was the few fish we could catch. We spent as much time as possible in sleeping. In the morning, after taking a look for the vessels, we would set our seine, and wait for our breakfast to come along; usually it was dinner-time, and sometimes supper-time, before our wishes were gratified. A whole fortnight passed away. We grew more and more despondent day by day, for the summer was wearing away. Our anxiety reached its height as we turned in on the evening of August 14. Next morning we were awakened by loud talking, and before our eyes were fairly opened the hut was full of men, all talking English. There were three or four officers, and a boat's crew of sailors. The company's steamer, *Wright*, was at the entrance of the bay, thirty miles below, where she had stopped on her way northward to take in coal. Colonel Bulkley, who was on board, had no idea that there was any one here. He had sent the party up merely to leave a letter in case any one should come down the river.

Five weeks were passed in various preparations. Quite a number of vessels, with men, materials, and supplies, had congregated at the general rendezvous on Plover Bay, where a station was established. During this time we

had an opportunity of seeing the native mode of capturing the walrus. When they see these creatures in the bay they launch their skin canoes, each provided with half a dozen bone-headed harpoons, to which an inflated seal-skin is attached by a long cord. The walrus dive down; some of the hunters pound the water with slabs of whalebone; the walrus comes up to see what is the matter, and receives a harpoon. Down he goes again, but the buoy indicates his whereabouts, and when he comes up to breathe

he receives another harpoon; and so on until so many buoys are made fast to him that he can not dive under water, when he is dispatched with a spear.

Bush's party, now increased to twenty-five men, with the *Wade*, a little stern-wheel steamer, was sent to the point selected for a station near the mouth of the Anadyr. By the 1st of October a hut sufficient for the party had been built. Next morning the bay was full of drifting ice. The larger steamer, the *Golden Gate*, was aground; the *Wade* tried all day in vain to haul her off; and then, as the solid ice was forming rapidly, she had to put back to the station to escape being crushed by the heavy ice which the next tide would bring into the bay. As this was evidently the last trip which the *Wade* could make that season, it was resolved to haul her up on shore for the winter. Posts were sunk, purchases rigged, and they were just about to begin hauling when the work was taken out of their hands. A large field of floating ice swept along with such force as to lift the little steamer high out of water, and land her twelve feet beyond the water-line, cutting through the hull, shattering the wheel, and piling fragments of ice almost to the top of the deck-house, but fortunately doing little injury to the machinery. She was safe until spring.

All eyes were now fixed upon the *Golden Gate*, in hopes of seeing her move into the open water. But she lay motionless, canting upon one side. Next morning all her boats were seen leaving her, and picking their way through the floating ice. The sides of the steamer had been cut through, and she had filled with water. Luckily all her provisions had been secured on the main-deck, out of the reach of water. The crew had no alternative but to remain, increasing Bush's party from twenty-five to forty-six. She had on board supplies for only two

DISMANTLING THE WRECK.



months—a gloomy look-out for an eight months' arctic winter. By taking advantage of the tides all the provisions and most of the furniture were at length got off. On board were five hundred sawed telegraph poles, brought from British Columbia. These came in good stead for building a house for the new-comers. When all was done there were two houses, one thirty-six feet by eighteen, the other twenty-five feet square, with double board walls six inches apart, the space between being filled in with moss. Stoves and berths were put up; mirrors, tables, chairs, lamps, brought from the wreck, together with a small library of one hundred volumes. When all was done there was

not probably within two thousand miles as comfortable a residence.

A careful estimate showed that, with the utmost economy, the provisions might be made to last six months; but after that there would be four months more before any assistance could be received from vessels in the spring. Ration tables were carefully prepared, so as to give a different bill of fare each day in the week; and soon the days came to be distinguished only by the name of the principal article of food, as "bean-day," "sugar-day," "pork-day," "soft-bread-day," and the like. Officers and men fared alike in all respects. Regulations were drawn up, and placed where all could

see them; and, to the credit of all, there was not a single instance of their infringement during the whole year that ensued.

The main reliance for adding to our supplies was that the Tchutchus, with their herds of reindeer, would remain in the neighborhood during the winter. But three weeks passed, and none made their appearance. Then a party was fitted out to go in search of them. In a few days they returned with a couple of natives, whom they had persuaded to accompany them. These said they had avoided us, fearing that our intentions were hostile. "If you are not come to make war upon us," they asked, "why did you not bring your women and children?" We replied that our women were delicate beings, and could not endure the severity of the climate. At this they smiled incredulously; for their women do much of the hardest work, and bear exposure as well as the males. A few presents soon put them in good-humor, and inspired them with confidence. They agreed to come to us with their families. Three days after they came back, bringing eight hundred deer. We agreed upon a price for a hundred and fifty of these, which they were to select and kill for us.

As nothing could be done on the Anadyr until next spring, when poles could be cut and rafted down the Myan, Bush, leaving Macrae in command, set out on the 5th of November for Markova, taking four companions. The journey with dogs occupied twelve days. Every thing looked unfavorable. It had been a hard season. Every few years there is one,

when no salmon enter the river; and this had been one of them. The dogs were almost all starved, and without them there was no way of carrying supplies to the Myan. Bush remained at Markova during the greater part of the winter. Communications were made with Ghijigha, from which supplies were procured; Macrae in the mean while devoting the fair days to dismantling the wreck of the *Golden Gate*, from which every thing portable was carried off.

At Markova the month of December rolled on cold and stormy. The thermometer sank as low as -56° ; but our head-quarters were comfortable, and an abundance of fire-wood enabled us to keep comparatively comfortable, though we were sometimes obliged to wear our furs in-doors, and water would freeze within a yard of our blazing fire. Our Christmas-day was not a particularly merry one. The Russians retain the old calendar, consequently their Christmas falls twelve days later than ours. Notwithstanding their privations, the natives celebrated it with the usual gayety. Dances and masquerading parties were of almost nightly occurrence. Mark Tapley himself would have acknowledged the merit of being jolly under the circumstances.

Bush had supposed that the weather would begin to moderate in February, so that work could be commenced. A part of the men at the camp on the gulf were ordered up to Markova. But this February, 1867, proved by far the coldest month of the year. Between the 7th and the 15th the maximum temperature was -20° , the mean -42° , the minimum



HEAD-QUARTERS AT MARKOVA, NORTHEASTERN SIBERIA.

— $68\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ —only one degree above the lowest experienced by Kane, and within a few degrees as low as any on record. The extreme temperature on the 18th was -42° ; next day it rose to $+21^{\circ}$ —a variation of sixty-three degrees in twenty-seven hours. During this “cold spell” a party sent to the Myan were obliged to camp out in the open air. Sometimes, when standing so near the fire as to burn their hands, their noses would be actually freezing. Another party was at the same time coming up the Anadyr; but the cold was much less intense than farther inland. They had, however, a very severe journey, losing one of their number, John Robinson, on the way. He was in perfect health at starting, but died four days after of inflammation of the bowels. A fierce poorga was raging at the time, driving the snow through the chinks in the lonely hut.

Late in March, 1867, Bush set out for Ghijigha over his old route. The snow was in good condition, and the journey was performed in thirteen days. Here he found Kennan and a dozen others who had arrived at Petropaulovski the preceding fall, and thence made the journey overland through Kamtchatka. Here also supplies in abundance were to be obtained. Heretofore he had been unable to pay the natives in provisions for their services, and by some mismanagement at head-quarters he had no other means of payment. He had given them promissory notes payable in provisions at Ghijigha. Word had been left for them to come on and get their pay. The overjoyed creditors pressed everything upon four legs into service; but so miserable was the condition of their dogs that it took them twenty-eight days to perform the distance which Bush had accomplished in thirteen. It was a lucky thing for them that we had been without money to pay them, for they could now start back for home, their sleds loaded with provisions; whereas, had they been paid in money, they would have lost it all in gambling with their priest, a worthy confrère in every way with Father Ivan, of Ghijigha. Nearly every winter these two clerical worthies enter into partnership for a gambling expedition among the Koraks, from which they return rich in furs and rubles. The reverend pastor now came to Ghijigha with his flock, and kept himself drunk during his whole stay.

Returning to Markova, we had supplies sufficient to last until the 15th of July, before which time stores would certainly reach the mouth of the river. The men were all in high spirits, laughing at the recollection of their hardships; and all whose terms of engagement had expired renewed them for another year.

The spring of 1867 was a repetition of the preceding one: long days, beautiful midnight sunsets, the arrival of water-fowl, and finally the breaking up of the ice, which occurred several days earlier than last year. A party was sent to the Myan. Every thing betokened abundance of food. Ever and anon as we went up the river we came upon natives engaged in



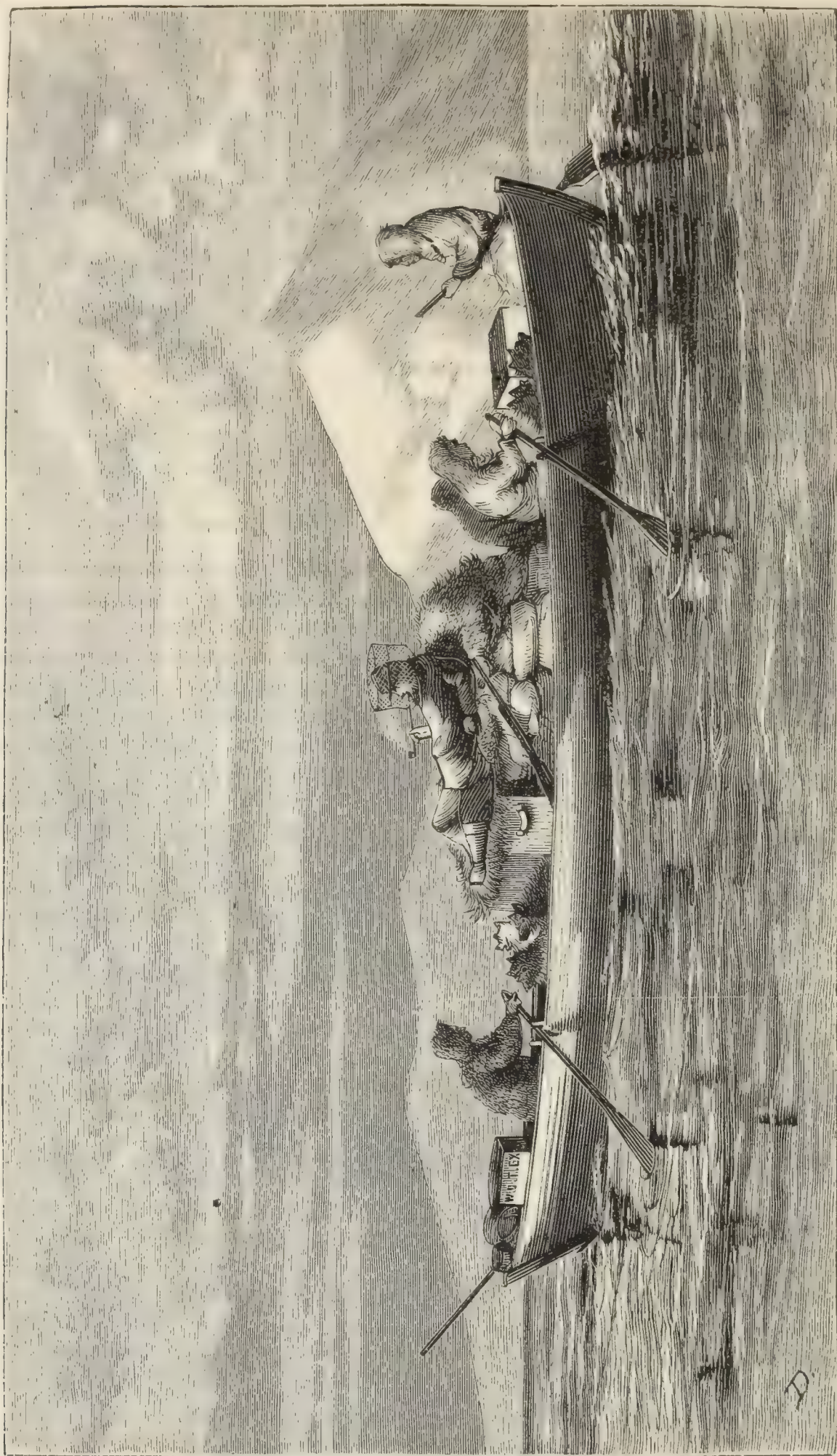
IVAN ERMECHKOFF.

spearing deer. At one crossing the banks were black with drying meat, and fifty carcasses were lying in the water waiting to be cut up. A hundred and twenty had been killed at this spot, and some hundreds more in the near vicinity. “Look there, barin” (gentlemen), they would shout, pointing to the piles of meat; “no more starving now!”

On the 12th of June, Bush and Norton, accompanied by several natives, among whom was Ivan Ermechkoff, a Lamut, set out in a boat to descend the Anadyr to secure the remains of Robinson, and have them interred at the Gulf Station. Ivan had been one of our raft crew the previous year, and a faithful friend all the last year. On the 26th we entered the mouth of the bay, still choked with ice. The wreck of the *Golden Gate* was still lying there. Shortly after a boat put off from the shore, and in a few minutes we were welcomed by as hearty and jolly a set of men as we ever saw. They had just launched the little *Wade*, repaired, freshly painted, and in all respects better than ever. There was one melancholy sight—a low mound, with a neat head-board bearing an inscription denoting that beneath lay the remains of Charles E. Geddes, carpenter of the *Golden Gate*, who had died, April 25, after a long illness. A few of the others had suffered from frost-bites; one so severely that it was necessary to amputate two of his fingers. The only implements for performing this operation were a handsaw and jackknife, and a pair of tweezers to pick up the arteries.

The remains of Robinson having been buried, we set out on our return voyage up the river in the little *Wade*. Three days’ run brought us to Oochostika, where coal and supplies were landed for the rafting party which was soon expected from the Myan. This was the first steamer that had ever plowed the waters of the Anadyr. It will probably be the last for generations.

The 4th of July was celebrated by a national salute at the station, from a 12-pounder gun which had been brought ashore for the purpose.

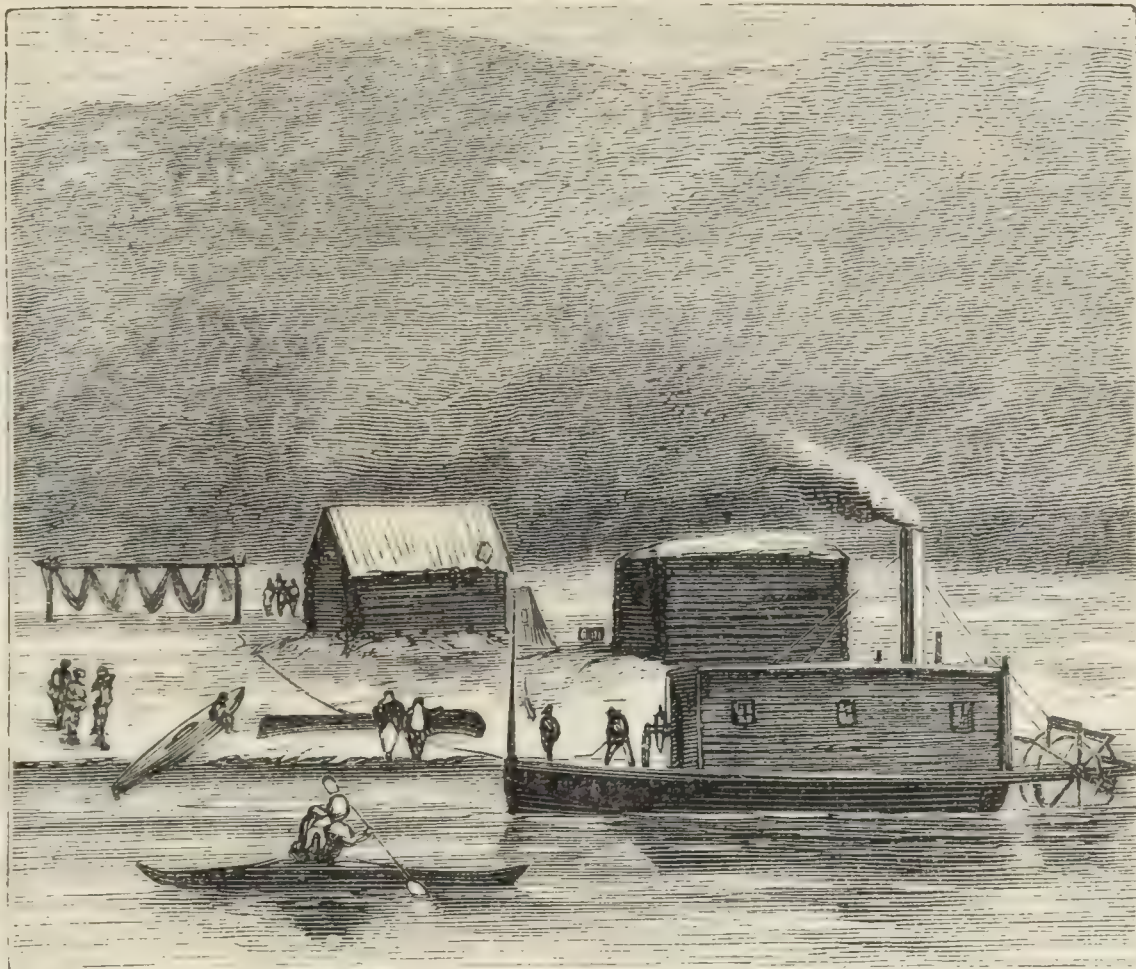


DOWN THE ANADYR.

A few dainties had been reserved for this great occasion. The *Wade* made three trips as far as Oochostika. On the last trip we met the first raft of poles from the Myan. Two thousand had been cut and formed into two rafts; but the water being too shallow to float them as they were, one raft had been divided into two. As we neared the station upon our return, we saw, to our joy, a bark flying the company's flag. Drawing nearer, our congratulations came to an end. Her copper sheathing was visible high above the water-line, showing that she contained no cargo; and none had been landed, for the beach was perfectly clear.

We divined what had happened. The Atlantic telegraph had succeeded, and there was no need of a telegraphic communication between Europe and America by the long route of Siberia, Behring Strait, and Alaska. Two thousand telegraph poles, now useless even for fire-wood, was the net result of our labor of two years.

The bark was the *Clara Bell*. She brought orders to get every thing on board, and proceed to Plover Bay, the general rendezvous of the whole expedition. The *Wave* was sent to the Myan to bring back the party there. By some strange neglect the bark had brought no supplies, although it was well known at New York



OOCHOSTIKA.

and San Francisco that ours must be exhausted; for we had, while at Ghijigha, sent a message to that effect to Nikolayefsk, whence it had been telegraphed by way of St. Petersburg. Economy is a very laudable thing, especially in winding up a losing concern; but it becomes an outrage when it takes the form of sending an empty ship to convey scores of men destitute of supplies a distance of three thousand miles. Our supplies were all but exhausted, but when Bush asked for provisions from the bark he found that there were none to spare. Fortunately the men had caught enough salmon to enable them to salt down three barrels. Upon these, with quarter rations of bread and a very little other food, we managed to exist until our parties had all been collected. All the property on the *Myan* had to be abandoned. It was put in charge of Ivan Ermechkoff, with instructions to deliver it up if called for by any of the company from Ghijigha; if not called for it was to be his own. We have not heard that any demand was ever made, and trust that that good fellow is by so much the richer.

Meanwhile, every thing portable at the station was transferred to the *Clara Bell*. Three miles of wire had been laid for experiments. For a considerable part of the time the air was so charged with electricity that messages could be sent over the wire without the use of the battery. This was the sum of telegraph-building in Siberia and Russian America. The sailors put up a sign on their quarters, informing any person able to read who might thereafter come that way that it was "the house that Jack built;" and on a pole near the storehouse was nailed another sign, indicating that the premises were "To Let." The little *Wade* took the bark in tow, and steamed out of the

harbor for Plover Bay. This was her last service, for she was broken up, and the hulk given to the natives. At Plover Bay the whole expedition remained a month and a half, rather hardly off for food, the commander making a trip in search of whalers, to procure supplies for the homeward voyage. In this he was successful; and on the 6th of September sail was hoisted for San Francisco, which was reached after a quick voyage of twenty-two days. Thus ended, after three years and three months, the attempt at telegraph-building in these arctic regions.

BORDER REMINISCENCES.

By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, U.S.A.

XVIII.—LIEUTENANT DERBY.

ALAS, poor Derby! Verily, it must be admitted that he was one of the most clever, genial, and amusing spirits of his day.

Overflowing with a redundancy of original, pungent wit, and effervescent, spicy humor, and possessing a prurient, constantly teasing, and insatiable penchant for the perpetration of keen, incisive raillery, at the risk even of incurring the displeasure of his best friends, it is not surprising that the memory of this incorrigible humorist should often be revived in the minds of those who entertain a lively appreciation for veracious burlesque and sparkling *bonmots*.

Many of Derby's droll stories have been told by himself with inimitable gusto in *Phenixiana*, and in other publications; but some of his happiest hits are only known to his associates. If the following has ever before appeared in print, I have not seen it:

Some years previous to his death this officer

was engaged in improving the navigation of the Mississippi River, with his head-quarters at New Orleans. Shortly after this he visited Nahant for his health, and took lodgings at the principal hotel of that fashionable watering-place, where he encountered a large number of pleasure and health seekers from various parts of the country, all of whom were strangers to him. It was in vain that he searched the register for familiar names; not a single one could he discover among them all. He wandered about over the grounds by himself during the entire day, and although crowds of people met him at every turn, yet he did not recognize a face.

Among the guests at the hotel was a convocation of dentists, who had assembled there for the purpose of discussing and deliberating upon matters pertaining to the general interests of their profession. Some of these people, observing Derby continually alone, and apparently without acquaintances, imagined that possibly he might be a brother dentist; but nothing positive was known concerning him until one individual took the responsibility of addressing him, and begged to inquire if he had the honor of speaking to a member of the dental fraternity; to which Derby, with the most bland politeness, replied that, although he might not be regarded as having been regularly inducted into the profession according to the ordinary acceptance of the term, yet he ventured to assert most emphatically, and without the slightest fear of contradiction, that he had but a short time before, with a steam-engine, performed a dental exploit of greater magnitude than had ever before been achieved. This astounding declaration, announced with so much confidence, was soon bruited about among the members of the convention, and intense curiosity was manifested by them to learn who the distinguished stranger was, as well as to ascertain the character and details of the great operation he had performed. The application of steam to purposes of their art was novel in the extreme, and the subject produced an animated discussion among themselves, during which various random conjectures were hazarded regarding Derby's identity, nationality, etc. Some surmised that he might be Dr. Evans, the great Parisian operator, while others thought he looked more like an eminent London dental surgeon, but nothing satisfactory was arrived at; and they finally resolved to appoint a committee to wait upon him and offer him a seat in the convention, hoping that he might thereby be induced to give an account of the wonderful achievement he had alluded to. Accordingly the invitation was extended to him, to which he responded that he entertained a lively appreciation of the honor they had conferred upon him, but, as he was on the eve of departure, it would be impossible to avail himself of it. If, however, as they stated, the convention deemed it important to the interests of science, and for the relief of suffering humanity, that he should disclose to them what he had accom-

plished in the dental line, he should no longer feel at liberty to hesitate in complying with their request. They assured him that the gentlemen present were unanimous in the opinion that the value to the dentistic art of such a contribution as he had indicated could not well be overestimated, and they were quite confident the convention would appreciate it accordingly; whereupon he authorized them to communicate to the association they represented the assurances of his most distinguished consideration, with the announcement of the fact "that he had but a short time before accomplished the exceedingly difficult operation of extracting the huge snags from the mouth of the great Mississippi."

XIX.—GENERAL UP-TO-SNUFF.

It was while Derby remained in New Orleans that Walker and other filibusters were recruiting men for the Nicaragua war. As the former was walking through Canal Street one day in "undress" uniform, he was accosted by a stranger, evidently from the country, who inquired if he was enlisting soldiers for the Nicaragua campaign. He replied that he was not just then engaged upon that service, but added, pointing to a portly lieutenant of the regular army who happened to be passing in full uniform, "Do you see that officer across the street?"

"Yes," replied he.

"Very well," said the irrepressible wag; "that man you see over there is the distinguished General Up-to-snuff. *He* is recruiting for Nicaragua."

The lieutenant's name was not Up-to-snuff, but U—ff, which really sounded something like the ludicrous metamorphosis that Derby had applied to it; and with those who knew the peculiarities of the man the application might be regarded as appropriate. He was quite a ponderous individual, with an erect and somewhat dignified bearing, but excessively inflated and pompous in his deportment. Moreover, he had an inexhaustible stock of "modest assurance," and seemed to be fully persuaded that he possessed about all the information that was of any value. At all events, if there was any thing he did not understand, he was never known to admit it. Moreover, he was eminently sensitive upon the subject of practical jokes when there was a personal application to himself, all of which was fully understood and appreciated by Derby. Upon the occasion referred to U—ff's coat was buttoned up so close around his short neck that it was with difficulty he could turn his head; his belt was drawn so tight around the waist that the adipose tissue was forced out until it almost united outside; and his huge sabre, dangling from the extremities of the straps, thumped and clattered upon the sidewalk as he, with head erect and eyes directed square to the front, strutted along, so that a stranger might easily have mistaken him for a man of some consequence.



GENERAL UP-TO-SNUFF.

As may be imagined, he was not only greatly amazed, but immensely enraged, when the aspiring tyro who had followed him addressed him as "*General Up-to-snuff*," and at the same time expressed a desire to enlist for the Nicaragua war; and he turned suddenly around upon the innocent victim with a most diabolical expression of countenance, and in a thundering tone of voice said, "What do you mean, you scoundrel, by calling me General Up-to-snuff? What do you mean, I say, Sir?" Not receiving any answer, he continued, "I believe you have been put up to this thing. Who told you that I was General Up-to-snuff? I'd like to know, Sir?"

The young man, trembling with apprehension at the infuriated manner of the lieutenant, very timidly replied, "That man over there told me so, Sir," pointing at the same time to Derby, who was still in sight, and very likely waiting to witness the result of the interview.

"He did, did he, Sir! Very well, Sir; you can give my compliments to 'that man *over there*,' and inform him from me, Sir, that he is laboring under a slight hallucination; that I am not General *Up-to-snuff*; no, Sir, not by a

devilish sight, Sir! And you can tell him, furthermore, Sir, that my opinion of him is that he had better attend to his own business, a devilish sight, Sir! Tell him that, Sir!" And away he stalked, soliloquizing and gesticulating most vehemently.

XX.—MARTIAL WOOING.

A second-lieutenant, by the name of W——, was once assigned to our regiment, who was born and "raised" in the wilds of Indiana; and although he possessed, naturally, fair intellectual faculties, yet he had received no education save what had been imparted to him in the rudimentary schools of the rural districts along the Wabash Valley. His vernacular was redundant with the *patois* of his nativity, and widely divergent from the acceptance of our standard lexicographers. He did not, however, seem at all conscious of his scholastic deficiencies, and for a good while continued to make use of his anomalous idioms, the oddity of which afforded us no little amusement. The young man evinced no spirit of segregation, but was disposed to be quite social with his brother officers, and was especially fond of la-



"WOULD YE LIKE FUR TO JINE TH' ARMY, MISS H——?"

dies' society. He visited them often; and as his original manner of giving expression to his sentiments diverted them not a little, he was always received kindly, and invited to repeat his calls.

About this time a young lady from New York city, a Miss H——, visited the family of one of the officers, and remained some months with us. She was highly accomplished, pretty, and exceedingly animated, piquant, and attractive. Moreover, she possessed a most genial, amiable, and kind disposition; but, like many others of the fair sex, her fondness for admiration occasionally carried her so far that her friends very justly charged her with having a dash of coquetry in her composition. Besides this, she had a decided penchant for badinage and fun.

No sooner had she been presented to Lieutenant W—— than she comprehended his character at a glance, and at once brought her heaviest metal to bear upon the exceedingly vulnerable citadel of his heart; and in a twinkling made so great a breach therein that the poor fellow surrendered at discretion. For the first

time in his life he found himself most desperately enamored.

He repeated his visits day after day for several weeks; and the young lady, impelled by a spirit of flirtation, encouraged his suit while he was, in her presence, but invariably took occasion, as soon as his back was turned, to detail to her young lady companions every thing that transpired during the interviews.

The verdant wooer, not having the faintest conception that he was being made the victim of misplaced affection, persevered in his courtship, and received such encouragement as to call forth from him some very emphatic declarations of admiration. He even went so far upon one occasion as to exclaim that "*he'd be dog-ond ef he didn't b'lieve she war a ann-gell.*"

This truly frank and sincere but unique avowal of sentiment set the waggish young lady nearly frantic with suppressed desire to shout with laughter; yet she controlled her features and preserved a serene cast of countenance; and she even managed to raise a semblance of a blush while casting upon her lover from behind her fan a benignant, coquet-

tish smile of satisfaction, as she coyly responded, "Oh, oh! Now, my *dear* Mr. W——, how *can* you say so? You make me blush—indeed you do. I can not believe you are sincere. I am afraid you are a gay Lothario, Mr. W——." Then tapping him very gently upon the shoulder with her fan, and bestowing upon him a most bewitching smile, she added, "*Are you not a gay Lothario, Mr. W——?*"

This question was rather a poser to the enamored "hoosier," who had never before heard of the person alluded to in her strategic rejoinder. Nevertheless, while pressing his hand upon what he conceived to be the region of the heart, but which, according to the location assigned that organ by anatomists, was a little too low, he replied, "I don't mind hearin' tell o' that thar individual afore, Miss H——; but I sorter reckon he's no kin o' mine. An' you am a *ann-gell*; *I swar you is.*"

Other equally forcible assertions of his devotion were made during this interview, all of which were received by the young lady in so gracious a manner as to afford him the most encouraging hopes of ultimate success.

Of course the entire conversation was detailed by Miss H—— with much zest to her associates, all of whom she invited to be at her quarters on the following evening. A short time before Mr. W—— had asked for and been promised a special audience, for the purpose, as she imagined, of making her a formal tender of his heart and hand. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, they all assembled, and were quietly ensconced in an apartment adjoining the sitting-room, with the communicating door slightly ajar, so that they could distinctly hear every word that was said.

Soon after this the lieutenant made his appearance in full uniform, and was cordially received by his sweetheart, who asked him to take a seat near her, and entered into seemingly a very confidential but rather loud conversation with him, which soon led him to approach the subject of his dearest aspirations. Placing himself upon his knees in front of her, with a most tender, anxious, and beseeching expression of countenance and voice, but with considerable manifestation of diffidence, he said, "*Would ye like fur to jine th' army, Miss H——?*"

"No," replied she, using his very words and imitating his peculiar diction; "I don't think I'd like fur to jine th' army, Mr. W——."

At this juncture screams of vociferous laughter burst forth from the mischievous girls in the adjoining apartment, in which the cruel Miss H——, no longer able to control herself, unmercifully joined, which caused the discomfited lover to leap to his feet in great confusion, seize his cap, and rush from the room; and I don't think he ever afterward attempted to pay his addresses to any lady.

XXI.—VOLUNTEERS.

No one entertains a higher appreciation and respect for the great achievements of our vol-

unteer troops than myself, and it was a subject of equal astonishment and gratification to me at the commencement of the war to witness the alacrity of our citizens from the Northern and Western States in rushing forward with earnest emulation to the defense of the jeopardized Union cause, and the cheerful acquiescence with which they abandoned the comforts of home and submitted to the privations and hardships of camp life, and the austerities and restraints incident to military training, as well as the unprecedented celerity with which these men acquired a knowledge of their duties.

The rapidity with which we levied, organized, equipped, and put in the field armies of vast magnitude from the raw material was without a parallel in the history of warfare, and has not only inspired us with confidence in our ability to supplement our military resources to almost any extent should future exigencies require it, but it has caused our flag to be more respected, and the military power of a great republican government to be more fully comprehended throughout the world, than they ever were before. I am constrained to admit, however, that a few exceptions to the facts above stated, so far as they apply to the personnel of our armies, came under my own observation among the volunteers that were raised in certain remote border districts of the Southwest; but unless a person has actually been among those people, and witnessed their anomalous peculiarities, he would hardly be inclined to give credence to some of their idiosyncrasies.

I had occasion, during the summer of 1864, to visit Arkansas and Southwestern Missouri, where I met with several regiments of volunteers which had been recruited in that section of country.

It is true some little knowledge of drill and discipline had been hammered into these men when I saw them, but they were still the roughest specimens of soldiers I ever encountered, and I was informed by their officers that when they were first called into service it seemed almost impossible to impart to their obtuse comprehensions the faintest idea of the importance of military instruction.

An officer of rank who was serving with these troops—a man who had passed the meridian of life, was a good soldier, and had seen some previous service in Mexico—gave me a detailed narration of his experience in illustration of the difficulties he had encountered in manipulating native border citizens into soldiers. His description made so forcible an impression upon my mind at the time that I think I can relate it very nearly in his own words—at all events, I will make the effort. As near as my memory serves me, it was as follows:

"My first service in this campaign was with volunteers from Arkansas and Southwestern Missouri. These men were called out upon the spur of the moment, hastily organized, and but partially equipped, to meet the sudden and startling exigencies of the momentous occasion; and

they consisted of farmers, hunters, and other loyal frontier men, many of whom probably never before saw an organized company of soldiers, and had not the least knowledge even of the rudiments in the art of war. Moreover, many of their officers were elected or appointed on account of their personal popularity, or their liberality in supplying whisky as a lubricator (if I may use the expression) in overcoming the scruples, raising the courage, and elevating the patriotism of the more timid and lukewarm of their 'feller-citizens,' and generally without any special reference to their knowledge of or qualifications for the profession of arms or the business of war.

"Nevertheless some of these men applied themselves assiduously to their novel vocation, and subsequently achieved well-merited distinction; but when they were first mustered into service, and assembled at Little Rock and other rendezvouses near the theatre of active operations, they were the most crude and unmilitary-looking aspirants for glory it has ever been my fate to encounter.

"Upon their arrival at the rendezvous they were dressed in all varieties of costumes. Some wore uniform coats and butternut-colored pants and vests, others were clad in buckskin coats and uniform trowsers, while a few appeared in buckskin throughout, and they universally adhered most tenaciously to their native old broadbrimmed hats. Moreover, the greater part of them carried in their hands or on their backs large carpet-bags, or sacks, expanded and stuffed out to their utmost capacity with all sorts of traps that were of no possible use in campaigning.

"They were, indeed, a most heterogeneous and motley set, and reminded me more of a crowd of camp followers who had loaded themselves down with plunder, upon the heels of a routed army, than of an organized body of soldiers.

"As fast as they reported they were assigned to camps, and immediately put upon a strict course of drill and discipline under the supervision of the best officers that could be found, and it was hoped that ere long they would present a more martial bearing. But their peculiar self-reliant individuality, and the notions of social equality in which they had been nurtured and instructed, were in every respect stubbornly antagonistic to rapid progress in military acquirements; besides, their naturally careless, slouching, and ungainly deportment and habits had become so thoroughly confirmed that it was by no means an easy task to set them up into any thing approximating a respectable soldierly appearance.

"Their lineage, instincts, and education were all in antagonism to aristocracy in every form.

"They believed in one common social platform, upon which all humanity stood on precisely the same level. They acknowledged no superiors, and it was probably this independent spirit which, at the commencement of the re-

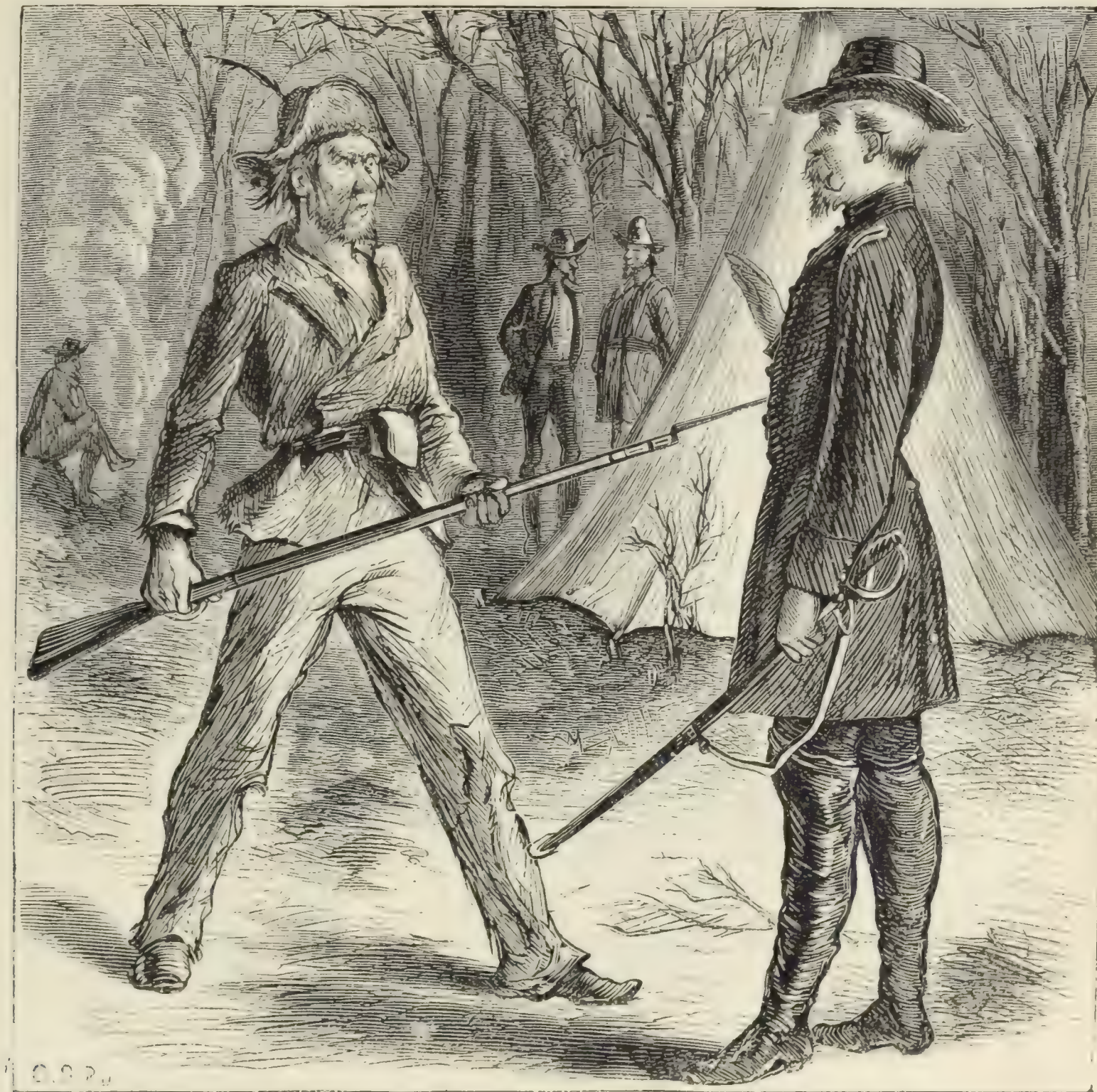
bellion, influenced their mistaken estimate of the relative combative powers of men in the two antagonistic geographical sections (a difference of some four or five to one in favor of the South). In a word, these people relied entirely upon individual courage and skill in the use of fire-arms. They knew nothing of the effects of moral cohesion or *esprit du corps* resulting from proper discipline and long service. On the contrary, they looked upon the entire system of military instruction as not only useless in warfare, but a farce, and treated it accordingly. For example, it was found absolutely impossible for a time to prevent their talking and turning around in the ranks at drill and on parade; and no sooner were they posted as sentinels, and their officers out of sight, than they would congregate in groups of three or four, sit down, talk, smoke, play cards, and do almost every thing but attend to their appropriate duties; and, in fact, many of the junior officers appeared to think there was no special impropriety in so doing.

"The officers of the higher grades, who generally had some little knowledge of military matters, were, as may be imagined, supremely disgusted at such gross, unsoldierly proceedings, and they resolved to exert all their energies in the enforcement of a more creditable condition of discipline. Accordingly the most stringent orders were promulgated, requiring frequent drills and other military exercises in strict conformity with the army regulations, and the officers of the guards were enjoined to give correct and minute instructions to sentinels, patrols, etc., and to pay vigilant and unremitting attention to the manner those orders were executed.

"After a good deal of annoyance and labor we succeeded in inaugurating a uniform system of instruction throughout the camps, which seemed to hold out the encouraging hope of a better state of things, and we congratulated ourselves upon the flattering prospect.

"As I had been instrumental in conducting the details of the new *régime*, I entertained a laudable ambition to have it carried out properly, and a triumphant issue consummated; and I must confess that I was a good deal encouraged, until one morning I dressed myself in full uniform, and, mounting my horse completely caparisoned, started out for the purpose of visiting the guards, and ascertaining from personal observation what progress the troops were making under our system of training.

"When I came in sight of the first post I espied the sentinel seated upon a fence, busily occupied in whittling a stick, with his musket lying upon the ground beside him. As soon as he saw me he jumped down, seized his musket, hurriedly came out to the road, and threw his person into an attitude which he probably considered the position of a soldier, but which was not at all consonant with my understanding of the teachings of Scott, Hardie, or any other tacticians of modern times whose drill-



"HALT THAR!"—[SEE PAGE 688.]

books had come under my observation. His dilapidated weather-beaten hat, with the broad brim turned up in front, was upon the back of his head; his chin, instead of being '*drawn in*,' was elevated to an angle of something like forty-five degrees with the horizon; his eyes turned up to a still higher inclination; and his head as fixed and immovable as if it had been held within the jaws of a vise. His concave chest was drawn in, and the natural convexity of his shoulders and back correspondingly augmented and arched; while the abdominal regions were protruded considerably forward, and his legs opened out like a pair of dividers, with his feet exactly parallel to each other, and perpendicular to the front.

"It certainly looked as if the man had intentionally reversed the soldierly disposition of every part of his head, body, and limbs; at all events, if he had been turned around, his face placed where the back of his head then was, and the dorsal substituted for the abdominal parts, his attitude, excepting his feet and legs, would not have deviated materially from the correct position of the soldier.

"Before I arrived within a hundred yards of his post he brought his musket into a position which doubtless he intended for '*present arms*,' with his left hand around the small of the stock, the right hand grasping the barrel near the muzzle, the butt pushed forward, and the bayonet projecting to the rear.

"As I approached, he, without the least perceptible movement of the chin, depressed his eyes toward me, and, with a broad grin upon his countenance, as if he regarded the entire proceeding as something supremely useless and silly, gave his head a short jerking nod, as he said,

"'How d' do, kurn?'

"I was, of course, most essentially discouraged, but I had no little difficulty in preserving my gravity at this ludicrous exhibition; and yet as the awkward fellow seemed to be exerting himself to do his best, I took especial pains to instruct him, and mildly informed him that it was not proper for sentinels to talk on post, and that in presenting arms he should hold his musket perpendicular.

"He collapsed from his constrained and



"NO YER DON'T."—[SEE PAGE 690.]

wearisome attitude into a more careless, easy position at my remark ; then, coming up to me, and placing his hand upon my horse's neck, replied,

"Look a-yerè, kurn ; I sorter reckon I ain't much fur sogerin' nohow, an' I be dog-ond ef I ken git this yere shootin'-iron o' mine into shape any way. She won't come "*up-an-dickler*" nohow you can fix 'er."

"I endeavored to incite the ambition of the willing tyro by the encouraging remark that he would probably be able to execute the manual of arms correctly after he had received a few more lessons ; at the same time I administered a gentle admonition to him for leaving his post and relaxing from the position of a soldier while in the performance of the duties of a sentinel. To which he replied, with the most melancholy and despondent look and tone of voice,

"Now look at him ! I'd jist like fur to know how I'm gwine to do forty things all to once. They want me to haul in my chin ; swell out my bussom till she's most busted ; cave in my be-owels ; squeeze my legs together till you couldn't drive a picayune between 'em ; squar

out my feet ; and sprawl open my paws to the front like they'd been handlin' something nasty. I tell ye, kurn, this yere can't all be did to once ; it's no use a-talkin' ; it's onpossible, ole pop, sure's yer born'd, an' I'm clean guv out a-tryin'."

"After giving this man some further encouragement and information relative to his guard duties I left, and passed along the line until I encountered another sentinel, who was walking his beat rapidly, and, to all appearances, keeping a vigilant, sharp look-out in every direction. As soon as he espied me he came to a sudden halt, leaned forward his head, turned his body to the right and left, and, with his eyes contracted, as if he was a good deal puzzled to make me out, scrutinized me from head to foot very closely (I imagine he had never before seen an officer in full-dress uniform), and as I continued to approach nearer he came suddenly to a charge, and at the same instant screamed out at the highest pitch of his voice,

"*Halt thar ! Whar d' ye come from, stranger ?*"

"As I did not answer immediately, he, with a

most ferocious cast of countenance, leaped several feet from the ground, and, alighting quite close to me, with his bayonet still pointed directly at my person, exclaimed, in a highly excited manner: 'I'm a *kavortin kanguru*! I'm that thing, ole hoss, sartin sure; an' ef yer don't tell me whar yer come from, I'll job ye with this yer bayanut, by thunder!'

"Not having the faintest conception of what was meant by this rude salutation, and the point of the bayonet being at this juncture in rather closer proximity to my person than was altogether agreeable, I indignantly exclaimed:

"What do you mean? do you dare to threaten a field-officer in this manner, Sir?"

"To which he responded:

"Look a-yere, Mr. Field-hossifer (ef ye be one), you jist tell me dum'd sudden whether you be one of Uncle Sam's boys or not, *der yer he-ah!*" then, making another lofty vault into the air, and giving utterance to an exclamation which sounded, as near as I can express it, like *waugh*, or the suppressed bark of a huge dog, he menacingly awaited my answer.

"I endeavored to calm his impetuosity by explaining to him who I was, and by what authority I called upon him; but it was some time before he was satisfied that it was all right. I finally succeeded, however, in establishing my official identity to his satisfaction, and directed him to give me his orders.

"Orders!" replied he; "I don't give nary orders to the like o' you. You'll git them from the ole ginral up thar to head-quarters, I reckon. I'm a private sojer man, I is."

"Perceiving that my meaning was not apprehended, I explained to him that I was not asking orders for my own action, but those he had received relative to the performance of his duties as a sentinel.

"Oh, ye-as," said he, a gleam of intelligence illuminating his stolid countenance, "I see; you jist want fur to know what I've been drivin' at heah, don't yer, boss?"

"Certainly," said I; "my object is to ascertain whether you have a knowledge of your guard duties. You will, therefore, give me *in detail* all the instructions you have received relative to the manner you are to perform those duties."

"He seemed somewhat puzzled at this; but, after reflecting an instant, replied: 'Which? *Detail*, did ye say? Why, I tell you I war a private sojer. I don't *detail* nobody. The ag-getunt up thar to camp, he *detail* every body, I reckon.'

"My patience was nearly exhausted at the perverse stupidity of the fellow, and almost in despair I said, 'Will you, or will you not, tell me what you have been placed here for, and what you have been doing?'

"Sartin. Why, I've been a-talkin' long o' you, hain't I, boss?"

"Yes, yes. But will you tell me what you have been ordered to do by the non-commissioned officer of the guard who placed you here?"

"*Azackly*. Oh, ye-as, I see now!" Then seating himself on a log, he said, 'Now, cap, ef you'll squat yerself 'longside o' me, I'll tell ye all about it.'

"I was not, as may be imagined, in the best humor to receive this familiar invitation in good part; but, for the purpose of learning how far he would carry the farce, I complied with the suggestion, when he placed his hand on my shoulder, looked at me with a most beseeching expression, and, with his mouth close to my ear, said (*sub voce*):

"Yer hain't got ary plug o' tobacco 'bout yer clothes, has ye, boss? I've got a powerful hankerin' fur a smoke.'

"I answered in the negative, and directed him to inform me without further delay what orders he had received.

"Orders!" said he. "Oh, ye-as, I see; you want them dod-rotted orders. Wa'al, now, I'll tell yer how it war. Yer see, the sargunt, he com'd down heah 'long o' me, an' says 'e, 'Tom,' says 'e, 'you jist stick on this yere post till somebody' (I don't jist now mind who 'twas) 'comes 'long to take you off.' 'What *post*, sargunt?' says I. 'I don't see nary post 'bout heah; an' ef I did, I ain't gwine fur to straddle no post fur nobody. I didn't 'list fur the like o' that!' 'Ha, ha, ha,' says 'e. 'I don't mean no stake-post. I mean this yere trail right 'long heah.' 'All-l-right, sargunt,' says I. 'I'll tarry heah till the cows comes home, you can jist bet yer life on that thar, sargunt,' says I."

"I then asked him if the grand rounds had passed his post.

"Grand which?" replied he.

"Grand rounds," I repeated.

"Nary *round* have com'd this a-way since I war heah."

"What would you do, then," I said, "if the grand rounds were to approach you?"

"Wa'al, now, I don't mind hearin' tell o' them fellers afore; but ef they makes sign 'bout heah, I'll come a hollar squar on um, sure!" (the signification of which I took to be that he would undertake the solution of the somewhat difficult problem of squaring the circle); at the same time he tipped me a significant wink, indicative of his confidence in being able to cope with the formidable unknown.

"After enlightening him in regard to the composition and functions of the grand rounds, I informed him that certain officers were to be saluted with 'present arms,' and others with 'carry arms.' Then, in order to test his memory, I asked how he would salute the commanding officer.

"He very promptly replied, 'I'd come a *present* on the ole man, an' say, 'How do yer find yerself by this time, boss?'"

"I remarked that the general was certainly entitled to a 'present,' but it would be as well to dispense with the verbal part of the salutation.

"The next question I put to him was, 'How would you receive a patrol should one approach your post?'

"'Pat Role?' said he. 'Ef *Pat* Role, or any other consarned Irishman, kicks up a muss 'bout these yer diggins, he'll kotch *partic'lar* lightnin'. He'll never eat nary 'nother tater, you bet.'

"I explained that the patrol was not (as he seemed to imagine) an individual Hibernian, but an armed body of troops, whose duty it was to pass around the camps for the purpose of ascertaining whether every thing was quiet.

"He understood this, remarking:

"'Oh, ye-as, I see. These fellers they sorter *rolls* and browses round loose. I'd like monstrous well fur to jine that thar reg'ment.'

"As I was about leaving this incorrigible recruit, in absolute despair of being able to teach him his duties, he called after me, 'Whar do ye stop, cap?'

"'At head-quarters,' replied I.

"'Oh, yer does! Wa'al, now, mister, I'd like fur ye to tell the ole *ginral*, when ye go home, that it's all right up this a-way; an' ef the rebs is gwine fur to make fight down thar not to be skeert, fur thar's five or six of us boys from C—— County as has got right smart o' claws, an' ef the ole man will jist let us know when the scrimmage begins, we'll come down an' do some tall scratchin'. We'll go fur 'em, sartin.'

"After passing entirely around the cordon of outposts, and encountering several other sentinels nearly as intractable as those described, I returned to camp most essentially disheartened.

"Although our efforts were not for a time attended with any very favorable results, yet we used our best endeavors to impart instruction to the new levies, and required every thing to be done strictly *en règle*."

XXII.—RIFLE-PIT.

Another superlatively ludicrous incident, which actually occurred in the Army of the Potomac, and afforded a good deal of amusement at the time, I have never seen published. I will therefore introduce it here.

During the most severely contested period of the battle of "Bull Run," General Franklin, in passing from one portion of his command to another, espied a soldier ensconced very securely in a pit, where he was completely covered from the missiles of the enemy, which at that particular juncture happened to be flying more densely than he appeared to think consistent with his safety above ground.

As soon as the general saw the man he called out to him, and asked what he meant by skulking in that cowardly manner, and in a very peremptory tone ordered him to get out of the pit and join his company instantly. He did not, probably, recognize the general; at all events, instead of obeying the order, he crouched closer to the ground than before, and, turning his eyes toward the general, placed his thumb to his nose, with the fingers spread out, and, slowly moving his hand from right to left, replied: "No yer don't. I know what yer after: ye want this hole yerself; but yer ca-a-a-an't come it, ole feller!"

TEDDY'S TRIUMPH.

I.

THE *dépôt* of the Great Western line was in its usual state of excitement and confusion as the hour drew near for the departure of the Lightning Express. Porters, hackmen, drivers—those licensed brigands who prey upon the traveling public—rushed to and fro seizing upon their unwary victims; vendors of fossil ginger-cakes and sickly apples thrust their unwholesome sweets with tempting pertinacity upon the notice of youthful travelers; newsboys piped in shrill treble the merits of their respective sheets; while the usual crowd of idlers, pickpockets, loafers, and gamins lounged about the spacious building, kept in wholesome awe by the Argus-eyed policemen, whose sinewy forms showed that their batons were not intrusted to powerless hands.

Major Ralph Grahame stood leaning carelessly against one of the heavy iron pillars, smoking the remains of his choice Havana, and surveying the scene with the calm imperturbability that only an old traveler and an unencumbered bachelor can ever hope to attain. His valise and rifle were on the ground beside him, his one friend, being four-footed, was consigned to a baggage car, his through ticket safely folded in his capacious and well-filled pocket-book; and thus blissfully free from all a traveler's care, he could afford to smoke and smile at the excited scene around him.

Soon tired of watching the motley crowd, he flung away his cigar impatiently, and picking up his valise and rifle, walked hurriedly along beside the long train of cars, seeking a comfortable spot for what promised to be a tedious journey.

"I'll forego the delights of the weed to-day, for the smoking-car is a veritable barrack, and on the verge of the forties even Ralph Grahame begins to think of his ease. Besides, a tramp across the prairie with a pack of yelling Sioux at your back gives one a relish for civilized society. In the ladies' car—humph!" and Major Grahame surveyed the compartment which he had chosen with no great satisfaction.

"Well, I was a gentleman once, and will resume the character for the nonce. As my old sergeant used to say, I may pass muster at a short drill."

So saying the major threw himself carelessly on the cushioned seat, placed his valise and rifle beside him, and taking out the morning's paper, was soon immersed in its contents.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! what a great big man! and see what a long beard he has got! When I am growed up I am going to have a beard just like that. And oh, mamma, he's got a gun—a *real* gun!"

"Hush, hush, my son! don't speak so loud, Teddy dear," was the warning, in tones of such gentle sweetness that Ralph Grahame, so long a stranger to the sound of woman's voice, was struck by its subtle music, and listened eagerly until she spoke again.

"You must keep quite still and stay beside me, Teddy dear; it is not safe for little boys to move round in the cars. Besides, you know," with a skillful appeal to baby chivalry, "you must take care of mamma; she has no one now but her little boy."

Teddy drew up his small form with conscious pride. "Don't you be afraid, mamma; I'll take care of you. If you feel at all frightened, just take hold of my hand," putting out a diminutive mitten. "And if the cars should blow up, mamma—Willie Grey says they do sometimes—I tell you what I'll do: I'll go to that big man with the beard, and I'll tell him that I'm too little myself, but if he'll carry you out safe I'll give him my top and savings-bank; and it's got ten cents in it, mamma."

An irrepressible smile broke through the shadow of the big man's beard at this munificent offer, but Major Grahame was too gentlemanly to betray other consciousness of his little fellow-traveler's criticism. Under the friendly shelter of his newspaper, however, he glanced unobserved at the two speakers.

A little boy about five years old occupied a seat some distance beyond him—a bright, intelligent little fellow with crisp brown curls, eyes dancing with eager curiosity, and a rosy face full of roguish dimples. Some mother's darling evidently, for the snowy linen so daintily embroidered, the little suit so tastily made, the jaunty cap, and bright-hued scarf, showed that "Teddy's" wardrobe was the work of loving hands.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow," the touching Scriptural words, telling of the saddest and holiest of all earthly ties, came unconsciously into Major Grahame's mind as he glanced from the bright-eyed boy to the slight figure beside him draped in the sombre garments of widowhood. He could not see her face, for her veil was down; but the form was round and girlish, the voice fresh and musical, and the hair, wound around the graceful head, as golden as the mid-day sun. And the major thought that sorrow must have come early to "Teddy's" mamma.

"Oh, mamma," began the irrepressible one again, "see what a lovely lady! Why don't you wear a dress like that and a pretty bonnet, and have your hair curled? This old black dress is so ugly."

"My darling, don't you know mamma wears this black dress for papa's sake—poor papa, who went to heaven when you were a little baby."

"I don't see," said the little philosopher, reflectively, "if papa is in heaven, why you have to wear a black dress, and hide all your pretty curls away. The angels wear white dresses and wings. But, mamma, where do you suppose the pretty lady is going? To her grandpa's, like we are?"

"I suspect she is just married, my son," replied his mother, with a little fluttering sigh, the widow's tribute to memory. "She is dressed like a bride."

"Then I wish you were a bride too—you would look so very, *very* pretty in a veil like that, and all your curls showing. Oh, mamma, couldn't you be a bride too!" pleaded Teddy, earnestly.

"My darling, that is all over for mamma," was the gentle reply; and for a moment the heavy veil was thrown back, and a sweet pale face, framed in wavy golden hair, bent down to kiss the boy's innocent brow. "I was papa's bride, you know."

"By great Heavens I *do* know!" muttered Ralph Grahame, as the blood flushed into his swarthy face, and springing from his seat, regardless of the valise and the rifle he left behind him, he flung open the door and passed into the next car. "My God!" he murmured, in husky accents, "can it be? or am I the victim of some wild delusion? Bah! bah! fool that I am, I thought I had outlived all this. Yet it was her face—that face so fair, so false, so unforgettably. I should have known that voice," he continued, bitterly; "but its tone has changed, changed since it breathed musical perjuries into my enchanted ear, changed since it whispered the false, cruel words that made me what I am—a wanderer on the face of the earth. And that boy, then, is *his* child—*her* child and *his*—the shallow-pated, weak-hearted fool that took *my* place, that won *my* bride—mine by vows that I held as sacred as if breathed at God's altar: fond, foolish dreamer that I was!"

"The big man has gone, mamma," said Teddy, gazing somewhat ruefully at the door; "and now what am I to do if the cars blow up? And oh, see! he has left his gun! Please, mamma, let me go look at it. I won't touch it, indeed I won't; but I do want to see a real shooting-gun. Jack Willis pretends he has one," said Teddy, scornfully, "but it won't fire any thing but pease. Just let me go see how this one looks, mamma."

"Oh no, no; don't go near it, my darling!" exclaimed his mother, with a true feminine horror of fire-arms. "Come here, sit beside me, and look out of the window. See what a pretty little stream we are crossing. Grandpa has one just like it on his farm, and we will have a pretty boat, and you will take mamma out sailing; won't that be nice?"

"Jolly!" said Teddy, delightedly; "but, I say, you mustn't sew all day, like you did last winter when I was sick, and we lived at old Mrs. Ramsay's. Wasn't she a cross old woman? Don't you remember one day you gave all your money to the doctor, and didn't have any for her, and she said—"

"Yes, yes, dear," said the mother, gently, interrupting Teddy's inopportune reminiscences; "but we are going to have a nice holiday now. No doctors or Mrs. Ramsays to trouble us. My little boy will grow well and strong again, playing about the fields and hills. It has been a weary winter," she added, softly, to herself; "but spring has come, thank God!" And her

pale face, as she spoke, wore a smile of peaceful gratitude. She was a slight, fragile little creature, this widowed mother of Teddy's, with great soft blue eyes, and a wealth of golden hair that would curl rebelliously, even though prisoned in the widow's cap.

The girlish roses, it is true, had paled on her delicate cheek, and the faint lines about the small red mouth showed that grief had penciled there; but the beautiful face lost none of its interest by the cloud that shadowed its brightness; perhaps, indeed, it had gained an expression lacked by its early bloom.

Sorrow had come to this once thoughtless, gladsome nature, in angel guise, softening, purifying, exalting it. Teddy's gentle "mamma" was a different being from the bright-eyed, impulsive maiden of ten years ago—the spoiled darling of a happy home—

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

Wifehood, motherhood, widowhood, the triple tide of woman's life, had swept the laughing brook into the deeply flowing river.

"Mamma," said the irrepressible Teddy, whose longing eyes returned ever and anon to the fascinating "shooting-gun," "I wonder what that big man went off for? Do you think he will come back for his gun? 'R. G.'—oh, see, mamma! I can read the letters on his bag. 'R. G.' I wonder what they mean? 'R. G.' What *does* it mean, mamma?"

A slight flush arose to the mother's pale cheek, and she listened absently as her boy prattled on.

"R. G." There was nothing remarkable in these simple initials, yet they awoke long-slumbering memories—memories of the gladsome "brook time," when life rippled merrily along through smiling vales and shadowing groves, when the sky was bright and clear, and earth was glad with the beauty and promise of spring. "R. G." Long ago, in that far-off time, a package of treasured letters had borne that dashing signature; they had been engraved on a simple ring she once had worn right proudly; they were carved with her own initials on the old oak by her father's gate. Swiftly the train sped on through vale and forest, flashing by mountain precipices, spanning the mountain streams; but memory, with power still more magical, in one brief second transported the widowed dreamer over the mighty gulfs, the fathomless abysses, that yawn between the present and the past. Again the old familiar scene arose before her—the quaint old gate-way, with the stone pillars wreathed with sweet-brier and woodbine, the moss-grown oak shadowing the quiet lane—herself a happy, blushing girl, gazing upward, half in wonder, half in love, at the dark, earnest face bending toward her. "Heart of oak," he had said, dreamily, as he carved the entwined initials on the hard, rough bark—"the name once engraved upon it can never, *never* be effaced. Think of that, Nellie,

when I seem rude and harsh with you. Mine is the heart of oak, beloved."

Ah, well! it had all been but a girlish dream. He had seemed proud, stern, exacting, and she was only a spoiled, petted child, unused to aught but tenderness and love. They parted in anger, and the widow smiled sadly as she recalled her brief tempestuous wrath, and the burst of childish tears in which it had evaporated.

So he had gone, this old-time lover—gone with a pale, stern face and compressed lips, that made her wonder at his calmness, and in her girlish pique resolve that she, too, would forget. She had been sad and lonely for a while, but she was only seventeen. The summer came again, bright and beautiful; the grand old forest grew dim and shadowy; the flowers peeped forth from their winter hiding-places; the birds twittered again from the boughs of the ancient oak—and Edwin Wharton, with his lustrous eyes, his golden curls, his boyish grace, whispered love.

The old heart wound was scarcely healed, but pride aided the young lover's ardor in overcoming all resistance, and when, at length, she stood at the altar, it was as a happy and willing bride.

It would have been hard, indeed, to have resisted one so tender, gentle, and winning as the youthful husband, and for a while the young hearts dwelt in an atmosphere of love and happiness.

But the shadow that follows the sunbeam darkened their pleasant home. Edwin Wharton, social, ease-loving, and careless, became involved in pecuniary difficulties, and in the crash that ensued he lost at once fortune, friends, and position.

Then it was that his wife awoke to the knowledge that comes so bitterly to woman—that she has leaned upon a reed that sways helplessly in the tempest of life; that the manly strength upon which she has relied is but a mockery of support; that the idol she has worshiped is tottering feebly on its feet of clay. At the first blow of adversity her husband broke down completely in health, energy, and spirits; unable or unwilling to accept the helping hand which former friends held out to him, the burden of support fell entirely upon the shoulders of his delicate wife.

Then it was that Ellen Wharton showed herself the true woman. Aroused to new exertion by the sense of necessity, all the hidden strength of her character, that prosperity would have left forever undeveloped, was brought to light by the rude stroke of adversity.

With a helpless, broken-spirited husband, a dying child—for her first-born faded away during those weary days—and her baby boy clinging to her breast, it required almost superhuman energy to struggle on amidst poverty and toil, sickness and sorrow. All the accomplishments that had been the pride or amusement of her happy girlhood now were transformed into the welcome tasks by which she must earn

her daily bread. Painting, sewing, writing, teaching—all that a delicate woman could do, she did bravely and untiringly, and withal so cheerfully, that when, pillowed on her faithful breast, her husband breathed his last, he had not known one-half the trials she had met and battled for his sake. Then Teddy became her only idol—bright-eyed, merry little Teddy, who, with all his father's tenderness, had a certain baby resolution that would one day become the manly strength his father had always lacked.

So the mother struggled on, though loving friends had offered a home both to her and to her baby boy: it was her pride and pleasure to work for him until he could work for her. But the past winter had been a trying one. Teddy had grown weak and ill, and she knew that her own overtasked strength was giving way, so that she felt the need of refreshment and recreation. A visit to the dear old homestead promised both; therefore she had yielded to repeated solicitations, and leaving the dreary city, scene of her sorrow and desolation, was traveling with her delighted boy to her childhood's home.

"Hollo! we're a-stoppin', mamma—we're a-stoppin'!" cried Teddy, excitedly. "Have we got to grandpa's, or are we going to blow up?"

"Not blow up, my fine little fellow," said an old gentleman near, with an amused smile; "but we are going to break down, I fear. No cause for alarm, madam, I assure you. The locomotive has given way; but there will be no more serious result than the few hours' detention. Not an uncommon thing on this road, I understand," he added, joining a group of gentlemen who were leaving the car to inspect the disabled engine. Mrs. Wharton looked out of the window, with a mental thanksgiving that the accidental injury was discovered in time; for the spot on which the train had stopped was such that a disaster would have proved exceedingly fatal. They were in a wild mountain ravine. On one side a rugged precipice slanted down to a brawling streamlet; on the other a wall of rock, smooth, steep, and bare, showed that the skill of man had hewn from the solid granite this narrow and perilous pass.

Above and around the mighty Alleghanies towered in silent majesty, their lofty summits bathed in golden vapor, their rugged sides clothed with the delicate verdure of early spring. A few delicate fleecy clouds floated in the clear azure heavens, from which the sunbeams fell with that gentle, tremulous light that befits the month of "smiles and tears." The still, beautiful life of nature seemed so to surround and encompass her that it was with a shock of momentary terror that Mrs. Wharton heard a passenger remark, "Two minutes more and the power of mortal man could not have saved us from a frightful death."

As she involuntarily clasped her boy, with a murmured thanksgiving, to her breast a dark

face glanced in the door-way for a moment, as if to see that all was safe.

Neither Teddy nor his mother saw him; but the "big man" was faithful to the trust reposed in him by the unconscious child. "Humph!" he muttered, as with one look at mother and son he lit his cigar, and turned for a stroll over the mountain; "I thought women fainted in such emergencies: poor fool, she was praying. How she loves that boy—Wharton's boy!" and the dark look again shadowed Ralph Grahame's brow as he plunged still further into the recesses of the mountain. Many of the passengers, in parties of two and three, followed his example; for the delay promised to be a tedious one, and a walk through these sylvan solitudes, so seldom trodden by the foot of man, offered fascinations to the romantic and adventurous. A little beyond the scene of the accident the noisy little brook before mentioned tumbled over a wall of rock in a succession of miniature cascades, and the murmur of the mountain water-fall drew the more curious of the travelers to this picturesque spot.

Among the rest the kind old gentleman who had explained to Mrs. Wharton the cause of the stoppage had taken up his cane, and was about to leave the car, when he saw Teddy's brown eyes fixed wistfully upon him.

"Would you like a walk too, my little man?" he asked, benevolently. "If mamma will let you come with me, I promise to take the best possible care of you. I have sent six stout boys of my own out into the world, madam," he said, with a smile, to Mrs. Wharton, "so you can trust to my experience with these little folks."

"Oh, mamma, may I go, *may* I go?" pleaded Teddy, his dancing eyes more eloquent than words.

"Of course you may go," said the old gentleman, cordially, as his mother smiled her assent. "Mamma knows what a weary thing it is for a boy to sit still for six hours. So come along, and we'll see these 'Leaping Waters,' as the Indians called them."

Teddy joyfully obeyed, and, as he followed the old gentleman from the car, turned, with the childish grace that his mother knew so well, and kissed his little hand to the gentle face watching him from the window, and in a moment had disappeared with his elderly companion down the precipitous side of the mountain, whence came the sound of merry voices and musical laughter, as the young people assisted each other up and down the rocky pass.

For some time Teddy's old friend followed the rest of the adventurers, and watched with tender care over the little fellow tripping by his side; but at sixty every one has a hobby, and in an unfortunate moment old Mr. Ellis met and mounted his. He was a geologist, and the rocks around him furnished tempting material for investigation. The walk and water-fall, Mrs. Wharton and Teddy, were alike forgotten, as, entering into a hot argument with a casual

acquaintance on the formation of certain strata, Mr. Ellis separated himself from the rest of the travelers, and was soon lost to every thing but the fascinations of science. Poor little Teddy, who dutifully kept at his guardian's side, began to grow weary. They had left the pretty, laughing brook, left all their merry companions, and were away among ugly rocks, where not even a blade of grass could grow; and oh!—terrible temptation!—within a little distance, a very little distance it seemed to Teddy's eye, was a sunny little nook blue with violets, beautiful violets, just like his own mamma's eyes. He must have some, only a tiny bunch, to give to mamma; he would run off and get them, and be back again before Mr. Ellis finished chipping at that tiresome rock. One word to his absent-minded protector, whose present attention was far removed from every thing but fossils, and Teddy had the desired permission, and was bounding off in search of his blooming treasures. But, like the phantom hopes that delude older hearts than Teddy's, the violet dell seemed to grow more and more distant as he hurried on.

"They were just here," he thought, turning around a giant boulder, and breathless with haste and excitement.

A low growl greeted his coming, and for a second dreadful visions of bears and lions rose in Teddy's mind; but the next moment his fears were assuaged, for it was only an immense black mastiff that lay at the base of the rock, quietly couched at its master's feet. And there, leaning in a reclining position against the rock, puffing great clouds of smoke from his long Havana, his eyes fixed listlessly on the clear blue sky, was the dog's master—none other than the big man with the beard.

"Down, Towzer! be quiet, Sir!" was his command as the animal's movements attracted his attention; and he looked around to see the cause of the mastiff's excitement.

Surely in the little figure that met his gaze, the rosy face so eager with childish pleasure, the innocent eyes raised with such astonishment to his, there was nothing to excite displeasure; yet an irritated expression darkened Major Grahame's countenance when he perceived who it was that had intruded upon his solitude.

"Take care," he said, gruffly, as, boy-like, Teddy began to stroke the growling dog; "take care, child; my dog has been shut up all morning, and is not very amiable."

"Nice dog, nice dog," said brave little Teddy, still coaxing the dangerous animal, until the fierce eyes winked good-humoredly, and Towzer, wagging his tail like the best-natured of playfellows, got up, shook himself, and appeared ready for a romp.

"Down, Sir, down," said his master, sternly.

"He wants to have a run," said Teddy, sympathetically. "He's a jolly dog; what do you call him? Towzer? What a funny name! Here, Towzer, Towzer! good old fellow, good old dog!" And the boy, forgetful of Mr. Ellis

and the violets, began a delighted romp with his new-found playmate.

Towzer, whose dignity had been insulted and his freedom outraged by three hours' confinement in the baggage car, appeared to enjoy this diversion from the day's programme extremely, and after leaping, tumbling, and racing with Teddy for some minutes, finished the performance by seizing the boy's little Scotch cap, and making off with it up the mountain. The dismayed owner of the captured article started in hot pursuit; and at this inauspicious moment the shrill whistle of the locomotive and clang of the bell called the passengers to return.

Major Grahame started hastily from his moody reverie. "Here, Towzer, here, Sir! Boy, boy, come back; you will be left."

Vain were his excited calls. Towzer, in high glee, was bounding with his spoil over the distant rocks, and Teddy, in eager pursuit, could neither hear nor heed the warning.

"What the deuce am I to do?" muttered Towzer's master, as the whistle sounded more impatiently. "We are half a mile from the track, and they will not wait for us. I can't leave the child or the dog either, confound them both! Here, boy! Neddy—whatever your name is—come back, come back!"

The major's stentorian tones were echoed by the neighboring rocks, but he might as well have called to an eagle on the wing. At length, despairing of being heard, he started himself in pursuit of the wanderers, and sprang up the mountain-side with an ease and activity that soon brought him to Teddy's side.

"Come," he said, with pardonable irritation, "I told you to let the dog alone: we must be as quick as we can or the cars will leave us." And seizing the boy's hand, he drew him on with a haste that made poor little Teddy breathless, while Towzer followed, quite subdued and crest-fallen after his mad escapade.

The Scotch cap was left completely wrecked in a thorny hedge, and gloomy visions of mamma's displeasure and his own disgrace began to rise in Teddy's mind as he trotted on by his gruff companion's side, endeavoring to keep up with the major's military strides.

All in vain. As they reached a steep acclivity that overlooked the track a clattering, rushing sound told them that further haste was useless. Just as the three wanderers reached the spot the restored steam spirit had gathered his strength, and, with a shriek of triumph, swept around the curve of the mountain. The major uttered an exclamation that was *not* a benison; Towzer howled either in delight or dismay; while Teddy—poor little Teddy—gave one rueful, bewildered glance at the disappearing train, realized that mamma was there and he was here, struggled for a moment manfully against his terror and dismay; then the little lips quivered, the eyes filled, and throwing himself down on the grass, Teddy burst into a flood of natural baby tears.

"Come, come," said the major, his irritation subsiding in pity for the diminutive offender—"come, come, be a little man; there is no use crying; no person will hurt you. We will go and find some house to stay all night, and then to-morrow you will meet your mamma again."

"I'm not afraid," sobbed Teddy, more quietly; "but mamma, my own darling mamma, she has gone away, she has gone away! Oh, what did she go and leave me for?"

"Then why did you run away from her?" asked his gruff consoler, with some curiosity.

"She said I might go with the old man and see the water," explained Teddy, wiping his brown eyes on a very small handkerchief; "and then the gentleman went off to hammer at the rocks; and I saw some pretty flowers, and he said I might get them; and then Towzer stole my cap"—with a reproachful glance at the four-footed culprit, who stood looking on reflectively—"and oh! my! my! what will mamma do without her little boy!" said Teddy, relapsing into tears and sentiment.

"Tut, tut; don't cry, don't cry," said the major, with a clumsy effort at soothing the excited child; for something in what he deemed a tough old heart responded to Teddy's grief for his "poor mamma." Yes, she would grieve, this pale-faced widow, when she found her darling was left—alone, as she would imagine—in these wild, dreary, mountain solitudes. If she *could* but know, this long-lost, faithless love, with whom her child was left! And a bitter smile broke over Ralph Grahame's face as he realized his strange position as guardian and protector of Ellen Wharton's boy.

"Come, come," he said, more gently than he yet had spoken, and extending his hand to the little fellow seated on the grass before him; "let us go look for some nice farm-house where you, I, and Towzer can get our supper; and if we don't find one, we'll have to camp out, like the soldiers do."

"Are you a soldier?" asked Teddy, his still tearful eyes opening wide with surprise as he slipped his little hand into that of his new comrade; "and did you ever go to the wars, and hear the cannons firing and the guns shooting? Oh"—and Teddy drew a long breath—"how I would like to be a soldier! but mamma"—the little lips quivered again at the beloved name—"mamma wouldn't let me even look at your gun."

"Your mamma don't like soldiers, then?"

"Well," replied Teddy, reflectively, "I don't know; you see they shoot people, and mamma don't like to see any body hurt. Why, once, just for fun, you know, Willie Grey and me, we drowned a kitten—an ugly little kitten, that couldn't even see. But oh! my! wasn't mamma mad with me! She didn't kiss me all day long because I was such a cruel boy."

Teddy's companion laughed a short, bitter laugh. "Your mamma is too good; she was never unkind or cruel, I suppose?"

"Mamma!" echoed the little fellow, in amazement—"my mamma unkind! You sha'n't say so!" And Teddy blazed up defiantly. "You're a bad, wicked man, and if I was only a little bigger I'd knock you down."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the major, right genially; "so you've a spirit of your own, my little man, in spite of petticoat government. That's right, my boy"—and the harsh voice grew kindly, as the strong hand was laid for a moment in a rude caress upon Teddy's brown curls—"stand up for your mother always and every where; you'll never have a better friend;" and a tender light came into the dark gray eyes as, far beyond the gloom of manhood, the bitterness of youth, a sweet old face, framed in bands of silver hair, rose at memory's call—the face of her whose last trembling words were a benediction upon her wayward, impulsive boy.

"Come, shake hands and be friends," said the major, with a smile; "I will say nothing but what is good about mamma. Why, she is an old friend of mine; I knew her before you did."

"Knew my mamma before I did!" ejaculated Teddy, utterly incredulous of such an incomprehensible statement: before *I* did! I am her own little boy."

"But suppose I knew mamma when she was a little girl—a little girl," continued the major, in a tone of dreamy sadness, "with curls like these of yours, only golden as the sunbeams, with eyes as blue and sunny as these mountain skies, and lips that laughed and prattled from daylight until darkness."

"What a jolly little girl she must have been!" cried Teddy, quite enraptured at this description. "Oh! didn't you love her ever so much?"

The major started as if stung at this merciless innocence. "Love her!" he echoed, coldly. "What right had a rough fellow to love such a dainty little lady? Come, come! it is getting late. See, the sun is nearly set. We must hurry up, or we will have to 'camp out' in reality."

They had reached an eminence that commanded an extensive view, and taking out a pocket-glass, the major surveyed the surrounding landscape in hopes of discovering a shelter for himself and his helpless charge; but his efforts were futile. He could see, it is true, the smoke curling from a hamlet on the neighboring mountain; but he knew it was, at least, fifteen miles distant; and even could he reach it himself before the darkness set in, such a journey would be an impossibility for the little fellow at his side, who was already weary with the day's excitement and fatigue.

Nothing was left but to make the best of an unpleasant situation, and with the skill of an old pioneer the major prepared himself to pass a night in this wilderness. A large rock near by, partly hollowed out at the base, formed a rude but sufficient protection; and, explaining

as well as he could to Teddy the impossibility of reaching any habitation, the major began to gather twigs and dry wood to build a fire, which would secure them from any disagreeable intruders, as well as counteract the chill atmosphere of these mountain heights. Teddy assisted his comrade with all his small ability, breaking twigs and tugging at logs with an energy that brought a grave smile to the major's lips; but the poor little fellow was well-nigh worn out with his long walk and unaccustomed travel; and when, at length, the fire began to crackle merrily, he sat down before it, rubbing his little hands gleefully, but with such a pale, weary face that the major's great heart throbbed compassionately.

"I wish I had some supper for you, my boy, but we can get nothing to-night, as even black-berry time has not come yet. Are you very hungry?"

"Not *very* hungry," said Teddy, slowly, "but a little cold, and so sleepy. Might I put my head on Towzer's back?"—glancing wistfully at that gentleman, who, curled into a large ball before the fire, winked comfortably at his little playmate—"he would make such a good pillow."

The major looked kindly at the weary boy, and then said, with an odd smile, "Suppose you come here to me. This big coat of mine will keep us both warm, and my arm will make as good a pillow as Towzer's back."

Teddy was too near babyhood to require a second invitation, and in a moment the little form was enveloped in the major's military overcoat, the brown curly head pillowed on the major's breast, and the soft, sleepy eyes were looking up confidently into the stern face.

"This is nice," said Teddy. "You won't get tired?"

"Oh no," replied the major—the same odd smile breaking over his face as he reflected on the absurdity of Ralph Grahame turning nurse—"not at all tired."

"I don't let mamma hold me any more," said Teddy, sleepily. "You see I am too big, and she gets so tired; she sews, sews, sews all day long, and sometimes all night too."

"Sews all night!" echoed the major, in amazement; "what in thunder does she do that for?"

"She doesn't sew in thunder at all; she sews shirts and dresses and little coats like mine," exclaimed Teddy. "Then the people give her money, for I heard her tell old Mrs. Ramsay last winter, when she was so cross, 'Wait until these shirts are done, and I will give you all the money I get for them.' I was so sick then, and mamma had to give all her money to the doctor; and she got me two oranges—two nice big oranges, for my mouth burned so," added Teddy, who was just sleepy enough to be perfectly confidential.

The major bit his long mustache nervously; these artless revelations affected him strangely.

"So you live at Mrs. Ramsay's, then?" he

asked. "Has not mamma got a house of her own?"

"Not a whole house, but we've got a room," said Teddy, with some pride: "a right nice room; it looks out on Mrs. Ramsay's back yard, and she's got chickens and a rose-bush. And we've got a sewing-machine, and a canary-bird, and two pictures—one is my papa, and the other my little sister Nellie; but she's gone to heaven, and so has papa. I'm very glad mamma didn't go too. But I haven't said my prayers;" and Teddy aroused himself to a sense of duty. "I must say my prayers before I go to sleep. Will you hear me say them like mamma does?"

And without waiting for an answer Teddy slipped from his comrade's arms, and, kneeling reverently on the grass beside him, clasped his little hands, and began his evening prayer.

Ralph Grahame had led a roving life—had witnessed the worship of every nation, of every clime. He had stood with the cool cynicism of unbelief while the great ones of earth bent in humble adoration around him, and smiled with contempt as the savage lord of the wilderness invoked the Great Spirit that controls the storm. And yet, as this kneeling babe lisped his evening prayer, a flood of emotion swept upon the strong man's soul such as he had not felt for years.

In that far-off past, before which hung such a gloomy mist of suffering, of sorrow, perhaps of sin, he too had knelt, a smiling child, at his mother's knee; he too had lisped the sacred words that sometimes echoed in his dreams like a mockery.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," murmured Teddy, softly.

"Forgive!" echoed the listener's heart; "alas! I have never forgiven. Reckless, daring, embittered, I have laid my wasted life to the account of a weak, helpless woman—a gentle creature, bending under burdens already crushing in their weight. Poor Nellie! brave, struggling little woman!" and the major felt a suspicious softness about his heart as he thought of the sunny-hearted girl of ten years ago, contrasted with the weary worker in the city lodgings toiling so patiently for the scanty pittance that was to save her darling's life.

"I've finished now," said Teddy, looking up expectantly into the major's face; "and mamma always puts her hand on my head, and says, 'God bless my son,'" he continued, evidently regarding this concluding ceremony as an indispensable portion of the evening's devotion.

Ralph Grahame looked with strange earnestness into the innocent little face raised to his—the face that recalled so vividly the little maid of long ago; then, with a solemn meaning that Heaven alone could recognize, he placed his hand on the childish brow. "God bless mamma's son," he whispered, in husky accents; and surely the angels that guard His little ones caught the benediction breathed by those long-

prayerless lips, and echoed it before that throne around which they bend with pæans of joy.

With a little sigh of relief at having this duty completed to his satisfaction, Teddy nestled once more into his resting-place, and, first putting up his rose-bud lips for a good-night kiss, was soon off to the fairy-land of childish dreams.

The blazing pine logs crackled and spluttered in the rising breeze that whispered among the swaying boughs, and one by one the stars appeared, until the hosts of night were marshaled in glittering array through the clear blue heavens, then paled as the hours wore on, and the moon, like some vestal empress, began her silent and solitary reign.

The mountain-tops were flooded with silver radiance, the streamlet danced down the valley like a river of light, the spray of the water-fall wreathed itself into opal-hued mists, and still the major sat before the dying embers of his watch-fire, sleepless and thoughtful, his military cloak wrapped closely about him, and Teddy's brown curls moving lightly at each pulsation of the strong, warm heart.

The moonbeams fell tenderly on the boy's sweet face, so angelic in the trusting repose of sinless childhood, and trembled softly around the man's stern brow like a hallowed promise of hope and love.

So the night wore on; the beautiful night that was to Ralph Grahame a revelation of his better self so long buried beneath the clods of disappointment and bitterness—a resurrection of his higher nature that, like the midnight moonbeam, should gladden the darkest hours of earthly woe; the pledge of a possible future that, painted even by a dreamy fancy, made his eyes dim with tenderness, his heart glad with hope. And clasping the fatherless little one more closely to his breast, the love so cruelly wounded, so painfully fettered, so hopelessly crushed, arose with a glad cry of freedom, and soared forth immortal in all its pristine purity, and more than its pristine strength.

"God bless mamma's son," repeated Ralph Grahame, gazing with a tender smile at the little face resting upon his breast. And Teddy smiled in his dreams as if conscious of his triumph.

II.

The rich meadow lands of Brook Farm sloped from the base of the sheltering mountain ridge to the banks of the little streamlet that fertilized the smiling vale. A "goodly heritage" was Eben Elliott's five hundred broad acres in one of the fairest spots of earth—acres enriched and cultivated by the patient toil of years, untouched by bond or mortgage, unharmed by the hand of speculation, unchanged by the lapse of time.

All was unchanged, all save herself, thought the widowed daughter of this happy home as she looked forth from her window the morning following her arrival—looked forth on the sun-

ny vales, the rippling stream, the smiling meadows—and felt, with an aching heart, how the brightness of nature mocked her bitter woe.

Great had been the alarm and amazement at Brook Farm when, instead of the happy guests for whom they so gladly waited, the pale, trembling mother, nearly frantic with grief and anxiety, arrived alone at her girlhood's home. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters united in soothing and sympathizing with the bereaved one, assuring her of her darling's safety; for it was currently reported among the passengers that quite a party of their fellow-travelers had been left in the mountain pass.

When at last, overcome by grief and exhaustion, she sought a moment's repose, fearful dreams tortured her slumbers. Again she saw the bright face as it was turned toward her for the last good-by; but even as she gazed it assumed a piteous look of terror and dismay, while from the depths of yawning chasms a plaintive little voice wailed forth in agony, "Mamma, mamma!"

Trembling with anguish, she awoke. The morning sunbeams filled her room with cheerful radiance; the matin song of a dozen different warblers echoed from the tree beneath her window as she threw back the snowy curtain and looked out; all nature seemed smiling in the beauty of dawn. The tears of Night still glistened upon herb and flower; but they twinkled into diamonds at the rosy touch of Morn.

And as the widowed mother looked forth upon her girlhood's home thus bathed in light and radiance the hopefulness of youth awoke again in her heart, and, sinking back upon her pillow, she fell into a sweet, dreamless slumber, soothing alike to body and mind.

"No thanks, I beg." A deep-toned voice, in accents that seemed strangely familiar, aroused her from this happy oblivion. "I have taken no trouble, I assure you. My little friend here has been one of the best of comrades, and I had no difficulty in finding the place. You know, Mr. Elliott, this is old camping ground of mine."

Who was it? Surely the ring in that manly voice was once mellowed into tenderness; those rich, full tones had thrilled into whispers low and sweet. Who was it? murmured the half-dreaming sleeper, with the listless curiosity that sometimes pervades our slumber.

"But where's my mamma?" At that little musical treble the mother sprang up with a wildly throbbing heart. "Where's my mamma? Please, grandpa—please, Aunt Kate, take me to my mamma."

"A nice fright you have given poor mamma," laughed old Mr. Elliott. "She has been utterly unmanageable all night long, and we have just coaxed her to sleep; so don't disturb her just yet, my fine fellow. You will remain with us, of course, Major Grahame, for a day or two at least. Nellie will never forgive us if we let you leave until she can thank you for your kindness to this little scape-grace of hers."

"Major Grahame!" echoed the unseen listener—for the speakers were assembled on the porch beneath her chamber window. Major Grahame! Was it, indeed, the Ralph of old that had restored her darling to her arms, or was this all some strange, wild dream, born of her fevered fancy? "I would be most happy"—the clear, deep tone brought conviction of its truth—"but at present urgent business renders my stay impossible. In a few days, however, I hope to call and pay my respects to—to—Mrs. Wharton."

And "Mrs. Wharton," even in her glad gratitude, recognized the bitterness of the old heart history in the major's parting words—recognized it only as a faint shadow over her wondrous joy; for little feet came pattering up the stairway, little hands tapped softly at her door, and Teddy, rebelling against all restrictions, sprang into his mother's arms, and kissed away, with a tenderness touching in so young a child, the grateful tears that welled forth at sight of her lost darling. "Poor mamma! There, don't cry, mamma; I didn't get hurt. We had a real jolly time, Towzer, the major, and me; and we made a big fire, and I helped too, mamma; and we slept out in the woods, just like Robinson Crusoe. I'd like to live that way all the time if you could only be along too."

"My poor little darling out in the woods all night!" murmured the mother through her tears. "It is enough to kill you."

"But it was first-rate fun, mamma; the big fire blazed and cracked, and we were just as warm as Fourth of July. And then the major wrapped his soldier coat round me, and I went to sleep just so." And Teddy nestled, by way of demonstration, closer to his mother's breast. "But I said my prayers first, just like I do at home. And I lost my cap; Towzer ran off with it," continued the honest little penitent; "but I've got a great deal nicer one. It's got a tassel on the top—a lovely tassel on the top, mamma—and gold flowers all over it!" added Teddy, with eager pride.

Great was the glee of grandma, grandpa, and all the pretty young aunts, who had assembled to hear Teddy's adventures, when the much-prized article was produced, and it was discovered that the inexperienced major had purchased for his little protégé a handsome velvet *smoking* cap, heavily embroidered, and finished by the silken tassel that had taken Teddy's fancy.

"It was the prettiest one in the whole store, mamma," said the little owner, much disgusted at the peals of laughter that greeted its appearance. "I liked it best because it had a tassel, and the major said for me to take whichever I liked best."

Happy days followed, days filled with sunshine and gladness, made beautiful by affection and blessed by peace. The weary, sorrowing widow became again the Nellie of old, her father's confidante, her mother's solace.

Many other changes had taken place during the troubled years that had transformed the merry girl into the gentle woman. The brothers she had left roguish school-boys had become stalwart men, two of whom alone remained in the old homestead to share their father's labors. The bright-eyed little girls that made their *début* as her childish bride-maids were now the rosy belles of the "Mountain Ridge," regarding sister Nellie as some fair, exalted being whose life on earth was passed.

They were a little shy with her, perhaps, this merry Rose and romping Kate, for not only had her widowhood given her a gentle dignity, but, as eldest daughter, she had received the advantages of a refined education, which these rustic beauties had neither sought for nor obtained.

So sister Nellie spent quiet, happy days in her mother's little sitting-room, while Kate scoured the country on her frolicsome pony, and Rose laughed and coquetted with the train of rural lovers that sued for her favor and her smiles. But for Teddy in particular—happy, loving little Teddy!—this was indeed a season of wonderful, unmixed delight. Had he been the veriest little despot he could not have ruled the entire household with more unlimited sway. From gentle old grandpapa, who bowed his gray head, smiling, to the yoke, down to the rudest farm hand on the place, Teddy was the veritable prince royal, whose will was law.

In vain his mother remonstrated against this overindulgence.

It was a bright evening, nearly a month after his arrival at the farm, that Teddy was returning with Uncle Jack from the hay field, where all his small strength had been exerted in assisting the laborers. Armed with a long rake, and almost hidden by his broad-brimmed hat, he was the picture of a miniature farmer, and evidently regarded himself as no unimportant member of grandpapa's field corps. As Uncle Jack—a stalwart, good-natured young fellow of twenty—lifted his small assistant over the last stile Teddy uttered a joyful cry, and in a moment more flung his arms around the neck of a great black mastiff, that testified his recognition by a succession of short, joyful barks.

"Towzer, dear old Towzer! Oh, Uncle Jack, see, it's Towzer, and he knows me!"

"What, and has not my little comrade a word for me?" said a pleasant voice; and Teddy, whose range of vision had been somewhat limited by his capacious hat, sprang into Major Grahame's arms with a display of affection which that gentleman received with embarrassed good-humor.

"Oh! I'm so glad, I'm so glad! Run home, Uncle Jack," commanded the young autocrat, "and tell mamma and grandmamma and every body that my major has come, and we must have strawberries and cream for supper. Why didn't you come before? I wanted to see you and Towzer more than any bodies in the world."

"So you have not forgotten our night in the Alleghanies?" said the major, looking down

with a smile at the bright little face. "Why, you are as rosy as a plow-boy, the 'camping out' did not hurt you a bit."

"Oh no!" replied Teddy, eagerly. "Wasn't it jolly fun? Let's make a big fire and do it all over again."

"But you are going to take me to mamma, you know," said the major, quietly.

"Oh yes, I forgot; come along, then, for there she is in the porch waiting for us."

Yes, there indeed she was—she who had been the man's one dream for the past few weeks, his bitter memory for the past ten years—there, in the snowy robes that in this quiet retreat she had substituted for her widow's garb, with a few white flowers twined in her rippling hair, a bright smile of welcome on her lips, a faint blush mantling her cheek—she stood once more in her father's house awaiting the welcome guest.

Ralph Grahame's heart throbbed loudly as he approached the house; brave soldier as he was, he would have retreated even then, but the prattling little innocent holding his hand rendered retreat impossible. And, after all, the meeting that seemed to him so momentous, was quiet and pleasant as friendly meeting well could be, for it was "Teddy's mother" that slipped forward so graciously to welcome her child's protector; "Teddy's mother" whose eyes sparkled with unshed tears as she spoke of her anxiety and his kindness; "Teddy's mother" whose cheek flushed with depth of feeling as she thanked him for his tender care of her boy.

"All the past is forgotten," murmured Ralph Grahame to himself, with unreasonable bitterness. "Fool that I am, will I ever cease to dream?" And rousing himself with an effort from his momentary embarrassment and indecision, Major Grahame was himself for the rest of the evening—composed, affable, and dignified—charming the coquettish Rose by his soldierly gallantry, and the merry Kate by his genial smile; awakening grandmamma's sympathy by his years of "homelessness," and interesting Mr. Elliott and the boys by his pithy anecdotes of border life.

And "Nellie," the Nellie that of old had claimed his every look and smile, sat in the shadow of the vine-clad porch, gentle, thoughtful, but almost silent, watching her boy—her boy, who, seated astride of the major's knee, played with his long silky beard, toyed with his glittering watch chain, and finally fell asleep with his curly head resting on the major's breast.

This was but the first of many visits, for their guest had family affairs commanding his presence in the neighborhood, and some strange subtle attraction seemed to draw him to Brook Farm. Sometimes his excuse would be the need of Mr. Elliott's sound practical advice, sometimes a hunting or fishing excursion with one of the boys, or some playful commission from Miss Kate or Rose, who, although regarding him as far too old to rank as an admirer,

still, with the pretty imperiousness of rustic belles, felt themselves privileged to command attention from the entire masculine creation.

But Teddy, more than all, was made the happy recipient of the major's kindness; Teddy, who always welcomed him with irrepressible glee, and who declared undauntedly that he loved him better than any one in the world, with a saving exception in favor of mamma. Many were the walks, rides, and sailing excursions planned for Teddy's (?) delectation; many the baskets of dainty fruit, the packages of tempting *bonbons*, that found their way mysteriously to Teddy's little room; many the guns, tops, balls, and other boyish treasures of which the major's "little comrade" became the unwonted possessor.

With innate delicacy the major abstained from presents of any value, though he often gazed wistfully at the broad white brow and sparkling eyes of his childish friend, and sighed as he thought how well certain Mexican dollars that he knew of could be employed in cultivating the uncommon intellect of this "fatherless one."

For the bright hopes that had trembled into existence beneath the tender moonbeams of that night of promise he believed that he must abandon them entirely. An impalpable reserve had arisen like a barrier between Mrs. Wharton and himself—a reserve that seemed increased instead of lessened by his kindness to her boy.

Graceful, gentle, and dignified at all times, there was nothing in her manner which the most critical observer could construe unfavorably, and yet it was this very calm dignity which Major Grahame so unreasonably resented. Memory drew a far different picture of this fair, placid woman—a bright face beaming with hope and affection; soft eyes, by turns sparkling or dewy; rosy lips tremulous with every emotion; a snowy brow unwritten by sorrow or care. With a half sigh, tribute to "what might have been," the major would turn again to gaze on the pale face, so calm in its gentle sweetness, on the clear eyes beaming with such a chastened light, on the quiet lips around which the old smile sometimes played with all its wonted gladness, and felt that to the woman in the dignity of her womanhood he yielded a homage that his girl-love had never claimed.

"But her heart is dead—dead to all but that boy," he would murmur, bitterly. Ah, blind! blind! Could he have lifted that veil which man, in his impatience, would fain rend asunder—the veil that hangs before the sacred shrine of woman's heart—how different would have been his verdict! Could he have seen the glad light kindle in the downcast eyes when a certain martial tread crushed the gravel on the pathway; could he have caught the happy smile that hovered on her lip when a deep-toned voice echoed cheerily in the hall; could he have heard the music in her voice at night-fall, when at her knee Teddy lisped in his prayers the name of his "kindest friend," the major

would have been content. As it was, weary, restless, and heart-sick, he lingered around Brook Farm, hoping in spite of his conviction that hope was vain, anathematizing his folly, yet encouraging all the while his fancied dream.

It was left for Teddy to wield Ithuriel's spear with the unconscious hand of innocence; to touch these long-severed hearts with a knowledge of the happy truth.

"The fish won't bite this evening," said Teddy one day, as, perched on the end of a long log, he held his miniature rod patiently over the brook. "I guess their mothers have told them not to come near the hook. Mamma read me a story yesterday about a bad little fish that would not do as it was told.

"Dear mother," said a little fish,
"Pray is not that a fly?
I'm very hungry, and I wish
You'd let me go and try."

That's the way it commences," said Teddy, evidently proud of his new accomplishment. "Did you ever hear it before, major?"

"Never," replied the major, pleasantly. "You see I have no mamma to read to me," he added, with a smile.

"Have you got a papa, then?" asked Teddy, compassionately. "Uncle Jack is as big as you, and he's got a papa; and I'm only a little, little boy, and I haven't one; I wish I had," continued the unconscious Macchiavelli, knitting his little brows reflectively. "Could my papa ever come back, do you think?"

"Never," replied the major, with a great deal of decision; and then, seeing the cloud on the childish brow, "such things are impossible, my boy," he added, kindly. "Your father"—somehow the thought of Teddy's father was not altogether palatable—"is in a better world than this."

"I don't know," said Teddy, seriously. "I thought maybe papa *could* come back, for Aunt Rose said—"

"Well," said the major, twisting his line attentively, "what did Aunt Rose say?"

"She asked me if I would like to have a papa. I told her my papa was in heaven, but she laughed and said he would come back some day. I s'pect she was only foolin' me," added Teddy, with a quivering lip. "She is a giddy girl anyhow, for grandpapa said so," he concluded, indignantly.

"Come here, Teddy." The major threw away his cigar, and addressed his disappointed "little comrade" in tones of unwonted tenderness. "Come sit down here beside me; I want to talk with you a little while. Your papa is indeed in heaven, and can never come back to you; but suppose that some one loved you, and—and—had loved mamma since she was as little as you are now; suppose he were a great, strong man, able to work for you, to care for you, to live for you; suppose he had a nice little home, with trees, flowers, and every thing beautiful around it, and he should tell you that he was so lonely, so unhappy, that he had no little boy

of his own to live and care for, and ask you to come and be his son, and let him take the place of your papa, what would you say?"

"And mamma! would mamma go too?" asked Teddy, earnestly. The major smiled half sadly.

"I don't know," he replied. "Shall we ask her, Teddy?"

"It's you—is it you?" exclaimed his little comrade, with a child's quick intuition. "Because if it's you, I'll say yes, and so will mamma."

The major drew the little prophet to his side, and for the first time bent down and kissed the child's fair brow. His resolution was taken; be it for weal or woe, that very hour he would "ask mamma."

"Come, Teddy," he said, abruptly; "it is getting late; we must go home now."

"But we've left the lines and rods and hooks and baskets," exclaimed the young fisherman, in utter dismay at this wholesale sacrifice.

"Never mind, never mind; we'll come back for them to-morrow." And then the thought of what a desolate morrow it might be smote the major's strong heart with dread. "Is that your mamma waiting at the gate?" he asked, as through the drooping woodbine he caught a glimpse of a snowy robe.

"Yes, yes; mamma; she is waiting for me, and I'll have a swing on the garden gate," exclaimed Teddy, bounding forward gleefully. "Come, major, come, give me a swing on the gate." And, happily forgetful of all but the moment's pastime, Teddy was soon mounted on the moss-grown bars of the garden gate. The major followed his "little comrade" slowly and thoughtfully. It was a beautiful summer eve; the western sky glowed with the opal hues of sunset; a faint breeze rustled amidst the boughs of the ancient oak, and wafted the rich perfume of roses and syringa down the shadowy lane. It was the same old scene that had been painted by torturing memory for half a score of years. The old stone wall wreathed with fragrant blossoms; the moss-grown gate bounding the broad white path; the hoary oak—happy trysting-tree of auld lang syne.

And there, as if in fulfillment of the vows of long ago, stood "Teddy's mamma," in all the calm beauty of her perfect womanhood, yet smiling with something of the old-time brightness upon the little one swinging by her side.

"Major Grahame"—a slight blush dyed the pale cheek with a delicate rose tint as Mrs. Wharton turned to greet the new-comer—"I fear this little boy of mine trespasses too much upon your kindness." For Teddy, mounted on the gate, was demanding his promised swing. "You must not hesitate to deny him his too troublesome requests."

"He can never trouble me," was the low reply, as the major, leaning carelessly against the old oak, kept the gate in motion by a slight movement of his foot. "It takes little to make a child happy."

"True," was the gentle answer; "but even

that little must be prompted by kindness; and Teddy, child as he is, appreciates his good friend."

"Yes," replied the major, gravely—all hesitation was gone now, and he spoke frankly and earnestly—"I would be his friend, and his mother's too if she would permit it, for we were old friends, Nellie." A vivid blush crimsoned the listener's cheek and brow at this unwonted household name. "Is the past," continued the speaker, sadly—"that past that has been to me an ever-present memory—so wholly forgotten, so entirely effaced, that Major Grahame can not even claim remembrance as the Ralph of 'auld lang syne?'"

For a moment there was no answer; only the rustling of the leaves as the wind breathed through the tree-tops, the twitter of a bird hidden in the ancient oak, the creak of the time-worn gate as Teddy gleefully swung to and fro. Then, with a gentle dignity more fascinating than all her girlhood's blushes, Mrs. Wharton spoke:

"To the Ralph of old, since he claims my remembrances, I would say forgive and—forget. The blow that wounded him far too deeply was dealt with childish ignorance; the heart that was denied him he valued far beyond its worth. We have grown older and wiser since those thoughtless days. Life has brought such cares, such sorrows, such changes, that Ellen Wharton feels she is pleading almost a stranger's cause when she says Major Grahame must forgive the willful Nellie of old."

"To the Nellie of old there is much to forgive," replied the major, gravely, though his eyes beamed with earnest feeling. "For years her memory has been bitter to me—how bitter, only God, who knows the secrets of hearts, can tell. That memory drove me into the wilderness, far from the haunts of men; it made me a wild, reckless, adventurous man; like some poisonous blossom it blighted all the freshness and beauty of my life, and left it a waste and desolation. Ay, to the Nellie of old, unconscious little culprit that she was, I owe years of bitterness, of exile, sin, and sorrow; but"—and his voice grew low and melodious—"to Ellen Wharton, in her noble womanhood, only the reverence due to that womanhood in its loftiest form. Do not misunderstand me, beloved—ay, beloved!" he repeated, tenderly, for the long lashes drooping on the burning cheek were now gemmed with tears. "There is no past casting its darkening shadow between us; we meet as though the past had never been; and thus meeting on that higher ground to which your life of earnest love, of patient fortitude, of womanly devotion, has elevated you, I scarcely dare to look up to you and say I love. Rough, stern soldier that I am, you have conquered me; voiceless, you have taught me through the lips of your child. Ay, I love you with a love deeper, purer, holier than that of our youthful days—with a love that sorrow has taught you to pity, even if you can not bless."

Teddy's laugh broke in silvery accents upon the major's earnest tones; the warble of the hidden bird swelled into a song of triumph; the last sunbeam flung an aureole around the golden head bent so sadly, so silently—the major deemed so hopelessly.

"Nellie! Nellie! Is there no hope for me; for the Ralph who loved you when you were a lisping child; who only asks now to stand between you and the storms of a heartless world? Ah! you are silent—you turn from me. My God! how can I bear this second blow! Nay, then, your boy shall plead for me; you can not refuse to hear your child." And Teddy was caught from the garden gate into the major's arms, who whispered something quickly in his ear.

"Mamma! dear mamma!" pleaded the little fellow, springing to her side, and twining his arms tenderly around her; "say yes, mamma; let us go with our dear major, for I love him so much, and so do you—don't you, dear mamma?"

Mamma's blushing face was hidden in Teddy's shining curls; mamma's lips trembled into a smile, though her eyes still sparkled with tear-drops.

"Ralph!"—the old name fell like music on the listener's ear—"ah, Ralph, impatient, impetuous as of old, must Teddy teach you to woo?"

"And to win?" he asked, eagerly, bending with tender reverence over the hand she held out to him: "can he teach me to win, Nellie?"

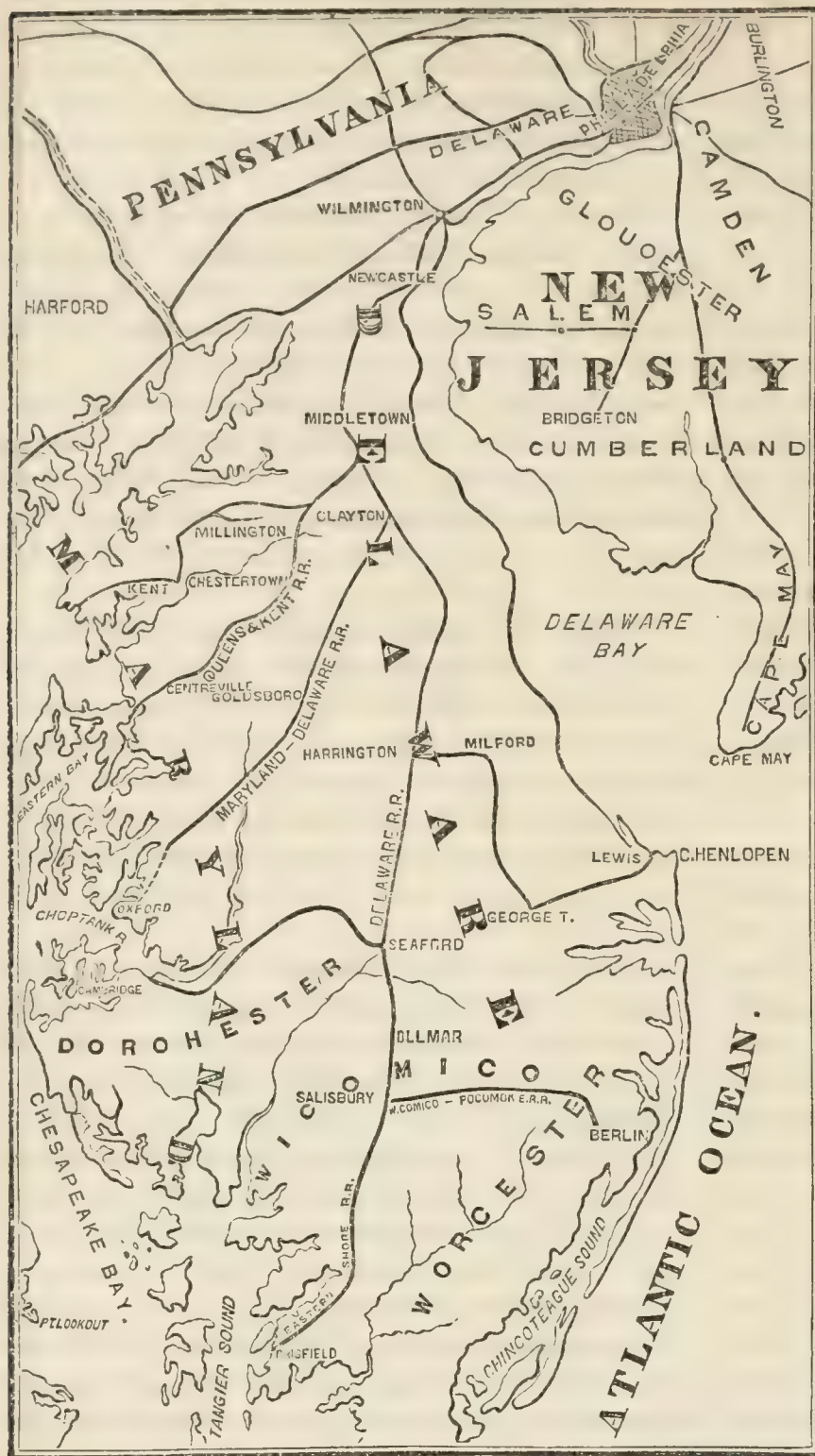
"Nay," she replied, and the playful smile of her girlhood broke over the blushing face, "the little traitor guessed rightly—mamma's heart was already won."

Great was Teddy's triumph a few months later, when mamma, fair, blushing, and more beautiful than of yore, stood arrayed in her shining robes, again a bride. The soft golden curls played again around neck and brow; the rose met the lily on the delicate cheek; the bright smile hovered upon the dewy lips; the lustrous eyes beamed with trustful happiness. "Teddy's mamma" had borrowed something of the witchery from the Nellie of old.

"Isn't she beautiful?" exclaimed Teddy, rapturously. "Major—papa," for the new title was still rather unfamiliar, "did you ever see any one so lovely as my mamma?"

The major looked tenderly at his beautiful bride, and then at the noble boy seated beside him. He was thinking of that day, a year ago, when a restless, weary man was thrown by chance, or, as he now felt, by Providence, within hearing of that childish voice. Under God those lisping accents had been the angel's tone wakening his better nature, his nobler self—arousing him to hope, to life, and love.

"God bless my 'little comrade,'" murmured the happy bridegroom, as he bent forward to kiss Teddy's broad, fair brow. "On this most blessed day I can only echo the first prayer that passed my lips since boyhood, the prayer Teddy taught me in the Alleghany wilds, 'God bless mamma's son!'"



DOWN THE EASTERN SHORE.

MANY of the oldest settled portions of our country are least known to us. Our interests travel westward on the parallels of emigration, and we were familiar with the scenery and life of the Pacific before we knew half the Atlantic coast. A hundred correspondents had described Minnesota before Thoreau explored the Cape Cod peninsula. What little romance there may be in our American travel clings like a parasite to the sturdy plants of enterprise and speculation. The grandeur of the Rocky Mountain masses would move us less if there were not gold and silver in their bowels; the great plains and lakes of our northern frontier would hardly attract us at all but for the whisper of a shorter route to Japan and China. In the breadth and extent of these new fields of interest we have hitherto overlooked many regions lying at hand—regions which keep the traces of their older life and former provincial character, and still live under the spell of a past which has long been banished elsewhere.

One of the nearest, yet the least known,

of these districts is the long, irregular peninsula bounded by the Chesapeake and Delaware bays and the Atlantic, including the State of Delaware, the amputated nose of Virginia, and that part of Maryland which is called the Eastern Shore. Here is a tract 200 miles in length, varying from five to eighty in breadth, cloven by deep bays, fringed with islands, penetrated by broad, deep estuaries, with interesting peculiarities of climate and vegetation, and with the oldest atmosphere of life which can now be breathed any where in the republic. Yet, except to certain Baltimore families or tradesmen, or a chance Philadelphia sportsman, the greater part of the peninsula is a ground never trodden by the tourist. I confess myself that although my home is within twenty miles of the point where it may be said to commence, I have been an entire stranger to the region until this summer; and, moreover, that although much indirect information concerning it had reached me—the faint outside ripples of events or changes—yet the land and its life proved to be as fresh and individual as if I had gone directly to them from the farthest mountain of Maine.

It was a holiday excursion, and the president of the two main lines of railway which cross Delaware in both directions was its commander. We met in Wilmington, not far from that quaint church built by the Swedes in 1698, as the iron numerals on its gable declare—a better starting-point for a journey still farther into the past than the

bustle of machine and car and ship building in the level below it. Several promised guests had failed to arrive, and we were but four when we came together in the drawing-room of our traveling home—a scholar-physician of Philadelphia and a landscape-artist of Boston, in addition to the president and myself. The beds in the second car and the crates and hampers in the third seemed to offer a superfluity of comfort; but we were not destined to steal through the country without other society than our own.

Wilmington sits upon the last ridge of the soft hill country of Pennsylvania, which rolls across Mason and Dixon's Line seven miles to the north, and keeps company with the Brandywine to its very mouth. The prevailing English character of the scenery—old farm-houses of stone or brick, spacious gardens and orchards, frequent hedges, smooth, rich fields, and the lush, billowy green of deciduous woods—is still retained in the low country of Delaware, but it is like the change from Bucks to Kent. There are still undulations of the soil, but no longer a valley of distinct outline; and the streams, instead of a rapid, busy flow, loiter along their

channels with an air of indolence which we can easily conceive to be infectious. On the east the breadth of the Delaware announces the commencement of the bay; the houses on the low Jersey shore are visible, but gradually fading out of sight over the blue water. Five miles away is New Castle, which, two hundred and thirty years ago—in 1641, long before Philadelphia was founded—had more than half its present number of inhabitants. Hereabout, on both shores, is the old battle-ground of Dutchman, Swede, and Englishman, whereof Diedrich Knickerbocker so veraciously gossips. But New Castle, the venerable, is now for us what the Middle Ages are to Europe: in place of the *Folterkammer* and the dungeons of the Inquisition (there obsolete), it triumphantly displays the pillory and the whipping-post (here in use), and smiles in scorn at the humane theories of the green nineteenth century.

At this point the train passes a curious ruin—a deserted railroad! More than thirty years ago the travel between the North and Washington passed this way, the rail from New Castle to Frenchtown, on the Elk River (about twenty miles in length), affording a line of steam communication, with boats on the Delaware and Chesapeake, and the railroad from Baltimore to Washington, which shortened the time between Philadelphia and the latter city to about twelve hours. It was a great thing for those days; but as soon as the rails connected Baltimore and Wilmington, the disturbed, half-awake spirits of New Castle and Frenchtown put on their night-caps, turned over, and went to sleep again.

We do not travel many miles before the characteristics of the peninsular scenery begin to exhibit themselves. The undulations of the soil become gentler, the woods diminish in size, peach orchards are as frequent as wheat or corn fields, and the farm-houses lose both their stately size and their air of thrift and neatness. Although slavery has been virtually extinct here for forty or fifty years, it has been so near as to affect labor and the life of the inhabitants. The neglect and indolence of this old settlement and the roughness of a new, incomplete settlement express themselves in similar phenomena, and we were all reminded of the undeveloped parts of Illinois. After crossing the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal there is probably no point any where in the peninsula more than a hundred feet above the sea level. The land spreads out to a level horizon, and the sky assumes the vastness and distance which it wears on the prairies, except that a soft, pearly gleam around its edges denotes the nearness of water.

About Middletown the country grows rich and cheerful. The enormous peach orchards through which we sped were healthy, laden with fruit, and in the most admirable keeping. Here, indeed, the true peach-land commences, "Where the air is all balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty"

—where the long trains of cars are heavily freighted in the afternoons of summer, and

travel thence through the night to give New York fifty thousand fragrant baskets by daylight. Here, also, there are canning and drying establishments, keeping the matchless fruit for winter, and the far North, and the peachless lands of other continents. And here the dwelling-houses are large and fair, the hedges thick and perfectly trimmed, the fields delighting in careful cultivation.

North of the canal we saw many yellow and sickly looking trees; here, and from this point onward, there were very few. Orchards of fifty or a hundred acres showed the liveliest green, and as bountiful a yield as that of the famous almond orchards of Majorca. The soil is cultivated precisely as for corn, kept lightly stirred and free from weeds, and a coating of lime is the usual fertilizer. A good orchard will continue bearing from twelve to fifteen years. I am satisfied that the failure of many attempts at peach culture must be attributed to negligence in regard to the stock and grafting. I have seen, upon the same soil and side by side, the trees from one nursery bearing richly for thirteen years, while those from another died after the first crop.

The Delaware Railroad runs directly southward through the rudder-shaped State, and is continued by the Eastern Shore road to Crisfield, on Chesapeake Bay, eighty-four miles from Norfolk. But there are already six contributing roads—four on the western and two on the eastern side. At Townsend, a few miles below Middletown, we met the first of these. Here the short "Townsend branch" strikes off to the southwest, dividing, after entering Maryland, into the Kent County and the Queen Anne's and Kent roads. Gentlemen connected with both roads had joined our train at Middletown, and they, with our president, arranged the day's programme—the commencement of a hospitable pressure so constant and so strong that our commander found it quite impossible to carry out his original and more modest plan.

We began with the southern or Queen Anne's road, which now runs to within four miles of Centreville, an old town near the Chesapeake shore, and exactly opposite Annapolis. This road is built on the summit ridge between the Chester and Choptank rivers, and its highest elevation is fully sixty feet above tide-water. The less attractive country through which it passes is, nevertheless, neither monotonous nor exhausted; it is Illinois under a warmer sky. There were heavy sheaves in the golden shocks which dotted the fields, and the woods, where they were not of second growth, loomed like green walls and towers against the sky. But the same features were continually repeated; the old, imposing mansions of the former feudal lords were scarce, and the new gray and drab cottages, which indicate the modern "departure," kept as near the railroad as possible, and looked, I thought, rather ill at ease in their bare surroundings.

At the hottest hour of the day we halted

where a country road crossed the track, and half a dozen carriages were waiting under the cedar-trees. Centreville is the venerable county seat of Queen Anne, and we must needs make acquaintance with it. A breeze which had freshened its dry wings in the Chesapeake blew over the lusty corn; the horses trotted nimbly; and I could not see that the dark coachmen were made miserable by their freedom, or performed their service less willingly for being paid for it. The party was too cheerful, and our hosts were too intent on offering their individual hospitality, for a very careful survey of the little town. This and the other places which we afterward visited all impressed me in the same way—as if they had been far gone in a kind of mild dry-rot, for which the inhabitants have just now discovered the remedy. The brick mansions of the last century, with traditions of paint clinging to their warped eaves and porticoes; the gardens where fruit, flowers, and weeds tell equally of the old mellowness of the soil; the shabby humbler dwellings crouching with an obsequious air beside their haughty neighbors; the old-fashioned “stores,” with placards of the newest medicines and labor-saving machines about their doors; the large but dingy hotel, whose very door seems to say, “Governors and Senators have entered here;” the paper-mulberry foliage above and the dust below—all these features are repeated along the Eastern Shore.

We had scarcely noticed them in passing when the carriages halted on a lawn before one of the better preserved dwellings, with a noble old garden in the rear, where I strayed while the company gathered together, and pilfered a magnolia blossom. The fruit trees and ornamental shrubbery grew unpruned, but all the more beautiful for their wild luxuriance. Even the familiar flowers seemed larger and of richer color. Soon the host summoned us to refreshments, which could only be hastily and sparingly enjoyed, for this was but the beginning. Our rapid experience, however, showed us that comfort and taste had survived the decay of the ancient glories of the place, and that perhaps a part of the neglect we noticed must be attributed to these last years of transition.

We returned to the train by another and much longer road, which some of the citizens regretted, since it passed through a poorer tract of country. This was depressing to the local spirit; yet I can say that I found every thing—soil, production, condition of the farms, timber, and water—better than I had anticipated. The estates are still too large for the best agriculture, but there is little waste or unsettled land, and a willingness to exchange the old, impoverishing system for a better.

The train was backed more than twenty miles to the junction, and we took the upper, or Kent County road. It was the same country over again, with a slight improvement. The upland—if one can call it so—of the peninsula is a dead level, with scarcely dip enough in any

direction for the water to run off. The undulations commence with the creeks, as they slowly go down their thirty, forty, or fifty feet to tide-water; and there is more beauty of landscape as well as more fertility of soil along the shores. We found this to be the case on all of the four branches to the Chesapeake.

Again a halt on the track, and carriages for the uncompleted three miles to Chestertown. We were nearer the water than at Centreville; the country rolled in broader waves, and there were some fresh glimpses over far blue sweeps of farm-land. Our approach to the town was denoted by the Washington College, as it is called, though hardly more than an ordinary school at present. Washington endowed it with fifty guineas; but the county or State does not seem to have very heartily seconded his contribution. The plain brick building resembles those built in the North for the common school in villages of a thousand inhabitants. Nearer the town there is a spring, from which Washington (so tradition sayeth) always drank on his journeys to and from Mount Vernon and Philadelphia. It was then customary to cross the Chesapeake from Annapolis, and travel up the Eastern Shore, through Centreville and Chestertown, to New Castle or Marcus Hook, instead of taking the roundabout road through Baltimore. This was also the older and richer region at that time, and the Southern statesmen were sure of a lordly hospitality at the end of every day's stage in their ponderous chaises.

The broad, main street of Chestertown suggests the entrance to some ancient capital. Its venerable mansions, many of them in excellent preservation—its bank, court-house, hotel, and churches—would be disappointing if the corn fields succeeded them on the other side; but, instead, there is the broad expanse of Chester River, bordered by gardens and stately homes. Into one of these we were taken, *volens volens*, and there, from a breezy portico in the rear, saw the twilight deepen over the charming water view until the hostess called us to crabs, fried chickens, and waffles, such as only the Eastern Shore can give. I could have believed myself in England, there was such an air of antique comfort and order about the place. It was only too attractive, for our plans commanded us to leave when the open-hearted hospitality of our host made us feel most at home.

On our return to the train I heard the first indirect expression of opinion in regard to the change which came with the war. We met a company of negro laborers returning from their work in the dusk, singing as they went homeward. “A few years ago,” said one of the gentlemen, “they always sang, but this, you will notice, is the first we have heard.”

“Are they, then, so unhappy since they are free?” I asked.

After a little hesitation he said, “They have cares now which they didn't know then.”

“It is a good thing,” I could not help re-

marking: "if they begin to feel care for their future, they have already learned something."

This seemed to be a view of the matter which the gentleman had not considered. Similar opinions to his own were frequently suggested to us in a delicate way, but the tone was always regretful rather than bitter. Indeed, I should have been better satisfied if our hosts had not taken such evident pains to suppress any expression of what many of them must still feel in their hearts. I, at least, went to the Eastern Shore prepared to hear a frank discontent, possibly a little expressed hostility to the government, and to hear it patiently and tolerantly. When men can exchange the most conflicting views without irritation they are already half reconciled. In the one or two instances where I was able to approach the subject I was quite satisfied with the spirit in which my advances were met.

It had long been dark when we reached the train, and of our night's travel I know nothing. We awoke at Middletown, and started early (leaving the main line at Clayton) for a trip down the Maryland and Delaware road, a branch some fifty miles in length, running southwestward through Carolina and Talbot counties to Oxford, at the mouth of the Choptank River. It is a fine, open country, easily improved, apparently healthy, and offering such inducements in the way of mild winters, cheap lands, and nearness to markets that the absence of immigration seemed to call for some special explanation. Why should Eastern and Northern farmers go to Iowa or Nebraska when such a region lies within twenty-four hours of Maine or Vermont? Until very recently immigration has been practically discouraged, not alone through the hostile sentiment of the old proprietors, but also through their reluctance to part with any portion of their large (and generally encumbered) estates. It has been held to be more "aristocratic" to possess a thousand heavily mortgaged than a hundred free acres. Large estates belong to "blood," which is still a word of great potency in the world. I don't know how many times during that day the birth-place of somebody's grandfather was pointed out to me. Utterly unknown names and genealogies were explained with a patience and an enthusiasm which presupposed the profoundest interest on my part. Where such a tendency is universal—at least among all men of middle age—it betrays a feeling which no argument will touch. It is so simple and candid, so natural, by reason of inheritance and education, that we had best let it alone, and trust to the slow influence of example. One man of fine character and true refinement, ignorant of his ancestors, will effect more by his life in such a region than all propagandists for the dignity of labor.

Easton, which we reached early in the forenoon, is the largest town on the Eastern Shore, actually containing 2000 inhabitants, although all the others *claim* to have that number. It is

a bright, clean, cheerful place, still keeping its old-time mansions and gardens, but keeping them in good condition. The dilapidation of the past is hardly seen, and one feels a fresher breeze of the present while driving through the busy, shaded streets. Grand old trees, singly or in groups, stud the surrounding landscape; fine old farm-houses (I was about to say "halls" and "manors") are visible in the distance; and a drive of two miles to the north brings you to the blue inlets and bays of Miles River, and the quiet, pastoral beauty of their shores.

A number of gentlemen joined our party for the further trip to Oxford, ten miles distant. The wheat and corn fields, the tall woods of pine and white oak, and the hollows grown with persimmon and sweet-gum soon flew past, and the great bay, six miles broad, opened before us, its capes and islands hiding the Chesapeake beyond. The train halted at the beach, where winds and waves invited to a bath; but those of us who plunged into the tepid tide were so sharply stung by sea-nettles that we came out again in no very comfortable plight. Turning toward Oxford, I first saw, as I supposed, a ruined abbey—walls, buttresses, and pointed windows of gray stone—on a knoll beside the water. But it was simply an unfinished church, commenced on too ambitious a scale, and now more picturesque in its ruin than it ever could have been if completed. Oxford, two hundred years old or more, has, I should guess, one inhabitant for each year of its age. It is a dream of another continent. Before one house there is a grape-vine a foot in diameter, brought from Guernsey, perhaps in Charles II.'s time; a large English walnut-tree grows on the beach, the Scotch thistle thrusts its yellow blossom through old garden palings, and the fig-tree has almost become a wild bush. Another plant grows there, of which the inhabitants unconsciously eat: in Oxford it is always afternoon. Why, the half hour we passed in loitering through its silent streets was equal to a night's sleep! I know not what heraldic phantoms hover over the place and soothe the life-long slumber of the inhabitants, but they must be pleasant, for the people are apparently as happy as they are indolent. To me Oxford was a surprise and a charm. I shall never think of the place but as a fortunate haven of escape from the stormy worry of our American life.

Afterward, at another place, when a bright young lady said to me, "We are all poor now—we have lost our labor," I answered, "But you have so many luxuries for nothing: the finest fish, crabs, and oysters at your door; canvas-back, red-head, and other ducks in the season; fruit, wild as well as cultivated; sailing, bathing, and easy communication with the world." There is no farm in Talbot County, I am told, more than five miles from navigable water. The whole country is penetrated, like the coast of Norway, with broad, winding fiords of the Chesapeake. The winters are just severe enough to fill the ice-houses—rarely below eighteen de-

grees—and the fig and pomegranate flourish in the open air. The climate is healthy, in spite of malarious rumors, for the large frames, fresh color, and apparent vigor of the people are the best testimony.

Our visit was too brief for more than a superficial acquaintance with the present feelings of the old residents. All of them protested to me that they had no prejudice against immigration, and some confessed that the large estates were now an evil. The large, irregular peninsula between Eastern and Choptank bays has long been divided into smaller farms, and has flourished in consequence; but near Easton there is still one estate which produces 30,000 bushels of wheat. Marl and muck are at hand for manuring, and the soil, which is only sandy in occasional belts, responds gratefully to every attention which it receives. From all I could observe or hear, I think it probable that the old prejudices—which were greatly dependent on the isolation, not only of the whole peninsula, but of its different districts—are beginning to yield. Some of the elderly gentlemen seemed to have been shut up in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty for a hundred years, so strangely did their views of life hint of a remote past (as, for instance, the establishment by law of different costumes for different classes of society!); but many of the younger men have awakened to the fact that the world has changed, and their duties have changed with it.

The Eastern Shore has these advantages over Virginia—that the soil has been only discouraged, not exhausted; that the new order of things is not new enough (for this part of Delaware has been practically free for fifty years) to be angrily resisted; and that its future prosperity depends on the markets of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. It is one of the most admirable fruit-growing regions in the world. Southern New Jersey, which lies opposite to it, has a much less favorable soil; the rich levels of Lombardy have not a more auspicious climate. The means of transportation by the Delaware Railroad are direct and rapid. Fruit delivered at Dover in the afternoon reaches New York by daylight next morning, in freight cars specially constructed for ventilation and smooth running. The four branches to the Chesapeake will soon demonstrate to the old Maryland families the profits of this special culture on small farms, will bind them by interest to the section with which they are geographically connected, and gradually reconcile them to the inevitable change in their fortunes. Transmitted ideas are always the most stubbornly held. Even if a community, after a while, discovers that it is nearly alone in holding them, that very circumstance is accepted as an honorable distinction. I heartily sympathize with an affectionate regard for the past, both of families and communities; but nothing can be more fatal than to set the standard of life behind instead of before us.

The development of the Eastern Shore, like that of Virginia, and, I suspect, the entire

South, depends on the young men, of course, yet it is virtually in the hands of the women. If the latter could see that their views of gentility are rather those which the early settlers brought with them two centuries ago than those of even aristocratic Europe at the present day, they would not discourage necessary, honest, *manly* labor in the men. Their own time would be spent in some beneficent form of activity, instead of vain lamentations for a vanished glory. They are quick, naturally intelligent, and possess many admirable instincts; and perhaps they are not aware of the power which they collectively possess in fixing the governing ideas of their own society. During the war they exercised their will to the utmost without needing the ballot; there could be no better evidence of the genuine, intrinsic influence which woman possesses over man. But when I think of *noblesse*, my thoughts involuntarily turn to a princess of an ancient line who broiled a beefsteak for me when I was hungry, and to a most accomplished and refined baroness who, in days of necessity, did the washing for herself and children. It is the very quality of a noble character that it *can not* be degraded by any necessary action. Manual labor, *per se*, is not agreeable: we all know that; but we might as well socially disqualify a family for having dyspepsia as for the labor that comes of duty.

It was easier, we found, to arrive at Easton than to leave. We were tempted by the offer of a terrapin supper, a bridal reception, and more private hospitality than we were individuals to accept; but the schedule of our special train was laid in advance, and we were compelled to adhere to it. Running back the branch we took the main line to Dover, the capital of the State of Sauls—Delaware, I mean. Again carriages and untiring hosts, who carried us through the pretty, flourishing town, the incredible blackberry fields and peach orchards around, until we were well imbued with the capacities of the country. It was the nearest approach to a California orchard that I have seen on the Atlantic coast. At the charming home of Mr. H—— we found the first well-kept turf, and a profusion of rare roses. The shore of Delaware Bay, a few miles distant, is low and marshy, unlike the bold, dry shores of the Chesapeake. In Dover there are already many Northern families, and the town is growing through the increase of their new and elegant homes.

Our own little company was increased very agreeably by two gentlemen of the place, who joined us for the remainder of the excursion. It was already sunset when we took the train and sped southward, our destination being Cambridge, at the extremity of the Dorchester and Delaware road, the last of the four western branches. Until it grew too dark to see them, there were peach orchards on either hand, part of that harvest of *three and a quarter millions* of baskets, which is the growers' esti-

mate for this season. The increase in the production of berries is even more remarkable.

It was quite late when we reached Cambridge, and I had gone to bed before the train stopped, missing the chance—which fell upon the fortunate president—of meeting some ladies of the place who had strolled to the station. In the morning my first view was of a sheet of sparkling blue water, the Choptank (originally *Chop-tauk*, which means “Blue Water”), the next of a spray of splendid acacia blossoms, golden, tipped with rosy mist, from a tree which Mr. C—— had discovered in returning from his nettled bath. The town, across a bridged inlet, shone in the sunshine, and the rich foliage in which its houses were buried rocked in a breeze so pure and fresh that it seemed to recreate the world. This cheerful impression remained with us; it would be difficult to find a more delightful little place than Cambridge. As old as its Massachusetts namesake, it has not even yet reached the conventional 2000 inhabitants; but it has more good, and fewer mouldy, dilapidated houses than any ancient town we saw. I noticed four hotels, every one of which looked comfortable. Some of the houses must be more than two hundred years old, for they are built with bricks brought from England; and theirs is an honored and respectable, not a neglected, age.

Our many hosts took us to see a place on the shore which was a very “home of ancient peace.” The low house, with its gambrel roof, overlooked the water; its rooms were paneled to the ceiling, and the stately gentlemen and dames of a past century looked upon us from the walls. On the small but nobly timbered lawn grew the crape-myrtle of the South; and there was a giant apricot-tree, fifty feet high, and laden with bushels of ripening fruit: it could not have been much less than a hundred and fifty years old. In the record-room of the court-house we saw some of the ancient volumes, with documents dating as far back as the year 1665. Yet, in spite of these evidences of antiquity, I heard less of ancestors than in other places. I was told—and do not doubt the fact—that the broad rivers, as the inlets of the Chesapeake are called, are positive lines of division, marking boundaries of character, relationship, social intercourse, habits, and manners. I must add, however, that we found no different degrees of cordiality in meeting the people of four sections.

The president had arranged to leave at eleven o'clock, and gave orders accordingly; but we must first visit the beautiful, bold river-shore, gather mountain cherries (*Prunus cerasus*), and inspect an Indian “kitchen-midden” of oyster-shells; and so it came to pass that at eleven o'clock we found ourselves seated, with twenty more, at Mr. B——'s table, with deviled crabs and fried chickens before us. “Time was made for slaves” seems to be a truism on the Eastern Shore; but who could think of

time—or even tide—seated at such a table? Deviled crabs, such as we enjoyed, are as soft as flowers for the old thief's foot to fall upon; and so he went unheeded, and the locomotive blew off its unnecessary steam, until we finally escaped with barely time for a clear track. The delay was doubly fortunate, for it enabled us to carry some of the Cambridge ladies with us as far as the junction at Seaford.

Below this point, on the main line, the country changes in character. The soil grows sandy, the pine displaces the oak, and the farms have a shabby, impoverished air. A few miles below Seaford is Delmar, on the line (its name compounded of *Del*-aware and *Mar*-yland), and we presently reached Salisbury, at the junction of the Wicomico and Pocomoke branch, which runs eastward some thirty miles to Berlin, near the Atlantic. We seem, however, to have reached North Carolina. Swamps of pine and cypress, saw-mills, roads deep in sand, scanty cultivation, are the features here, as on the road from Weldon to Wilmington. We caught a hasty glimpse of the place while waiting for the Berlin train to give us the track, and then sped away through forests and swamps for the latter town.

It was an agreeable surprise—the warm, cozy-looking little place, on the head waters of the Pocomoke. Dusty and old, though not with the venerable dignity of the towns on the Eastern Shore, it looked comfortable; and when our new and large and jolly friends proposed a drive to Sinepuxent Sound, with the prospect of a boat to carry us across to the Atlantic beach, we hailed the good fortune which had delivered us into their hands. Six level miles through the woods and fields brought us to a neat farm-house, which becomes a hotel at will; and here a late supper was ordered, although the modest landlord protested that he was out of every thing but “chickens and sich.” Beyond the house a natural green meadow stretched to the sound, which lay like a sheet of pearly glass, two or three miles in breadth, a sandy bar to the east dividing it from the open ocean. The sun was already low, the sloop was waiting, and we speedily pushed out into the beautiful solitude of water and sky. The farm tavern was the only dwelling in sight: north and south stretched the quiet sound, with its broad border of marshy green, and a level-topped forest behind. There was no boat visible except our own, and nothing to be seen on the sandy promontory, which stretches fifty miles southward until it reaches Chincoteague Inlet, except two or three wild ponies.

The beach, a quarter of a mile in breadth, rises but a few feet above the sea level. There are some sheds for bathers and excursionists, facing the Atlantic, which here, growing gray in the sunset, rolled in, and broke in long, heavy, lazy swells. It was too tempting; a look at the sand assured us that sea-nettles were unknown, and we presently met the great, lifting masses of water, and rode them as if

they were tame elephants. Of all coast bathing this is the finest I ever saw. The sand, which is like velvet to the feet, has a gradual slope; there is no perceptible under-tow or side current; and the lazy force of the huge waves, which *subside* rather than break violently, allows the bather to rock and swing upon them with a new sense of luxury. The temperature of the sea was perfect, and nothing but the falling twilight called us back to the shore. W—— and C——, outside the swells, floated on their backs like contented nautili, and were hardly to be enticed to the strand, even by the prospect of “chickens and sich.”

The “sich” being oysters and delicate fish, fresh from the water, we marveled at our landlord's modesty. Often as the dishes needed to be replenished, fresh stores never failed, until, filled, refreshed, and satisfied to the very marrow of our bones, we drove back through the darkness to Berlin. The many delays occasioned by hospitality obliged us to again correct the failures in our programme by night travel. But, before going further, I must say a word about the outside land, known at this point as Sinepuxent Beach, but further south as Assateague Island. One can travel upon it, between ocean and sound, the whole distance to Chincoteague Inlet, finding a habitation about once in a dozen miles. Toward its southern extremity it becomes broader, and is somewhat populated. This is the breeding-place of a race of ponies, which run wild, feeding on the strong beach grass, except once a year, when they are herded, the colts branded with their owners' marks, and the mature animals sold. Those I saw were very handsome creatures, of a bright bay color, and about the size of a Mexican mustang. The Sinepuxent expands into the broader Chincoteague Sound, the haunt of sturdy fishermen, of unmixed English stock. The poorer classes of all this region are rough and ignorant, but very good-natured and hospitable.

Accomac and Northampton are the two counties of Virginia. The same peculiarity of deep inlets on the Chesapeake and sounds and sandy islands on the Atlantic side continues all the way down to Cape Charles. Cobb's Island, a few miles north of the cape, has a large hotel, and is a favorite resort of the people of Baltimore and Norfolk. Here the climate is mild enough for both cotton and rice. In a few more years the Peninsular Railroad will undoubtedly be pushed down to Cherrystone Inlet, within thirty-five miles of Norfolk.

I went to bed on leaving Berlin, and slept soundly until awakened by the incessant noise of rolling barrels. We were upon the pier at Crisfield, and three steamers beside us were taking on their freight. My companions were, in addition, tormented by mosquitoes; so we all arose early and looked about us. The bay here is a part of Tangier Sound, divided by three large islands from the main body of the Chesapeake. Crisfield, which is a new place, built

on a foundation of oyster-shells, is the terminus of the road, one hundred and thirty-five miles south of Wilmington and eighty-five miles north of Norfolk. The three steamers left during our stay—one for the latter city, one for the Accomac shore, and one for Wilmington by sea. The small population lives by fishing and by opening oysters during the season. Last year's exportation of oysters, if I remember rightly, was about nine thousand tons. The water fairly swarms with fish and crabs, and the marshes around are a paradise for the sportsman.

I can not recount all the prospects of future growth and trade which were explained to me here, as at the other points touched in our excursion. My aim is to describe briefly what I saw, neither disparaging nor favoring any special section of the peninsula. There is very little of it which does not offer a fair field for development. I found every where fewer marshes, less sand, a more capable soil, and greater facilities for improvement than previous reports had led me to believe.

Around Crisfield the principal crop was sweet-potatoes. The land rises very slowly from the water level; but after we had passed through ten or twelve miles of pine, oak, and cypress forest, with an occasional holly-tree, we found beautiful fields and orchards, new dwellings, and a promise of prosperity, at Westover. Between this point and Salisbury there is Princess Anne, a small but dignified little place, where we ignorantly ran away from and seemed to slight, without intending it, a very graceful and generous welcome. The train was again behind its arranged time, with a regular passenger train chasing it; so, taking some of our Berlin friends on board at Salisbury, we hurried back into Delaware for our last branch excursion to Lewes and the Breakwater.

But from the junction at Harrington to the ocean we were no longer tourists. The trip took on more and more of a social character. There were fresh guests at Milford, others at Georgetown. The train made a mile a minute. There was fishing on the pier, bathing in the surfless water inside of Cape Henlopen, a distant view of the costly breakwater and ice-breaker, and a dinner prolonged over the returning miles. I will not chronicle further than to mention the cordial atmosphere in which men of the most different experiences and opinions harmonized on a common social ground; and there was no new feature of the region to be added to previous observations. We went northward, dropping some of our company at every principal station, until, beyond Clayton, reduced to our original four, we sat down to fresh pipes of reflection, and compared our impressions.

I give you the bearing of my own, corrected by three compasses which but slightly varied. If this shall incline any liberal, clear-eyed, intelligent summer tourist to run down the Eastern Shore and see for himself, I feel sure he will come back well satisfied with his experience.

HANNAH JANE.

By PETROLEUM V. NASBY.



"AT HER OLD HOME IN PIKETON PARSON AVERY MADE US ONE."

ABEL MERRIWEATHER, REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM THE THIRTY-THIRD DISTRICT OF INDIANA—LAWYER, WRITER, ORATOR—SOLVES ONE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

SHE isn't half so handsome as when, twenty years ago,
At her old home in Piketon Parson Avery made us one;
The great house crowded full of guests of every degree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all envying me.

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin was white as milk,
Her brown hair—what a mess it was!—and soft and fine as silk;
No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such a grace,
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face.

She had but meagre schooling: her little notes to me
Were full of crooked pot-hooks, and the worst orthography.
Her "dear" she spelled with double e, and "kiss" with but one s;
But when one's crazed with passion, what's a letter more or less?

She blundered in her writing, and she blundered when she spoke,
And every rule of syntax that old Murray made she broke;
But she was beautiful and fresh, and I—well, I was young:
Her form and face o'erbalanced all the blunders of her tongue.

I was but little better. True, I'd longer been at school;
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a trifle more by rule;
But that was all. The neighbors round, who both of us well knew,
Said—which I believed—she was the better of the two.

All's changed: the light of seventeen's no longer in her eyes;
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the coiffeur's art supplies;
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly forward bends;
Her fingers, once so shapely, now are stumpy at the ends.

She knows but very little, and in little are we one;
The beauty rare that more than hid that great defect is gone.
My *parvenu* relations now deride my homely wife,
And pity me that I am tied to such a clod for life.

I know there is a difference: at reception and levée
The brightest, wittiest, and most famed of women smile on me;
And every where I hold my place among the greatest men;
And sometimes sigh, with Whittier's judge, "Alas! it might have been."

When they all crowd around me, stately dames and brilliant belles,
And yield to me the homage that all great success compels,
Discussing art and state-craft, and literature as well,
From Homer down to Thackeray, and Swedenborg on "Hell,"

I can't forget that from these streams my wife has never quaffed,
Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack Falstaff laughed;
Of authors, actors, artists—why, she hardly knows the names;
She slept while I was speaking on the *Alabama* claims.



"WHEN THEY ALL CROWD AROUND ME, STATELY DAMES AND BRILLIANT BELLES."



"SHE MADE HERSELF MOST WILLINGLY A HOUSEHOLD DRUDGE AND SLAVE."

I can't forget— Just at this point another form appears—
The wife I wedded as she was before my prosperous years;
I travel o'er the dreary road we traveled side by side,
And wonder what my share would be if Justice should divide.

She had four hundred dollars left her from the old estate;
On that we married, and, thus poorly armored, faced our fate.
I wrestled with my books; her task was harder far than mine—
'Twas how to make two hundred dollars do the work of nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my legal lore,
An office with a stove and desk, of books perhaps a score;
She had her beauty and her youth, and some housewifely skill,
And love for me and faith in me, and back of that a will.

I had no friends behind me—no influence to aid;
I worked and fought for every little inch of ground I made.
And how she fought beside me! never woman lived on less:
In two long years she never spent a single cent for dress.

Ah! how she cried for joy when my first legal fight was won,
When our eclipse passed partly by, and we stood in the sun!
The fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work of half a year—
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal bow and spear.

I well remember, when my coat (the only one I had)
Was seedy grown and threadbare, and, in fact, most "shocking bad,"
The tailor's stern remark when I a modest order made:
"Cash is the basis, Sir, on which we tailors do our trade."

Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very day;
 She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tailor's skill to pay.
 I got a coat, and wore it; but alas! poor Hannah Jane
 Ne'er went to church or lecture till warm weather came again.

Our second season she refused a cloak of any sort,
 That I might have a decent suit in which t' appear in court;
 She made her last year's bonnet do that I might have a hat:
 Talk of the old-time, flame-enveloped martyrs after that!

No negro ever worked so hard: a servant's pay to save,
 She made herself most willingly a household drudge and slave.
 What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,
 Combining as she did in one, nurse, house-maid, seamstress, cook!

What wonder that the beauty fled that I once so adored!
 Her beautiful complexion my fierce kitchen fire devoured;
 Her plump, soft, rounded arm was once too fair to be concealed:
 Hard work for me that softness into sinewy strength congealed.

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame:
 Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar came,
 And, tearful, flung thereon—alas! I did not know it then—
 All that she was, and more than that, all that she might have been!

At last I won success. Ah! then our lives were wider parted:
 I was far up the rising road; she, poor girl! where we started.
 I had tried my speed and mettle, and gained strength in every race;
 I was far up the heights of life—she drudging at the base.



"I WAS HER ALTAR, AND HER LOVE THE SACRIFICIAL FLAME."

She made me take each fall the stump; she said 'twas my career:
The wild applause of list'ning crowds was music to my ear.
What stimulus had she to cheer her dreary solitude?
For me she lived on gladly in unnatural widowhood.

She couldn't read my speech, but when the papers all agreed
'Twas the best one of the session, those comments she could read.
And with a gush of pride thereat, which I had never felt,
She sent them to me in a note, with half the words misspelt.

I to the Legislature went, and said that she should go
To see the world with me, and what the world was doing know.
With tearful smile she answered, "No! four dollars is the pay;
The Bates House rates for board *for one* is just that sum per day."

At twenty-eight the State-house; on the bench at thirty-three;
At forty every gate in life was opened wide to me.
I nursed my powers, and grew, and made my point in life; but she—
Bearing such pack-horse weary loads, what could a woman be?

What could she be? Oh, shame! I blush to think what she has been:
The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men.
Yes, plain and homely now she is; she's ignorant, 'tis true:
For me she rubbed herself quite out: I represent the two.

Well, I suppose that I might do as other men have done—
First break her heart with cold neglect, then shove her out alone.
The world would say 'twas well, and more, would give great praise to me
For having borne with "such a wife" so uncomplainingly.

And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Hannah, God, and me
Was not for one or twenty years, but for eternity.
No matter what the world may think; I know down in my heart
That, if either, I'm delinquent: she has bravely done her part.

There's another world beyond this; and on the final day
Will intellect and learning 'gainst such devotion weigh?
When the great one made of us two is torn apart again,
I'll kick the beam, for God is just, and He knows Hannah Jane.

THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

A DESPERATE PLAN.

ETHEL'S plan was hastily revealed. The position was exceedingly perilous; time was short, and this was the only way of escape.

It was the priest who had concocted it, and he had thought of it as the only plan by which Hawbury's rescue could be effected. This ingenious Irishman had also formed another plan for the rescue of Minnie and her sister, which was to be attempted in due course of time.

Now no ordinary mode of escape was possible for Hawbury. A strict watch was kept. The priest had noticed on his approach that guards were posted in different directions in such a way that no fugitive from the house could elude them. He had also seen that the guard inside the house was equally vigilant. To leap from the window and run for it would be certain death, for that was the very thing which the brigands anticipated. To make a sudden rush down the stairs was not possible, for at the door below there were guards; and

there, most vigilant of all, was Girasole himself.

The decision of the Irish priest was correct, as has been proved in the case of Dacres, who, in spite of all his caution, was observed and captured. Of this the priest knew nothing, but judged from what he himself had seen on his approach to the house.

The plan of the priest had been hastily communicated to Ethel, who shared his convictions and adopted his conclusions. She also had noticed the vigilance with which the guard had been kept up, and only the fact that a woman had been sent for and was expected with the priest had preserved her from discovery and its consequences. As it was, however, no notice was taken of her, and her pretended character was assumed to be her real one. Even Girasole had scarcely glanced at her. A village peasant was of no interest in his eyes. His only thought was of Minnie, and the woman that the priest brought was only used as a desperate effort to show a desire for her comfort. After he had decided to separate the sisters the woman was of more importance; but he had nothing to

say to her, and thus Ethel had effected her entrance to Minnie's presence in safety, with the result that has been described.

The priest had been turning over many projects in his brain, but at last one suggested itself which had originated in connection with the very nature of his errand.

One part of that errand was that a man should be conveyed out of the house and carried away and left in a certain place. Now the man who was thus to be carried out was a dead man, and the certain place to which he was to be borne and where he was to be left was the grave; but these stern facts did not at all deter the Irish priest from trying to make use of this task that lay before him for the benefit of Hawbury.

Here was a problem. A prisoner anxious for escape, and a dead man awaiting burial; how were these two things to be exchanged so that the living man might pass out without going to the grave?

The Irish priest puzzled and pondered and grew black in the face with his efforts to get to the solution of this problem, and at length succeeded—to his own satisfaction, at any rate. What is more, when he explained his plan to Ethel, she adopted it. She started, it is true; she shuddered, she recoiled from it at first, but finally she adopted it. Furthermore, she took it upon herself to persuade Hawbury to fall in with it.

So much with regard to Hawbury. For Minnie and her sister the indefatigable priest had already concocted a plan before leaving home. This was the very commonplace plan of a disguise. It was to be an old woman's apparel, and he trusted to the chapter of accidents to make the plan a success. He noticed with pleasure that some women were at the place, and thought that the prisoners might be confounded with them.

When at length Ethel had explained the plan to Hawbury he made a few further objections, but finally declared himself ready to carry it out.

The priest now began to put his project into execution. He had brought a screw-driver with him, and with this he took out the screws from the coffin one by one, as quietly as possible.

Then the lid was lifted off, and Hawbury arose and helped the priest to transfer the corpse from the coffin to the straw. They then put the corpse on its side, with the face to the wall, and bound the hands behind it, and the feet also. The priest then took Hawbury's handkerchief and bound it around the head of the corpse. One or two rugs that lay near were thrown over the figure, so that it at length looked like a sleeping man.

Hawbury now got into the coffin and lay down on his back at full length. The priest had brought some bits of wood with him, and these he put on the edge of the coffin in such a way that the lid would be kept off at a distance of about a quarter of an inch. Through this

opening Hawbury could have all the air that was requisite for breathing.

Then Ethel assisted the priest to lift the lid on.

Thus far all had been quiet; but now a slight noise was heard below. Some men were moving. Ethel was distracted with anxiety, but the priest was as cool as a clock. He whispered to her to go back to the room where she belonged.

"Will you be able to finish it?" she asked.

"Sure an' I will—only don't you be afther stayin' here any longer."

At this Ethel stole back to Minnie's room, and stood listening with a quick-beating heart.

But the priest worked coolly and dextrously. He felt for the holes to which the screws belonged, and succeeded in putting in two of them.

Then there was a noise in the hall below.

The priest began to put in the third screw.

There were footsteps on the stairs.

He screwed on.

Nearer and nearer came the steps.

The priest still kept to his task.

At last a man entered the room. Ethel, who had heard all, was faint with anxiety. She was afraid that the priest had not finished his task.

Her fears were groundless.

Just as the foremost of the men entered the room the priest finished screwing, and stood by the coffin, having slipped the screw-driver into his pocket, as calm as though nothing had happened. Three of the screws were in, and that was as many as were needed.

The men brought no light with them, and this circumstance was in the priest's favor.

"You've been keeping me waiting long," said the priest, in Italian.

"You may be glad it wasn't longer," said one of them, in a sullen tone. "Where is it?"

"Here," said the priest.

The men gathered around the coffin, and stooped down over it, one at each corner. Then they raised it up. Then they carried it out; and soon the heavy steps of the men were heard as they went down the stairs with their burden.

Ethel still stood watching and listening.

As she listened she heard some one ascending the stairs. New terror arose. Something was wrong, and all would be discovered. But the man who came up had no light, and that was one comfort. She could not see who it was.

The man stopped for a moment in front of Minnie's door, and stood so close to her that she heard his breathing. It was quick and heavy, like the breathing of a very tired or a very excited man. Then he turned away and went to the door of the front-room opposite. Here he also stood for a few moments.

All was still.

Then he came back, and entered Hawbury's room.

Now the crisis had come—the moment when all might be discovered. And if so, they all were lost. Ethel bent far forward and tried to peer through the gloom. She saw the dark figure of the new-comer pass by one of the windows, and by the outline she knew that it was Girasole. He passed on into the shadow, and toward the place where the straw was. She could not see him any more.

Girasole stepped noiselessly and cautiously, as though fearful of waking the sleeper. At every step he paused and listened. The silence re-assured him.

He drew nearer and nearer, his left hand groping forward, and his right hand holding a pistol. His movements were perfectly noiseless.

His own excitement was now intense, his heart throbbed fiercely and almost painfully as he approached his victim.

At last he reached the spot, and knelt on one knee. He listened for a moment. There was no noise and no movement on the part of the figure before him.

In the gloom he could see the outline of that figure plainly. It lay on its side, curled up in the most comfortable attitude which could be assumed, where arms and legs were bound.

"How soundly he sleeps!" thought Girasole.

He paused for a moment, and seemed to hesitate; but it was only for a moment. Then, summing up his resolution, he held his pistol close to the head of the figure, and fired.

The loud report echoed through the house. A shriek came from Minnie's room, and a cry came from Mrs. Willoughby, who sprang toward the hall. But Girasole came out and intercepted her.

"Eet ees notin," said he, in a tremulous voice. "Eet ees all ovair. Eet ees only a false alarm."

Mrs. Willoughby retreated to her room, and Minnie said nothing. As for Ethel, the suspense with her had passed away as the report of the pistol came to her ears.

Meanwhile the coffin was carried out of the house, and the men, together with the priest, walked on toward a place further up the shore and on the outskirts of the woods. They reached a place where a grave was dug.

At this moment a pistol-shot sounded. The priest stopped, and the men stopped also. They did not understand it. The priest did not know the cause of the shot, but seeing the alarm of the men he endeavored to excite their fears. One of the men went back, and was cursed by Girasole for his pains. So he returned to the grave, cursing every body.

The coffin was now lowered into the grave, and the priest urged the men to go away and let him finish the work; but they refused. The fellows seemed to have some affection for their dead comrade, and wished to show it by putting him under-ground, and doing the last honors. So the efforts of the Irish priest, though very well meant, and very urgent, and



"HE HELD HIS PISTOL CLOSE TO THE HEAD, AND FIRED."

very persevering, did not meet with that success which he anticipated.

Suddenly he stopped in the midst of the burial service, which he was prolonging to the utmost.

"Hark!" he cried, in Italian.

"What?" they asked.

"It's a gun! It's an alarm!"

"There's no gun, and no alarm," said they.

All listened, but there was no repetition of the sound, and the priest went on.

He had to finish it.

He stood trembling and at his wit's end. Already the men began to throw in the earth.

But now there came a real alarm.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DISCOVERED.

THE report of the pistol had startled Minnie, and for a moment had greatly agitated her. The cry of Mrs. Willoughby elicited a response from her to the effect that all was right, and would, no doubt, have resulted in a conversation, had it not been prevented by Girasole.

Minnie then relapsed into silence for a time, and Ethel took a seat by her side on the floor, for Minnie would not go near the straw, and then the two interlocked their arms in an affectionate embrace.

"Ethel darling," whispered Minnie, "do you know I'm beginning to get awfully tired of this?"

"I should think so, poor darling!"

"If I only had some place to sit on," said Minnie, still reverting to her original grievance, "it wouldn't be so very bad, you know."

I could put up with not having a bed, or a sofa, or that sort of thing, you know; but really I must say not to have any kind of a seat seems to me to be very, very inconsiderate, to say the least of it."

"Poor darling!" said Ethel again.

"And now do you know, Ethel dear, I'm beginning to feel as though I should really like to run away from this place, if I thought that horrid man wouldn't see me?"

"Minnie darling," said Ethel, "that's the very thing I came for, you know."

"Oh yes, I know! And that dear, nice, good, kind, delightful priest! Oh, it was so nice of you to think of a priest, Ethel dear! I'm so grateful! But when is he coming?"

"Soon, I hope. But *do* try not to talk so."

"But I'm only whispering."

"Yes, but your whispers are too loud, and I'm afraid they'll hear."

"Well, I'll try to keep still; but it's so awfully hard, you know, when one has so much to say, Ethel dear."

Minnie now remained silent for about five minutes.

"How did you say you were going to take me away?" she asked at length.

"In disguise," said Ethel.

"But *what* disguise?"

"In an old woman's dress—but hu-s-s-sh!"

"But I don't *want* to be dressed up in an old woman's clothes; they make me *such* a figure. Why, I'd be a perfect fright."

"Hu-s-s-sh! Dear, dear Minnie, you're talking too loud. They'll certainly hear us," said Ethel, in a low, frightened whisper.

"But *do—do* promise you won't take me in an old woman's clothes!"

"Oh, there—there it is again!" said Ethel.

"Dear, dear Minnie, there's some one listening."

"Well, I don't see what harm there is in what I'm saying. I only wanted—"

Here there was a movement on the stairs just outside. Ethel had heard a sound of that kind two or three times, and it had given her alarm; but now Minnie herself heard it, and stopped speaking.

And now a voice sounded from the stairs. Some Italian words were spoken, and seemed to be addressed to them. Of course they could make no reply. The words were repeated, with others, and the speaker seemed to be impatient. Suddenly it flashed across Ethel's mind that the speaker was Girasole, and that the words were addressed to her.

Her impression was correct, and the speaker was Girasole. He had heard the sibilant sounds of the whispering, and, knowing that Minnie could not speak Italian, it had struck him as being a very singular thing that she should be whispering. Had her sister joined her? He thought he would go up and see. So he went up softly, and the whispering still went on. He therefore concluded that the "Italian woman" was not doing her duty, and that Mrs. Wil-

loughby had joined her sister. This he would not allow; but as he had already been sufficiently harsh he did not wish to be more so, and therefore he called to the "Italian woman."

"Hallo, you woman there! didn't I tell you not to let the ladies speak to one another?"

Of course no answer was given, so Girasole grew more angry still, and cried out again, more imperatively:

"Why do *you* not answer me? Where are you? Is this the way you watch?"

Still there was no answer. Ethel heard, and by this time knew what his suspicion was; but she could neither do nor say any thing.

"Come down here at once, you hag!"

But the "hag" did not come down, nor did she give any answer. The "hag" was trembling violently, and saw that all was lost. If the priest were only here! If she could only have gone and returned with him! What kept him?

Girasole now came to the top of the stairs, and spoke to Minnie.

"Charming mees, are you awake?"

"Yes," said Minnie.

"Ees your sistaire wit you?"

"No. How can *she* be with me, I should like to know, when you've gone and put her in some horrid old room?"

"Ah! not wit you? Who are you whisperin' to, den?"

Minnie hesitated.

"To my maid," said she.

"Does de maid spik Inglis?" asked Girasole.

"Yes," said Minnie.

"Ah! I did not know eet. I mus have a look at de contadina who spiks Inglis. Come here, Italiana. You don't spik Italiano, I tink. Come here."

Ethel rose to her feet.

Girasole ran down, and came back after a few minutes with a lamp. Concealment was useless, and so Ethel did not cover her face with the hood. It had fallen off when she was sitting by Minnie, and hung loosely down her shoulders from the strings which were around her neck. Girasole recognized her at one glance.

"Ah!" said he; and then he stood thinking. As for Ethel, now that the suspense was over and the worst realized, her agitation ceased. She stood looking at him with perfect calm.

"What dit you come for?" he asked.

"For *her*," said Ethel, making a gesture toward Minnie.

"What could you do wit her?"

"I could see her and comfort her."

"Ah! an' you hope to make her escape. Ha, ha! ver well. You mus not complain eef you haf to soffair de consequence. Aha! an' so de priest bring you here—ha?"

Ethel was silent.

"Ah! you fear to say—you fear you harma de priest—ha?"

Minnie had thus far said nothing, but now she rose and looked at Girasole, and then at

Ethel. Then she twined one arm around Ethel's waist, and turned her large, soft, childish eyes upon Girasole.

"What do you mean," she said, "by *always* coming here and teasing, and worrying, and firing off pistols, and frightening people? I'm sure it was horrid enough for you to make me come to this wretched place, when you *know* I don't like it, without annoying me so. Why did you go and take away poor darling Kitty? And what do you mean now, pray, by coming here? I never was treated so unkindly in my life. I did not think that *any one* could be so very, very rude."

"Charming mees," said Girasole, with a deprecating air, "it pains me to do any ting dat you do not like."

"It don't pain you," said Minnie—"it don't pain you at all. You're *always* teasing me. You *never* do what I want you to. You wouldn't even give me a chair."

"Alas, carissima mia, to-morra you sall haf all! But dis place is so remote."

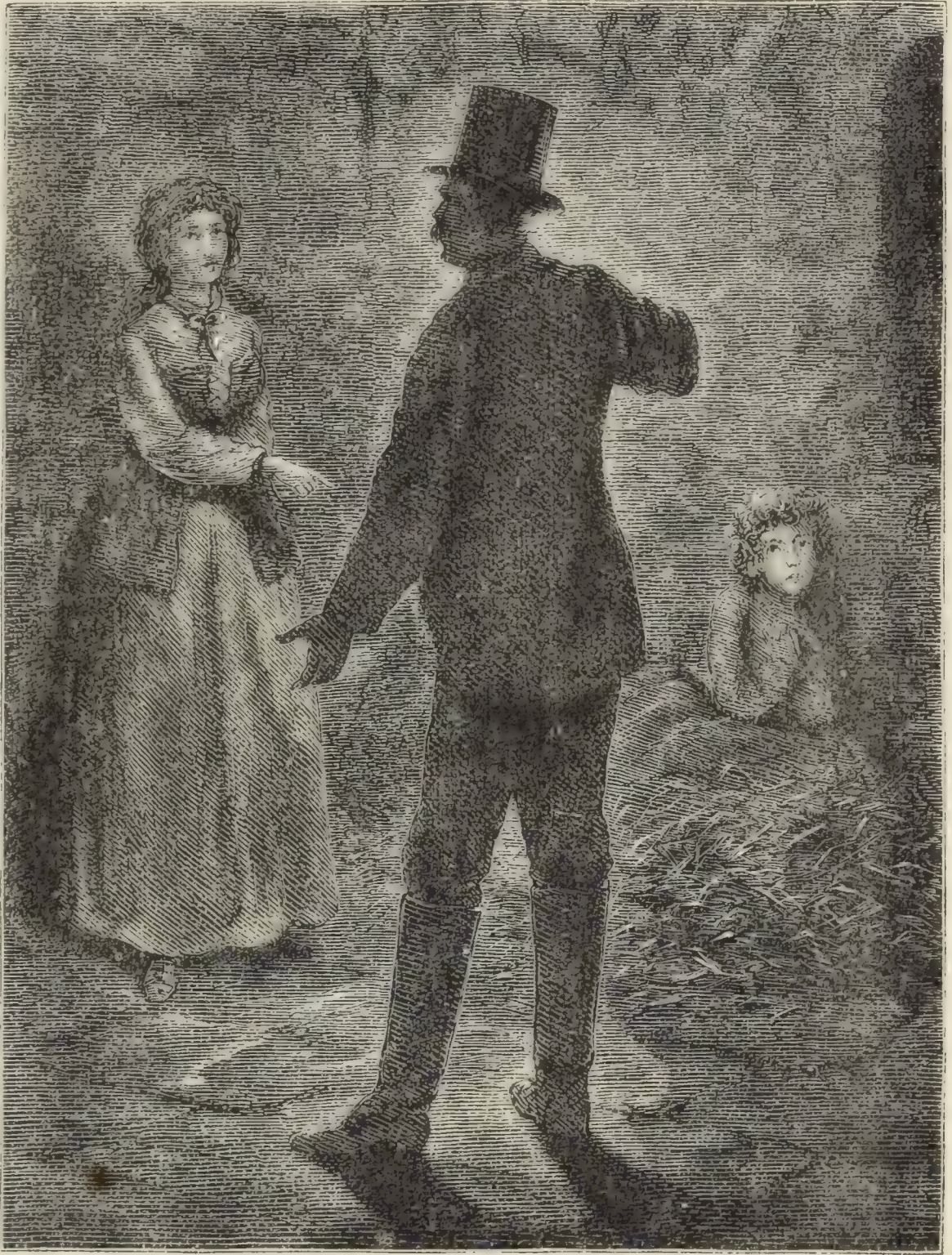
"It is *not* remote," said Minnie. "It's close by roads and villages and things. Why here is Ethel; she has been in a village where there are houses, and people, and as many chairs as she wants."

"Oh, mees, eef you will but wait an' be patient—eef you will but wait an' see how tender I will be, an' how I lof you."

"You *don't* love me," said Minnie, "one bit. Is this love—not to give me a chair? I have been standing up till I am nearly ready to drop. And you have nothing better than some wretched promises. I don't care for to-morrow; I want to be comfortable to-day. You won't let me have a single thing. And now you come to tease me again, and frighten poor, dear, darling Ethel."

"Eet ees because she deceif me—she come wit a plot—she steal in here. Eef she had wait, all would be well."

"You mustn't *dare* to touch her," said Min-



"WHAT DIT YOU COME FOR?"—"FOR HER."

nie, vehemently. "You *shall* leave her here. She *shall* stay with me."

"I am ver pain—oh, very; but oh, my angel—sweet—charming mees—eet ees dangaire to my lof. She plot to take you away. An' all my life is in you. Tink what I haf to do to gain you!"

Minnie looked upon Girasole, with her large eyes dilated with excitement and resentment.

"You are a horrid, horrid man," she exclaimed. "I *hate* you."

"Oh, my angel," pleaded Girasole, with deep agitation, "take back dat word."

"I'm sorry you ever saved my life," said Minnie, very calmly; "and I'm sorry I ever saw you. I *hate* you."

"Ah, you gif me torment. You do not mean dis. You say once you lof me."

"I did not say I loved *you*. It was *you* who said you loved *me*. I never liked *you*. And I don't really see how I *could* be engaged to you when I was engaged to another man before. He is the only one whom I recognize now. I don't know you at all. For I couldn't be bound to two men; could I, Ethel dear?"

Ethel did not reply to this strange question.

But upon Girasole its effect was very great. The manner of Minnie had been excessively perplexing to him all through this eventful day. If she had stormed and gone into a fine frenzy he could have borne it. It would have been natural. But she was perfectly unconcerned, and her only complaint was about trifles. Such trifles too! He felt ashamed to think that he could have subjected to such annoyances a woman whom he so dearly loved. And now he was once more puzzled. Minnie confronted him, looking at him fixedly, without one particle of fear, with her large, earnest, innocent eyes fastened upon his—with the calm, cool gaze of some high-minded child rebuking a younger child-companion. This was a proceeding which he was not prepared for. Besides, the child-innocence of her face and of her words actually daunted him. She seemed so fearless, because she was so innocent. She became a greater puzzle than ever. He had never seen much of her before, and this day's experience of her had actually daunted him and confounded him. And what was the worst to him of all her words was her calm and simple declaration, "I hate you!"

"Yes," said Minnie, thoughtfully, "it must be so; and dear Kitty would have said the same, only she was so awfully prejudiced. And I always thought he was so nice. Yes, I think I really must be engaged to him. But as for you," she said, turning full upon Girasole, "I hate you!"

Girasole's face grew white with rage and jealousy.

"Aha!" said he. "You lof *him*. Aha! An' you were engage to *him*. Aha!"

"Yes, I really think so."

"Aha! Well, listen," cried Girasole, in a hoarse voice—"listen. He—he—de rival—de one you say you are engage—he is dead!"

And with this he fastened upon Minnie his eyes that now gleamed with rage, and had an expression in them that might have made Ethel quiver with horror, but she did not, for she knew that Girasole was mistaken on that point.

As for Minnie, she was not at all impressed by his fierce looks.

"I don't think you really know what you're talking about," said she; "and you're very, very unpleasant. At any rate, you are altogether in the wrong when you say he is dead."

"Dead! He is dead! I swear it!" cried Girasole, whose manner was a little toned down by Minnie's coolness.

"This is getting to be awfully funny, you know," said Minnie. "I really think we don't know what one another is talking about. I'm sure *I* don't, and I'm sure *he* don't, either; does he, Ethel darling?"

"De Inglis milor," said Girasole. "He is dead."

"Well, but I don't mean him at all," said Minnie.

"Who—who?" gasped Girasole. "Who—who—who?"

"Why, the person I mean," said Minnie, very placidly, "is Rufus K. Gunn."

Girasole uttered something like a howl, and retreated.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UNDER ARREST.

GIRASOLE retreated half-way down the stairs, and then he stopped for some time and thought. Then he came back and motioned to Ethel.

"You must come," he said, gruffly.

"You shall not," said Minnie.

"No, no, darling," said Ethel; "I had better go. It will only get you into fresh trouble. And I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Oh, how I *hate* you!" said Minnie to Girasole. The latter said nothing. Ethel kissed Minnie, and descended the stairs after him.

The Irish priest was standing over the grave bathed in a cold perspiration, his heart throbbing violently, every new thud of the earth, as it sounded violently against the coffin, sending a cold chill of horror through every nerve. Already enough earth had been thrown to cover three-quarters of the lid, and at the foot it was heaped up some distance. He tried to frame some excuse to get the men away. His brain whirled; his mind was confused; his thoughts refused to be collected.

And now, in the midst of this, the attention of all was attracted by a loud stern voice, which sounded from some one near. The priest looked around. The men stopped shoveling, and turned to see the cause of the noise.

Girasole was seen approaching, and was already near enough to be distinguished. Behind him followed a female form. At this sight the priest's mind misgave him.

Girasole came up, and now the priest saw that the female was no other than Ethel.

"Where is this priest?" asked Girasole, angrily, speaking, of course, in Italian.

The priest advanced.

"I am here," said he, with quiet dignity.

At this change in the state of affairs the priest regained his presence of mind. The cessation in the work gave him relief, and enabled him to recall his scattered and confused thoughts. The men stood looking at the speakers, and listening, leaning on their shovels.

"You were sent for?"

"Yes."

"And a maid?"

"Yes."

"You brought this lady?"

"Yes."

"You put her in disguise; you passed her off as an Italian?"

"Yes."

The priest made no attempt at denial or equivocation. He knew that this would be useless. He waited for an opportunity to ex-

cuse himself, and to explain rather than to deny. But every answer of his only served to increase the fury of Girasole, who seemed determined to visit upon the head of the priest and Ethel the rage that he felt at his last interview with Minnie.

"Then why," cried Girasole, "did you try to trick us? Don't you know the punishment we give to spies and traitors?"

"I have nothing to do with spies and traitors."

"You are one yourself."

"I am not."

"You lie!"

"I do not," said the priest, mildly. "Hear me, and let me tell my story, and you will see that I am not a traitor; or, if you don't wish to listen, then question me."

"There is but one question. What made you bring this lady?"

"That is simply answered," said the priest, with unfaltering calmness. "This lady and her friends arrived at my village and claimed hospitality. They were in distress. Some of their friends had been taken from them. A message came from you requesting my presence, and also a lady's-maid. There was no stipulation about the kind of one. This lady was the intimate friend of the captive, and entreated me to take her so that she should see her friend, and comfort her, and share her captivity. I saw no harm in the wish. She proposed to become a lady's-maid. I saw no harm in that."

"Why did she disguise herself?"

"So as to pass without trouble. She didn't want to be delayed. She wanted to see her friends as soon as possible. If you had questioned her, you would no doubt have let her pass."

"I would, no doubt, have done nothing of the kind."

"I don't see any objection," said the priest.

"Objection? She is a spy!"

"A spy? Of what, pray?"

"She came to help her friend to escape."

"To escape? How could she possibly help her to escape? Do you think it so easy to escape from this place?"

Girasole was silent.

"Do you think a young lady, who has never been out of the care of her friends before, could do much to assist a friend like herself in an escape?"

"She might."

"But how? This is not the street of a city. That house is watched, I think. There seem to be a few men in these woods, if I am not mistaken. Could this young lady help her friend to elude all these guards? Why, you know very well that she could not."

"Yes; but then there is—"

"Who?"

"Yourself."

"Myself?"

"Yes."

"What of me?"

"What do I know about your designs?"

"What designs could *I* have? Do you think *I* could plan an escape?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? What! living here close beside you? *I* be a traitor? *I*, with my life at your mercy at all times—with my throat within such easy reach of any assassin who might choose to revenge my treachery?"

"We are not assassins," said Girasole, angrily.

"And I am not a traitor," rejoined the priest, mildly.

Girasole was silent, and stood in thought. The men at the grave had heard every word of this conversation. Once they laughed in scorn when the priest alluded to the absurdity of a young girl escaping. It was too ridiculous. Their sympathies were evidently with the priest. The charge against him could not be maintained.

"Well," said Girasole at length, "I don't trust you. You may be traitors after all. I will have you guarded, and if I find out any thing that looks like treason, by Heaven I will have your life, old man, even if you should be the Holy Father himself; and as to the lady—well, I will find plenty of ways," he added, with a sneer, "of inflicting on her a punishment commensurable with her crime. Here, you men, come along with me," he added, looking at the men by the grave.

"But we want to finish poor Antonio's grave," remonstrated one of the men.

"Bah! he'll keep," said Girasole, with a sneer.

"Can't one of us stay?" asked the man.

"No, not one; I want you all. If they are traitors, they are deep ones. They must be guarded; and, mind you, if they escape, you shall suffer."

With these words he led the way, and the priest and Ethel followed him. After these came the men, who had thrown down their shovels beside the grave. They all walked on in silence, following Girasole, who led the way to a place beyond the grave, and within view of one of the fires formerly alluded to. The place was about half-way between the grave and the fire. It was a little knoll bare of trees, and from it they could be seen by those at the nearest fire. Here Girasole paused, and, with some final words of warning to the guards, he turned and took his departure.

The priest sat down upon the grass, and urged Ethel to do the same. She followed his advice, and sat down by his side. The guards sat around them so as to encircle them, and, mindful of Girasole's charge, they kept their faces turned toward them, so as to prevent even the very thought of flight. The priest addressed a few mild parental words to the men, who gave him very civil responses, but relaxed not a particle of their vigilance.

In the priest's mind there was still some anx-



UNDER GUARD.

iety, but much greater hope than he had dared to have for some time. He remembered that the coffin was not all covered over, and hoped that the inmate might be able to breathe. The fact that the work had been so unexpectedly interrupted was one which filled him with joy, and gave rise to the best hopes. The only offset to all this was his own captivity, but that was a very serious one. Besides, he knew that his life hung upon a thread. Before the next day Girasole would certainly discover all, and in that case he was a doomed man. But his nature was of a kind that could not borrow trouble, and so the fact of the immediate safety of Hawbury was of far more importance, and attracted far more of his thoughts, than his own certain but more remote danger.

As for Ethel, she was now a prey to the deepest anxiety. All was discovered except the mere fact of Hawbury's removal, and how long that would remain concealed she could not know. Every moment she expected to hear the cry of those who might discover the exchange. And Hawbury, so long lost, so lately found—Hawbury, whom she had suspected of falsity so long

and so long avoided, who now had proved himself so constant and so true—what was his fate? She had gazed with eyes of horror at that grave wherein he lay, and had seen the men shoveling in the earth as she came up. The recollection of this filled her with anguish. Had they buried him?—how deep was the earth that lay over him?—could there, indeed, be any hope?

All depended on the priest. She hoped that he had prevented things from going too far. She had seen him watching the grave, and motionless. What did that inactivity mean? Was it a sign that Hawbury was safe, or was it merely because he could not do any thing?

She was distracted by such fearful thoughts as these. Her heart once more throbbed with those painful pulsations which she had felt when approaching Hawbury. For some time she sat supporting her agony as best she could, and not daring to ask the priest, for fear their guards might suspect the truth, or perhaps understand her words.

But at last she could bear it no longer.

She touched the priest's arm as he sat beside her, without looking at him.

The priest returned the touch.

"Is he safe?" she asked, in a tremulous voice, which was scarce audible from grief and anxiety.

"He is," said the priest.

And then, looking at the man before him, he added immediately, in an unconcerned tone,

"She wants to know what time it is, and I told her two o'clock. That's right, isn't it?"

"About right," said the man.

Now that was a lie, but whether it was justifiable or not may be left to others to decide.

As for Ethel, an immense load of anxiety was lifted off her mind, and she began to breathe more freely.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DEMON WIFE.

WHEN Dacres was overpowered by his assailants no mercy was shown him. His hands were bound tight behind him, and kicks and blows were liberally bestowed during the operation. Finally, he was pushed and dragged into the house, and up stairs to the room already mentioned. There he was still further secured by a tight rope around his ankles, after which he was left to his own meditations.

Gloomy and bitter and fierce, indeed, were those meditations. His body was covered with bruises, and though no bones were broken, yet his pain was great. In addition to this the cords around his wrists and ankles were very tight, and his veins seemed swollen to bursting. It was difficult to get an easy position, and he could only lie on his side or on his face. These bodily pains only intensified the fierceness of his thoughts and made them turn more vindictively than ever upon the subject of his wife.

She was the cause of all this, he thought. She had sacrificed every thing to her love for her accursed paramour. For this she had betrayed him, and her friends, and the innocent girl who was her companion. All the malignant feelings which had filled his soul through the day now swelled within him, till he was well-nigh mad. Most intolerable of all was his position now—the baffled enemy. He had come as the avenger, he had come as the destroyer; but he had been entrapped before he had struck his blow, and here he was now lying, defeated, degraded, and humiliated! No doubt he would be kept to afford sport to his enemy—perhaps even his wife might come to gloat over his sufferings, and feast her soul with the sight of his ruin. Over such thoughts as these he brooded, until at last he had wrought himself into something like frenzy; and with the pain that he felt, and the weariness that followed the fatigues of that day, these thoughts might finally have brought on madness, had they gone on without any thing to disturb them.

But all these thoughts and ravings were destined to come to a full and sudden stop, and to be changed to others of a far different charac-

ter. This change took place when Girasole, after visiting the ladies, came, with Mrs. Willoughby, to his room. As Dacres lay on the floor he heard the voice of the Italian, and the faint, mournful, pleading tones of a woman's voice, and, finally, he saw the flash of a light, and knew that the Italian was coming to his room, and perhaps this woman also. He held his breath in suspense. What did it mean? The tone of Girasole was not the tone of love.

The light drew nearer, and the footsteps too—one a heavy footfall, the tread of a man; the other lighter, the step of a woman. He waited almost breathless.

At last she appeared. There she was before him, and with the Italian; but oh, how changed from that demon woman of his fancies, who was to appear before him with his enemy and gloat over his sufferings! Was there a trace of a fiend in that beautiful and gentle face? Was there thought of joy or exultation over him in that noble and mournful lady, whose melancholy grace and tearful eyes now riveted his gaze? Where was the foul traitor who had done to death her husband and her friend? Where was the miscreant who had sacrificed all to a guilty passion? Not there; not with that face; not with those tears: to think that was impossible—it was unholy. He might rave when he did not see her, but now that his eyes beheld her those mad fancies were all dissipated.

There was only one thing there—a woman full of loveliness and grace, in the very bloom of her life, overwhelmed with suffering which this Italian was inflicting on her. Why? Could he indulge the unholy thought that the Italian had cast her off, and supplied her place with the younger beauty? Away with such a thought! It was not jealousy of that younger lady that Dacres perceived; it was the cry of a loving, yearning heart that clung to that other one, from whom the Italian had violently severed her. There was no mistake as to the source of this sorrow. Nothing was left to the imagination. Her own words told all.

Then the light was taken away, and the lady crouched upon the floor. Dacres could no longer see her amidst that gloom; but he could hear her; and every sob, and every sigh, and every moan went straight to his heart and thrilled through every fibre of his being. He lay there listening, and quivering thus as he listened with a very intensity of sympathy that shut out from his mind every other thought except that of the mourning, stricken one before him.

Thus a long time passed, and the lady wept still, and other sounds arose, and there were footsteps in the house, and whisperings, and people passing to and fro; but to all these Dacres was deaf, and they caused no more impression on his senses than if they were not. His ears and his sense of hearing existed only for these sobs and these sighs.

At last a pistol-shot roused him. The lady

sprang up and called in despair. A cry came back, and the lady was about to venture to the other room, when she was driven back by the stern voice of Girasole. Then she stood for a moment, after which she knelt, and Dacres heard her voice in prayer. The prayer was not audible, but now and then words struck upon his ears which gave the key to her other words, and he knew that it was no prayer of remorse for guilt, but a cry for help in sore affliction.

Had any thing more been needed to destroy the last vestige of Dacres's former suspicions it was furnished by the words which he now heard.

"Oh, Heaven!" he thought; "can this woman be what I have thought her? But if not, what a villain am I! Yet now I must rather believe myself to be a villain than her!"

In the midst of this prayer Girasole's voice sounded, and then Minnie's tones came clearly audible. The lady rose and listened, and a great sigh of relief escaped her. Then Girasole descended the stairs, and the lady again sank upon her knees.

Thus far there seemed a spell upon Dacres; but this last incident and the clear child-voice of Minnie seemed to break it. He could no longer keep silence. His emotion was as intense as ever, but the bonds which had bound his lips seemed now to be loosened.

"Oh, Arethusa!" he moaned.

At the sound of his voice Mrs. Willoughby started, and rose to her feet. So great had been her anxiety and agitation that for some time she had not thought of another being in the room, and there had been no sound from him to suggest his existence. But now his voice startled her. She gave no answer, however.

"Arethusa!" repeated Dacres, gently and longingly and tenderly.

"Poor fellow!" thought Mrs. Willoughby; "he's dreaming."

"Arethusa! oh, Arethusa!" said Dacres once more. "Do not keep away. Come to me. I am calm now."

"Poor fellow!" thought Mrs. Willoughby. "He doesn't seem to be asleep. He's talking to me. I really think he is."

"Arethusa," said Dacres again, "will you answer me one question?"

Mrs. Willoughby hesitated for a moment, but now perceived that Dacres was really speaking to her. "He's in delirium," she thought. "Poor fellow, I must humor him, I suppose. But what a funny name to give me!"

So, after a little preparatory cough, Mrs. Willoughby said, in a low voice,

"What question?"

Dacres was silent for a few moments. He was overcome by his emotions. He wished to ask her one question—the question of all questions in his mind. Already her acts had answered it sufficiently; but he longed to have the answer in her own words. Yet he hesitated to ask it. It was dishonor to her to ask it. And thus, between longing and hesitation, he

delayed so long that Mrs. Willoughby imagined that he had fallen back into his dreams or into his delirium, and would say no more.

But at last Dacres staked every thing on the issue, and asked it:

"Arethusa! oh, Arethusa! do you—do you love—the—the Italian?"

"The Italian!" said Mrs. Willoughby—"love the Italian! me!" and then in a moment she thought that this was his delirium, and she must humor it. "Poor fellow!" she sighed again; "how he fought them! and no doubt he has had fearful blows on his head."

"Do you? do you? Oh, answer, I implore you!" cried Dacres.

"No!" said Mrs. Willoughby, solemnly. "I hate him as I never hated man before." She spoke her mind this time, although she thought the other was delirious.

A sigh of relief and of happiness came from Dacres, so deep that it was almost a groan.

"And oh," he continued, "tell me this—have you ever loved him at all?"

"I always disliked him excessively," said Mrs. Willoughby, in the same low and solemn tone. "I saw something bad—altogether bad—in his face."

"Oh, may Heaven forever bless you for that word!" exclaimed Dacres, with such a depth of fervor that Mrs. Willoughby was surprised. She now believed that he was intermingling dreams with realities, and tried to lead him to sense by reminding him of the truth.

"It was Minnie, you know, that he was fond of."

"What! Minnie Fay?"

"Yes; oh yes. I never saw any thing of him."

"Oh, Heavens!" cried Dacres; "oh, Heavens, what a fool, beast, villain, and scoundrel I have been! Oh, how I have misjudged *you*! And can *you* forgive me? Oh, can you? But no—you can not."

At this appeal Mrs. Willoughby was startled, and did not know what to say or to do. How much of this was delirium and how much real she could not tell. One thing seemed evident to her, and that was that, whether delirious or not, he took her for another person. But she was so full of pity for him, and so very tender-hearted, that her only idea was to "humor" him.

"Oh," he cried again, "can this all be true, and have all my suspicions been as mad as these last? And *you*—how *you* have changed! How beautiful you are! What tenderness there is in your glance—what a pure and gentle and touching grace there is in your expression! I swear to you, by Heaven! I have stood gazing at you in places where you have not seen me, and thought I saw heaven in your face, and worshiped you in my inmost soul. This is the reason why I have followed you. From the time I saw you when you came into the room at Naples till this night I could not get rid of your image. I fought against the feeling, but I can

not overcome it. Never, never were you half so dear as you are now!"

Now, of course, that was all very well, considered as the language of an estranged husband seeking for reconciliation with an estranged wife; but when one regards it simply as the language of a passionate lover directed to a young and exceedingly pretty widow, one will perceive that it was *not* all very well, and that under ordinary circumstances it might create a sensation.

Upon Mrs. Willoughby the sensation was simply tremendous. She had begun by "humoring" the delirious man; but now she found his delirium taking a course which was excessively embarrassing. The worst of it was, there was truth enough in his language to increase the embarrassment. She remembered at once how the mournful face of this man had appeared before her in different places. Her thoughts instantly reverted to that evening on the balcony when his pale face appeared behind the fountain. There was truth in his words; and her heart beat with extraordinary agitation at the thought. Yet at the same time there was some mistake about it all; and he was clearly delirious.

"Oh, Heavens!" he cried. "Can you ever forgive me? Is there a possibility of it? Oh, can you forgive me? Can you—can you?"

He was clearly delirious now. Her heart was full of pity for him. He was suffering too. He was bound fast. Could she not release him? It was terrible for this man to lie there bound thus. And perhaps he had fallen into the hands of these ruffians while trying to save *her* and her sister. She must free him.

"Would you like to be loosed?" she asked, coming nearer. "Shall I cut your bonds?"

She spoke in a low whisper.

"Oh, tell me first, I implore you! Can you forgive me?"

He spoke in such a piteous tone that her heart was touched.

"Forgive you?" she said, in a voice full of sympathy and pity. "There is nothing for *me* to forgive."

"Now may Heaven forever bless you for that sweet and gentle word!" said Dacres, who altogether misinterpreted her words, and the emphasis she placed on them; and in his voice there was such peace, and such a gentle, exultant happiness, that Mrs. Willoughby again felt touched.

"Poor fellow!" she thought; "how he *must* have suffered!"

"Where are you fastened?" she whispered, as she bent over him. Dacres felt her breath upon his cheek; the hem of her garment touched his sleeve, and a thrill passed through him. He felt as though he would like to be forever thus, with *her* bending over him.

"My hands are fastened behind me," said he.

"I have a knife," said Mrs. Willoughby. She did not stop to think of danger. It was chiefly pity that incited her to this. She could

not bear to see him lying thus in pain, which he had perhaps, as she supposed, encountered for her. She was impulsive, and though she thought of his assistance toward the escape of Minnie and herself, yet pity and compassion were her chief inspiring motives.

Mrs. Willoughby had told Girasole that she had no knife; but this was not quite true, for she now produced one, and cut the cords that bound his wrists. Again a thrill flashed through him at the touch of her little fingers; she then cut the cords that bound his ankles.

Dacres sat up. His ankles and wrists were badly swollen, but he was no longer conscious of pain. There was rapture in his soul, and of that alone was he conscious.

"Be careful!" she whispered, warningly; "guards are all around, and listeners. Be careful! If you can think of a way of escape, do so."

Dacres rubbed his hand over his forehead.

"Am I dreaming?" said he; "or is it all true? A while ago I was suffering from some hideous vision; yet now you say you forgive me!"

Mrs. Willoughby saw in this a sign of returning delirium. "But the poor fellow must be humored, I suppose," she thought.

"Oh, there is nothing for *me* to forgive," said she.

"But if there were any thing, would you?"

"Yes."

"Freely?" he cried, with a strong emphasis.

"Yes, freely."

"Oh, could you answer me one more question? Oh, could you?"

"No, no; not now—not now, I entreat you," said Mrs. Willoughby, in nervous dread. She was afraid that his delirium would bring him upon delicate ground, and she tried to hold him back.

"But I must ask you," said Dacres, trembling fearfully—"I must—now or never. Tell me my doom; I have suffered so much. Oh, Heavens! Answer me. Can you? Can you feel toward me as you once did?"

"He's utterly mad," thought Mrs. Willoughby; "but he'll get worse if I don't soothe him. Poor fellow! I ought to answer him."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice.

"Oh, my darling!" murmured Dacres, in rapture inexpressible; "my darling!" he repeated, and grasping Mrs. Willoughby's hand, he pressed it to his lips. "And you will love me again—you will love me?"

Mrs. Willoughby paused. The man was mad, but the ground was so dangerous! Yes, she must humor him. She felt his hot kisses on her hand.

"You *will*—you *will* love me, will you not?" he repeated. "Oh, answer me! Answer me, or I shall die!"

"Yes," whispered Mrs. Willoughby, faintly.

As she said this a cold chill passed through her. But it was too late. Dacres's arms were around her. He had drawn her to him, and

pressed her against his breast, and she felt hot tears upon her head.

"Oh, Arethusa!" cried Dacres.

"Well," said Mrs. Willoughby, as soon as she could extricate herself, "there's a mistake, you know."

"A mistake, darling?"

"Oh dear, what *shall* I do?" thought Mrs. Willoughby; "he's beginning again. I must stop this, and bring him to his senses. How terrible it is to humor a delirious man!"

"Oh, Arethusa!" sighed Dacres once more. Mrs. Willoughby arose.

"I'm not Arethusa at all," said she; "that

isn't my name. If you *can* shake off your delirium, I wish you would. I really do."

"What!" cried Dacres, in amazement.

"I'm not Arethusa at all; that isn't my name."

"Not your name?"

"No; my name's Kitty."

"Kitty!" cried Dacres, starting to his feet.

At that instant the report of a gun burst upon their ears, followed by another and another; then there were wild calls and loud shouts. Other guns were heard.

Yet amidst all this wild alarm there was nothing which had so tremendous an effect upon Dacres as this last remark of Mrs. Willoughby's.

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

ON the sharp promontory of St. David's, that cuts the turbid waves of the Irish Sea, stood Dermot Macmorrough, Prince of Leinster, planning the ruin of his native land. Exiled for his cruel oppressions, hated and contemned by friend and foe, the royal traitor, says the contemporary chronicle, watched with eager eyes the distant coast of Ireland, and caught with joy the scent of the gales that breathed from his ancestral fields.¹ To Dermot of Leinster his countrymen may well ascribe the loss of their freedom and the destruction of their national faith. The savage chief was one of the numerous kings or rulers of Ireland. He was tall in stature, of huge proportions, valiant in war, terrible to his foes; his sonorous voice was become hoarse from raising the war-cry of battle;² his sanguinary joy was to count the heads of the slain and exult over the heaps of the fallen. But misfortune or retribution had at last come upon the haughty Dermot: his people had risen against his tyranny. And a woman, adds the monkish writer, with natural injustice, has usually been the cause of the chief woes of man, as Helen or Cleopatra witness; nor was this destructive element wanting to the sorrows of Dermot.³ The barbarous Paris had snatched from King O'Roric of Meath a faithless bride; the Irish princes, like the Grecian chieftains, had united to avenge the unpardonable wrong; Roderic of Connaught, then monarch of all Ireland, led the forces of his country against the offender; the nobles of Leinster deserted their guilty prince, and Dermot fled to Wales or England in a convenient ship, glowing with hatred against his countrymen, resolved to destroy, by the aid of foreign arms, the irresistible confederacy of the Irish chiefs.⁴

Revenge, or a passionate longing to revisit the green meadows of Leinster, probably blinded the Irish chieftain to the consequences of his design. Yet however deep and insatiable his vengeance, he must have shrunk appalled from his fatal purpose could he have foreseen through the lapse of centuries the endless chain of tyranny he was about to entail upon his country; the miseries of its people, that were never to cease; the cruel triumph of the Norman knights as they hunted the Irish from their pleasant pastures to wild fens and dismal solitudes; the utter ruin of its ancient church, that was to be crushed beneath the furious bigotry of Rome; the series of perpetual sorrows that were to weigh down an innocent and happy race, and make the Irish name from the twelfth to the nineteenth century the symbol of national subjection and decay.

Nor could Dermot have succeeded in his aim had he not been aided by the two most potent of his country's foes. The Norman King of England, Henry II., and the Pope of Rome, had already resolved upon the destruction of Ireland. Of the causes and the results of this unmerited enmity we propose to give a brief but, we trust, a not uninteresting sketch.

From that gloomy period that lies between the fifth and the tenth centuries, when all Europe was desolated by the swift inroads of Northern barbarians, and when Goths or Huns were laying the foundations of novel systems of government, the island of Erin, sheltered amidst the waves, shines out with the tranquil lustre that won for it the appellation of the Island of the Saints.¹ No savage hordes ravaged its fertile fields; no papal crusade corrupted its early Christianity; a soft and misty climate made it the perpetual abode of plenty and temperate ease.² From the central ridge of picturesque mountains, often covered with

¹ Giraldus Cambrensis, *Hibernia Expugnata*, c. ii. Et quasi desideratæ nidorem patriæ naribus trahens.

² Girald., *Hib. Ex.*

³ Sed quoniam mala fere cuncta majora tam M. Antonio quam Troja testante.

⁴ Hanmer and Campion should be consulted for the early history; Moore is uncritical; O'Connor more independent. The Four Masters give the annals briefly.

¹ Campion, *Hist. Ireland*, p. 19, is filled with legends, but is entertaining. Hanmer relates the miracles of Patrick, p. 76.

² Girald., *Topog. Hib.*, is always unfavorable to the victims of the Geraldines, but extols the country.

bog, or supporting, like natural vases, some crystal pool amidst their summits, the soil of Ireland slopes downward on all sides to the sea. It was ever rich in pastures and meadows, honey and milk; countless herds of cattle wandered beneath its forests and over its bountiful fields; it purchased with its hides and skins an abundance of wine from the coasts of Poitou; its stags, with noble antlers and slender shapes, ranged in troops over its sequestered hills, and herds of wild boar, more numerous than those of any other land, filled the thickets of Ulster and Killarney. There were black swans and cranes; crows, always parti-colored and never black; no nightingales, few hawks, but countless eagles, who could gaze with unwinking eyes upon the sun, who soared upward until they almost reached the fiery gates of heaven, whose lives were so prolonged that they looked down from their mountain peaks upon the successive generations of dying man, and scorned the feeble race beneath them.¹

One strange exception marked the animated life of Ireland. At least in the year 1170, we are assured, no venomous reptiles could exist upon its sacred soil;² no snakes nor adders, no scorpions, frogs, nor dragons, were found in its green fields, or lay hidden in the recesses of its mountains. In France, it was said, the frogs filled the air with their croaking, in Britain they were silent, but in Ireland there were none; reptiles or toads brought in ships to the shores of Leinster died as they touched the enchanted ground; the soil of Ireland, sprinkled over foreign gardens, expelled the reptile crew; once only a single frog was discovered alive in the grassy meadows of Wexford, and was surrounded by an immense throng of the Irish and the English, gazing in speechless wonder upon the unparalleled prodigy. Bearded natives and shaven strangers were struck with equal consternation; ghost or apparition they might have borne with calmness, but a frog, green and vigorous, was never seen in Ireland before. At length Donald, King of Ossory, a man renowned for wisdom and prudence, advanced among the thick throng of his people to explain the omen. Beating his head, and weighed down by unfeigned grief, he cried, "That reptile is the bearer of doleful news to Erin."³ The Normans soon after, says the chronicler, invaded the unhappy land, and fulfilled the saying of the acute Donald.

The people of Ireland belonged to that wide-spread family of Celts that had once ruled over France, Britain, and the hills of Scotland. They were tall, well formed, and vigorous.⁴ Their hair and eyes were black; parents edu-

cated their children to bear privation and live on scanty food; their dress was a thick coat of the black wool of the country, and heavy hose or breeches—a plain mark of barbarism to the Normans, who still wore the flowing robes of ancient Rome. They suffered their beards and hair to grow to an enormous length; they built no towns nor cities, but lived a pastoral life, filling the woods and fields with immense herds of cattle. Yet, like all the Celts, the Irish were passionate lovers of music and poetry. Bards, renowned from Cork to Derry, sang at the great assemblies of Tara the exploits of the O'Tooles and the O'Neils, and took rank with the chief nobles and princes. The musicians of Ireland excelled those of all other lands; they touched the strings of their native harp with such delicate and cultivated art, and produced strains so soft yet lively, so rapid, sweet, and gay, that even their Norman conquerors yielded to its seductions, and filled their castles with Irish harpers.¹ The Irish bishop or saint in his missionary toils carried his harp with him to soothe his lonely hours. The Irish princes swept their harp-strings with rapid touch as they made ready for battle.

But the chief boast of Ireland was its independence. The Romans had seen but scarcely visited the savage isle, whose inhabitants, Strabo relates, sometimes devoured each other. The Saxons had made no incursions on the Irish shore. The Norwegians, masters of the western isles, founded the flourishing cities of Dublin, Wexford, Cork, or Limerick, but were blended peacefully with the native inhabitants; and of all the Celtic races the Irish alone remained free. Their kings were elective; a supreme ruler was chosen in the national assembly, and was crowned upon the stone of destiny at Tara; the impulsive people obeyed cheerfully their native rulers, and only rebelled when some cruel Dermot drove them to revolt and outraged the higher instincts of humanity.

Christianity, in its purer form, came to Ireland about the middle of the fifth century.² For six years Patrick, the son of pious parents, the child of a priest, had been held in slavery in Ireland, and on the hills of Antrim had tended his sheep and worshiped God. Every seventh year it was the Irish custom to set free all bondsmen. Patrick returned to his native Brittany, to his parents and his Christian friends, was ordained a presbyter, and studied in the Celtic schools of Gaul. Yet his fancy must often have gone back to the pleasant fields and generous natives of Antrim, where his spotless youth had passed, who were still lost in savage superstitions, who sacrificed the firstlings of their flocks, and sometimes their infants, in the Valley of Slaughter, and knelt in the groves of the Druids. A vision came to

¹ Girald., Top. Hib. In ipsos solaris corporis radios.

² Gerald, who studied the country with care, affirms the virtue of the Irish soil. The tradition proves that reptiles were at least rare; they have since multiplied.

³ Topog. Hib., c. xxiv. Pessimos in Hiberniam rumores vermis ille portavit. Gerald relates the incident as if of his own knowledge.

⁴ Girald. Pulcherrimis et proceris.

¹ Girald., Top. Hib., c. xi. In musicis solum instrumentis commendabilem. The Irish airs began and closed on B flat, and were singularly melodious.

² Thierry, Conquête de l'Angleterre, iii. 195 *et seq.*, presents an accurate picture of the early Irish church.

Patrick as he labored at his studies in Gaul, summoning him to the conversion of Ireland. A voice called him in the midnight; he obeyed. About the year 432 he crossed the seas to the land where he had once been a slave, and preached the simple Gospel to the bards, the princes, and the bearded people of Erin.¹

In the year 432 there were no images nor crucifixes, no pompous ritual, no spiritual despotism, no moral corruption emanating from Rome. The imperial city, sacked by Goth and plundered by Hun, torn by discord, soon to be desolated by Genseric, and reduced almost to a naked waste, harried by robbers and polluted by savages, had sunk to the condition of a provincial town. Its scanty population, its corrupted priesthood, or its trembling bishop were scarcely able to maintain the existence of its fallen church. Patrick, therefore, the humble slave and missionary, brought to Ireland the simple elements of an apostolic faith; he preached only the doctrines of Paul, with almost equal success.² The savage Irish received him with generous hospitality; he preached to the assembled nation on the hill of Tara; he purged the Valley of Slaughter of its dreadful rites; he founded schools, churches, and monasteries in the wilds of Connaught and along the dreary coasts of Ulster, and Ireland became a Christian country, renowned for its intelligence, its pious genius, and its missionary zeal.

For many centuries the island of the saints abounded with schools where countless teachers were educated, and where scholars from all the neighboring countries came to study at the feet of the most accomplished professors of the age.³ While Rome and Italy had sunk into a new barbarism, Ireland had revived the taste for classical learning, and was filled with a thoughtful and progressive population. At the great college of Armagh seven thousand students are said to have been gathered at once; a hundred schools studded the green fields of the happy isle; in every monastery its inmates labored and taught with ceaseless industry; its missionary teachers wandered among the Franks of Gaul and the Celts of Scotland, to Belgium and to Germany, sowing every where the germs of Christian civilization. Irish scholars established the colleges of Charlemagne. Virgilius and Erigena renewed the taste for philosophical inquiry; Columban, among the recesses of the Vosges, had taught honesty and independence to the savage Franks; St. Gall, an Irishman, founded in the heights of Switzerland that famous monastery long afterward renowned for its opulence and pride;

nor would it be possible even to enumerate the long succession of Irish scholars who in this eventful period laid the foundations of European progress. It should be remembered that the Irish were the first to impress upon the barbarians of the North the necessity of popular education, the priceless importance of the public school.

A bleak and rocky island washed by the stormy northern seas has become immortal as the home of the most renowned of the Irish missionaries.¹ Iona, or the Druid's Isle, on the western coast of Scotland, swept by fierce arctic winds and lashed by the wintry waves, still preserves traces of that sacred company who once prayed and labored on its inhospitable rocks. Here are the ruins of extensive churches, composed of blocks of stone five or six feet long; the foundations of ancient schools and monasteries, whence Europe was once instructed; a multitude of tombs, overgrown with weeds, where forty-eight kings of Scotland and a throng of saints and heroes lie buried; and sculptured crosses and sepulchres, from whence the grim faces of angels or demons, distorted by time, still gaze upon the observer.² The legends on the tombs are no longer legible; the names of the saints and poets, scholars and kings, who sleep in the wild Westminster of the seas are forgotten; yet perhaps no holier or more heroic spirits have visited the earth than those who for many centuries made Iona an island of light amidst the general decay and degradation of the intellect.

Columba, the missionary of Iona, was educated, at the opening of the sixth century, in the pure religion of the Irish church. He was the descendant of kings, perhaps born to opulence and power. But he sought a spiritual crown, and gave himself eagerly to ceaseless study. Learned in all the attainments of the age, his chief delight was ever in the literature of the Scriptures. With Paul he meditated upon the mighty problems of life and death; like Paul he went forth to convert mankind. He passed over Ireland, founding great monasteries and schools, long afterward renowned as centres of purity and faith; he preached in the wilds of Scotland; he planted the germs of Christianity in the British Isles. At length he selected the bare and barren Iona as the scene of his chief labors, the home of his adventurous spirit. He landed with twelve disciples on its rocky breast, and built his humble monastery. Amidst the roar of the angry waves and the rage of the arctic seas the prayers and toils of the faithful company ripened into a wonderful success. The bleak rocks of Iona were wrought into a throng of costly buildings, and were covered with a pious and studious population.

¹ The only trustworthy account of Patrick is his own *confessio* and a single letter. The more recent lives are filled with the visions and miracles of the Dark Ages.

² There is no trace in the "Confession" of any knowledge of Romish practices, or any mention of Rome.

³ Thierry, *Conquête*, iii. 195. Leur île comptait une foule de saints et de savants. See Ware, *Hist. Bishops of Ireland*, i. 4, for Patrick's life and the legends.

¹ Bede, *Hist. Ecc.*, iii. 4. Venit autem Brittaniam Columba.

² The tombs and ruins of Iona do not probably reach back beyond the tenth century; are the products of Romish labors. See Pennant, *Tour, Iona*. Wilson, *Tour round Scotland*, p. 130, notices a "giant cross."

The kings of the North laid their offerings on its modest shrines, and claimed the right of burial by the side of its scholars and saints. Centuries passed on; Columba slept peacefully on his Druid's Isle; the fame of Iona spread over the world, and its missionaries carried learning and Christianity through all those savage lands over which the benevolent Columba had bent with affectionate regard.

Late in the seventh century the malarious influence of the Italian priesthood began to subdue the British churches, and reached even to the rebellious presbyters of Iona. To Rome they had ever presented a silent opposition.¹ They owed it no allegiance; they followed none of the Romish rites.² They had founded a Northern church in Scotland, Ireland, France, or Saxony, that professed to draw its origin from the gentle model of Ephesus and St. John, and had scarcely heard of the primacy of Peter. By force and fraud the unscrupulous prelates of Rome pursued and subjugated the primitive Christians, massacred their bishops in Wales, seized on their churches in Scotland, and at last intruded a Romish bishop and Italian rites into the hallowed seat of Columba. Iona now lost its reputation for scholarship and sanctity. The pestilential breath of Italian corruption dissipated its moral vigor. Its missionaries no longer poured forth in devoted throngs to civilize and restrain the barbarous North. The Danes and Norwegians began their savage inroads upon the Irish seas, and in 806 a fleet of swift vessels, filled with the yellow-haired worshipers of Odin, surrounded the holy island, and landed its vikings upon the sacred soil. A brief contest followed. The monks and scholars fought bravely in defense of their peaceful home. But soon all was carnage and desolation. The Norman pirates laughed as they beheld the island strewn with the dead, and gathered their impious plunder; and the chant of the pagan bards celebrating the victory of the vikings was the only sound heard amidst the desolate ruins of Iona.³

The Irish church meantime flourished with signal vigor. It was in the fresh ardor of evangelical prosperity. Its simple elders, or bishops, without any fixed sees, traveled from county to county confirming their intelligent people in their ancestral faith.⁴ They were maintained by voluntary contributions. Avarice and priestly pride were unknown to the

successors of Patrick. They founded their ritual on the venerable practice of the Apostles—their doctrines upon the study of the Scriptures. No archbishop had ever been known in Ireland; no legate from the papal court was allowed to intrude within the sacred isle.¹ No contributions from the Irish church swelled the ever-craving treasury of St. Peter. No tithes, first-fruits, or ecclesiastical tribute helped to confirm the growing splendor and corruption of the Roman see. The Irish bishops firmly maintained their independence against the constant menaces of popes or councils; would consent to hold no intercourse with the court of Rome; denied its claim to the right of ordination, and consecrated each other by a simple laying on of hands; rejected the worship of images, the adoration of Mary, the infallibility of the pope, and in all their schools and colleges persisted in a free study of the Scriptures. With an earlier protestantism that Luther might have suggested and Calvin approved, they inculcated and exercised a general liberty of conscience founded upon the wide education of the people, and a moral vigor that had been handed down from their forefathers. The honesty, simplicity, and pious zeal of the Irish teachers are admitted by the more intelligent of their opponents.²

But bitter was the hostility with which the Roman popes and the Italian conclaves had long been accustomed to view the island of the saints, where alone their maledictions had been treated with neglect; which had never trembled before the violence of a Hildebrand or the milder reproofs of Honorius; where they could never levy the smallest tax nor sell a benefice; where presbyters were married, and suffered their hair to hang down upon their shoulders.³ As the popes advanced steadily in their career of ambition and crime, and the authority of Rome was established by a general extirpation of the primitive Christianity of Gaul, Britain, Wales, and Scotland, the church of Ireland became more than ever before the object of the envy and hatred of the Italian priests. Its simple honesty put to shame the unprincipled lives of those guilty men who from the fabled chair of St. Peter had set the world an example of falsehood and duplicity that had corrupted generations, and made Christianity a vain pretense, a fearful formalism. Its apostolic usages, its Scriptural doctrines, and its ever open Bible were arguments so strong against the fabric of Romish superstition that the popes felt that they could never be secure until they had swept from their path, in fire and blood, the schools, the churches, and the native bishops of Ireland.

¹ The acute, learned, judicious Thierry (iii. 197) asserts the liberty of the Irish church, and observes the incessant efforts of the popes to subdue it. *Les papes se bornèrent à négocier, par lettres et par messages, pour tâcher d'amener les Irlandais à établir dans leur île une hiérarchie ecclésiastique, etc.*

² Bede, *Hist. Ecc.*, iii. 25. Colman cites against the popes the example of St. John.

³ It was renewed, and, often ravaged, it slowly declined.

⁴ Thierry, *Conquête de l'Angleterre*, x. Leurs évêques n'étaient que de simples prêtres, auxquels on avait confié par élection la charge purement de surveillans ou de visiteurs des églises, iii. p. 198. They held no superiority of rank, nor thought of it.

¹ Thierry, *Conquête*, iii. 198. Ou acheter le palliums pontifical.

² Girald., *Topog. Hib.* Clerus satis religione commendabilis. Gerald allows them piety, chastity, etc.

³ Thierry, *Conquête*, iii. 198. New Rome, says Thierry, must rely on its arts, not its legions. The inhuman St. Bernard, the popes, and Gerald unite in violent abuse of the Irish church.

To accomplish this inhuman aim Pope Adrian IV., in 1156, sold Ireland to the Normans. For a certain tribute to be torn from its bleeding people the Holy Father transferred all the rights of St. Peter in the soil, the inhabitants, the schools, the churches of the island of the saints to Henry II. of England.¹ The Italian priest saw all the iniquity of his act. He knew that he was letting loose upon a free and prosperous country the horrors of an inexpiable war; that the fair fields of Leinster and Ulster would be swept by bands of ravagers and murderers; that the Norman knights, who spared in their rage neither sex, age, nor condition, would harry the land of plenty, and bring famine and desolation, waste and ruin, to populous cities and pleasant towns; that women, children, and old men would find no mercy from their conquerors, and the stalwart youth of Ireland perish in endless seditions. Yet he also knew that the vengeance of Rome would be at last accomplished, and the rebellious church of St. Patrick die out in the sorrows of its native land.² The sale of Ireland to its foes is the guiltiest of all the evil deeds of the Italian priesthood. It produced a succession of St. Bartholomews; it was worse than the expulsion of the Huguenots; it has proved more fatal to the Irish race than the Holy Office to Spain. From freedom and ease they were suddenly reduced to the condition of slaves and paupers; from pleasant homes they were driven to live in caves, huts, and forests; they became outcasts and beggars amidst rich lands whence their ancestors had won abundance. They were herded together by the Normans in narrow districts, and learned to live like cattle in miserable dens. Once the most learned of their contemporaries, the teachers of Europe, the Irish sank at once into unparalleled ignorance. Within sight of the great colleges of Cashel and Armagh they forgot the use of books, and knew only the dull drivel of the Romish priest. Their bards were silent; their musicians had lost their art; a broken harp hung against the ruined walls of Tara. In fierce, blind ignorance from age to age they have risen in vain revolts and striven to be free; they have shown courage without discretion, magnanimity with little knowledge. Yet a keen discernment may still discover in the modern Irishman the elements of that character which produced in the age of Columba and Columban the purest of saints, the most assiduous of students, before it was betrayed and degraded by the cruel popes of Rome.³

So servile and so enfeebled has become the Irish intellect under the tyranny of misfortune that not one of its native historians has dared

to trace its sorrows to their source, or to denounce in honest indignation the selfish crimes of Adrian and his successors. No patriot of Ireland has ventured to curse the hand that betrayed his country.¹ Possessed by a strange infatuation, the Irish have become in every land the firmest adherents of the Italian priesthood, the authors of all their woes; they have joined in every bold assault of Italian popes upon modern civilization; they have assailed the public schools of America, the new colleges of their native land; they have striven to tear down those institutions of freedom under which, in the New World, they might hope to regain their ancient ease and vigor; they have proved every where the willing slaves of the dying papacy, and have never ventured to rebel against that spiritual bondage that was imposed upon them by the Normans and the popes.

How long this strange delusion will continue can scarcely be told. Yet the descendants of the companions of Patrick and Columba, of the victims of Adrian and Dermot, can not always remain the dupes of their destroyers; and it is possible that in the careful study of the annals of their country the Irish may discover some vigorous impulse that shall lead them to value once more freedom, education, and a liberal faith.

Dermot Macmorrough in his distress had fled to the court of Henry II., had received his permission to enlist his subjects in the expedition against Ireland, and had engaged Richard Strongbow, of the somewhat decayed family of the Clares, earls of Pembroke, to lead the invading force. Richard was to marry Eva, Dermot's daughter, and to inherit the principality of Leinster.² But the promised bridegroom was slow in his preparations, and Dermot glowed with fiery ardor to tread once more the fair fields of Leinster, and disturb the repose of his enemies. He hired, therefore, Robert Fitz-Stephen and the family of the Fitzgeralds to join his enterprise, and, when they still delayed, set out alone for his native land. It was August, 1168, when the traitor took ship at the promontory of St. David's; a fair wind blew from the east over the tranquil sea, and bore him safely to the hostile coast. Why no fierce hurricane sank his fragile bark, whirlpool dragged him down to the caves of the ocean, or raging storm wrecked him, where so many innocent have perished, on the lonely wilds of Leinster, Irishmen may well wonder; but Dermot, bearing ruin in his path, landed safely at Glass-Carrig, a little creek near Wexford, and, hiding in woods and wastes, escaped the eyes of his enemies, and was concealed through the winter by the clergy and bishop at Ferns.

In 1168-69 various circumstances had conspired to weaken the unity of the Irish people: the ravages of the Danes had swept away many

¹ Mat. Paris, i. 95. Girald. Cam., Hib. Ex., ii. 6. Thierry, iii. 203.

² The Irish in 1081 scarcely knew what was the Church of Rome. See Lib. Mun. Nul. Hib., i. p. 50. The bishops and Lanfranc define it to them.

³ Girald. Cam. gives the bull of Adrian (Hib. Ex., ii. 6) without any sense of its injustice. There was no doubt of Adrian's authority.

¹ Moore thinks it "a strange transaction." Lanigan (iv. 223) is a little more explicit; but the Irish clergy in general submit to the authority of Adrian silently.

² Hib. Ex., ix. 3. Stephanides vero cum suis se ad insultum acriter preparantes.

of the institutions of learning;¹ the cruel necessities of warfare had aroused the baser passions of the race; internal strife was frequent; the princes had become savage and corrupt; the Danish settlements had accepted Romish bishops, and for the first time an archbishop graced with the pallium of Rome sat in the chair of Patrick at Armagh; the Irish church was divided by the intrigues of the corrupt Italians, although it still refused to pay tribute to Rome or conform to the Roman ritual; and a cloud of gloom and danger seemed to hover around the island home of the last of the Celtic races.

The traitor, meantime, had not been idle, and in the spring, when the green meadows glowed once more with fresh flowers, and the forests were thick with leaves, Dermot, at the head of a few natives, or strangers from Wales, crept serpent-like from his hiding-place and began to ravage his native land. But the Irish, led by O'Roric, fell upon him with vigor, and he fled back to his refuge in the woods. It was an important opportunity lost forever. Had the Irish pursued him to his covert, and cut him down with his followers, the country might have been saved, and the Normans would scarcely have ventured to cross the dangerous seas. But they chose to accept his treacherous submission, his gold, and his professions, and suffered him to retain a small portion of his former territory. Dermot swore fealty to Roderic, King of Ireland, and awaited until the approach of his foreign allies should enable him to destroy the freedom of his country. In May, 1169, Robert Fitz-Stephen, with several Fitzgeralds, landed at Banne, a small promontory near Wexford; forty knights clad in complete armor and a band of a few hundred men-at-arms and archers accompanied them; a slight intrenchment was thrown up to protect them from the Irish; and the place is still pointed out where the ships of Fitz-Stephen were sheltered among the rocks, and the ruin of Ireland began.²

Dermot, with savage joy, came out from his forests once more, to greet his foreign allies, to promise them the town of Wexford and ample lands as the reward of victory;³ and again his hoarse battle-cry resounded in various contests along the Wexford shore. Forty Norman knights, in bright and impenetrable armor, attended by their men-at-arms with flashing swords, and a troop of the famous archers of Wales, drove in the Irish throngs and besieged the prosperous city. Like pillars of steel, with lance and falchion, the Geraldines, skilled in all knightly exercises, pierced the thick masses of the natives; the Irish had only battle-axes of steel, sharp arrows, and short pikes, a small shield of wood and a wadded vest; the shock was too unequal, and the Geraldines conquered in every fray. Wexford was taken or betrayed

by its bishop; the invaders pressed into Ossory, along the gentle banks of the Nore; the Irish fought with desperate vigor among their bogs and forests, but the Normans chased them to the open fields and cut them down with fierce delight. Dermot's hoarse war-cry was now one of exultation. Two hundred of the enemies' heads lay trunkless on the battle-field; the savage hunted amidst the strange trophies for the face of his chief foe, and, when he had found it, gnawed and mangled it with his teeth.¹

Scarcely would it be profitable to review these barbarous skirmishes of the bearded natives and the steel-clad knights in the wild forests of Ossory, did they not form part of that remarkable chain of events by which the whole current of humanity has been stirred, and the Celts driven from their native land to swarm over the ocean to the New World and control the elections of New York. For the barbarian Dermot and his cruel allies were only the leaders in a great crusade, which the popes had planned and Henry Plantagenet had been chosen to execute. The blessings of the church attended them; they were fighting the battles of the papacy; and the giant Dermot, mangling and tearing the features of his foe, might have furnished to Spenser a happy allegory by which to paint in melodious verse the acrid bigotry of Rome tearing the rebellious church of St. Patrick; or it may well have suggested to Dante the most terrible scene in the "Inferno," where Ugolino banquets on his perpetual revenge.

The news of the landing of the Normans and the double treachery of Dermot aroused all Ireland.² The nation sprang to arms. An assembly was summoned to the sacred hill of Tara, and princes, chiefs, and people met in a solemn council on the spot most dear to the memory of Irishmen.³ There Patrick had preached to the pagan host. There was the stone of destiny, on which the Irish kings had been crowned for endless generations. There the O'Neils, the MacCarthys, and the O'Connors had sworn to preserve the liberties and the laws of their country. In the national assemblies at Tara from age to age the accomplished bards of Ireland in every moment of danger had awakened the martial ardor of their race by reciting in wild bursts of poetic fancy the patriotic legends of the great O'Neil or of Brian Boru, and the sweetest melodies of countless harpers had ever ascended from the sacred hill, rousing to boundless self-devotion the impulsive natures of the gifted Celts.⁴ Nor, we may well imagine, were any of these stirring elements

¹ Girald., Hib. Ex. Gordon, Hist. Ireland, i. 74 *et seq.*

² Girald., Hib. Ex. *Auditis itaque per insulam novis successibus.*

³ Leland, Hist., i. 36.

⁴ So eminent was the Irish bard that his wife might dress as fine almost as a princess. She was allowed, according to the Brehon laws, ornaments worth three cows, the princess, six cows. A cow was the standard of value in early Ireland. See Vallancey, Collect. Ant. Laws, i. p. 20. A poet laureate was allowed five cows for fine clothes. It seems the Irish were restricted by sumptuary laws.

¹ Gordon, Hist. Ireland. O'Connor, Hist. Ireland. Moore, Hist. Ireland.

² Some doubt exists as to the exact place of the landing. Tradition points to Banne.

³ Hanmer, p. 223-231.

wanting to the last great assembly of united Irishmen. Roderic O'Connor, King of all Ireland, presided. The princes of Connaught and Ulster, Munster and Leinster, sat around their national chief; messengers had been dispatched to the farthest limits of the island, calling its leaders to arms; and one traitor alone was absent, whose treachery and crime were known to all his countrymen. Poets chanted to the enraged and startled people their sublimest lyrics, denouncing the traitorous prince, and a thousand harps clanged, as with rapid touch warriors and princes struck their strings and made ready for battle. It was unanimously resolved that the whole force of the nation should be gathered, and a perpetual war be waged against the foreigner and Dermot, the Normans' friend. A vast host poured into the fields of Leinster, led by the King of Ireland, and Dermot and the Normans, dismayed and disheartened, fled to a wild fastness among the marshes of Ferns, where they intrenched themselves by felling trees, digging deep trenches, and hiding in impenetrable retreats.

Roderic O'Connor, of the ancient line of Connaught, was the last king who sat on the throne of Celtic Ireland. His character and exploits are painted with no flattering hand by the monkish writers, who longed for his destruction, or later historians, who have written in the interest of the Roman church. All the crimes and woes of a fated *Œdipus* are attributed to the unhappy king who ventured to strike a last blow for the freedom of Ireland, who resisted with obdurate patriotism the steel-clad legions of the pope and Henry II., and who more than once seems to have been on the eve of a final triumph. It is said that Roderic was thrown in chains by his father, who feared his savage temper, that he put out the eyes of his two brothers, and that he wasted in civil feuds the forces that should have been turned against the foe. He seems, indeed, to have wanted prudence, and too often to have been deceived by the treacherous arts of Dermot and the priests. Yet one can not avoid reviewing with sympathy the story of the unhappy monarch whose disastrous reign was at least marked by a sincere patriotism, and whose misfortunes were never merited by his treachery or his servile fear. Amidst his savage wilds and ancestral forests the O'Connor, terrified by novel dangers, assailed by the most powerful monarch of the age, exposed to the anathemas of the Italian church, surrounded by traitors, and scarcely safe from the intrigues of his own sons or his ambitious rivals, still maintained a spirit not unworthy of that long line of patriotic chiefs of whom he was destined to be the last; and it is a graceful trait in the character of Roderic that he strove once more to revive, by liberal endowments, the famous college of Armagh, as if conscious that Ireland could only hope to secure its freedom by a general education of its people.

At the head of his gallant army Roderic surrounded the Normans in their secret hiding-

place, and by his immense superiority might have forced them to surrender. Dermot's Irish allies in this moment of danger deserted him. His cause seemed lost. His cowardly flight to the forest had checked his tide of success; but his cunning had not failed him, and once more he applied himself to negotiation. The cautious Roderic was, perhaps, misled by priests or bishops to spare the traitor, or may have feared to press the Normans to a desperate battle. Dermot took a new oath of allegiance to his nation's king, gave his favorite son, Connor, as a hostage, who was to marry Roderic's daughter, and came out from his fastness to rule over Leinster, and to invite new bands of foreigners to assail the monarch he had sworn to obey. The Irish league was broken by internal dissension, and in the last sad hours of their country's freedom the unhappy race was torn by civil strife.¹

Dermot now resolved to drive Roderic from his throne, and become himself the master of Ireland.² He had pledged himself to his countrymen to invite over no more strangers. He kept his oath by sending at once for Richard Strongbow. "We have watched the storks and swallows," he wrote; "the summer birds are come and gone, yet you delay." Fair Eva was soon to see her promised bridegroom, and the earl, allured by Dermot's offer of a kingdom, sent over a small force and prepared himself to cross the sea. Led by Raymond Fitzgerald, the Normans cut to pieces an army of three thousand Irish who had issued from the great city of Waterford; and when Earl Richard arrived, in August, with twelve hundred men, the city was taken by a desperate assault. The citizens lay slaughtered in heaps. Reginald's tower, whose ruin still overhangs the modern town, was captured, and its garrison put to death; and amidst the dreadful scene of waste and carnage Eva was given to the sanguinary Richard, and the joy of the wedding festival succeeded to the unparalleled horrors of the assault.

A nobler conquest followed. In bold array, with banners flying, the whole army marched to the siege of Dublin. Founded or renewed by the Danes, the metropolis of Ireland was already—in the twelfth century—the centre of commerce, in wealth and power the rival of London itself. Asgal the Dane was its civic ruler, or king; its bishop the famous Lawrence O'Toole; and the latter, whether hopeless of resistance or inclined to the papal interest, formed a treaty and a truce with the powerful invaders.³ But the Normans, eager for plun-

¹ Roderic in vain told the Normans all the crimes of Dermot. Hanmer, p. 231.

² Lanigan, *Ecc. Hist.*, whose epithets give no high idea of the taste of the University of Pavia, never spares Dermot, iv. 191.

³ Girald., *Hib. Ex.*, 16, 17. *Et interveniente præcipue laudabilis memoria, Laurentio.* The praises of the Normans must throw doubt on the patriotism of the archbishop. Yet he is extravagantly lauded by most Irish historians.

der, unscrupulous and daring, broke into the city before the terms were settled, and filled it with bloodshed and terror. The needy Geraldines grew rich by a general robbery. Asgal and the Danish citizens escaped in their ships to the western isles, and the Normans with resistless vigor swept over the neighboring districts, and ravaged the fertile fields of Meath.

In this moment of their country's humiliation the native clergy of Ireland, representatives of that ancient church which was soon to be dissipated forever, met in a convocation at Armagh to consult upon the causes of their misfortunes. With something of the simple honesty and love of justice that had marked the followers of Patrick or Columba, the pious assembly inquired, through long and careful deliberations, why Divine vengeance had sent the foreigners into their country, and which of their sins had chiefly merited the judgment from above. They determined that their chief national crime was the slave-trade. The Irish had long been accustomed to purchase Saxon slaves from England: was it not a retribution from Heaven that their own people were now reduced to the same condition? The enormity of their guilt struck the sacred synod, and a generous decree was issued and published throughout the land that every English captive should be at once set free. It is curious to remember that in our recent civil war the Irish, in obedience to their Italian masters, were always on the side of the slave-holders; that their votes were always given against the government in its greatest distress; and that to defend slavery and the slave-trade they had nearly destroyed those free institutions beneath whose shelter they had found a tranquil home. They forgot the synod of Armagh; they were ignorant of the story of their ancestors; they strove at once, in their blindness, to ruin themselves and desolate the land that of all the world alone offered them a generous welcome!

Unlike his degenerate descendants, Roderic O'Connor made a last effort for a free church and a free state. He denounced, in a vigorous proclamation, the traitor Dermot and his papal crusade; he began to collect the last army of Ireland; and when Dermot insolently claimed, in reply, the sovereignty of the whole country, Roderic put to death his son Connor, and declared an inexpiable war.¹ Meantime dangers again thickened around the Norman invaders. They held the three cities, Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford, but the open country was probably hostile, and they must have relied upon

without any assistance from their countrymen. Famine oppressed them; the people were hostile; their hopes and their resources faded away; when suddenly a great fleet of Danish vessels entered the harbor, and Asgal, with a large force of Norwegians from the western isles, surrounded the famished city. The red shields and shirts of mail of the strangers, their steel battle-axes and sharp spears, were seen before the eastern gate. They were men of iron hearts and tried courage; and when the Normans made a desperate sally, with their usual vigor, they were beaten back with considerable loss. The city must have fallen had not a Norman knight surprised the tumultuous enemy by an attack in the rear. A general panic seized them; they fled to their ships, routed and broken; Asgal, King of Dublin, was captured as he fled over the sands to the sea, and was beheaded in the city where he had once reigned over a prosperous community.

Cruel, daring, desperate, the small band of Normans, led by Earl Richard and the Geraldines, cut off from the aid of their countrymen, abandoned by their jealous king, now clung with the remorseless energy of robbers to the prey that seemed escaping from their grasp; they knew that the Irish were rising on all sides around them; they felt the universal hatred of the land they had ravaged and plundered; yet not one of the guilty knights faltered in his aim, or thought for a moment of the sorrows of the people he had ruined, or of the dangers that hung over himself. Chief of the robber band, Earl Richard, founder of the noble house of Clare—tall, ruddy, freckled, his eyes gray, his voice weak, his manner gentle and undecided except when the fierce rage of battle stirred him—ruled over Dublin. By his side stood Maurice Fitzgerald, the spotless knight, modest, fair, generous, courteous, the famous ancestor of the earls of Kildare and Desmond, but whose savage courage and unsparing cruelty were known chiefly to the helpless Irish; and Raymond, whose yellow curls and florid face, pleasant countenance and laughing eyes, were joined to a vigilance that never was deceived, and a resolution that never wavered. A hundred knights, perhaps, of less renown, and four hundred archers and men-at-arms, made up the remainder of the garrison who were assembled in Dublin at this eventful hour, and who, with ferocious severity, restrained the angry population of the city they had sacked and captured, and awaited, in the midst of the hostile kingdom, the general onset of its people.

One friend alone had welcomed the Normans to the shores of Ireland, but he was now gone to some undiscovered place of rest for the traitor, to the scorn and hatred of posterity. A judgment from above, it was believed, had at last fallen upon Dermot; his huge frame was torn and corrupted by a disease so terrible as to drive all men from his presence; his agony has been noted with joy by his countrymen; his mind gave way; he died without any of

¹ Girald., Hib. Ex. The Four Masters. Annals, O'Donovan, ed. Dublin, 1854, ii. 1185 *et seq.*

the solaces of religion; but horrible imprecations escaped his lips as he passed away, and his traitorous soul fled, disconsolate, from the land it had plunged in ruin.¹

It is possible that the ingratitude or the contempt of the Norman knights may have clouded the last days of the prince of Leinster; that some patriotic impulse may have touched his impulsive nature; that he may have resisted the Norman projects for exterminating the Irish, and have wavered in his friendship to his foreign allies. Earl Richard may have been too eager to wear the crown of Leinster, and his fellow-plunderers to appropriate the last hoards of Dermot's treasure; and the fierce barbarian, stung by their faithlessness, may have died cursing the strangers whom he had nourished into greatness. But to all Irishmen the example of Dermot should be a lesson and a warning. While they survey the long centuries of unparalleled woes which his treason has entailed upon his country, while they heap imprecations on his name, and blast his memory with infamy, they must remember that he was only the ignorant instrument in fulfilling the long-cherished designs of the Italian popes upon the spiritual independence of Ireland.

Once more Roderic O'Connor descended from his fastness of Connaught. Around him were gathered a throng of native chiefs and an army of thirty thousand men; and it seemed a happy omen for the success of the expedition that the Bishop of Dublin, Lawrence O'Toole, had abandoned his Norman associates, and entered with patriotic ardor into the plans of his native king.² The bishop's eloquence and pious fame stirred the dying hopes of his countrymen; the Irish presbyters preached through all their parishes a holy crusade against the papal invaders; an army and a fleet, led by the king of the western isles, joined the national forces, and the whole mighty host sat down to besiege Dublin. Earl Richard had thrown himself into the beleaguered city; Maurice and Raymond, with unflinching courage, stood at his side. Yet the earl, as he surveyed the long lines of the Irish army inclosing him on every hand, the masts of the Danish fleet rising over the banks of the Liffey, the red shields and flowing locks, the stalwart forms and iron armor, of the brave Norwegians, might well believe that all was lost. His few bold knights and followers were faint from famine and toil. For two months no supplies of food or arms had reached them. As they rode through the streets of the half-depopulated city they might hear the low imprecations of the Irish and the wail of the suffering people. Incessant vigils must have taxed their strength; rider and steed grew feeble in the general need; and Earl Richard, doubtful of the result, sent to offer terms to the enemy. He proposed to become

Roderic's vassal, and to hold Leinster as an Irish prince.

But Roderic replied that unless the Normans abandoned Dublin, Waterford, and Wexford, and would consent to leave Ireland forever, he would at once assault the city. The Normans hesitated. In the midst of their distress a fugitive reached the city, a son of the late King Dermot. He bore sad news: that Robert Fitz-Stephen was shut up, with his wife and children and a few soldiers, in a small fort of turf or timber; that the people of Leinster were rising; that the life of every Norman was in danger.

Then, remorseless and desperate, the Geraldines resolved to conquer or to perish. Young, vigorous, torn by the evil impulses of avarice and of ambition, the Norman robbers gathered their scanty force in the centre of Dublin, prepared to rush upon the foe. Before them lay the plunder of a peaceful country; behind them shame and death. "We are hated equally by Irish and English," cried Maurice to his companions. "We have no refuge but victory. Remember your former triumphs; renew your ancient courage. Let us ride over this miserable rabble, and crush them to the earth."¹ Raymond, ever hopeful, repeated the sentiments of his cousin; and every Norman knight, from his raised visor, sternly gave his approval. It was determined to attack first the great army of Roderic. Not Cortéz, when he cut his way to the palace of Guatemozin, nor Clive when he broke the ranks of Plassey, fought at greater disadvantage than did Richard, Raymond, and Maurice in the final battle at Dublin.

Twenty knights, or men-at-arms, went first, led by Raymond;² thirty, under Miles de Cogan, followed; the rear, composed of forty more, was commanded by Maurice and Earl Richard; six hundred archers, citizens, esquires, completed the army of the invaders. Yet wonderful was the result of this desperate charge, as, through an open gate, the Normans poured like a stream of fire upon the army of King Roderic, surprised his guards, and chased his followers, in wild panic, to their woods and bogs. The king himself was nearly captured while bathing; negligence and disorder reigned throughout the Irish lines; the Norman knights cut down the enemy at will upon the fatal plain; the Norwegians fled; and late in the evening, wearied with slaughter, laden with the plunder of the hostile camp, the Norman conquerors rode into the streets of Dublin, masters of the destiny of Ireland.

Three years had scarcely passed since Dermot Macmorrough had planned upon the cliffs of St. David's the ruin of his country. The fierce barbarian slept not unavenged; his traitorous hopes had been fulfilled. And now Henry

¹ Four Masters, 1171, describe his painful death. Gerald merely says he died full of years.

² Girald., Hib. Ex. Missis quoque literis tam Archipresulis quam Rotherici Connactiensis.

¹ Girald., Hib. Ex., i. 23. Quid igitur expectamus? etc. I have reduced the eloquence of Maurice or Gerald.

² Certatim igitur electa juvenus ad arma frosiliens.

of England stood with his fair army of knights and retainers on the same wild promontory, and, pausing to pay his devotions in that renowned cathedral that still rises the central shrine of Wales, besought, with unaccustomed fervor, the blessings of Heaven on his projected crimes.¹ Jealous of the successes of Earl Richard and of the audacious Geraldines, fearful that his own subjects might ravish away his expected prize, Henry had hastened from his distant domains in Aquitaine, had abandoned the pleasures of London and the charms of a ceaseless chase, and with angry countenance surveyed afar off the dim-seen shores of Ireland. The barbarian Dermot beheld them with a fatal affection; the savage king, with the destructive cravings of a conqueror. His fleet of four hundred ships swung safely at anchor on the coast of Wales; five hundred knights—companions, perhaps, of his French campaigns—and four thousand men-at-arms attended him; his vessels were filled with horses, arms, provisions, and all that could insure success. In October, 1171, a fair wind bore the papal Armada in triumph to the Irish shore, and the crusade against the Irish church was to be followed out with all the brutality of chivalry, and all the rigors of spiritual pride.

Henry Plantagenet was the first of that unhappy line of English kings, whose follies and whose crimes so often brought ruin to the toiling throngs upon whom they trampled. Educated in the schools of knightly adventures, trained to cruelty and to ambition, the Plantagenets rained war, pestilence, and famine upon their unhappy realm. Even the Tudors might seem merciful, the Stuarts just, when contrasted with the Edwards and the Richards who descended from the ill-starred union of Henry II. and Eleanor of Aquitaine. But when Henry, in the vigor of manhood, ascended the English throne, he was learned, acute, generous; his early misfortunes might have softened a selfish nature; his ambition might have been tempered by a higher intelligence; yet every circumstance conspired to deprave the youthful king; and from his wife, his friend, and his spiritual head he could have heard only the dreadful lessons of cruelty and selfish crime.

The conqueror of Ireland stands before us painted by one who had studied his features and his life with care. He was of moderate height and stout; his head was large and round, his complexion ruddy, his eyes gray, and often flashing and bloodshot with anger; his countenance fiery; his voice tremulous; his form inclined to grossness, yet strengthened by incessant exercise. Henry seems never to have known ease or rest; some fierce excitement al-

ways stirred him in peace or war. In peace, at the first dawn of day, he would mount his fleet horse and pass the hours in riding through woods, penetrating the thick forests, and climbing the ridges of lofty hills; in the evening he returned to a spare supper, but scarcely sat down until he slept. He loved to watch the falcon sweeping on his frightened prey, or to follow the sagacious hounds in chase of a weary stag.¹ Labor was the chief amusement of the active king; but all his toils tended only to the destruction of his own happiness and that of mankind. He died cursing the day on which he was born; and his ceaseless labors were wasted because he never strove to place himself in unison with the perpetual laws of benevolence and truth.

Clad in royal pomp, surrounded by the knightly paragons of his age, Henry landed upon the shores of Ireland—a regal falcon fastening upon his prey. The bleeding land writhed a helpless victim in his grasp. There was now nothing to resist his progress. He moved on in triumph from Waterford to Dublin. Earl Richard yielded to his authority, and soothed his anger by humble compliances; and at Christmas, 1171, Henry celebrated his triumph by a festival at Dublin, where many of the Irish princes had gathered to offer him their submission, and where a great throng of the bearded natives beheld for the first time the stately feats of chivalry, the unaccustomed magnificence of a royal court; tasted the rich viands and rare wines of a Norman feast, and were dazzled by the shining armor, the golden ornaments, the precious gems, and the wasteful luxury of their conquerors. A palace of polished wood and osiers² was erected after the Irish custom, and bishops and princes were forced to approve the ceaseless revelry. Yet if any grave and thoughtful chief, unimpressed by the pompous show, ventured to ask by what authority Henry had taken possession of Ireland, he was told that the pope, as vicar and head of the church, had given it to the king; and that he who resisted the generous donation of St. Peter to his favorite son was a heretic, condemned to everlasting reprobation.

It was ever the aim of the Roman church in these savage ages—nor does the policy seem yet to have been abandoned—to set nation against nation, and from the horrid discord and general woe to add to its own revenues and its growing strength. Henry, conscious of the claims, the avarice, and the malice of his Italian masters, hastened to lay Ireland at their feet. A council was summoned at Cashel professing to represent the church of St. Patrick. The Norman king ordered the bishops of Ireland to assemble. A motley group of Norman priests, of martial monks, of the papal archbishops, and a few trembling presbyters,

¹ Girald., Hib. Ex., i. 30. Some fragments of the ancient cathedral are supposed to be included in the modern. See the fine illustrated edition of Giraldus by Sir R. Hoar, 1806, vol. i. p. 21. There is a view of the more recent church. St. David's was the national shrine of Wales.

¹ Girald. Cam., Hib. Ex., i. 45. Henry was accustomed to put out the eyes of his male prisoners and cut off the noses of the female—at least in Wales.

² Roger de Hoveden, A.D. 1172.

natives of the South, gathered at his command; but it was noticed that none of the bishops of Ulster or Connaught assisted at the destruction of their national faith; that they still adhered to the usages of St. John, of Patrick, and of Columba; that the Irish church, amidst bogs and forests, still defied the ambition of cruel Rome. Yet the sacrifice was nominally complete. Every trace of independence was abandoned by the council of Cashel. The Romish ritual was enjoined on every priest; the worship of Mary, of images, and of saints was to extend throughout the island; the priest was forbidden to marry; his hair was to be tonsured after the exact fashion at Rome; the enormous crimes and vices of the simple clergy who had failed to observe the new customs were condemned with indignant solemnity; tithes were to be paid by the laity; and Ireland for the first time was made tributary to the Romish pope.¹

With a generosity admired by all except the unhappy natives, Henry next rewarded liberally his Norman followers.² The impoverished knights were enriched by a general plunder. The conquered lands were divided among the victors, and the territory which had been given by St. Peter to the king was, by an infallible title, now vested in the triumphant Normans. The Geraldines, unscrupulous offspring of a disreputable parent, founded noble houses that were long to shine illustrious in the revelries of the court or the crimes of the camp. The daughter of Richard and Eva, laden with the spoils of her country, transmitted the fruits of Dermot's treachery to the famous race of Clare. A single knight, De Lacy, received eight hundred thousand acres of land in the province of Meath; another, Raymond the Poor, whose name indicates his condition, became a mighty baron, founder of the house of Power. The English territory was slowly extended until it embraced the lower portions of Ulster and Connaught, and along the frontier was drawn a line of palisades and forts to protect the new settlers from the fierce assaults of the hostile Irish.

Within the palisades the country was known as the English pale, and for many centuries formed the stronghold of the Norman robbers, from whence they issued in cruel raids upon the rebellious districts of the native chiefs. Its Irish population had been wholly extirpated, or were reduced to the condition of serfs; many had fled to the mountains and forests, and perished in frightful solitudes; some were permitted to return to till, as slaves, the lands where their ancestors had lived in prosperous ease. The slow process of a national degradation was

begun, and the Irish within the pale, after many bold uprisings, were trodden down nearly to the condition of savages or brutes. Their education, their intelligence, passed away with their freedom, and the Normans sedulously enforced upon the subject race the fatal bondage of superstitious ignorance.

In the winter of 1171-72 wild storms swept incessantly over the Irish seas: scarcely a ship crossed from England. Henry and his courtiers trembled before the rage of the elements, and men believed that the wrath of Heaven was impending over the troubled land.¹ Fear, doubt, and gloom were the king's chief attendants in the moment of his success, and his fiery eyes must often have been turned across the stormy waves during that perilous season, eager to catch the first sail that might bring him news from England. He had left his native realm covered with the odium of the recent murder of Becket; he had fled to Ireland as if to dissipate his cares in new excitements; and now he waited with impatience, shut out by perpetual storms, for some tidings of the results of his hasty words, and of the condition of his wide dominions. A ship at length came in bearing the most ominous news. The pope had threatened to lay his kingdom under an interdict; the most fatal of the judgments of the church might soon absolve his subjects from their allegiance.² To add to his distress, he was told that his three sons had formed a conspiracy against his throne. His fond heart was torn by filial ingratitude, and Henry returned from the conquest of Ireland racked by those domestic griefs and those eating cares that were at last to bring his proud spirit to ignominious despair.

A west wind bore the king swiftly back to England; and he once more knelt at St. David's shrine—now no longer with feigned grief and assumed contrition—and prepared, with a broken heart, to fight for his throne and even his life against his children, whom he fondly loved; his wife, their mother, whose evil nature he had so often exasperated and wronged; against the King of France, and the avengers of Becket. That Henry should have triumphed in this doubtful contest has always been held a proof of singular ability. His incessant activity enabled him to surprise or confound all his foes. He drove back Louis of France to his capital; he met and defeated on the battlefield his three ungrateful sons; he saw Henry and Geoffrey die in the midst of their madness; he wept over the early profligacy of the depraved Richard and John. Eleanor of Aquitaine,³ shut up in a solitary castle, her husband's prisoner, had leisure to repent of her crimes against two kings. The pope was pacified by enormous

¹ Girald. Cam., i. 33, 34. Roger de Hoveden pretends that all the bishops of Ireland were present or obeyed the council; but Gerald notices only a scanty attendance, chiefly Norman. Lanigan, Ecc. Hist., iv. 211, says Peter's pence are not mentioned. They were perhaps implied.

² Roger de Hoveden, A.D. 1172, notices his liberality or his robbery.

¹ Girald. Cam., i. 35.

² Girald. Cam., Hib. Ex., i. 36, details the evil news and the sorrows of the barbarous king. Roger de Hoveden, A.D. 1172, is more prolix.

³ She was daughter of William, Duke of Aquitaine, the heiress of his great possessions, the wife of Louis and of Henry—the least fortunate of women.

bribes, abject concessions, and by the spectacle of bleeding Ireland prostrate at St. Peter's feet.

Meantime the Normans, inclosed in a narrow territory, found that the conquest of the island was but just begun. A few abject and unworthy bishops might declare at Cashel that Henry was the rightful lord of Ireland, but Roderic O'Connor still scoffed at the pretensions of his rival, and the Irish presbyters rejected the authority of the unpatriotic synod. All was disorder and unrest within the English pale. The native chiefs seldom left the Normans any repose. At length Henry, when his affairs were somewhat settled in England, resolved to test the effect of superstition upon the savage race, and to launch the thunders of the Romish popes against the Irish patriots. He had procured from Alexander III. a confirmation of the bull of Adrian excommunicating all who opposed his authority over Ireland, and he now prepared to publish the two solemn decrees, in their full enormity, to all its schismatical church. He fondly hoped that no Irish bishop or priest would venture henceforth to resist the authority of the Roman see.¹

A new synod was assembled at Waterford in 1175, and the two bulls were read to the corrupt archbishops, the Norman monks, and a feeble delegation from the Irish church. In sonorous tones John of Salisbury, Bishop of Chartres, who had come from Rome bearing the final decree of Alexander, recited the doom of Ireland. The first bull, that of Adrian IV., had been granted to Henry twenty years before, and had been safely kept in the royal treasury of England until the moment seemed favorable for its publication. Under a florid profession of Christian zeal it contained a bitter denunciation of the Irish church.² It appointed Henry a martial missionary to extirpate the seeds of vice from Ireland, and do whatever he thought proper with its people; it declared the island a part of the patrimony of St. Peter;³ it commanded the people to receive Henry as their sovereign lord and ruler; it insisted, with strenuous avarice, that every house in the land should pay a penny annually to the blessed Peter, and promised Henry the favor of Heaven and an illustrious renown⁴ should he succeed in planting true religion in the home of Patrick and Columba. Alexander's bull was still more effective, if we may trust the infallibility of its source, since it not only confirmed the gift of his predecessor, but excommunicated all who resisted Henry's authority or that of his heirs, and abandoned them to the power of the devil. Every Irish patriot was

converted into a child of Satan; every aspiration of freedom was an impious defiance of the Roman church.¹

And now began that perpetual conflict of races, the saddest in the annals of Europe, which was to oppress with endless misfortunes a gifted and innocent people, and plant in their hearts the bitter seeds of ceaseless malignity and revenge. From the wild shores of Ulster, where the northern seas break fiercely along the rocks and hills of Derry; from the tall mountains and endless bogs of Connaught, whose savage landscape has ever been the last retreat of Celtic freemen; from the lovely vales and stately glens of Wicklow, where the bright waters of Avoca melt into harmony, and leaping cataracts seam the granite precipices, and towering rocks shoot upward to the skies; from soft Killarney, sleeping in its beauty; or grassy Meath, the greenest and the richest of all northern pastures—a mournful wail has never ceased to ascend to heaven and blight the charms of the island of the saints. Herded in filthy hovels, starving in wealthy cities, crouched among the wild hills where their ancestors once reigned—a lost, accursed race, the Celts breathe endless maledictions on their conquerors, and, amidst the boundless opulence of nature, live sullenly in a hopeless decay.

But when the papal decrees were proclaimed they still retained a manly sentiment of independence. Princes and people united in defying the authority of the Italian priests. The Irish bishops still refused to cut off their flowing locks or put away their faithful wives; the native chiefs derided the foreign pope who claimed their ancestral lands. The Celtic kings retreated more and more from the intercourse with polished nations. On some wild mountain-side or lonely glen, sheltered by trackless forests, sylvan lakes, and lofty hills, the Irish monarchs raised their palaces of polished wood roofed with wattles, and, surrounded by a courtly throng of bearded nobles, famous bards, harpers of matchless skill, and brave retainers, administered the Brehon laws to a faithful race, and worshiped with the liturgy of Columba. Shut out from the Romish church, which had excommunicated them, and the Normans by whom they were oppressed, the Celts sank into the vices of isolation. They shared in none of the progressive movements of the age. Their literature was a poetic lament over a half-imaginary past; their churches were simple buildings of wood, like those of Patrick or Columba;² their relics some rude but ponderous bell, whose dull note may have struck upon the ears of generations of saints, which was adorned with gems and inclosed in a gilded cover; or some pastoral staff of an early bishop, glitter-

¹ Lanigan, *Ecc. Hist.*, iv. 233, has an implied condemnation of Adrian's bull. He can not admit the coarse charges made by the popes against the Irish clergy.

² Girald., *Hib. Ex.*, ii. 6. *Mat. Paris*, i. 95.

³ *Mat. Paris*, i. 95. *Omnes insulas, quibus sol justitiæ Christus illuxit, ad jus Sancti Petri et sacrosanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ pertinere.*

⁴ *Mat. Paris*. *Gloriosum nomen valeas in sæculis obtinere.*

¹ Lanigan, iv. 211, 223, notices various eminent and pure-minded Irish prelates of this age not surpassed in any land.

² Bede, *Hist. Ecc.*, describes these early churches, *non de lapide, sed de robore secto totam composuit atque harundine texit.*

ing with modern decorations. War was their chief employment.¹ When no band of Norman knights threatened their lonely glens they preyed upon one another; the Irish princes covered their native wilderness with slaughter, and the Irish kerns paid the penalty of the follies of their chiefs.

Yet in the opening of the conquest the Celts seemed destined to a sudden subjection. The Norman chivalry swept over the island, and even Roderic O'Connor was driven to a temporary submission. At the head of a few men-at-arms and a band of archers Raymond dashed over countless hosts of natives, and pierced the West of Ireland; and John de Courcy, the Cœur de Lion of the war, broke into the limits of Ulster, and, like an enchanted paladin, clove his way, almost by his single arm, to the northern sea. With one stroke of his bright falchion he lopped off heads; with another, limbs.² His huge and stalwart form, mounted on a milk-white steed of unusual size and strength, his fair complexion, his fiery valor, and ceaseless activity; his piety, and the Christian zeal with which he knelt regularly at the holy altar, and from the spoils of war founded churches and endowed monasteries; his marriage with the daughter of Godred, the Norwegian King of Man, his princely state—are celebrated by the English chroniclers. But we are also told that the Irish began now to resist with vigor, and that even John de Courcy and Miles de Cogan fled more than once from the valor of Roderic and the sharp pursuit of the men of Ulster or Connaught.³

The ruins of a graceful abbey, now shorn of roof and window, and opening their moss-grown arches to the forest glade, in the lonely wilds of Mayo, are pointed out—for we must now dismiss to his repose one of the chief actors in our drama—as the refuge for many years of the weary spirit of the last of the Irish kings, and the place of his final abode. Roderic O'Connor sleeps beneath the shattered walls of the monastery of Cong.⁴ Hopeless, perhaps, disheartened, shocked by the ruin of his country, the cruel ambition of his own children, the cloud of woe that had fallen upon his guilty house, the patriotic king had signalized the last years of his reign by various bold and successful but seemingly useless exploits against the Normans, and then, laying down the crown which he had assumed in a happier hour, remained for thirteen years a monk or a recluse. We may trust that in the peace of the forest glade Roderic forgot the cares of earth, and entered into communion with the spirits of Patrick and Columba. A sacred bell, covered with

rude but rich decorations, is still preserved in the neighborhood, that may have often summoned him to his devotions or tolled his requiem. The winds that sigh amidst the broken arches of Cong seem eloquent of his hapless fate; and if the harp of Tara be hushed and shattered, and the bards of Erin heard no more, history at least must pause to drop a compassionate tear over the moss-grown tomb of the patriotic king.

To compose the troubles of the English pale, Henry sent over his son John, a boy of twelve, to rule over Ireland. It would scarcely have been possible to have selected a worse example of the results of a chivalric education. John's vices and follies were already mature. He was prepared to stab an Arthur and to break his father's heart.¹ But he was also surrounded by a corrupt train of youthful courtiers, painted, effeminate, cruel, vain, who shocked the grave and melancholy Irish by a strange levity of vice. The miserable prince and his fitting associates plundered the land they were sent to rule. But a final insult aroused Ireland to revolt. When the grave chiefs and wealthy citizens, clothed in their national dress, their hair plaited behind in heavy braids, their beards flowing upon their breasts, came forward to offer allegiance to John, and to give him, as had been their custom with their native princes, the kiss of peace, the throng of idle courtiers mocked the solemn deputation, and at length plucked them by the beard. The fierce Celtic fire was aroused. The chiefs fled to Connaught or Ulster, the people to the forests; and around the English pale sprang up a circle of deadly foes, and the contest became one of extermination. John returned to England disgraced and penniless, and the Norman knights harried the land he might have soothed into repose.²

Centuries of fatal discord followed, during which the Normans strove in vain to extirpate the accursed race who refused to obey the decrees of the popes or submit to a foreign lord. Papal legates launched new excommunications against the Irish, and Romish priests urged on that work of extermination which alone could secure the supremacy of the Romish see. The papal monks declared that it was no crime, no sin, to kill a Celt. The Norman priests offered free absolution to the murderer whose hands were yet stained with the blood of an Irishman. The holy church opened its most sacred rite—which could only be approached with a good conscience and a pure heart—to him who had slain one of the abject race. The Norman knights thought no more of killing an Irishman than a dog: to rob his home, to ravish away his land, to drive him, with his family, starving and famished, to the lonely wilds, was the favorite sport of the chivalric invaders. The mountain lands of Connaught and of Ul-

¹ Shenser, *State of Ireland*, p. 7, says: Yes, truly; for there be many wide countries in Ireland in which the laws of England were never established, etc. This was under Elizabeth. The Brehon laws prevailed.

² Girald., *Hib. Ex.*, ii. 16.

³ Girald. *Cam.*, *Hib. Ex.*, ii. 16, 17.

⁴ Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall describe the graceful ruins and the lonely tomb. Yet some doubt rests upon the tradition of Roderic's grave.

¹ Gerald faintly indicates the vices of his pupil. *Hib. Ex.*, ii.

² Girald., *Hib. Ex.* Roger de Hoveden.

ster were thronged with the population of the plains, who had fled for life from the papal robbers; and every cave and cranny of the glens, every inaccessible fastness and hidden glade, was thickly tenanted by men, women, and children, crouching like wild beasts from their destroyers.¹ Nor would even this suffice. The priests and knights pursued them to their caves and forests; the miserable tenants were killed in their wild retreats like wolves or stags; and, cursed by popes and persecuted by kings, the church of St. Patrick seemed ready to perish forever—a victim to the Moloch of Rome.

One cry of mournful indignation has reached us from the fourteenth century—a subdued but touching appeal against the cruel policy of the Italian priests. To John, Pope of Rome, Donald, King of Ulster, ventured to assert that the woes of Ireland were the result of the gift of Adrian to Henry,² to hint that the Roman see was the cause of the miseries of his race, and to proclaim that war until death against their oppressors which should cease only with their destruction. Superstition checked the warmth of the Irish ruler; nor did he venture to utter all the thoughts that must have filled his mind when he reviewed the fate of Erin from the days of Adrian and Henry to his own. He was overawed by the renown of that spiritual tyrant to whom he was addressing himself; he hoped something, perhaps, from the clemency of a ruthless pope. Yet he lays bare, with unflinching accuracy, the crimes of the Romish clergy. It was the monks, he declares, that taught that it was no more sin to kill an Irishman than a dog.³ It was the church that roused the ceaseless fires of hate. The Cistercians of Granard or Innis every day wounded and killed the Irish, yet said their masses as usual. Brother Simon, the Franciscan—unworthy disciple of his sweet and gentle founder—preached openly that there was no harm in killing or robbing an Irishman. A Clare murdered Brian the Red at his own table after they had shared the consecrated wafer together. The assassin of an Irishman was never punished; and Donald, with mournful truth, declared that nothing but the total ruin of his race would satisfy the malice of their conquerors.

The Irish prince closes his appeal with a malediction and vow.⁴ “We nourish in our hearts,” he cries, “an inveterate hatred against our oppressors, produced by the memories of long years of injustice, by the murders of our fathers and our kindred. So long as we have life we will fight against them, without pity or remorse; our children shall continue the end-

less feud. Never will we lay aside the sword until the Supreme Judge shall have taken vengeance upon their crimes, until we have recovered that independence which is our natural right, and have avenged those insults which to brave men are worse than death.”

Thus the barbarous chief expressed the passions of the savage; but had he aimed his maledictions against the Roman see as well as against its Norman allies, had he vowed for his countrymen a deathless hostility against those Italian priests and that usurping church which had instigated all the woes of Ireland, had he been able to preserve the pure faith of St. Patrick from contamination and decay, he would have prepared a weapon sharper than a thousand swords for the preservation of the freedom of his native land.

Of the later history of the conquest of Ireland the reader may desire a brief detail. The ceaseless warfare, sometimes slumbering yet ever renewed, glowed around the circuit of the English pale; and when the wars of the Roses cut down the flower of the Norman nobility, the Irish chiefs, in the favorable moment, had nearly driven the invaders from their land. Ulster, Connaught, and even Munster were free. The English were burned within their frontier castles, or nearly driven within the walls of Dublin. The sufferings of centuries were avenged by horrible atrocities, and the colony of English might well tremble before the rage of united Ireland. In the fair country below the Shannon the O'Briens swept away the Clares of Thomond, and renewed the Brehon laws and the ancient faith in their ancestral lands. The harpers gathered in their hospitable court, and poets chanted by the still waters of Killarney. All over Ulster and Connaught it is probable that the married priest, unshorn and unpolluted by Roman ordination, preached the pure doctrines of Columba, and tempered the vengeance of his countrymen. Comparative peace settled upon Ireland, and its national laws and its ancient faith were maintained unchanged except within the narrow limits of the English pale.

When the Irish were converted to the faith of Rome can scarcely be discovered.¹ Until the opening of the sixteenth century they can hardly have felt any bond of sympathy to the chair of St. Peter, which had covered them with its maledictions and condemned them to slavery. The savage chiefs who ruled the wild coasts of Ulster and the wide bogs of Connaught, with their uncultivated and warlike people, knew at least that the bishops of Rome had ever been their bitterest enemies, and that the English within the pale relied upon the papal

¹ Letter of Donald to John. J. de Fordun, *Scoti Chron.*, p. 908, ed. Hearne. *Ejectis nobis violenter de spaciosis habitationibus nostris*, etc., 911.

² *Miserabile in quo Romanus pontifex statu nos posuit*, Fordun, *Scoti Chron.*, p. 912.

³ *Non magis est peccatum interficere hominem Hibernicum quam unum canem*, p. 918, Fordun.

⁴ *Quamdiu vita aderit, ipsos impugnabimus—mortalem guerram*, etc., p. 923, Fordun.

¹ Usher, who was in Ireland as bishop (1640), proves with vigor that the Irish had never been Romanists. See Hanmer, p. 87. Murray, *Ireland* (1845), a defense of Irish freedom, may be consulted, p. 43-60. So, too, De Vinné's useful compend (1870), *The Irish Primitive Church*. The Romish writers content themselves with denying well-known facts. See Moore, *Hist. Ireland*; Lanigan, etc.

bull as the chief ground of their usurpation. It was remembered, no doubt, that the Romish priests had taught that an Irishman might be killed like a dog, and that Franciscan friars had urged the extirpation of the Irish race. It is possible, it is almost certain, that the native chiefs, until the opening of modern history, owed no allegiance to Rome, and that the Irish church, endeared to the native Celts by ages of persecution, still ministered by its primitive bishops, and, with Colman and Columba, traced its authority to Ephesus and St. John. But all this was now to change. A reformation had passed over Europe, and the chief leaders of the religious movement were Henry and Elizabeth, the persecutors of the Irish name. The English within the pale had become Protestants, but they showed no disposition to abandon the island which they had received from St. Peter's patrimony, and in the vigorous reign of Elizabeth the English armies, renewed by the fresh impulses of progress, began to press once more upon the limits of Celtic independence. The conquest, begun nearly four centuries before, was now slowly advancing. Laws of unusual severity were enacted; tanistry and other Irish usages were abolished. It was plainly the design of the English queen to reduce the island to a passive subjection to her power.

The cause of this fresh assault upon the liberties of Ireland was the restless intrigues of the Jesuits.¹ In that gallant struggle which Elizabeth was destined to wage for the safety of her crown and her life against the pope, the Spaniards, the adherents of Mary of Scotland, and all Romish Europe, the most active and most dangerous of her foes were ever the disciples of Loyola. To ruin and break down every Protestant government, to cover with discord and slaughter every Protestant land, and from the wreck of nations to build up a spiritual empire as tyrannical and as severe as was that of Tiberius or Nero, was then, as now, the secret or open aim of every Jesuit. To wound or to destroy Elizabeth the society began its disastrous labors in Ireland. The Jesuits, in various disguises, penetrated to the courts of the native chiefs. They roused the fires of national antipathy; they scoffed at the Saxons as heretics; they allured the Irish to abandon forever the usages of St. Patrick and to ally themselves with the Italian church;² they promised the natives the protection of St. Peter, the shield of Mary, the blessing of the pope, and the military aid of all Catholic Europe if they would rise once more in a grand crusade against the English of the pale and drive the Saxons from their soil.

The alluring vision painted by the skillful

touch of the unsparing Jesuits drew on the Celtic chieftains to their ruin. Not satisfied with the possession of three-fourths of the island, with the enjoyment of their own laws and their own faith, with the prospect of a gradual improvement and a peaceful union with their English masters of the pale, the impulsive people accepted the offers of Rome, threw themselves at the pontiff's feet, and became, for the first time, the willing instruments of the Jesuits and the popes. They may be excused, if not forgiven. Their schools had long been swept away; their people had sunk into ignorance; history, poetry, and music had given place to the ceaseless turmoil of a border war. Rome stretched forth its cunning hand to extirpate the Irish church, and, after four centuries of violence, succeeded at last by a fatal fraud.

From Ulster and Munster, from the banks of the Shannon and the glens of Wicklow, the wild Irish, inspired by the savage teachings of their Italian masters, fell bravely upon the English pale. But the whole scheme of the crusade proved soon the desperate vision of deluded priests. The pope could give little aid to his new converts (1560-1600); the Spanish were too far off to be of service; and Elizabeth, resolute and bold, sent, one by one, the bravest or the most renowned of her courtiers, to secure her dominion over the fertile isle. Here Raleigh cut down the Irish kerns, and Grey massacred the hopeless rebels; here the Norrises and the Blounts were heard of in many a fray; here Essex, brave but inexperienced, wasted his fine army, and returned to perish on the block; and here, at length, the prudent Mountjoy broke the strength of the Irish league. Tyrone, the great O'Neil, once master of half Ireland, the terror of Elizabeth and of the English pale, went into exile; the savage chiefs of the West sank into submission; and when Elizabeth died Ireland was almost wholly conquered. Happy had the fertile isle submitted peacefully to its inevitable doom!

The later sorrows of this unlucky land may still be traced to the mischievous plottings of the society of Loyola.¹ The Jesuits would never suffer Ireland to repose. A Romish faction grew up among its ignorant people pledged to the hopeless task of winning back the island to the dominion of the pope. A colony of Scottish Protestants had settled on the wasted soil of Ulster, and by industry and intelligence were fast restoring the early prosperity of the favored scene of Patrick's labors and Columba's prayers. The Jesuits and the papal chiefs resolved upon their destruction (1640-1644). On a sad and memorable day, the source of many a bitter woe to Ireland, the Romish forces sprang upon the prosperous colony, and wasted it with fierce malignity. Forty thousand Protestants were massacred without remorse; the fields of Ulster were filled with the dead; the

¹ Sacchinus, iv. 148. Wolfe, a Jesuit and papal nuncio, made his way to Cork in 1561.

² So Wolfe probably induced some Irish married priests—for we can not believe his scandalous account—to put away their wives. *Clericos cœnobitasque passim omnes cum mulierculis suis.* It is plain that in 1561 the priests were married.

¹ Allen, Archer, and many other Jesuits are noted in the various risings. See Moore, *Hist. Ireland*, ii. 437, 497.

noble perished in his castle, the priest was hanged in his garden, and a new St. Bartholomew's swept over Ireland.¹ But a perpetual terror now settled upon all Protestant minds; the Irish massacre shocked all Europe; the Protestant natives brooded over their vengeance; the spirits of the dead seemed to their impassioned fancies to float over the terrified isle; spectral illusions filled the air. A group of women, whose husbands had been murdered and their children drowned at Armagh, saw, about twilight, the vision of a woman rising from the waters; her form was erect, her hair hung long and disheveled, her skin was white as snow, and she cried incessantly to the sad spectators, "Revenge! revenge!" A ghost was seen constantly from December to spring-time, stretching out its spectral hands over the scene of death.²

Had Ireland retained the liberal faith of Patrick and Columba it might readily have shared in the new impulses of the age, and the colleges of Cashel and Armagh and the monasteries of Iona might once again have imparted a consecrated civilization to Northern Europe; once more the hills of Antrim might have echoed to the tread of seven thousand students, and the saints and scholars of Erin have restored the intellectual glory of the sacred isle. But the fated land was now bound by terrible ties to the see of Rome. The Celtic race had doomed itself to ceaseless ignorance; the popes and the Jesuits ruled the hopeless people with remorseless skill; and Ireland had allied itself to that cruel and immoral conservatism which was exemplified in the massacres of Ulster or the ravages of Philip of Spain. The name of an Irish Catholic seemed now the symbol of barbarous malignity. The Celts, who had once educated Europe, became, under Romish influences, accursed in the eyes of civilization.

Cromwell, the avenger of the massacre of Derry, in 1649 entered Ireland to crush the Romish league; and if retaliation or retribution ever soothed a revengeful spirit, the wraiths that hovered over the rivers of Ulster must now have sunk to rest. The Romish forces melted away before the vigorous soldier; that keen intellect, which had never faltered on the battle-field, cut to pieces, by its bold strategy, the Irish host; no pity moved him as he blotted cities from the earth, or strewed the land with dead. His cruelty was inexcusable; his followers imitated his severity, and Ireland was crushed into submission. From Cromwell's time the English ruled over the subject island, a severe and exacting caste. The bravest and most adventurous of the Celts abandoned their native land. They fought in the armies of the Catholic powers in every crusade against the

reformers. Their valor became conspicuous on the battle-fields of France and Germany, and the papacy had no more remorseless defenders than that misguided race who had been sold into slavery by Adrian, and reduced to a more fatal bondage by the unscrupulous arts of the Jesuits.

The devotion of the Irish to the Italian prelature grew into an insane passion. They gave their lives freely for the priest who had destroyed them. The Italians smiled at their sincerity, and employed them in their bloodiest deeds. A band of Irishmen, a Butler and a Devereux, were selected to assassinate Wallenstein; an Irishman defended the murder;¹ an Irish legion committed fearful crimes in the Vaudois valleys; the brutal cruelty of the O'Neils and the O'Connors shocked the moral sense of an unscrupulous age. At length James II. set up a Catholic kingdom in Ireland, and the barbarities of Tyrone were renewed at the siege of Derry and the pillage of Ulster. But the abject race which lay sunk in superstitious decay was no match for the vigorous Protestants who fought under William of Orange. The Irish fell once more into gross degradation. Even Swift, the idol of Dublin, scoffed at his wretched countrymen; and for a century the Celts starved in their miserable hovels, and groveled before their oppressors. The French revolution and the vain ambition of Napoleon roused them to a new insurrection, but the fall of the tyrant left them more wretched than before.

Then began the remarkable emigration of the Celts. A free and Protestant land opened wide its hospitable shores to the hapless race, and with unbounded generosity offered them liberty, equality, and a peaceful home. They swarmed over the ocean. A ceaseless tide of Celtic bondsmen has poured into the cities of the New World. But unhappily the virtues of Patrick and the modesty of Columba have too often been forgotten by their countrymen. They have brought with them an insane devotion to the Romish see—a strange hostility to the free institutions of their adopted land. They have labored to destroy that wide system of public instruction by which alone they can hope to rise from their mental decay. They have proclaimed their hostility to the Bible, whose pure lessons had once made Ireland the island of the saints. They have chosen to linger in vicious ignorance, and to fill the prisons and the almshouses, instead of rising, by education and industry, to the dignity of freemen. They have become the servile tools of corrupt politicians or foreign priests; and when danger hovered over the nation the votes of Irishmen were uniformly aimed against the government, and proved often more fatal to the hopes of freedom than the plots of Davis or the sword of Lee.²

¹ The English had often intermingled with the Celts and adopted their manners. The contest has from this period been one of religion.

² These spectral illusions, the creations of minds torn by grief or racked by apprehension, remind one of the oracles of Thucydides, or the apparitions of Livy.

¹ Carve, *Itinerarium*, c. xi., *reliqui Hiberni*. Carve, an Irish exile, calls Butler, the assassin, an illustrious murderer, and exults over the woes of the enemies of Rome.

² Of course this rebuke will touch only the guilty; some of the Irish immigrants have been patriots, many industrious and useful; but yet our statement is true.

Yet we may trust that a more honorable career awaits the Celts in the future. Gratitude must awaken when knowledge has taught them to reflect; when they compare the generous hospitality of the New World with the bitter persecutions of the Old; when they reflect that here alone they are free from the malice of tyrants and the exactions of the priest; when education shall have aroused them from their blindness, and they have discovered, with remorse and shame, that every Irishman who, at the command of popes or prelates, labors to destroy the free institutions of his adopted home, is a traitor worse than Dermot Macmorrough when he guided the papal legions to the ruin of his native land.

On a fair hill, amidst the gentlest scenery of Ulster, stands the venerable cathedral of Armagh, said to have been founded by St. Patrick, and around it, on the sloping declivities, were once gathered the modest buildings where countless students, in the period of Ireland's intellectual glory, were freely educated and maintained.¹ The hills and vales of the beautiful landscape are consecrated in the history of education. Here Patrick founded his first free school. Here grew up the most renowned of European colleges. Along yonder vales the youth of Scotland, Germany, Gaul, and Britain came to study the poetry, the music, the history of Ireland, and to listen to illustrious lecturers whose names were famous in Italy and Spain. Men of profound learning and undoubted piety trod from age to age yonder peaceful plain. The streets of Armagh, it is said, were crowded with students. A scholastic tumult hung over the quiet scene where now the shuttle and the spinning-wheel alone disturb the peace of the rural village;² a boundless passion for knowledge filled its early population; the clamor of a hundred lecture-rooms resounded not far from the tall cliffs of Derry, or where the huge pillars of the Giant's Causeway break the waves of the northern sea. Patrick, the apostle of the free school and the Scriptural church, still lives in the memories of Armagh. Disciple of St. John, child of the Bible, the humble missionary early discovered the power of education, and from his free schools or colleges sprang up a cultivated nation and a ceaseless throng of saints and scholars, poets and priests.

Touching is it to remember that when, seven centuries later, Dermot, Henry, and the pope were conspiring to let loose upon Ireland the horrors of an inexpiable war, to destroy its freedom, to crush its church, and to blot from existence its colleges and schools, Roderic

O'Connor gave a munificent and a last endowment to the master of the University of Armagh. He remembered the heroes and saints who had been educated within its walls; he felt the power of knowledge.¹ An annual donation of ten cows was settled upon the office. The generous prince declared that his gift was designed to educate freely the youth of Ireland and Scotland, and to advance the taste for letters.² Soon the tide of war rolled over the island; Armagh was sacked and deserted; Irish literature and learning ceased to adorn the world; and the free system of education established by St. Patrick was blotted from existence by envious Rome.

To a still holier shrine of Celtic piety and genius we may turn as we close our retrospect. Across the waves, near the Scottish shore, lie the tombs and ruins of Iona. Two recent and accomplished writers have essayed to paint the landscape that met the eyes of the Irish saint and the waves that murmured to his prayers.³ The warm fancy of the Southern Celt sees only the cold and misty sky, the barren rocks, the pale sun of the North, the wild and stormy ocean; the Highland chief adorns the scene with richer colors. Red cliffs rise out of an emerald sea; the heavy banks of clouds far out on the western main are lit with dazzling sunshine; the blue outline of the Scottish coast, a throng of islets, bare or verdant, and the endless waste of the dim Atlantic—an unrivaled wealth of sea, cloud, and sky—surround the home of Columba. But, more majestic than nature's grandest aspect, ever hovers over his beloved isle the form of the holy teacher proclaiming its immortal renown, and the rulers and the people of many lands have fulfilled his prophecy, and nations have worshiped at his shrine.⁴

It is possible that from Iona and Armagh, from Patrick and Columba, from the free school and the free church, may come the restoration of the Celtic race; that a fallen but vigorous people, long corrupted and degraded by superstitious ignorance, may submit to a nobler conquest of reason and humanity; and that Irishmen, in every land, may once more learn from their ancient teachers modesty, docility, gentleness—the foundations of mental strength.

¹ The Four Masters celebrate a long succession of brilliant lecturers and accomplished rectors of the native colleges. Even in 1170 (ii. 1175) the death of the great *lector* Cormac is related, almost the last of the sages of his country.

² Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, *Beauties of Ireland*, describe with enthusiasm the landscape of Armagh, ii, 458-460, the charms of the Bann, the grandeur of Lough Neagh.

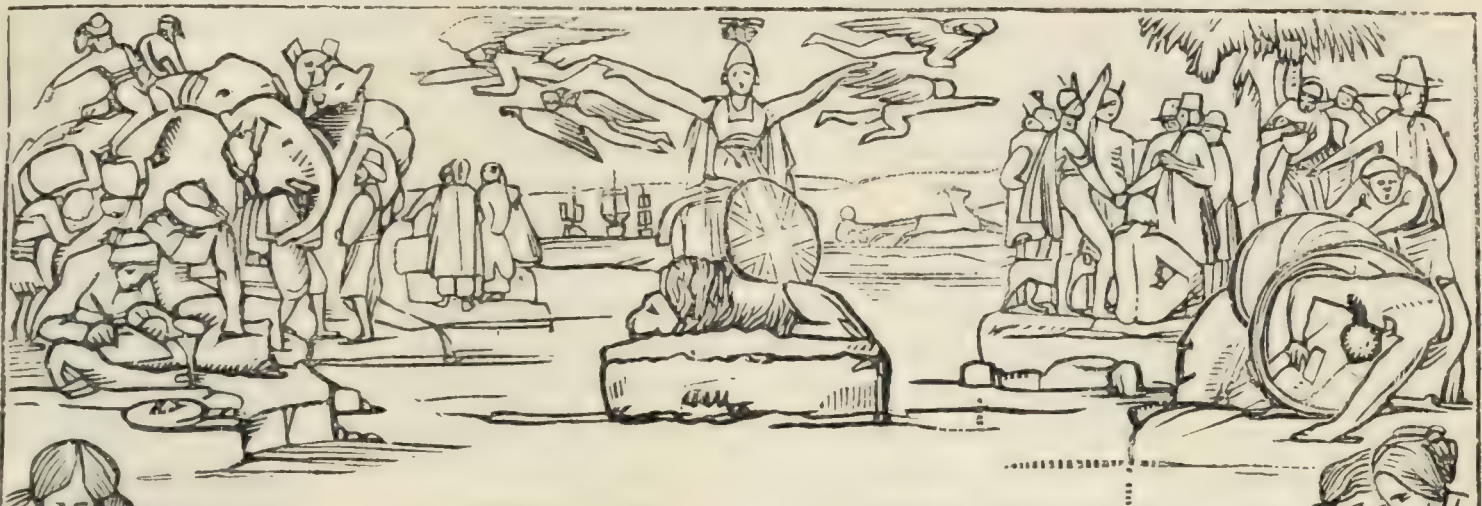
¹ Four Masters, ii. 1171. See Trias Thaum, p. 310. Rodericus rex summopere cupiens in academiâ Ard-mochanâ studia promovere—eâ conditione ut studium generale pro scholaribus, tam ex Hibernia unde quoque, quam ex Albania adventantibus. The Four Masters say that Roderic gave it in honor of St. Patrick, and to instruct youth in literature.

² Ten cows yearly was a munificent endowment. The Brehon law allows six cows as the price of a queen's wardrobe. Vallancey, Col., i. app. By the example of a modern court the income of the rector may be estimated at a very high rate. Compared to his modern successors, he was wealthy; for what professor would not be content with an income nearly twice the value of a queen's wardrobe?

³ Montalembert, *Monks of the West*, and the Duke of Argyll's *Iona*, give its different aspects.

⁴ Columba prophesied that every barbarous and foreign nation would celebrate the renown of his narrow and barren isle.

POSTAGE STAMPS AND THEIR ORIGIN.



MULREADY ENVELOPE, ISSUED IN 1840.

ALTHOUGH postage stamps are among the most familiar objects of daily use, it is probable that very few persons have troubled themselves to consider when and where they originated. In a pamphlet by M. Piron, *Sous-Directeur des Postes*, published in Paris in 1838, and entitled, "Du Service des Postes, et de la Taxation des Lettres au Moyen d'un Timbre," we find that the idea of post-paid or stamped paper originated, early in the reign of Louis XIV., with M. De Velay, who, in 1653, established a private penny-post, placing boxes at the corners of streets for the reception of letters wrapped up in envelopes, which were franked by bands or slips of paper tied around them, with the inscription, "*Post-paid the — day of —, 1653 or '54.*" These slips were sold for a *sou tape*, and could be procured at the palace, at the turn-tables of convents, and from the porters of colleges. When Louis XIV. used to quit his habitual residence the personages of his suit were accustomed to procure these labels intended to be placed around letters destined for Paris. M. De Velay had also caused to be printed certain forms of *billets*, or notes, applicable to the ordinary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks which were to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might complete the writer's object. One of these *billets*, filled up by Péliçon, and sent to Mademoiselle Scudéry, is still preserved in Paris, and is one of the oldest of penny-post letters extant, and a curious example of a pre-paying envelope. These primitive slips and forms were irregularly used, and soon fell into disuse. In 1758, however, under Louis XV., one M. De Chamouset, a wealthy Parisian, established a modest post for the metropolis, charging two *sols* for single letters under an ounce, which were prepaid by stamps similar to those now in use. Government, perceiving the gains thus derived from the new enterprise, took it from him, compensating him by an annual pension of twenty thousand francs; but so

meagre were the arrangements of the government that the stamps were seldom used, and soon were entirely forgotten.

The next country to issue postal stamps was Spain, their issue having been authorized by a royal decree of the 7th December, 1716, which stipulated that the secretaries to the crown, etc., etc., will have the privilege of apposing on the letters addressed to the other authorities a seal, impressed in ink, bearing the royal arms of Castile and Leon, which will pass them free. By the general regulations of the post (8th June, 1794) notice was given that the stamps mentioned in the decree of 1716 were to be used only for letters concerning public business. These official stamps remained in use until the beginning of the present century, when their issue was entirely abandoned.

We have now to introduce to our readers a description of semi-official stamped postal envelopes used in Italy (Sardinia) from 1819 to 1836. On the 7th of November, 1818, the emission of stamped postal paper was announced, and the conditions on which it might be used. This paper was prepared under the immediate supervision of the *Directeur des Postes*, and could be procured at post-offices, and from vendors of tobacco, who received a commission upon their sales. There were three values: fifteen centesimi, twenty-five centesimi, and fifty centesimi, all bearing the same device. We give an illustration of the highest value, by which a clear idea will be gained of their appearance. These covers were but little used, however, and were finally withdrawn by the seventy-third article of a royal decree of the 30th of March, 1836, in consequence of a modification being made in the postal regulations by the seventy-second article of the same law.



SARDINIA, 1818.

The next attempt at issuing postage stamps was made by one Treffenberg, of Stockholm, who proposed to the Assembly of Swedish Nobility to issue stamped paper to be made into envelopes for letters. The proposition was warmly supported by Count de Schwerin, on the ground that it would be both convenient to the public and to the post-office, but the proposition was rejected by a large majority.

But to Mr. Rowland Hill are we indebted for that postal reform which was introduced by him into the British Parliament in 1837, which, among other reforms, proposed that letters should be prepaid by means of stamped covers, or envelopes. His proposition met with much opposition. Fortunately thousands of petitions poured in for the furtherance of this bold project, and Parliament, moved by such a general manifestation, caused a commission to examine the plan. After many stormy debates it was adopted, and put in operation on the 6th of May, 1840. To Mr. Hill, then, do we owe the adoption of the idea, and its practical development. As soon as the postal scheme was matured in England, and the emission of postal stamps decided on, the authorities issued a prospectus offering a reward of £500 for the best design and plan for a stamp. The conditions, which were widely circulated, stated that the chief desiderata were simplicity and facility in working, combined with such precautions as should prove effectual against forgery. Thousands of designs—many of the most elaborate workmanship—were sent in; but none were so simple as that furnished by Heath, of London, which was subsequently chosen. We give an illustration of this early stamp, which gives a good idea of its complete



TRIAL STAMP, 1840.

GREAT BRITAIN.



1840.

simplicity. It is, however, in use at the present day, its color only having been changed from black to red. About the same time a prize was offered for the best design for an envelope, which was gained by Mulready, R.A., who produced that peculiar combination of allegories representing England attracting the commerce of the world. It was engraved on brass by John Thompson (the pupil of Branstons), who devoted many entire weeks in cutting it in relief. By the stamped envelope and adhesives of the present day it has an almost medieval appearance. England, therefore, has

the honor of creating the first postage stamps (those previously mentioned having little in common with those now in use), where they were created, to be successively adopted by all civilized countries. Upon this simple foundation has been built a postal reform which vies with any other reform in this reforming age. After a currency of a few months the "Mulready" envelopes fell into disuse, and were superseded by the small adhesive stamps furnished by Heath, of London. In July, 1840, a two-penny stamp was issued, and subsequently a complete series, ranging in value from one half-penny to five shillings. We give illustrations of some of the values, with dates of issue. In



1840.



1855.



1862.



1865.

ENGLAND.

the latter part of 1870 post cards were introduced into England, unusual taste having been shown in their arrangement. The cards are about four and a quarter inches in length, by three and a half in breadth. The design consists of the queen's head in a circle, with ornaments, etc., and a broad label in the lower margin, inscribed "Half-penny," the whole forming a rectangle. The main inscription, which occupies the upper portion of the card to the left of the stamp, is thus disposed: "Post card. The address only to be written on this side. To ____." The cards are printed in a beautiful light lilac. The stamps of England, both postal and fiscal, are printed at Somerset House, London.

England, having taken the first step in this path of postal reform, was soon followed by some of the Swiss cantons in 1843-44, Brazil in 1843, Russia in 1845, United States in 1847, France in 1848, Schleswig-Holstein in 1848, Tuscany in 1849, Belgium in 1849, Spain in 1850, and the other principal nations and their colonies (with but few exceptions) at intermediate dates, thus generalizing their use throughout the world.

In 1843-48 the Swiss cantons of Zurich, Basle, Vaud, Neuchatel, Geneva, and Winterthur issued stamps for use in their several can-

tons. They were, however, in 1850 replaced by the stamps of the federal administration, which issued stamps for both French and German cantons with corresponding inscriptions. These remained current until 1854, when they were superseded, in turn, by a uniform type for all Switzerland, with the values expressed in rappen, centesimi, and centimes. These enjoyed



1843.



1844.



1854.



1862.

SWITZERLAND.

a currency of eight years, and were then replaced by a new series with the name "Helvetia" and corresponding numerals of value. The entire set, ranging in value from two centimes to one franc, are still current in Switzerland.

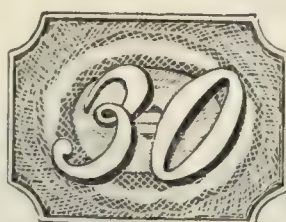
In February, 1871, the Swiss government issued stamps for the use of Bourbaki's army interned in Switzerland, which freed their letters through the post. They were very simple, being printed in black on colored paper, with the inscription, "*Militaires français internés en Suisse. Gratis.*"

The next stamps claiming our notice are those emanating from the empire of Brazil. It would overshoot our postal mark to indicate all the regulations and decrees published by the government since 1829 for the amelioration of Brazilian posts. We would but remark that this country, far distant from Europe as it is, was the second to follow the example of England in the adoption of postal stamps. A decree of November 29, 1842, signed by the minister, C. J. d'Aranjo Viana, orders the creation of postage stamps. The idea was to reproduce, as in England, the features of the sovereign; but the Director of the Mint, fearing the respect due to his emperor would be wounded were the sacred effigy obliterated, made representations to that effect in a letter dated February 13, 1843. The minister yielded to this reasoning, and had introduced for the values—thirty reis, sixty reis, and ninety reis—a large figure upon an oval of intricate engraving. They were engraved by Carlos d'Azevedo and José de Faria, the mint engravers, and printed at the National Treasury. There have been several series of Brazilian stamps manufactured by

native artists, all bearing the simple numerals of value. But in 1865 the contract for the manufacture of postal stamps was transferred to the American Bank-Note Company, of New



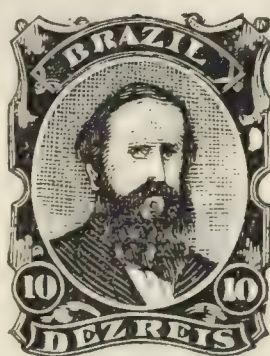
1843.



1844.



1850.



1866.



1866.

BRAZIL.

York city, which has produced a very artistic and elaborate series. The portrait of his Majesty Dom Pedro II. is remarkable for its excellence and truthfulness, and reflects great credit upon the manufacturers. Quite lately there has appeared a new value—three hundred reis—which is a beautiful addition to the stamps of Brazil. It is printed in two colors, and is from the *atelier* of the Continental Bank-Note Company of New York city.

Stamped postal envelopes were introduced into Russia in 1845-48, bearing the arms of that empire in a circle. There were four values only, viz., five kopeks, ten kopeks, twenty kopeks, and thirty kopeks, for use in the empire. Our illustration of the five kopeks is similar in design to the higher values. In 1869 a new set were issued, corresponding in value to the preceding issue. The design consists of the Russian arms in a circle, surrounded by appropriate inscriptions. Adhesive postal stamps were emitted in 1857-64, and have passed through several series. Those issued in 1864 have a very beautiful appearance; but neither their description nor engraving can give a correct idea of the elegance and attractive appearance of these stamps, in which beauty and simplicity are so marvelously combined with the most elaborate execution. The Russian provinces of Finland, Livonia, and Poland have, by

royal favor, issued stamps peculiar to themselves; but they are of simple design and execution. There have been several series of stamps used in Finland, and we give illustrations of some of the current issue, which were emitted in 1866-67. The stamps of Poland, similar in



1845.



1857.



1864.



1864.



FINLAND, 1866.



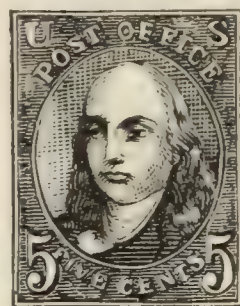
FINLAND, 1867.

RUSSIA.

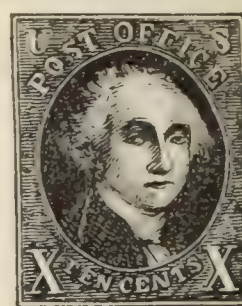
design to those of Russia proper, are now obsolete, having been superseded by those of the empire.

The postal stamps of the United States next claim our attention, their issue having been authorized by act of Congress of 3d March, 1847. Two values only were introduced, viz., five cents and ten cents, bearing respectively the portraits of Franklin and Washington. They were finely engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch, and Edson, of New York, and were issued July 1 of that year. They remained current until July 1, 1851, when, in consequence of an alteration in the rates, they were withdrawn, and replaced by three new values, viz., one cent, three cents, and twelve cents. In May, 1855, a ten-cent stamp was issued, and subsequently, at intermediate dates, a complete series, ranging in value from five to ninety cents. They were manufactured by Toppan, Carpenter, and Co., of New York, and remained current until the breaking out of the great rebellion in 1861, when, it being considered desirable to change the issue of stamps, a contract for the manufacture of the United States postage stamps was awarded to the National Bank-Note Company, of New York city. A new set

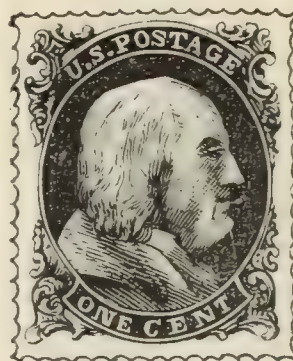
of stamps was prepared and issued August 14 of that year, with two new values, the designs being somewhat similar to the preceding issue. The entire set still pass current. In March, 1869, the late current series, corresponding in value to the preceding issue, was, by direction of



1847.



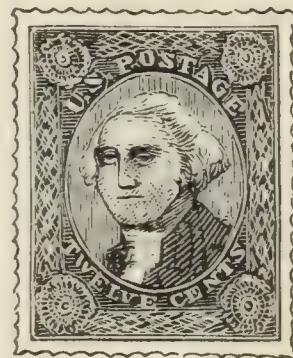
1847.



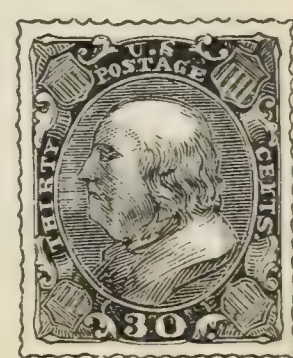
1851.



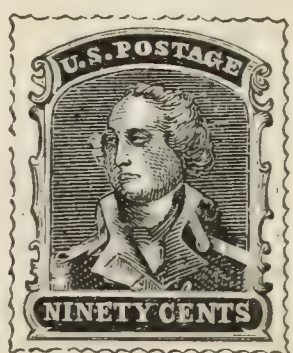
1851.



1851.



1860.



1860.



1861.



1861.



1869.

UNITED STATES.

the government, also prepared by the National Bank-Note Company; but the public feeling being wholly against them, on account of their small size, the government in 1870 authorized the company to prepare a new set, and in the spring of 1870 (April) they produced an elabo-

rate series. The portraits upon them are mostly engraved from standard marbles, and are wonderfully truthful in every detail. They are of the following denominations and description:

Cents.	Profile Bust after	Color.
1..Franklin ...	Rubright.....	Imperial blue.
2..Jackson ...	Powers	Velvet brown.
3..Washington	Houdon	Milori green.
6..Lincoln ...	Volk.....	Cochineal red.
10..Jefferson ...	Power's Statue.....	Chocolate.
12..Clay	Hart.....	Purple.
15..Webster ...	Clevenger.....	Orange.
24..Scott.....	Coffee.....	Pure purple.
30..Hamilton...	Corrachi	Black.
90..Perry.....	Wolcott's Medallion.	Carmine.

To which has lately been added, for German postal service, a seven-cent stamp, bearing a portrait of the late Secretary of War, Stanton, photographed from life—color, red. Of these stamps the National Bank-Note Company has furnished the government the past year with nearly five hundred millions. The Post-office Department has received the congratulations of several foreign governments upon the beauty and workmanship of this issue of stamps. They are undoubtedly the finest set of stamps in the world, and for delicacy of engraving, symmetry of design, and general contour remain peerless. The United States has the honor of having used the largest stamps for postal purposes in the world, known as the "Periodical Stamps," which were used for newspapers carried outside the

mails. These were furnished by the National Bank-Note Company, of New York city, and were surface-printed from steel plates, and not fine line engraving like the letter stamps. The three values—five, ten, and twenty-five cents—bear respectively medallion portraits of Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln. They were issued October 1, 1865, and withdrawn in February, 1869, having been used only in Chicago, Illinois, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin. As but few of our readers have probably seen these gems of postal art, we give an engraving of the lowest value. Stamped postal envelopes were introduced in the United States in 1853, having been authorized by act of Congress of 31st August, 1852. There have been several issues, all of which were engraved by Messrs. Nesbitt and Co., of New York city. Quite recently the contract for the manufacture of United States stamped envelopes was awarded to G. A. Reay, of New York city, who manufactures those now in use.

Postage stamps were permanently introduced into France in 1848, having been issued by the republicans. The series, ranging in value from ten centimes to one franc, had as a central device a beautifully impressed head of the Goddess of Liberty. They enjoyed but a limited circu-



1848.

1854.

1863.

FRANCE.



UNITED STATES NEWSPAPER STAMP, 1865.

lation, and were soon replaced by the stamps of the Presidency, bearing a profile of Louis Napoleon, with the same inscription; which shows how astutely that consummate politician was preparing the public mind for his appearance in imperial effulgence. Upon his accession to the empire a new set were emitted, ranging in value from one centime to one franc; but although bearing the same device as the preceding issue, the inscription "Repub. Franç." was changed to that of "Empire Franç." In 1863 a new set were issued, corresponding in value and design to the preceding issue, but with the brow of his Imperial Majesty crowned with the laurel of the Cæsars. These remained current until the fall of the empire in 1870, when the republicans issued a new set similar to those issued in 1848. They range in value from one centime to eighty centimes, and were issued during the siege of Paris from the provisional capital of Bordeaux. The stamps of France are the most complicated and inimitable of all stamps in use. They are usually prepared at the *Hôtel des Monnaies*, or mint, in Paris, and are under the control of the state, but yet form a special enterprise. All the stamps of France, both postal and fiscal, with those of her colo-

nies, and Greece, emanate from the same source. The sheets on which these stamps are printed are subjected to four successive operations, the result being sure proof against forgery by the



GREECE, 1861.



FRENCH COLONIES, 1860.

transferring process. After the stamps have been printed, gummed, and perforated, they are inspected by the officials, who destroy those showing any imperfections, the remainder being forwarded to the central *Administration des Postes*.

After Prussia had decided to annex to her dominions the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine that government issued stamps for their especial use. The design is very simple indeed, consisting of the numeral of value, with the inscription, "Postes," "Centime," printed upon tinted paper.

Postage stamps were introduced into Belgium on the 1st of July, 1849, two values only—ten and twenty centimes—having been issued. The design was a three-quarter-face bust of the then king, Leopold I., in military uniform. There have been several issues of Belgian stamps, all showing the national arms or portrait of the sovereign.

Following Belgium in the emission of postage stamps came Bavaria in 1849, Austria, Prussia, and Saxony in 1850, and the other states at intermediate dates, thus generalizing their use throughout continental Europe. Austria has the honor of having first introduced the "post card," and has been followed in their emission by England, the North German Confederation, Hungary, Belgium, Holland, and other countries. After all that is said about the progress of our own country, does it not strike our Post-office Department that it is rather curious that all these countries should have got out post cards ahead of us? But, unfortunately, such is the fact.

Postal stamps were permanently introduced into Spain in 1850, having been authorized by a royal decree of December 1, 1849. By a ministerial order of December 14, 1849, these stamps were to be manufactured in the national manufactory of deed stamps, and sold by the tobacco vendors, with an allowance of three per cent. The first issued according to the decree consisted of two values, six cuartos and twelve cuartos, to frank home letters. The second issue comprised two sorts, five and ten reales for home, and six reales for foreign postage. They were all similar in design to our illustrations of the six cuartos and five reales. The following year a new set was issued, similar in design to the preceding issue, since which time (except for a

twelvemonth when the arms were substituted) a new series has appeared almost annually, bearing the portrait of her Catholic Majesty Isabella II. Some time after the dethronement of her



SPAIN.

Majesty a new series was emitted by the provisional government, having as a device an impressed head of the Goddess of Iberia. A new set is being prepared, with the portrait of King Amadeus; and *La Correspondencia*, a Cadiz paper, informs us that the designs have much greater artistic merit than their predecessors. The postage stamps of the Spanish colonies are manufactured in Spain, and are forwarded ready for use to the colonies.



LUZON.

Our space is too limited to give a detailed account of all the stamps issued by the countries of the world. We should simply have to describe over three thousand distinct emissions, issued by one hundred and thirty-three different governments. But suffice it to say that nearly all have issued postage stamps.

Until within a few years Mexico stood alone, as a stamp-employing country, among the states of Central America. The most unsettled government of all was the earliest to adopt a system which generally requires order for its maintenance. Stamps were authorized by the "Supremo Decreto" of February 21, 1856, and were issued on the 15th of July of that year. They were engraved at the National Treasury by Francisco Iacomel, and bore the portrait of "Hidalgo," the first hero of the independence. On the 18th of April, 1864, "*La Regencia del*

Imperio issued a decree authorizing a new issue of stamps. They were issued on the 16th of May following, and bore as a device the Mexican eagle and cactus. These remained cur-



1856.



1864.



1868.

MEXICO.

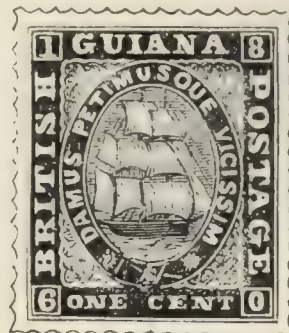
rent until 1866, when, by virtue of the decree of July 15 of that year, a new set was issued bearing the profile of "Maximiliano Emperador de Mexico." They were engraved by M. Joubert, of London, and remained current until the fall of the empire in 1867. Those at present doing duty in the Mexican republic, ranging in value from six to one hundred cents, are of simple design and execution, and were issued on the 8th of September, 1868, by virtue of the decree of August 3 of that year. They were engraved at the National Treasury by Antonio Orellano; and from a Mexican postal document before us we learn that the head of Hidalgo still figures upon the stamps of the republic. (*Art. 2. La administracion general de correos, abrirá sellos que representen el busto del primer heroe de la independecia, E. S. D. Miguel Hidalgo, espresandose en ellos el valor que cada uno debe tener, que será el de seis cent, etc.*) The rest of the Central American republics have at intervals issued complete series of stamps, and now all are postally represented.



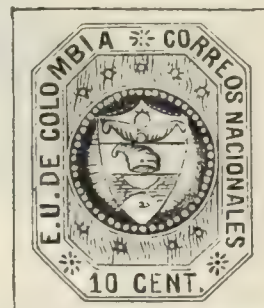
NEVIS, 1861.

representing the Goddess of Health, "Hygeia," administering the water of a mineral spring in the island to a sick person.

Brazil having been the postal pioneer among the states of South America in the emission of postal stamps, was followed by British Guiana in 1850, and subsequently by the republics, all of which have produced creditable series of stamps. The stamps of New Granada are



BRITISH GUIANA, 1860.



COLOMBIA, 1859.

perhaps the most interesting of the entire number, and since 1859 that country has produced a new set annually. The stamps of Chili are the only ones bearing the portrait of Columbus.

The British Asiatic colonies of Ceylon, Hong-Kong, India, Shanghai, and Straits Settlements, the Dutch Indies, Spanish Indies, Cashmere, Burmah, and Deccan, are the only countries of Asia postally represented. Ceylon uses



CEYLON, 1857.



SINGAPORE, 1868.



CASHMERE, 1867.



BRITISH INDIA, 1858.

a larger number of stamps than any other country in Asia, her adhesives and envelopes together amounting to over twenty values. Ceylon may with justice claim to possess the finest set of stamped envelopes in the world. Chaste in design, excellent in execution, they unite the requisites to superiority in an overwhelming degree. They are prepared at the establishment of De La Rue and Co., London.

Passing from the postal emissions of Asia, let us briefly notice some of those issued by the countries of Africa. Natal, the youngest Anglo-African colony, commenced issuing stamps in 1857, and has been followed at intermediate dates by St. Helena, Sierra Leone, Mauritius, Cape Colony, Liberia, Egypt, Orange State, Gambia, the Azores, Madeira, Angola, Mozambique, and the Transvaal Republic.

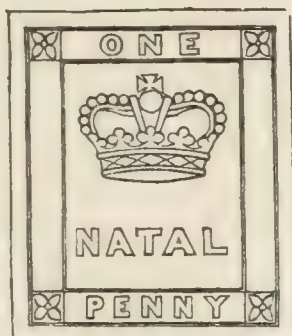
Much is left to the imagination in the first issue of Natal. The design is embossed on colored paper, there being nothing to distinguish it from its surroundings except its being in relief. The



1861.



1860.



1857.



AFRICA.



1857.

island of Mauritius has been the largest contributor, the number of varieties emanating from that place being over forty. Mauritius is the only country of Africa which possesses stamped envelopes, but they are handsome enough to represent the whole continent. The stamps of the Cape of Good Hope are perhaps better known than those of Mauritius. The early issues were of a triangular shape, and bore as a device an emblematical figure of Hope. Our illustration will give a good idea of their unique appearance. The stamps of Egypt were introduced by Muzzi Bey in 1866, and bear upon their face the Pyramids and Sphinx, presenting a very strange appearance.

The British Australian colonies of New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Victoria, and Western Australia, with the Hawaiian Isles, New Zealand, Tasmania, Sarawak, Java, Luzon, the Fiji Islands, and New Caledonia, are represented in the issue of postal stamps. Our illustrations will give a good idea of some of their designs, etc., although it is quite impossible to reproduce on wood the intricate tracery of the originals. The current set of the Hawaiian Isles are the neatest and best executed of the entire number, and are the work of the National Bank-Note Company, of New York. The portraits of the late Princess Victoria, his

Highness M. Kekuanaua, the king's late father, and that of his Majesty, depicted upon them, are the finest postal portraits ever engraved.



1857.



1862.



1856.



1849.



1859.



1859.



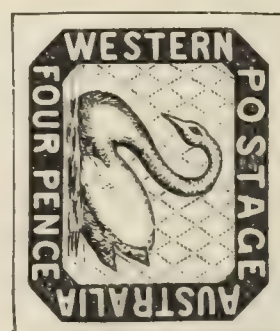
1855.



1855.



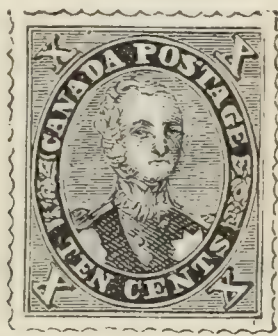
1860.



1854.

Postage stamps were introduced into Canada June 1, 1851, and subsequently by Nova Scotia in 1856, New Brunswick in 1856, Newfoundland in 1857, Prince Edward Island in 1861, and British Columbia in 1861. The early stamps of Canada were prepared by Messrs. Rawdon, Wright, Hatch, and Edson, of New York, and the later issues, with those of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, by the Ameri-

can Bank-Note Company, of New York. The Prince Edward Island stamps were manufactured by Charles Whitting, and those of British Columbia by De La Rue and Co., of London,



1859.



1857.



1861.



1869.



1868.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

England. By her Majesty's proclamation, issued in the spring of 1867, the provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were to form one grand confederation or dominion, which took effect on the 1st of July, 1867. Among the departments thus centralized was the Post-office Department, which passed into the hands of one person; and there is now but one corresponding postal rate throughout the confederation, and but one set of postal stamps. These stamps, ranging in value from half a cent to fifteen cents, were issued April 1, 1868, and were prepared by the British American Bank-Note Company, of Montreal and Ottawa. The design is chaste and beautiful, the principal ornament being a profile of her Majesty, turned to the right. Quite recently the Canadians have introduced the post card, also engraved by the British American Bank-Note Company.

Among the most historical stamps are those issued by the so-called Confederate States. After the passage of the ordinance of secession the postmasters of New Orleans, Nashville, Baton Rouge, Mobile, Memphis, and other towns, finding it impossible to do business without stamps, issued them on their own responsibility until a set for the confederation could be manufactured. The first *regular* series, of three values—two, five, and ten cents—were prepared by Hoyer and Ludwig, lithographers, of Rich-

mond. These remained current until 1863, when they were replaced by a five-cent stamp prepared in England, and subsequently by a two-cent, ten-cent, and twenty-cent stamp, prepared



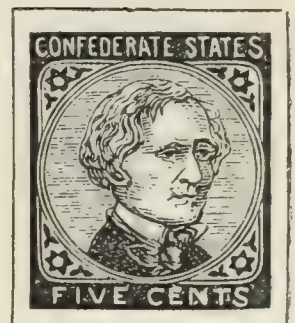
1861.



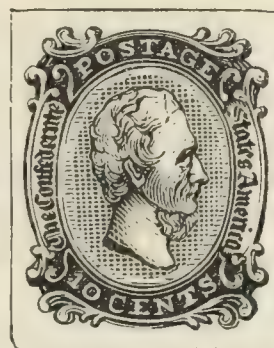
1861.



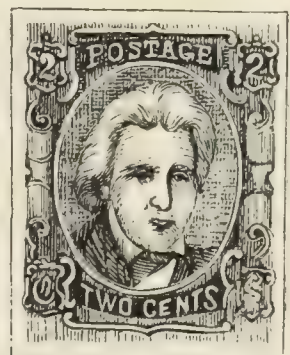
1861.



1861.



1863.



1863.

CONFEDERATE STATES.

by Archer and Daly, of Richmond. Archer and Daly failing in their terms of contract, a new one was entered into with Messrs. Keatinge and Ball, of Columbia, South Carolina.

The early stamps of Romagna, Mauritius, Hawaiian Isles, Parma, Modena, Moldavia, and Brunswick were of the most primitive design



MAURITIUS, 1857.



MODENA, 1856.



MOLDAVIA, 1862.



ROMAGNA, 1859.

and simple execution, and were the productions of native artists. Many of the finest postal productions emanate from the American Bank-Note Company, of New York, which are those of Newfoundland, Brazil, Bolivia, La Plata, Chili, Costa Rica, Salvador, Peru, and Nicaragua, with the



1867.



1862.



1863.



1860.

late current stamps of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. They are all remarkable for their fine colors and artistic perfection, especially those of Nova Scotia.

Postage stamps have an infinite variety of designs. Those of England and most of her colonies have as a central ornament a portrait of her Majesty. The English stamps have for the last quarter of a century given precisely the same representation of the queen's features, which has influenced the colonial stamps, particularly in the position of the face. Out of over two hundred colonial "queen's heads," the greater number are turned to the left. Some of the handsomest portraits of Queen



1861.



1860.

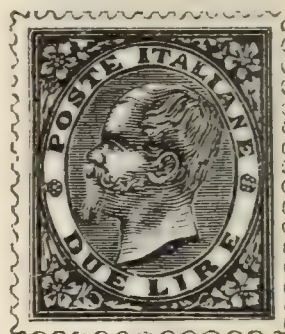


1862.

Victoria are to be found upon some of the West Indian stamps. Those of St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and Antigua, though differing in general design, have all the same style of head. The engraving is remarkably delicate, and the effect is heightened by the shading at the back, which brings out the portraits in semi-relief. There are over two hundred portraits of Victoria upon the English and colonial stamps, none of which, however, have any resemblance to that royal personage. This is a mistake that our English cousins would do well to rectify. The stamps of Austria, Prussia, Italy, Belgium, and many other countries bear as a central device either the portrait of the reigning sovereign



ITALY, 1857.



ITALY, 1863.



NAPLES, 1858.



TURKEY, 1863.



AUSTRIA, 1861.



ROUMANIA, 1869.

or the national arms. Those of Rome bear the papal tiara and keys. Those of Trinidad, Barbadoes, Liberia, Buenos Ayres, etc., bear a representation of Britannia or the Goddess of Liberty. Those of Turkey the Sultan's sign-manual, and so on without end.

Postage stamps are still in their infancy, and we hardly know to what extent they are capable of being utilized. We trust ere long to see stamps used for international correspondence. International money-orders have been issued for some time, and why not international postal stamps. The idea seems to us a good one, and we trust that international stamps may be current at no distant date, thereby bringing into closer union the bonds of human brotherhood.

FAINT HEART.

JOHN EVERETT had known Elinor ever since he could remember; they had gone to school together; he had spelled above her and refused to take his place; he had envied the more daring boys who walked home with her through the green lanes, beneath embowering elms, as if it were the most commonplace thing to do in the world, while he, with his heart in his mouth, tried to find courage for the effort, and found himself left behind for his pains. Later, when they first began to go out into the world together, what tortures he endured when she danced with some handsome stranger; if she rode with his braver companions; if Carl Hughes took her off in his wherry down the silver length of the river, and lost his way among the creeks of the silent marshes, only returning home when the evening was far spent, and the stars trembled in the heavens, and unwittingly brushing past poor John, waiting on the wharf in the shadow of some warehouse to see them landed and safe! Life began early to seem like a pleasant difficulty to him. He was always wondering what she was doing; how she passed the long days while he was busy in the counting-room; what were her every-day thoughts, her dreams, and did he hold any share therein. Sunday, too, soon became the first of holidays, for then he was sure to see her. His father's square, old-fashioned pew almost faced the congregation, and not a breath or a blush, the flutter of an eyelid or the ghost of a dimple, was lost upon him. In the mean time it is probable that Elinor was not blind. Glances are easily interpreted; actions sometimes speak louder than words. There is little doubt, when Carl Hughes or any of the others stepped out of a concert or lecture room and offered an arm to her door, but she understood that John had been waiting and wavering and longing for the favorable moment in which to anticipate this attention, which moment would have arrived, sooner or later, but that Carl, intent on his purpose, and unhesitating in its performance, had pushed his desperate way through the crowd to her side, and had gained the day before John had thought of losing it.

But by insensible degrees one outgrows this sort of faint-heartedness, and pushes out before Carl Hughes and the indulgent crowd, and wins the prize for the nonce, but delays to take the next decided step in the right path. And so it was with John. One day he heard that Elinor had given away her heart to Mr. Denormandy, now on his travels. However much pain this announcement gave John, his faint-heartedness—which, perhaps, was only an exaggerated appreciation of the object of his desire—became a something superfluous, since, if he had already lost her, why should he fear? It is at this stage that one ceases to doubt and begins to suffer. So, now that he had nothing to lose, he went in and out of her presence, with a fatal

fascination, as bold as a lion. He asked her hand in the dance without a qualm; he took her out to supper or down to dinner, as the case might be; he strolled with her on the moon-lighted terrace; he played melodies of his own composition upon the flute; he even ventured to take her in his own wherry down the dazzling reach of the river; and though he failed to entangle himself among the ribbons of the marshes, yet the wherry sprung a leak, and while he pulled home against the tide—as it seemed to him he had always been doing—Elinor bailed the boat with her slipper, which he begged when they were safe ashore, and the slipper of no further use to the owner.

"I should like to keep it myself," she said, "as a memento of the day in which we made shipwreck together; but you may have it."

One day he happened to say something about the time when Mr. Denormandy should return from abroad and carry her beyond his reach.

"Mr. Denormandy!" said she, knitting her brows; "what should possess him to carry *me* any where?"

"The right of possession."

"I don't understand you. Mr. Denormandy has no right of any sort in me."

"Excuse me; but I thought—I had heard—"

"That I was going to marry him? Don't believe what you hear again. The truth is, he never asked me, though my friends declare that he wished it, and I myself had some reason to expect it; but faint heart, you know—"

"Never won fair lady. And you?"

"I was relieved when he left for Europe. It is so hard to say 'No' that one is in danger of saying 'Yes' from compassion. Love is so sweet that it is difficult to refuse it, and then one has a haunting fear of some time needing it."

"And a woful waste makes a woful want. What a pity that Mr. Denormandy had not known your compassionate temperament, and been enabled to take advantage of it!"

"Do you think so?" she asked.

"No; I shouldn't wish a goddess to marry me from compassion—a thousand times no!"

But this did not mend matters. Now that there was *every thing* to gain or lose—now that the affair was assuming a critical aspect, since the responsibility of the crisis and the event were his—the native timidity of his character stepped in to hinder him. Not that he abandoned his position at once; it had become too much a matter of habit for him to meet her at home and abroad on terms of intimacy, and the habit was too precious to be easily broken. Only inch by inch, and almost without his own consent, he retreated from the ground which he had honestly won. He invited her for no more lonely pleasurings down the river; if they went together, it was with a crowd of friends. On one such excursion they became detached from the others by some accident, and were left, like shells, forgotten upon the sands; for walking around the bend of the beach, where a bluff hid them

from sight, with the wind blowing the other way, they neither heard nor saw their companions embark for home, too busy with their own affairs to remark the absence of John and Elinor, who only understood the situation when they turned back to where the boat had been moored, and found the tents struck and the beach lonely and deserted, except for some barefooted children gathering drift-wood, and a flock of sand-birds daring the waves. The afternoon was just melting into the tender atmosphere of early twilight, when all things wear an unreal aspect, and half-guessed stars sift themselves through the gloom, and the radiance from the nether half of the sphere—from the morning world—seemed running over into this along the horizon's brim. Far away a sail pricked itself out against the heavens a moment, and was gone; a fishing craft was dropping down over the bar; and a pleasure-boat, bubbling over with song and laughter, pushed its way toward home. John shouted to them and waved his hat, but the wind blew his voice down his throat, and the gay revelers fled on wings of mirth.

"What *shall* we do?" asked Elinor. "How shall we reach home?"

"The gods help those who help themselves," said he. "We will ask these gypsy children if there isn't a boat to be found. There isn't so much as a shed for shelter on this lonely beach." But neither the children nor their seniors—a party of half-gypsy folks, who had encamped on the sands to carry off the beach-plums, and as a sort of economical method of spending the summer at the sea-shore, with plenty of firewood at first cost, and birds tame as chickens—had any thing but a leaky skiff to offer, but who, with the ready hospitality of the dwellers in tents, invited them to share the shelter of their canvas roof; but as the oars of the skiff were broken, and Elinor's slipper was not at hand, it seemed of little use. Thus at their wits' ends they paced the sands, upon which the waves encroached more and more, making green hollows in the moonlight when they broke, and fringing the lone line of coast with spray like tangles of pearls. John heaped a cushion of beach-grass, and they sat in the pale light of a moon that was slowly dipping behind the dunes, and watched the great untamed monster shake its mane at their very feet, and listened to its endless *da capos*, and wondered if the silver bridge which the moonbeams threw across the water would bear them home, and repeated love lines from the poets; or he sang to her—

"Oh, listen to the howling sea,
That beats on the remorseless shore!
Oh, listen, for that sound shall be
When our wild hearts shall beat no more!
Oh, listen well and listen long,
For, sitting folded close to me,
You could not hear a sweeter song
Than that hoarse murmur of the sea!"

The moon fell lower while he sang, and left the world to starlight; the wind blew freshly off the sea; Elinor shivered in the blast. "Shall

we accept the gypsies' invitation," he asked, "or shall we walk to town?"

"How far is it, John?" She called him "John." It seemed a new name as spoken by her. She gave it new meaning.

"It is eight miles, Elinor, over marshy places and rough ways."

"Let us try it." But before they had gone half a mile on the beach her strength gave out. "I am so tired!" she said. "If one could only fly!" At that moment he felt an almost irresistible impulse to seize the little hand resting on his arm, and to cover it with kisses; to fold her in his arms then and there, and whisper, "If you are tired, darling, rest here, for love is rest and blessedness supreme; and I love you." But the old haunting distrust recurred; what if she should answer, "Not here; your love is not large enough for me, not blessedness enough." And while he hesitated and doubted and half believed, a boat shot along the shore, and buried its keel in the sand. They had sent relief from town.

They sailed up the wide river, and watched the light-house send its flame far out on the waters, and met the wraith-like forms of ships at the wharves, silent as ghosts, the town lights like jack-o'-lanterns, and the tide setting round the piers; and when they reached home, and he left Elinor at her father's door, the clocks were striking midnight, and a startled robin in the elm-tree overhead was trilling a sleepy note.

But fortune was not to be severe with John for one neglect of opportunity, and meant to offer him greater inducements and more tempting chances. Elinor's father awoke one morning and found himself bankrupt. Somewhat later John went to purchase a pair of new gloves, in which to worthily pay his respects to his love, when who should step forth behind the counter to wait upon his demand but Elinor herself!

"You, Elinor!" he exclaimed. "Thinking of angels, you hear the rustle of their wings."

"The wheel of fortune has made a revolution, you see, and here I am. But not crushed by it."

"That is well. For man is man, the poet sings, and master of his fate."

"I don't think it means woman, though," said she. "What can I do for you? I am at your service. Gloves? Jouvin's?"

"Yes. Are you going to Mr. Swell's to-morrow night?"

"Am *I* going? The Swells have forgotten my existence. I have gone under, so to speak, as far as they are concerned."

"Indeed! I was looking forward to meeting you there."

"And you meet me here instead."

"But if you are not to be there, I shall not care to go."

"Thank you; but I should be sorry to deprive you of a happiness."

"Should you?" leaning across the counter.

"You asked just now what you could do for me. Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, you may tell me."

His eyes held hers, intense with meaning; his lips trembled with the burden of his heart; all his desire was leaping up, and shaping itself into tender words. What was it that stayed them, caused them to falter into commonplaces? What power locked the eager lips upon the half-uttered secret? Why did the intense eyes lose their sweet significance, the hand relax its gentle grasp?

"You may stretch this pair of gloves for me, then, if you please," he said, recovering himself.

"Isn't it a little droll," said she, hiding whatever chagrin she experienced behind her smile—"isn't it a little droll that stretching the stocking should be such a sin, while stretching the glove is perfectly harmless?"

"Confound my folly!" he thought, walking away. "Why didn't I say it? She looked almost as if she expected something. I gave her the right to. But did she care to listen? To be sure, the place was unfortunate; but people have made and heard proposals in ball-rooms, in crowds, before this—at street corners, and at book-stalls. There was Captain Wildes: he proposed to Mary on board the cars, and, not understanding him, she cried, 'What?' So he had to scream it all over again, and the train stopped at a station before he finished. He must have been a plucky fellow! They say that women do half the courting, but bless me if I've had any help in this affair! And, at this rate, it's like a snail's journey; I take one step forward, and slip back two. The deuce! I wonder how they get on! It must be tiresome standing behind a counter all day, with the Guilford pride on her shoulders, and the home troubles tugging at her heart. If I had only asked her before the breaking of this bubble! But now it would seem like taking advantage of her circumstances; and if I could not endure that she should consent to marry me from pity, how much less from prudence? Yet, if she cares for me— But how am I to know? She is not likely to tell me without being asked, and why should I ask her unless I am certain?"

And thus, while he let the occasion slip by, while he dawdled and perplexed himself, the firm in which he was junior partner required his presence in Europe to establish a branch house. He went to bid Elinor good-by—perhaps to say something more earnest. He could not tell; he could not count upon himself nor his moods. He found her in a dark, narrow street of the city, where the sunshine was only a morning visitor of the most ceremonious kind; in rooms whose shabbiness smote him to the heart. She sat before a flickering flame, and embroidered in linen. He understood that by this means she was eking out her insufficient wages. But otherwise she was the same being whom he had known in luxury. The blush had not deserted her fair cheek, the dimple still hid there; the eyes were as radiant with light and spirit, the expression as enchanting, the voice as liquid and full of soft,

lingering tones and bewitching accents, as in the brightest days of her prosperity. They talked about his journey, the sights he was to see, the sounds he would hear; and she sighed, and said, "Oh, I wonder if I shall ever go to Europe!" with that wild hope which most of us long to realize. They were sitting together upon a *tête-à-tête*, a relic of past magnificence. He had been looking at her embroidery, and when he gave it back their hands touched, and lingered almost lovingly. The words were on his lips, "Will you go to Europe with me, Elinor?"

"Will you," he faltered; "will you— You will—forget me, I suppose, as soon as I am gone. Out of sight, out of mind!"

"If you wish me to forget you, I will," she laughed.

"And if I do not wish it?"

"Ah, I can not promise: you are to be absent a whole year."

If she could not promise to remember him a year, was it likely that she would promise to love him a lifetime?

So he went to Europe, and tried to forget himself in the details of business; to satisfy himself with the public galleries and gardens, with art and nature in holiday attire. He visited the Mer de Glace, and dwelt in the shadow of the Matterhorn, and heard the mountain echoes vibrating upon the inspired air. But to whom could he confide all his fine thoughts? Who could respond to his moods with such perfect sympathy as Elinor? Half the charm of travel was lost without her. At the Lake of Como he fell in with an elderly gentleman, solitary like himself.

"Ah," said he, "this traveling alone is almost like staying at home."

"And why, Sir, did you not bring your wife?" ventured John.

"Because I was a fool once. I have no wife. Twenty-five years ago I was in love, but I was, at the same time, too great a dunce to tell her so. Young man, if you ever chance to fall in love, lose no time in letting her know it. Don't defer speaking."

"And if she—"

"No matter what she answers. You will have done your duty; you will have nothing with which to reproach yourself."

John left the Lake of Como at once. He traveled night and day to London, and embarked for home. He went to the shabby by-street where he had left Elinor; but the bird had flown. Mr. Guilford, with that happy faculty some men have for always coming to the surface in good condition, had speculated himself into another fortune during John's absence, and was only to be found on Queen's Street, in the mansion of his forefathers. A servant ushered John into a cheerful morning-room, looking out into a garden full of sunshine and flowers, and went to find Miss Elinor, while he looked at Elinor's portrait in crayon, read the name of Granville Denormandy in the corner, and wondered if he

did it before going away, and why *he*, John, had never seen it before. Just then voices that had all along been faintly audible drew nearer, so that he could hear the words as well as the tones. He turned his head and looked out into the garden, where, in the neighborhood of a hundred-leaved rose-tree, Elinor had paused, leaning on the arm of a tall young man.

"I thought at that time," the tall young man was saying, and they stood so near the window that John could not fail to hear—was obliged to listen—"I thought at that time that you had a fancy for young Everett—John, wasn't it? By-the-way, I met him abroad, and decided that you must have refused him, he was so distraught."

Elinor stirred, and a shower of rose petals stirred with her. "I may as well be frank with you," she said; "it makes no difference now. I did. I was in love with him, Granville; I believed that he loved me. I should have married him if he had asked me. But that was a year ago, and when one deserts you, what can you do better than forget him?"

"Nothing, darling; I could not advise any thing that would please me more. Poor fellow! And I am his heir! Well, perhaps I shouldn't have been here myself but for a lucky chance. I loved you, Elinor, when I left you. One evening I was drifting in a gondola beneath the marble ruins of Venice, when two youths, idly pleasuring like myself, passed so near that I distinctly heard one say, 'Faint heart never won fair lady, Denis.' I

took it for an omen, and, determined not to lose you through a faint heart, dearest, I left Venice that night."

"You were right.—Ah, Margaret, a gentleman waiting to see me? We will be in presently."

John had listened, like one in a trance, in spite of himself; then he moved slowly into the hall, possessed himself of his hat, and went away, repeating, "A faint heart never won a fair lady; and she would have married me if I had asked her! And Granville Denormandy is my heir!"

"Margaret, Margaret!" called Elinor, "you said there was a gentleman here to see me. What have you done with him?"

"I showed him in here, 'pon my honor, miss," cried the astonished maid; "I left him a-looking at your picture as if he could eat it. He can't hev got into the dining-room ter the silver, can he? He wasn't a ghost nor nothing, was he?"

"I—think—not," said Elinor, picking up a handkerchief, and reading the name of John Everett, Jun., in the corner: "I—think—not. Never mind, Maggie; if he wants to see me he'll come again."

But he never came again. And to-day Elinor wears, among other charms, a tiny slipper of gold, embroidered with pearls, which every one knows was a wedding gift, but which few know to be a memento of the days when she and John Everett made shipwreck together.

A BABY BROOK.

"TINKLE-TE-TINKLE," it said, close to the path beside me,
A low little laughing voice, and it drew my eyes to look;
"Pattering drops of feet, now shall your roving guide me,
Find me the pleasant places, you little love of a brook!"

"Tinkle-te-tinkle," it said, "this way into the meadow,
Over the road, and down the bank, and under the bars,
And now we loiter a minute, here in the great oak's shadow,
And look at the field so noble, full of the daisy stars."

"Tinkle-te-tinkle," it called, and I turned wondering whither—
Then how the roguish spirit laughed in its sleeve of green!
"Follow me, follow, follow"—curving hither and thither,
Hide and seek with a bright eye glancing behind a screen.

Oh, the tiniest brook that ever threaded the grasses,
Flirting a kiss to the clover, flouting the sober grain;
That ever cried to itself, lost in the dark wood-passes,
And laughed like a child escaping into the light again!

"Tinkle-te-tinkle," it sang, under the green, green banner;
"Summer is queen, and all the world to her court comes up;
Beautiful, gracious summer is lady of all the manor,
And I am her little page that carries a silver cup."

"Tinkle-te-tinkle"—it paused, and a dainty basin filling,
Cried to its fellow-gypsy, "O bobolink! bobolink!
To June, the world's delight"—and a wonderful stream of trilling
Echoed the singing water—"O sweetheart, come and drink!"

Come and drink must, truly! I know he has been already,
For all his song is the brooklet's carried up on the wing;
"Tinkle-te-tinkle," went on the sweet little voice and steady.
Only a little longer, and I should have learned to sing!

BY-GONE CELEBRITIES OF BOND STREET, LONDON.

BY R. H. HORNE.

Lord Byron.—Lord Petersham.—The King and the Queen.—Romeo Coates.—St. Preux.—Dr. Stone.—Ladies of Fashion.—Duelists, etc.

WHEN the late Earl of Harrington was a leader of the fashions (being at that time Lord Petersham) the evening full dress of fashionable gentlemen's legs consisted of pantaloons fitting close to the shape, and tied with thin ribbon rather tightly round the ankles. The color was either black or buff, though sometimes white; but black predominated, as best calculated to conceal imperfections of contour. Lord Petersham, being an Adonis in form, usually appeared in white or buff pantaloons. One evening, however, he suddenly "led off" a new style, which very few ventured to follow, and presented himself at an elegant soirée in flesh or blush colored "tights," the effect of which we leave to be imagined. His lordship calmly justified this startling novelty by saying that buff or white toward the close of an evening, more especially after dancing, had a tendency to look like a not very nice flesh-color, whereas his present innovation gave the effect of freshness, as from a bath. Some people considered this justification as rather equivocal. It was given, however, with a mild imperturbability not to be conveyed by written words; and in any case he did what he pleased, like Brummel, who preceded him, and always found admirers, and in most cases many followers. He was residing at this period in St. James's Palace, where George III. had given him a suit of apartments. He held, I believe, some kind of office at court, but, whatever it was, his lordship never did any duty.

Returning once from a ball, which had lasted a whole summer's night and much beyond, Lord Petersham sent away his carriage, preferring to walk home in order to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the early morning—say 6.30 A.M., or perhaps 7 A.M.—and on the way he met the king and queen walking arm in arm up Bond Street. None of the shops were open. Their Majesties were going to see Miss Linwood's exhibition of tapestry, which at that day was in the neighborhood of South Molton Street, or very near Oxford Street, and the royal couple had, no doubt, sent to Miss Linwood to be "open" at that very early hour. It was thus that they were met as Mr. and Mrs. Guelph, walking, like "Darby and Joan," arm in arm up the street at the vacant and silent hour of seven in the morning. The early habits of the royal family of that day were, however, well known. Lord Petersham was a great favorite with "Farmer George and Snuffy," as their Majesties were not unfrequently designated in irreverent caricatures of the period. His lordship, therefore, stopped on meeting the homely pair, and they had a chat for ten minutes, while

here and there a shop door began to yawn, and the drowsy shutters of one or other of the great fish-mongers and fruiterers were slowly moving down in expectation of the market carts from Billingsgate and Covent Garden. But there were no street passengers to admire or wonder at Lord Petersham's "fleshings." Such a picture as this group presented, if painted and exhibited at the present time, would no doubt be denounced as an incredible invention, while we may very fairly speculate on what might be the opinion, as to his duty, of any policeman now living who caught sight of a gentleman, even of the most finished elegance, who displayed his nether symmetry in the boiled-prawn-like habiliments previously indicated.

It may now very probably occur to the reader to inquire, "Did you, Sir, who describe this unique picture, really see it yourself? If you did not witness the scene, would you favor us by indicating your authority?" The scene, which has only been simply narrated, and not in the least "worked up" by any literary art, undoubtedly took place some years before my time—and a very brief time it was—in Bond Street; but sufficient authority for it shall presently be made apparent.

Why should a comparatively ugly, long, narrow, uneven street have been specially selected at any time as the most fashionable resort at the most fashionable hours? The writer of a somewhat clever and satirical novel of the day, entitled "Six Weeks at Long's" (the well-known Bond Street hotel), undertakes to show that the above-mentioned apparent disqualifications are, in fact, special reasons in its favor. Being "all shops," and the most wealthy and elegant shops, gives the street an unbroken brightness and variety of interest. People wishing to be seen must inevitably be seen on such a narrow footway; people who are to be passed and *not* seen can readily be so treated by a sudden turn to gaze at something in a shop window. This narrowness also helps the sense of fullness and stirring life, causing, at the same time, a slowness of progression. This latter advantage is yet more conspicuous in the horse-way, along which the writer of the novel describes "the double stream of the slow procession of carriages, all moving so slowly that one would suppose it a funeral were it not for the grave faces within;" and the fashionable novelist then gives certain reasons, more heartless than witty, for the frequent merriment of mourners, on the score of inheritances, legacies, and so forth. He also dilates upon the advantages this crowded slowness affords to *intriquantes*, lolling in satin-cushioned barouches, for displaying floral signals, fan practice, or finger telegraphs placed unconsciously over the carriage door for the instruction of some "exquisite" devotee half ensconced

within a certain jeweler's or virtu-dealer's shop, or for some black-whiskered, brass-spurred military admirer standing gallantly on the threshold of a renowned hair-dresser's shop, staring at horses' heads, and alternately "bullying" the street and the upper stories.

In those days it was quite the *haut ton* to fight duels, and it may readily be understood that such proceedings as have just been intimated vaguely (they are very broadly stated in "Six Weeks at Long's") frequently led to hostile meetings. A favorite locality for these was at Chalk Farm, whither the principals with their seconds repaired at 6 A.M.; a grim jest being current that it was customary to call at a certain little hostelry and order "pistols for two, and coffee for three." Lord Byron alludes to these meetings—

"In my hot youth, when George the Third was king ;"

and particularly on the first publication of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," saying in the notes to a subsequent work that he waited in London some time in anticipation of sundry *cartels*. His "Conversations" in after-years with Lady Blessington and with Mr. Patmore (father of the poet, Coventry Patmore) often turn upon matters eminently suggestive of such results. The dueling proclivities of Lord Byron are satirized in a most ridiculous scene described in the novel previously quoted. The poet, having accomplished the feat of swimming across the Hellespont, is designated in this novel as "Lord Leander," and being implicated in a duel on absurd grounds, suddenly conceives the idea that it would most become him to fight in a classical style, his antagonist (another Bond Street celebrity) being also addicted to studies of the kind, especially in ancient weapons. Lord Leander, therefore, selects a large spear of the Homeric model, and his antagonist a Phrygian bow, warranted genuine. They take up their positions at thirty-five paces distance. The combat begins by Lord Leander throwing his long spear ten feet short of his man, and the other sending an arrow fifteen feet over his lordship's head. At the next discharge the spear passes several yards on one side, while the arrow sticks aslant in the ground several yards on the other side. This missing continues till Lord Leander, in a rage, makes a rush toward his man with his spear at the charge, while the antagonist wisely changes his tactics by running in a large circle, endeavoring now and then to dispatch an arrow in the Parthian style, which either flies at random or jerks down bunglingly as the Parthian sees the point of the javelin coming too close to his unguarded rear. The seconds and friends of the bow-and-arrow duelist now begin to denounce the unequal features the contest had assumed, and Lord Leander magnanimously flings down his Homeric spear. But the blood of both the heroes being now too much excited to pause, they collect themselves with clinched hands, alternately opening and crooking like griffins' claws, and rush together

for mortal strife. The seconds and friends then interpose, and the whole party return to Long's to breakfast.

The foregoing is quoted from memory, but I think the original gave a yet broader caricature. Something more, however, on the subject of the actual dueling of that period will shortly have to be recorded.

Reverting to the constant and unbroken double stream of carriages slowly moving up and down Bond Street on their way to or from Hyde Park, St. James's Park, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, or other aristocratic localities, the great majority were close, that is to say, covered carriages. The open carriages were phaetons, barouches, curricles, stanhopes, and tilburies. Among those of the highest style the carriage of Lord Petersham was always remarkable for its dignified simplicity and finished elegance. He had recently introduced "the Petersham coat"—a long overcoat of fine French-white or whity-buff cloth, with a cape that hung nearly to the elbows. The coat was fitted tight to the shape, and had a very stylish appearance. Yet, being usually worn without an under coat, it was any thing but warm during a northeast wind. Simultaneously with this introduction the two tall lackeys standing up behind Lord P.'s carriage were attired in long coats of the same cut, but of russet-brown. The stanhope was a sort of improved gig, brought nearer to the ground, the invention of the Honorable Fitzroy Stanhope. It had a constant soft-rattling, shaky motion, from side to side, which was considered very *distingué*, though it certainly made some people sick. The tilbury was the invention of the great coach-builder of that name, and had a dancing up-and-down motion, not only on first stepping into it, but at every change of attitude in the driver or the friend at his side. But the most unique of all the curricles was that of Mr. Romeo Coates. The body of this curricle was shaped and ribbed like a melon, and painted and varnished like a dark golden fruit of that kind. A large bar of chased and embossed silver was fixed across the backs of the two superb horses, who each bore on his head a silver cock, standing up as in the act of crowing. A crest of the same kind was on each side of the curricle, with the motto of, "While I live." It will be obvious that Mr. Coates was an eccentric gentleman of large fortune. He was called "Romeo" on account of his fancy for enacting that part, not merely among amateurs, but with first-class professionals at Covent Garden or Drury Lane; and the chief feature on which he piqued himself was his portrayal of the agonies of death by poison in the last scene. Now came the delight of the large audience which always congregated to see him. They applauded, amidst shouts of laughter, every contortion and change of agony, and thus kept him at it till the curtain descended. This was the signal for renewed shouts of ironical applause, and cries of "encore," till

the green curtain rose, and Mr. Coates came on and died again. Renewed and increased applause followed this second exhibition of the agonies of poison, and on one occasion the cry for a third death scene was continued so perseveringly, mingled with yells for "Mr. Coates!" that the management begged of him just to appear once more and bow. The instant he did so he was received with uproarious hoots and hisses. Exasperated at the unprovoked ruffianism, Mr. Romeo Coates suddenly drew his sword. One universal scream of laughter burst forth. Mr. Coates at once recovered his self-possession, and, sticking the point of his sword into the stage, stood there in a defiant attitude. And amidst all the yells and hootings and cries of "off! off! off!" and peltings of nuts, oranges, and showers of periwinkles and chestnuts from the upper and lower galleries, there he stood till the uproar fairly turned into applause at his "pluck;" and he then bowed gracefully all round, and retired. Lord Byron, meeting the manager (Elliston) in Bond Street, the morning after this event, assured him that, "with the exception of the acting of the great tragedian, Edmund Kean, he was never so much 'affected' in his life;" which being repeated to Mr. Coates, he expressed himself highly flattered by the compliment.

Of the high-born dames and their daughters who sunned their beautiful faces, bonnets, symmetrical shoulders and busts, artistic and otherwise, it will be scarcely necessary to say that many of them preferred to drive in open phaetons, landaus, and landaulets. Of their costumes the present writer is not competent to speak in appropriate terms, but he is quite sure that nothing so monstrous, ugly, and ridiculous as the bewigged and bewitched head-dresses of the present day (at least in the London streets and public places) was ever seen in the fashionable localities of the day we are now reviewing. In one respect, however, the costume certainly did surpass all that is at present seen either abroad or in theatres and ball-rooms. But this specialty was reserved for the evening full dress, concerning which the less we say the more characteristic will be the imaginings. An exquisite illustration, however, of village innocence on this subject must not be omitted.

A certain fashionable lady, whose lovely daughters were regarded as the most elegant belles of the season, having become disgusted with the arrogance, lies, neglect, and passive insolence of their upper footman, suddenly discharged the powdered personage, and imported a man from the country, who had been strongly recommended to them for his attentive and respectful behavior, and invariable truthfulness. On the third day of his inauguration, the poet Moore, who was very intimate with the family, made a "call" some quarter of an hour later than his dining intention warranted. "Are Lady B—and the Misses B—at home?" inquired Moore. The new footman from the country eyed the

poet with a scrutinizing gaze—then looked behind apprehensively. The question being repeated, he took a step forward, and replied, in a suppressed tone, "They told me to say they were out; but they're *in*. They're gone up stairs to strip for dinner."

If the style of dress thus indicated among ladies of the highest circles "left little mystery," as Lord Byron said, for the sacred rights of Hymen, the example set by them was sure to be followed by nearly all who could afford it; and we can not, therefore, be surprised if some things were adopted in the worst manner, and carried to exaggeration by the *demi-monde*. At this period the great theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, having a patent monopoly of Shakspeare and the higher class of dramas, had large saloons, with a refreshment bar at one end, where there was a crowded promenade between each act, and more particularly after the first piece, in which the scant and enfranchised draperies of improvised nereids and hamadryads were classical only in name, and would not be tolerated now, even upon our present stage, which is saying something. Here men of all ages, but not of all ranks (the saloon being only attainable by a passage from the dress circle), were constantly seen promenading or seated on side sofas; and at two special seasons in each year, during one or two nights, a far larger number than usual of very young men—in fact, youths and boys from fourteen to seventeen—were mingling with the crowd, and then hurrying off to the lobbies or rushing up stairs to the "pigeon-holes," as the boxes just under the gilded roofing were named. What made these youths and boys the more conspicuous, besides their joyous scampering about by threes and fours together, was a certain dashing military air, assisted by the style of dress, as most of them had brass or steel fixed spurs, and several wore the scarlet undress coat of the Guards. These youngsters were "gentlemen cadets," who had just got free from the stringent discipline of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, for what—with a style above school holidays—was designated a "suspension of studies." Gigs, tilburies, broken-down hunters, and colts not half broken in, stanhopes, tandems (often driven for the first time, with the usual consequences), the royal mail, post-chaises and four, and drags of various kinds with four horses, crowded outside, and having only one johnnyraw within, whose constant duty it was to hand things out of hampers to the senior gentlemen cadets on the roof or the box—these and other conveyances dropped us down in London that same day. The great majority, no doubt, went straight home, but a score or so made up little parties, intending to keep together for a few days. Some went to the "Bedford" or the "Hummums" in Covent Garden, to be near the theatres; some went to "Hatchett's Hotel," to be near Piccadilly and the Arcade; some went to "Pagliano's," in Leicester Square, for the

sake of the foreign cookery; and the wealthier went to "Long's Hotel."

The first night in London we all went to "the play," and this was after a peculiar fashion. Admissions for the dress circle were obtained for both Drury Lane and Covent Garden, the holders whereof ran from one theatre to the other continually—some of us never even saw the stage; and the various little knots of embryo officers of her Britannic Majesty's forces passed four or five hours of wild and unspeakable delight in traversing the lobbies and saloons and rushing up and down the high winding staircases of these large and intricate edifices. Even the all-pervading licentiousness was noticed more as a dazzling vision and phantasmagoria, or, at any rate, was held in abeyance for some hours, so wild was the sense of joy at emancipation from the recent routine of studies, drills, parades, guards, sentries, bread and water, and the "black hole."

The next day, and for two or three days, the numbers gradually diminishing (all the cash being gone), these same military juveniles were to be seen in all the most stylish localities, dressed by Stultz, Weston, Nugee, or Sprague,* and easily recognized by their well-drilled walk and fixed spurs, though a few indulged in the sportive fancy of tops and cords, with silver hunting spurs. The novel which has been previously quoted has the following characteristic passage in its opening chapter:

"It was a delicious evening in the summer season; nature had adorned her bosom with its accustomed flowers, the sky was blue, the trees were green—but why describe a rural picture when the scene is laid in town? It was, then, one fine afternoon of the season in London; the streets were dusty, the Thames water had brought forth its insects, and art, taking one step before nature, had matured about a dozen peaches for the metropolis, when four youths sat enjoying their iced claret in the coffee-room at Long's."

One of the above four was Lord Leander (Byron), and the others were elegant sprigs of the day, very like some of the more wealthy of those just described, but that the latter would be much younger. Tom Brown, in the delightful account of his "School Days," alludes to his stylish "Petersham overcoat;" and there can be little doubt that the first sunny hours of freedom allotted by most of our great public schools were enjoyed by the pupils in the same wild way—or something approaching it—as those of the cadets of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. And if they were not able to tread in the fine footsteps of the leaders of the superlative world, they followed in the wake of such men as Lord Petersham and others of rank and fortune, even as the latter had followed the inimitable taste and trivialities of Brummel.

It has been said that dueling was very fash-

ionable at this time, as it had often been previously, both in France and England. Several gentlemen, as usual, were celebrated for it—a strange circumstance, the unfairness of the skill being so palpable. And so little idea was there of any wrong in these practiced forefingers wounding, or even killing their man, that the "crack shots" always made a little notch in the stock of their dueling pistols whenever they hit an antagonist. These trophies they sometimes displayed to friends after dinner, just as an artist would show some choice designs, or a naturalist exhibit the beetles he had pinned to his cards. These eminent homicides, however, were very careful not to have any little affair with one another. But a remarkable exception occurred in the well-known duel between the two finest shots of the day, viz., Lord Camelford and Captain Best, when the latter shot his antagonist, and his lordship on his death-bed left Captain Best a legacy—he so admired the man. Another exception, though of less brilliancy (save the mark!), was the duel between the Marquis of — (husband of the *prima donna* Julietta Grisi) and Lord C—, the former being a fine swordsman; but, as he was the challenger, he agreed to accept the disadvantage of pistols. Nevertheless he winged his lordship, who was seen in Bond Street for some weeks with his right pinion in a sling. But the most really romantic, to my thinking, of all the duels of the period was that which took place between young St. Preux (his family name was spelled with other letters) and a certain dashing blade who uttered some coarse expressions concerning a celebrated beauty of the stage. Numerous young sparks were all in love with Miss Foote. Presents were beyond counting, and offers of marriage beyond precedent. St. Preux was foremost among those who had forwarded gems, Chinese fans, costly India shawls, together with honorable proposals. It was the invariable habit of this lady to return all these presents in a gracious manner; and the note that accompanied the returned collection of elegancies sent by St. Preux was of so charming a kind that it served both to rivet and polish his chains. It was after this that he considered himself bound to defend the lady's good name.

Now it soon transpired that she was engaged to Colonel B—, and, in fact, had presented him with three pledges of affection. But the colonel, coming to his title of Earl S—, declined to fulfill the engagement, real or implied; an action for "breach of promise" ensued, and all the newspapers pretended to blush at the love-letters that streamed tearfully down their columns. The next event of the kind (for the lady soon had another offer from a man of fortune) was with a certain Mr. H—, who, from that day, received the *sobriquet* of "Pea-green H—." On the marriage morning a part of this gentleman's relations and friends kidnapped him in full bridegroom attire, and bore him off to be locked up for the day with all his scents

* I do not like to be specific, but most of these first-class tallors "lent money," and at an interest quite sufficient to make up for their numerous bad debts. And one of the above was celebrated for his fine dinner-parties, at which many of his noble and right honorable customers were present.

and posies.* Another action for "breach of promise" ensued, and a fresh batch of love-letters appeared in the indignant journals. Of course the lady became again the topic of common conversation, and being rather unceremoniously dealt with by a gentleman at one of the clubs in the presence of Mr. St. Preux, the offender was instantly called to account. What he had said every body knew to be substantially the fact, but St. Preux wouldn't have it so. A second duel was the consequence. That the lady's powers of fascination, and of a permanent kind, overcoming and scattering all other circumstances, were beyond all modern precedent, is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that she was subsequently married to Lord Petersham. She proved a most exemplary wife, and his lordship ever remained the same affectionate and devoted admirer. This romance of fashionable life does not, however, end here, as will presently be shown.

Why it is that men of very fine wit or of brilliant accomplishments are never leaders of the *beau monde* (with the exception, perhaps, of Count d'Orsay for a brief period) is not difficult to understand; but how it happens that those who possess these attainments in a very poor degree, and not unfrequently in an arrogant, rude, or otherwise offensive form, should become leaders is not so easy to determine. It can only be accounted for, in an off-hand way, by the manner in which we commonly observe weak minds bowing down to supercilious assumption and insolent success in any position to which they attach a high value. Beau Nash, saluting a lady one Sunday morning as she was coming from church, suddenly inquired if she could tell him the name of Tobit's dog. Why should any good society, not to say that which is called the highest, tolerate such insolence? It happened on this occasion that the Beau got the worst of it, as the lady immediately replied, "Oh yes; his name was 'Nash,' and an impudent dog he was." But such rebuffs rarely occur to such men. At a time when dueling, or being always prepared for one, was considered an important part of a gentleman's social life, it seems wonderful how these real offenses against good-breeding should have escaped with impunity. But sometimes the challenge was stopped by a complimentary repartee (as nobody, however wrong, could apologize without receiving fire), and sometimes by a sharp defiance. Captain Best, when at the height of his reputation as a "dead shot," once sent a verbal message to young St. Preux requesting to know the nature of his attentions to Miss

Bartolozzi (the beautiful younger sister of Madame Vestris); to which St. Preux replied, "Tell Captain Best that the only answer I can make him will be across a pocket-handkerchief." So the matter dropped. In Captain Jesse's "Life of Beau Brummel" the number of insolent, not to say insulting, personalities, direct or by inference, which he uttered with impunity almost surpasses belief. Yet this matchless trifler was the admired and petted associate of princes, dukes, and all in their circles; and he even held levees in his dressing-room at his house in May Fair, where noblemen of the highest rank used to come to see him dress, while many waited their turn in an adjoining room! Lord Byron, when subsequently speaking of him in Italy, told Leigh Hunt that Brummel's dress was nothing striking—in fact, it was really nothing but the most finished propriety; and that the Beau had once said to him, "My secret is the perfection of neatness and of cleanliness. No perfumes, exquisitely fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing." This, no doubt, was a special part of his secret; but there needs several additions, such as supremely cool impudence; very graceful figure, manners, and carriage; a handsome private fortune; a talent for never paying for any thing, and yet making his tradesmen most anxious to serve him; and an easy, elegant skill in borrowing and gaming. His ingratitude alone would make one feel but little pity for his eventual ruin and downfall. Lord Byron might well say, "The fact is, Brummel was too full of vanity to have any room for gratitude." When he was only sixteen years of age the Prince of Wales gave Brummel a cornetcy in the Tenth Hussars; yet in after-years, when his various impudences having caused a coolness, and somebody remarking that the prince had admitted that they used to be very intimate, Brummel said, with supercilious ease, "Ah! that's his bragging!" not to mention the well-known insult of his asking a gentleman, while walking arm in arm with the Prince Regent, "Who's your fat friend?" Let nobody compare this paramount coxcomb with men of such accomplishments as Count d'Orsay, or of such magnificent taste as Lord Petersham and the late Duke of Devonshire—all three being equally admired for the elegance, urbanity, and refinement of their manners and conversation, while the two latter, in after-years, competed at Ulverstone and at Chatsworth in horticulture, with results perhaps unequaled in any other part of the world.

Let us now change the scene for a while from Bond Street and its *habitués* to a very different sort of place—to wit, the church-yard of St. James's Chapel, in the Hampstead Road. Several boys, who have come home for the holidays, are standing round the flat slab of a tombstone, while a young gentleman, wise beyond his years, is exhibiting chemical experiments by means of a tin pot, a bottle of water, some little dry sticks, and certain mysterious papers

* It was this same foolish gentleman who played a fatal practical joke. He kept a tame lion, and one morning when his tailor's man arrived with a new coat, he had him shown into a front-room, and the door was closed behind him. Presently the door of an inner room slowly opened and in walked a lion! The tailor stood his ground manfully and in silence, though not knowing that it was a tame animal. This was considered the charm of the joke. But the man went home and died three days afterward.

and powders. A further audience of youngsters has perched on other tombstones round the operating lecturer. These are sons of the curate of St. James's and the parish clerk, a wondering nursery-maid with her charge, the pot-boy who has lent the principal chemical utensils, and two others. One of these latter was a youngster from the Royal Military College, Sandhurst; the other was called "Willie" (William Beverley, afterward and at this time famous as a scenic artist), and the chemical lecturer was "Tom Stone." The experiments consisted in the sudden production of a tolerably effervescent and not very nasty ginger-beer from two powders, and the rapid production of light from a dry stick at a period when house-maids were often a quarter of an hour over a tinder-box with flint and steel, and "lucifers" ("one of the greatest boons conferred upon the world by science," as Mr. Lowe said in the House, on proposing the tax on them) were only in use among families who, having a turn for useful knowledge, did not absolutely set their faces against all new-fangled things.

The military student being charmed with the eloquence and erudition displayed by Tom Stone in his very curious and instructive discourse on the above occasion, they at once fraternized, and agreed upon a mutual course of varied studies. The former had now left Sandhurst, where he had taken no honors (having, on the contrary, been "reported three times to the Horse-Guards," as he was pompously informed, for various paltry insubordinations), while Tom had just been apprenticed to a surgeon. Now came the real period of study, and both worked hard. But, of all things, the favorite ambition of both was "poetry." Sometimes there was a friendly competition, each writing upon a given subject; and on one of these occasions my young medical friend sent a lady's footman five miles with an empty pill-box. He had taken Byron for his model essence, but flowered over with Moore, and milk-and-watered down with Kirk White. The disaster of the empty pill-box, however, brought both the surgeon and his father "about his ears," and Tom abandoned poetry, and stuck hard to his profession. He passed his examination as a surgeon with great credit; went to Edinburgh, where he read and wrote day and night, and took his diploma as physician at the earliest age that it had ever been obtained. He wrote numerous articles for the *Medico-chirurgical Review*, for Dr. Forbes Winslow's *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, and for many other magazines. He was vigorous in the Edinburgh newspapers in the cause of Miss Foote when that lady's cruel marital engagements were before the public; and he was one of the foremost antagonists of phrenology when that disputed science was a prominent subject with the literati of that city. Returning to London, he mingled science, general literature, and Bond Street lounging in about equal proportions, more especially the latter on becoming private physician to the

Earl of P——. These combined circumstances brought Dr. Stone into the society of Lord Petersham, who felt grateful to him for his championship of the lady above mentioned, and he was often invited to Harrington House after his lordship had succeeded to the earldom. Stone used frankly to admit his delight in being in the company of men of rank, even for the sake of their rank. He said to me one day, "You see, Horne, the fact is, I can't help it. Say what you will, there's something about a lord that has peculiar attractions." It was true that he could not help it, and I saw that I had lost my friend. This comparative separation always remained. How different were Tom's feelings from the time when we began to write verses in loving emulation, and read the same book on metaphysics and natural philosophy; and when, full of youthful aspirations and admirations, we went together, after the arrival of the remains of Lord Byron in London, saw his coffin brought out at the hall door, and followed his funeral *cortège* on foot some miles on its way out of town! Yet, in a few years, I had lost my friend. His heart had withered, and his mind was gone elsewhere. So we only remained as hollow friends, with a few echoes of the past. He was full of coronets and wine-cellars. Stone had some nodding acquaintance with Lord William Lenox, who had left the Royal Military College at Sandhurst a little before the writer, and was a tolerably constant Bond Street lounge. Whether in the novel he wrote in after-years, entitled "The Tuft-hunter," he had my early friend Tom as a kind of model for his hero is difficult to say, yet certainly there were many points of peculiarly marked resemblance. But the one charm of Stone's society is in no respect portrayed in that novel. His attainments in science, though not profound, were elaborate, and he had the talent of turning them to account in a most amusing manner. No popular lecturer at his best moments was equal to Stone at an aristocratic dinner-party of a lively turn of mind, in cliques where liveliness of any kind is admissible. In sooth, my poor friend was often carried away by his liveliness, and died much sooner, so to speak, than nature originally intended. He had many excellent qualities, and though I had "lost" him before, his final loss greatly affected me.

Major Diggle, captain of the D company at Sandhurst during my period, was a sufficiently strict disciplinarian. How little we divined, in looking at the austere military countenance in front of our ranks, that at our own age he, in company with Barham (afterward "Ingoldsby"), had perpetrated the naughty practical joke recently recorded of him by a contemporary! But such things were of common occurrence at the time we are now writing about, and by gentlemen who were no longer boys. The pranks of the late Marquis of Waterford, among others of similar misdirected energies, were notorious; in fact, his lordship was only

stopped in these doings by being nearly killed from a blow on the head administered by a night-constable, armed with a sort of truncheon that had a spiked ball on its top, called, more poetically than appropriately, a "morning-star." These aristocratic practical jokes, however, were by no means confined to the shades of night or the twilight dawn. One afternoon, between Bond Street and one of the side streets, this is what I witnessed. Madame Vestris had just produced one of those charming poetical extravaganzas of Mr. Planché (which have degenerated into the gross and vulgar burlesques of our present day), wherein she personated some prince of fairy-land, and was considered as displaying so faultless a symmetry that the image-makers took to selling her piecemeal. It chanced that one of the Italian itinerants of this class, with his board full of figures upon his head, passed up the side street, on which an upper window of a certain hotel "looked down." Two or three excited faces suddenly appeared at the window, and the next moment a large black missile flew across the street, and struck a wall just in front of the man's face. It was a coal, and its smashed fragments shot about in all directions. Could this really have been aimed at the Duke of Wellington, Marshal Blücher, three or four saints, a Venus, a cow, a lion, Napoleon with his arms folded, and Madame Vestris's legs, cut off sharp above the knee, all standing up in white plaster? Before there was time for a second thought several other great coals flew almost simultaneously, and smash went half the figures on the board! The pavement all round the image man's feet was white with fragments of all sizes. A crowd instantly began to collect about the wronged and ruined Italian, but before the indignation meeting had time to adopt any form of denunciation a waiter was dispatched from the hotel to pay for the devastation that had been committed, and to take the man in with him to be feasted to his heart's content. It would have been well if nothing worse than this had been done in the way of practical jokes; but they often ended more seriously, especially during the escapades of the night. These things, however, were not at all to the taste of Lord Petersham, even in his early days; but he once had an extremely narrow escape from a very different nocturnal adventure. Sauntering up Piccadilly, about four in the morning, he suddenly saw a huge tiger scarcely fifty paces in front of him! The tiger had escaped from a menagerie located at that time near the church in Piccadilly, and he was refreshing himself by rolling in the gutter. Lord Petersham paused, hardly believing his eyes, but, restraining his emotion, he had the presence of mind to affect not to see the tiger, and to turn gradually round, and walk very slowly in the opposite direction. This he maintained till, arriving at the corner of a street, he sidled round, and instantly cut away with the utmost speed, never stopping till he

reached St. James's Palace. If he sported his boiled-prawn pantaloons on this occasion, there was additional reason for his apprehension.

During the brief periods of Lord Byron's life in London he lodged in Piccadilly, or in St. James's Street, or at Gordon's Hotel in Albemarle Street; numbering among his most intimate associates Sheridan, Mackintosh, Lord Holland, Hobhouse, Madame De Staël, Lady Keith, Lord Erskine, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Moore, and Rogers, but very few of the bucks and dandies; for, as to the kid-glove business, he had no taste in that direction, and greatly preferred the fencing and boxing gloves, not to speak of the society of the professors of the prize-ring.

Lord Byron's career in the fashionable world of London was fitful, and terminated abruptly and painfully, as every body knows; and although Lord Petersham, in his day as a "leader," indulged, no doubt, in the wonderful fripperies previously indicated, he may be said to have comparatively retired from the court circles soon after succeeding to the earldom and accomplishing his romantic marriage. His private life was characterized from that time by virtues and excellent qualities hitherto little known, but which certainly merit some record.

My early friend, Dr. Stone, was a frequent visitor at Harrington House, and also at Ulverstone, the queen of English gardens—perhaps of those of the whole world. Avenues of Portugal laurels and other choice evergreens, from six to ten feet in height, rendered it difficult to know on any bright day what was the season. The hot-houses were so extensive and complete that a dessert of fourteen different fruits was served at table through the greater part of the year. The grounds were also rich in magnificent and costly trees. Lord Harrington employed every known process, art, and machinery for removing trees of great age and magnitude. He often gave from sixty to one hundred guineas for enormous yew-trees and majestic cedars of Lebanon, each of them several hundred years old. The expense, no less than the skill and care in removing them, rendered them very rare possessions. Forty or fifty men, with poles and ropes, were on each side of the wagons that conveyed them, while the roots were infolded with large balls of earth in wet sack-ing. One of these enormous trees broke windows on each side of the street in passing through the town of Derby on the way to Ulverstone. Some of the yew-trees were declared to be at least five or six hundred years old. Lord Harrington may be said to have altered the face of nature in these wonderful gardens, so that when the sun shone you could not know in some places whether it was winter or summer. But most of these horticultural triumphs were half lost upon my poor friend Tom Stone. Even the clustering and luxurious graperies were too fatally suggestive of the subterranean results in dark localities of a very different temperature.

One anecdote of a totally different class from all the foregoing must not be omitted. Lord Harrington was known to be a munificent patron of all works of fine art and taste, and a certain author, who "had not exactly succeeded" in any thing great, wrote to him a letter filled with the most fulsome compliments, and requesting his subscription to a new work. It was accompanied with a printed form: "Publisher—vols.—price—number of copies, etc." By some accident, not at all unusual in great houses with a retinue of servants, the parcel was laid aside somewhere, and did not come to hand. After waiting two or three weeks, and receiving no reply, the author addressed another letter to his lordship, not only unsaying every compliment previously lavished, but concluding with all sorts of insulting insinuations, and even some abusive epithets. This letter, in the nature of things, was safely delivered. Lord Harrington read it through with mingled pain and amazement. "What," said he—"what have I done—what have I ever done in my life to any body—that I should receive such a letter as this?" Strict inquiries and search being instituted, the book and the first letter came to light, and the case became clear enough. His lordship immediately went to his desk, and wrote to the infuriate author in the kindest possible terms, expressing the greatest regret at the apparent rudeness and neglect of his silence, explaining the cause, and trusting the author would allow him to have the pleasure of putting down his name to the subscription list for a dozen copies: not a word about all the abuse he had received. The author, to his credit, was quite overcome by this letter, and hurried off to Harrington House in a most sincerely lachrymose condition.

A passing allusion has been made to the romantic marriage of the late earl, but one circumstance deserves special mention as more resembling a story from Boccaccio, or the old chivalrous times of the troubadours, than a modern event. The earl, bearing in mind that Mr. St. Preux had fought two duels in vindication of the fair name of the countess after his own proposals for her hand had been declined, invited him to dinner on the first day of their return from the wedding tour. St. Preux went; was earnestly requested to remain on a visit; was never allowed to take leave; and he remained during twenty years the bosom friend of the earl, who died with his hand in that of St. Preux. Many fine and amiable traits of character in the earl were at various times related to me by Tom Stone; but enough has been said to prove the almost anomalous fact that a man may commence his career as a leader of fashions, and yet retain a noble heart in after-life. The above story might have formed one of the episodes in Don Quixote, and, moreover, it is not the only one that might be related of the same nobleman.

The wholesale and habitual gambling that

was carried on at the great clubs, such as C——'s, W——'s, and B——'s, was represented, though but slightly in comparison, at several of the card-rooms and billiard-rooms of the hotels in Bond Street and its vicinity. Whenever a boy or mere youth is seen playing at billiards with a dashing officer of mature years and polished manners, and some betting takes place between them, the consequences may be regarded as certain. Yet there may be an occasional exception by accident. "Now," said the gallant post-captain—"now, Richard, I'll bet you fifty guineas to one that I win, although I have given you half the game." (The gallant naval officer, on half-pay, much needed a guinea at this time.) But the stripling "in frogs and brass fixtures" did not wish to lose one, and declined. "You are very cautious for your years," remarked the captain, and the game proceeded. "Well, now, I'll bet you one hundred guineas to one! What do you say?" The juvenile cue hesitated an instant, but having just made some lucky hits, and being excited by the game, suddenly accepted the bet, and "followed his luck." The captain did not come in again so soon as he had expected; when he did, however, he proceeded with the hand of a master, and wanted only a red hazard more to win. But as he was making the stroke a gnat stung his nose, and he missed the red ball and pocketed his own. With what fury he smacked the side of his nose! for the gnat was gone. The tyro now came in with delight, played beyond himself, and won the game, slap! There was a pause of silence. Nobody was in the room with us at this moment but the marker, and he had suddenly rushed to the open window to look at something in the street below. "Now," said the captain, extending both arms—"now, you see, Richard, if this had been in earnest, I should have lost one hundred guineas."

Thus, and with such things, terminated a very transient career in these still brilliant, but once yet more brilliant, localities:

Defensor culpæ dicet mihi, fecimus et nos
Hæc juvenes: esto; desisti nempe, nec ultra
Fovisti errorem; breve sit quod turpiter audes;
Quædam cum primâ resecantur criminis barbâ;
Indulge veniam pueris.*

A few weeks after the above gambling transaction my friend the post-captain suddenly was offered, and he immediately accepted, the command of a man-of-war, secretly fitted out, etc., at Falmouth for the Mexican service. He made most friendly, indeed, almost paternal, proposals to his recent billiard pupil to accompany him, and share his fortunes by sea and land. So the late cadet of the Royal Military College, abandoning at once his early walk in fashionable ways—of which these jottings are his first foot-prints, as they will be his last—volunteered as a midshipman on board "*la fragata La Libertad*," and sailed forthwith for Vera Cruz.

* Juvenal, Satira viii.

ANNE FURNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE,"
"VERONICA," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

TILLY CUDBERRY'S visit to Mortlands extended itself from a week to a fortnight, and at the end of a fortnight had by no means come to an end. After the first week she did not trouble us with much of her company. When Donald was at home she would fasten on him—always, as I conjectured, with the same benevolent intention of "drawing him out." But at length, I fancy, some notion of his position with regard to me began to dawn on her; and she relinquished her attempts to enliven him, or, as she would herself have said, to give him "a little style." Besides, her engagements in Horsingham were really surprisingly numerous. She appeared quite to have abandoned the family traditions of exclusiveness and reserve with regard to the outer world, and mingled in such Horsingham dissipations as she could attain to with great affability. Indeed, she appeared willing to know every body, and had quite ceased to declare, in her old way, that "Miss Cudberry, of Woolling," could not become acquainted with trades-people, or with obscure persons of unknown pedigree.

One day Tilly persuaded me to accompany her on a shopping expedition into the High Street.

"There's really nobody else I can ask," said she, naïvely; "for Barbara Bunny is never at liberty in the morning—or at least she says so. She's quite a frump! Quite stay-at-home and old-maidish, I assure you, is *poor* Barbara. And as to my walking down High Street with poor Soft—with poor Mrs. Abram—that, of course, is out of the question."

In explanation of the sudden check in my cousin's speech I must state that she had at one time taken the habit of speaking of Mrs. Abram as "Softy," having never relinquished her theory of that good soul's utter imbecility. But I had so sharply rebuked her for it, and so plainly given her to understand that Dr. Hewson would be seriously offended should he ever hear such an epithet applied to his sister-in-law, that Tilly had thought it best not to persist in the use of it—at all events in speaking to me.

I was not very willing to go, but I could not refuse to accompany Tilly. I had really been called upon to do very little in the way of entertaining her during her visit at Mortlands. We set forth together, and walked in much state down the High Street, closely attended by Roger Bacon, who, by-the-way, had taken a rooted aversion to Tilly, and regarded her with manifest and watchful suspicion—much as an acute policeman might regard a well-known thief, with the quiet and unshakable expectation of his doing something to commit himself presently.

After having made a few unimportant purchases, with as much pomp as though she had been expending enormous sums of money, Tilly announced her intention of proceeding quite to the end of the High Street, and then turning to go home the same way.

"Do you want to buy any thing at the bottom of the High Street?" I asked.

"Oh dear, no! But—I might see something that I should be likely to want some day—don't you see?"

In accordance with Tilly's plan we paraded slowly along the street, stopping to look in at every shop window, immensely to Roger Bacon's surprise and discomfiture, who was unaccustomed to such proceedings.

As we passed the corner of a by-street where there were extensive livery-stables, I saw a man standing at an open door, who presently took off his hat and made me a profound bow. In a moment I perceived that the man was Mr. Whiffles. I had seen him once or twice when I had been out in Horsingham; and although the sight of him gave me a painful shock at first, I endeavored not to yield to the feeling which would have prompted me to avoid glancing at him or returning his salute. After all, the man had done no wrong to me or mine. And latterly I had heard that he had given up all connection with races and racing, and had established himself as a livery-stable keeper in Horsingham, where he conducted himself respectably. My informant on this point was Tilly Cudberry, who, as I have mentioned, gathered up every waif and stray of gossip which was to be met with in the town.

I remembered Tilly's old indignation at being compelled to sit in the same room with Mr. Whiffles, and glanced at her in some apprehension when I saw Mr. Whiffles make a second and equally profound bow to her. But, to my relief, she nodded to him very graciously. We passed him, and walked on in silence for some distance.

"What a nice place that is, where the horses are!" said Tilly at length. "And the dwelling-house quite cheerful—the liveliest part of High Street. The windows look both ways, up *and* down! How extremely cheerful!"

I made no answer, and Tilly presently inquired, in a *huffed* tone, if I were "in the sulks?"

"No, indeed, Tilly."

"What's the matter, then?"

"I—the sight of that man always disturbs my equanimity somewhat. I can not overcome the feeling as yet."

"Oh dear! But you ought to overcome it. You *must* overcome it. Goodness, Anne, how very wrong it is to nourish an aversion for a

fellow-creature with such extremely respectful and—and—*pleasant*—such pleasant manners as Mr. Whiffles!"

I stared at her for a moment in surprise. But not being willing to pursue the subject, I called Tilly's attention to an orange-colored bonnet in a milliner's window, and thus happily averted any further lecture on my want of charity and tolerance for Mr. Whiffles. I could not help, however, being secretly amused at the spirit of contradiction exhibited by Miss Cudberry. When she had thought that Mr. Whiffles was well received in our old home she had openly expressed her disgust and contempt for him; but now that I rather shrank from the sight of him, Tilly discovered a hitherto unsuspected charm in poor Mr. Whiffles's manners.

As we again passed the livery-stables on our way back (without having bought any thing, after all; for Tilly's purse-strings were always rather tight-drawn, and the principal part of her "shopping" consisted in looking at the goods from the outside of the window) Mr. Whiffles was still standing at the door, and repeated his bows as profoundly as before. I was passing onward, when, to my utter surprise and annoyance, Tilly stopped to say, "And how do *you* do, Mr. Whiffles? You have quite a nice place here, I declare!"

Mr. Whiffles took advantage of the momentary pause to say to me, very quickly and eagerly, "Miss Furness, I hope you'll excuse the liberty, but—I—I am very hanxious, indeed, to know how your honored ma is? Of course I have heard, in common with the 'ole of Horsingham, that she was very ill, and is better. But I should like—I mean it would be most agreeable to me to hear that she was—coming round a bit, if you'll overlook the commonness of the expression, Miss Furness."

The man's face and manner showed genuine feeling. I could not but respond to it, although I felt greatly agitated, as the remembrance of our last interview came vividly into my mind.

"Thank you for your interest in my mother," I said. "Every one has been kind and good to her. I am thankful to say that she is well, and quite—quite composed. Good-by, Mr. Whiffles."

But I was not to get away so easily. Tilly was seized with a sudden desire to inspect Mr. Whiffles's stables. "Quite a picture, they tell me in Horsingham! And now *how* many horses have you, really? One hears such rumors. Wouldn't you like to see them, Anne?"

I shook my head impatiently. "Pray come away," I whispered to her. Mr. Whiffles comprehended the situation better than Tilly did. He twitched his head from side to side, and his red face grew a shade redder as he said, in his melancholy, monotonous, and rather hoarse voice, "Miss—a—Miss Woolling, I'm sure—"

"Cudberry!" corrected Tilly, sharply. And then added, with a superior and condescending smile, "Of Woolling. Yes; Miss Cudberry, of Woolling."

"I'm sure, miss," continued Mr. Whiffles, wisely eschewing the lady's name altogether, "that any time when it came handy, or any ways convenient to you, or any of your friends, to see my place, you'd do me proud if you'd just step in. I should be must 'appy to take you over the place. There's a paddock at the back where you can see 'em exercise a bit sometimes, if you care for that sort of thing, miss. We 'ave one or two bits of blood that jumps very prettily—very prettily, indeed. And say next Monday, or Saturday, between nine and twelve. I shall look on it as a honor, miss. Quite so!"

All this time Mr. Whiffles was bowing and edging himself away from Tilly, and, at the end of his speech, he quietly and quickly disappeared round the corner of the street. I was grateful to him for the manœuvre, without which I know not what chance I should have had of inducing Tilly to come away with me.

All that afternoon she talked of Mr. Whiffles; of his horses, his stables, his obliging manners; the remarkable way in which he had pressed her to do him the honor of visiting his place with a chosen party of friends, and of her intention of conferring that honor upon him, and (doubtless) filling him with proud exultation, at a very early date. It was all I could do to prevent her from mentioning the man's name before my mother. But later I discovered that my mother had observed Tilly's hints and mysterious allusions to some "magnificent" horses that she was asked to go and see, and had quietly gained from Judith an explanation of the matter. She took an opportunity of mentioning Mr. Whiffles's name herself, in order to let me understand—dear, good mother!—that I need be under no apprehension of her being too much agitated or distressed at hearing him spoken of. It was true, nothing seemed to startle or disturb her now. I believe it was because her grief was so ever-present to her that no allusion to it could come as a shock of surprise.

In the evening, when we were at tea, Uncle Cudberry appeared with his daughter Clementina and her betrothed. Little Jane Arkwright had by this time ceased to be an inmate of Mortlands, having returned to her parents' home, but on this special evening she had come to drink tea with Mrs. Abram; so that our party in the long dining-room was quite a large one.

Mother slipped away quietly after a short time; and then the talk, which her presence had somewhat subdued, grew louder and more voluble.

Uncle Cudberry had come, as it seemed, chiefly to announce to my grandfather, with all due formality, the engagement of his youngest daughter, and to state that the wedding was fixed to take place in a month. Clemmy had brightened and improved wonderfully under the influence of her new position. She wore her hair loosely curling round her face, I noticed, and seemed to have grown younger. Tilly had

previously learned the date of her sister's wedding in a letter from Woolling, so that the news did not take her by surprise. It was a sight to behold her condescension to Clemmy, her lofty and rigid demeanor toward young Hodgekinson, and the indefinable air she assumed of having *separated* herself from her family. I know not how she contrived to convey this, but it was quite perceptible to Mr. Cudberry's stolid observation.

"Well," said he, in his slow manner, "and when are we to have the honor of having you back at Woolling, Miss Cudberry?"

It was an interesting question to most of those present, and there was a general pause in the conversation to hear the reply.

"Oh, *really*, I can't say, I'm sure! Haven't the least idea! I have several invitations in Horsingham. The good people *persecute* me, I *ashaw* you!" (It was in this manner that Tilly pronounced "assure.")

"H'm," grunted Mr. Cudberry. "It's the first I ever heard of the folks bein' so set upon having any on you. We ain't a pop'lar family in general. I don't know as it pays to be partic'lar pop'lar." Then, after a meditative pause, he added, "But it'll be as well to give Dr. Hewson some notion when he's a-going to get quit of you, Miss Cudberry."

Grandfather made a murmur of remonstrance. I am bound to confess it was but a feeble one. Mr. Cudberry entirely disregarded it, and went on:

"And since it seems you can't fix the time, Miss C., why, I must—that's all! You'll come home o' Saturday."

"No, pa!" screamed Tilly, emphatically. "Oh dear, no! I shall do nothing whatever of the kind."

Grandfather could not repress a smile. But he said pleasantly that Miss Cudberry was welcome to remain at Mortlands yet a while longer, if it suited her. In the case of almost any one else he would have given the unlimited invitation to "stay as long as she liked."

Tilly persisting in declining to go home on Saturday, a compromise was come to. She was to remain at Mortlands until the end of the week, and then was to go to some new friends she had picked up.

"Most highly respectable people. Been in India. Husband quite the gentleman, only rather delicate in his health in consequence of the climate. Got a houseful of curiosities; and Mrs. Nixon might hang herself from head to foot with beagles—no, what-do-you-call-'ems—*bangles*—from head to foot with bangles, if she liked. Most *highly* respectable!" screamed Tilly, shaking her flounces and tossing her head.

So it was settled that to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Nixon she was to repair after leaving us. Her father only made the proviso that she was, in any case, to return to Woolling before the week preceding her sister's wedding.

Tilly then drew Clementina on one side, and

began to expatiate on the delights of a sojourn in Horsingham, and the competition among its inhabitants for the pleasure of her (Tilly's) society. Donald good-naturedly talked to "Mrs. Hodgekinson's son," who was shy among strangers; and Uncle Cudberry began speaking to my grandfather.

"Well, Dr. Hewson," said he, "have you heard any thing of those slate quarries the folks is talking of? Some say there's fortunes to be made out on 'em; but, any way, there's fortunes to be *lost*! There's never much trouble in getting rid of your cash—specially in them companies. I'm always for seeing my way clear, and knowing how the money's spent. Now with them companies there's no telling. Still they *do* say—"

And he went on harping on that string in a manner which led me to fancy he was tempted to invest some money in the speculation.

Later we heard a great deal about the said slate quarries. The notion of forming a company to work them, and of taking shares in the company, appeared to grow rapidly in popular favor. People said that Matthew Kitchen was in it, and that Matthew Kitchen always knew which side his bread was buttered. Look how rich he had grown! And did you suppose all that was done by coach-building? No, no! Mat Kitchen knew a trick worth two of that.

"No doubt he knows a great many tricks," would be my grandfather's curt remark on such speeches. But however much we and others might from our hearts despise him, it was certain that Mr. Kitchen had amassed money, and that he was in consequence a man of considerable influence, who had his followers and his flatterers.

Among those who were interested in the slate quarry project proved to be Dodd. The landlord of the Royal Oak came to speak to my grandfather on the subject one day. What did Dr. Hewson think of it? Dodd had some fields through which a road must pass to the slate quarries, if the slate quarries ever became an accomplished fact. He ought to sell his fields at a pretty tidy price now, oughtn't he? The land where they said the slate was to be found belonged to two or three different owners. But there was talk of a London company coming and buying it all, and working it, and it was to be the making of Diggleton's End—especially good for folks in the public line. And what would Dr. Hewson advise?

Dr. Hewson could advise little or nothing, having small knowledge of the state of the case; which circumstance—my grandfather being a rather uncommon and original sort of man in some things—sufficed to prevent his pronouncing an opinion upon it. But Dodd was a little bitten with the idea of speculating—might not only sell his fields at a high rate, but even perhaps take a few shares in the company. A *few* shares couldn't hurt! And it would be hard to see all one's neighbors turning a pretty penny, and to get no profit one's self. Dodd was by no

means exempt from the Horsingham love of pelf.

However, the matter remained in a vague and rather mythic condition, many reports and opinions circulating respecting it; no single fact authentically known, as it appeared, for a week or so longer. Then it was announced that a London man—a *promoter*, as the phrase went—had seriously taken up the Diggleton's End slate quarries, and was coming down to our county to make inquiries. He was to be accompanied by a gentleman competent to give a technical opinion as to the chances of success in the endeavor to get slate abundant in quantity and excellent in quality from the place indicated.

It all appeared profoundly unimportant to us in our quiet home at Mortlands; but we could not help hearing the gossip that floated hither and thither. After Tilly Cudberry's removal from Mortlands it is true that we heard much less of it. But one day, on returning from a visit to Mrs. Arkwright—now once more established in a little home of her own, and employing her nimble fingers as busily as ever in mending, washing, cooking, and other household employments for her needy little brood—returning, I say, from this visit, I was surprised to learn from my grandfather that the London "promoter" had written him a note asking leave to call on him, as he had some questions to ask which he thought Dr. Hewson would be able to answer, and that close upon the note had followed the writer of it in person.

"What in the world did he come to you for, grandfather?" I asked.

"Difficult to say, child. He thought, perhaps, that, as an old resident, and a medical man, I might have some information to give—"

"About slate quarries?"

"Not about slate quarries, little Nancy, but about the persons who were most likely to buy shares in them, and the circumstances of the persons who own the land where the slate is to be found, and various other matters. He fished a good deal as to my opinion of Matthew Kitchen."

"And you answered?"

"Very curtly. Told Mr. Promoter that with my opinion of the *man* he had nothing to do; and that as to the man's money-bags I could give no information, and did not see that it was my business to do so if I could."

"Was it not an unusual proceeding, this stranger's coming here at all?"

"Heaven knows, child. I read here" (putting his hand on a newspaper) "the most incredible accounts of things in general. But of all incredible accounts, the accounts of the way in which 'companies' are got up, and simple souls defrauded of their cash, are, perhaps, supreme."

The London man was named Smith. He had taken up his abode neither at Horsingham nor at Brookfield, but at a small market-town nearer than either of these to W——, our

county town. He should not remain fixed there long, he had said. He was very busy, and nearly always "on the wing." And that was all I heard about him at that time.

CHAPTER LIII.

LET it not be thought that I had quite lightly dismissed the affair of the torn letter from my mind. I thought of it often, and the thought disturbed me. I would have given much to have it all cleared up. Donald trusted me entirely. Yes; I did not doubt that. But I wished that his confidence in me should be, as it were, *rewarded* by the removal of all mystery. I hated the kind of foggy atmosphere which surrounded that one passage of my life in Donald's eyes. It was suffocating and unwholesome. Perhaps, however, I exaggerated both the amount and the balefulness of the "fog." But then there was another element in the affair of the letter which was painful to me—the thought, namely, of Gervase Lacer's conduct. He had discussed me and my family, and his relations toward us, with strangers: a gratuitous injury, from which he could reap no possible advantage. He had told lies, too; base and spiteful lies. Or might it be that the lies and the spite were added by the man with whom Donald had spoken at the inn? In brief, I was perplexed and worried whenever my thoughts recurred to the matter. But Donald did not seem to give it another thought.

Meanwhile, from one source or another, we heard a good deal of the "quarries," and of Mr. Smith and Mr. Edwards, the two City gentlemen from London. Mr. Smith was, it seemed, somewhat inaccessible; shrouded in a sort of golden mist from the gaze of the vulgar. A great man he! A rich man! Or, at least, if not rich (for no one could for the life of him affirm wherein the riches of Mr. Smith consisted. Only each one had heard it rumored—great speculator—Stock Exchange—THOUSANDS in a day lost or won!—and similar fragmentary phrases)—if not himself enormously rich, yet the associate of rich men. A "promoter" of riches! and necessarily of much influence in the moneyed world. Mr. Edwards, on the contrary, was much seen in Horsingham. He was the technical gentleman, and was understood to be ready with a favorable report of the slate quarries; quite a glowing report, indeed, people affirmed. But we did not happen to meet with any one who had seen it.

Grandfather avoided mentioning in the town that he had been favored by a visit from Mr. Smith. But in some way the news leaked out; probably by means of the coachman who had driven the great man in a fly from Market Diggleton (the little town I have mentioned his sojourning at) to Mortlands. It caused quite an excitement. *Why* should Mr. Smith have

called on Dr. Hewson? *What for?* I think that few persons implicitly believed Dr. Hewson when he said he did not know "what for."

Sir Peter Bunny called at Mortlands. He had driven to Market Diggleton, he said, and had been received by Mr. Edwards in a very—yes, a very proper and—and respectful manner. Very much so. But he had failed to see Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith being on the point of starting for London, where his presence was clamored for by the richest of the rich. He must go, even were it but for twenty-four hours. He would, however, return in two days at farthest. Sir Peter Bunny had left his card for Mr. Smith; and—now, in confidence, what did Dr. Hewson think of the slate quarries? Sir Peter supposed he had had the *best* and most *authentic* information, eh? Dr. Hewson knew nothing whatever of the quarries or the company? Really! Ha! Well, well. Then what did Dr. Hewson think of Mr. Smith personally? What, now, was his impression? Come! Always "in confidence," of course.

Dr. Hewson's impression was not too highly favorable, it appeared. My grandfather described the great Mr. Smith as a man apparently under forty, with a great deal of brown beard on his face, and the hair of his head cropped very close. A haggard-looking man, rather, although rather stout than lean. ("Aha! haggard, eh? Enormous pressure of anxiety upon those kind of men! Sums of money they have to deal with so *enormous*!" from Sir Peter.) A restless eye that wandered about the room, as if in search of some one who never came. For the rest, soft-voiced—neither loud nor vulgar; yet with a certain amount of pretentious self-assertion; which, however, perceptibly diminished before the interview was over.

That latter circumstance I could well believe, grandfather not being of the sort which is easily staggered by "pretentious self-assertion," even when founded on solid pillars of coin of the realm. But I gave Mr. Smith credit for some sense and acuteness in that he had perceived this fact, and had mitigated his pretensions accordingly.

Then after Sir Peter Bunny came Alice Dodd, anxious to learn all that could be learned of the prospects of the Diggleton's End Slate Quarries Company; for Dodd had some thought of selling his fields; and though she (Alice) was all against taking shares or *speculating* in the matter—Lord forbid!—still selling the fields was another matter. And Alice's blue eyes shone with a glance keenly directed toward the main chance.

"Bless the woman!" cried my grandfather, impatiently. "Why come and ask *me*? I wish to Heaven the fellow—this Smith—had never taken it into his head to call on me! All the world supposes, in consequence of his visit, that I have private information about these wretched quarries. My good Mrs. Dodd, I know

nothing. But plain common-sense—in which you and your husband are not lacking—will tell you how to act in the matter."

Indeed, grandfather was getting impatient of the whole matter, thinking it an inadequate cause for all the pother that was made about it in Horsingham; fearing, too, that unwary persons might be deluded by the "Company." He had a perhaps exaggerated horror of all money speculations, and could not be persuaded to believe in the honest intentions of Messrs. Smith and Co. To all representations that it was as lawful and laudable to sell slate as to sell sugar, and that, if the owners of the quarries were not in a position to work them, it were surely well that several persons should combine to do so, to their own profit and to the advantage of every one who wanted slate—to all such remonstrances and representations he would answer (a little obstinately, dear grandfather!), "Oh yes, yes, yes; it all sounds reasonable and capital. I haven't time to enter into the pros and cons. Life is short, and I am getting near the end of mine. Only I say that I don't like the *cut* of this business, nor the cut of the man Smith. There! Let's have done with it."

It was easy enough to me, for one, to have done with it; and a day or so would have sufficed to obliterate it all from my mind had not the gossips of Horsingham continued to keep it alive there. Even poor Mrs. Arkwright, needle in hand, would expatiate on the chance this investment afforded, "if one *had* but a little capital!" The topic was at least a safe one for her, her husband being removed from that temptation by sheer want of cash to speculate with. But they were doing fairly well now, I was glad to note. They had been living, ever since I first knew them, under the shadow of a cloud. The cloud had burst in a severe enough storm over their heads, but the atmosphere had been much clearer and more wholesome since. They lived now in the Kitchens' old house in Burton's Gardens. I never understood how Mrs. Arkwright contrived to stow away all the children in that tiny residence. But in some way it was effected. And I need not say that the house looked almost *burnished* with cleanliness inside and out. In place of the big escritoire, whereon had stood in old days the white china elephant, with his gilt turret full of ink, there were now several rows of neat shelves—painted and decorated with red leather at their edges by Mrs. Arkwright's own brown busy fingers—supporting Mr. Arkwright's books. Little Jane's chair stood in one corner of the parlor, although little Jane had outgrown it by this time, and passed her mornings at school, and was become very studious, and "papa" had hopes of her really turning out clever. "Not a genius, you know, Miss Furness. No, no, no. But considering how young she is—little more than a baby still—I think if you were to hear her read poetry you would really—without, I hope, paternal vanity—" And so on. All of which utterances were balm and

honey to his poor wife. Mrs. Arkwright professed a Spartan stoicism with regard to little Jane; saying, curtly, that it was well to read poetry nicely to please papa, but that stocking-mending and the deft and accurate adding together of figures must in no wise be shoved into secondary importance. But it was noticeable how willing she was, *in fact*, to relieve the little grave, gray-eyed creature from any thing like drudgery, and how proud she was of little Jane's spiritual gifts—especially of her “turn for poetry”—for which Mrs. Arkwright herself had certainly no turn at all.

About this time Clementina begged me to assist her with my advice as to some of her wedding-garments, now in a forward state of preparation. I took the opportunity of my grandfather and Donald being absent from Mortlands for the day to pay this visit. I had arranged that I would stroll over from Woolling to Diggleton's End, and return home from thence at an early hour in the evening. My good friends Mr. and Mrs. Dodd had often pressed me warmly to go and see them. Alice was eager to show me all the glories of the Royal Oak under the reign of its new mistress. I thought I would take her by surprise—Alice was, I knew, one of those completely notable and thorough-going housewives who would be sure to come out triumphantly from the ordeal of being called upon unexpectedly (a dangerous ordeal for many women who think the essence of good management consists in living in a chronic state of fuss)—and would ask her to give me some tea and send me home in the evening. Dodd had said that he would drive me into Horsingham at any time that suited me. “It wouldn't be the first time as I've had that honor, Miss Anne,” said he. “Do you remember how often me and Selina took you in to your grandfather's in the old days? Lord! to think of the changes! And now Selina's my sister-in-law, and a rich woman.”

“Rich!” echoed Alice. “Why, lad, the gown she'd on her back last time I see her—ten-and-sixpence a yard didn't pay for it. And a gold chain as thick as my little finger! Quite the lady!”

“Quite the *what*?” growled Dodd.

“Well, to look at, I mean.”

But Dodd would by no means admit that Mrs. Matthew Kitchen's fine clothes gave her even a distant resemblance to a lady.

It was a pleasant summer noon when I reached Woolling. Poor Clementina was unfeignedly glad to see me. Nor does the statement involve any self-flattery; for her sister Henrietta chose to look unfavorably on the forthcoming wedding from a lofty and Cudberryan point of view, declined to give any assistance in the preparation of what Uncle Cudberry called the trusso, and never opened her lips on the subject save to utter a sneer or a scoff. Clemmy, therefore, was glad of such assistance and advice as I could give her, and really grateful for being treated with sympathy.

Aunt Cudberry was in a state of nervous excitement beyond her wont.

“It's the breakfast, my dear!” said she, plaintively. “Mrs. Hodgekinson is so particular about her eating, poor thing! And only the day before yesterday she made some quite cutting remarks about the patent gelatine. And how you're to get a glaze on your tongue without it, Anne, I don't know!”

“But *must* you—get a glaze, Aunt Cudberry?” asked I, unable to repress a smile.

“My dear,” responded Aunt Cudberry, with much solemnity (although the effect of her impressive manner was somewhat marred by her cap being so much awry as to make her look like “Judy” attired by an unconscientious showman), “I should like to know what Mrs. Hodgekinson would say to a tongue *without* a glaze on it! You don't know what she is, Anne Furness.”

“Tell 'ee what, Mrs. C.,” put in Uncle Cudberry, looking up stolidly from his paper; “the best thing you can do is to send your tongue to the little lame cabinet-maker in Woolling, and get it French-polished.”

And Uncle Cudberry actually winked at me, although with an otherwise grimly unmoved countenance, to bespeak my enjoyment of the joke!

But this want of sympathy with her anxieties reduced his poor wife to tears; and Clemmy and I had a good twenty minutes' work of coaxing and consoling to perform before she would dry her eyes and be comforted.

“It's all very well for Mr. Cudberry,” said she, with her face half buried in her large pocket-handkerchief, “and for the girls. *They're* not responsible! It doesn't harrow *their* feelings to hear remarks passed on the puff-paste, nor to see a person swallowing your home-made wine in gulps, as if it was castor-oil!”

However, we finally brought her to a more cheerful frame of mind; and she discussed trimmings and patterns with us, and busied her fancy with the fine appearance the whole family would present in their wedding costumes, until she became quite complacent in her own odd way, and drew herself up, and bridled and sidled and made faces, with an air of conscious quality. Poor Aunt Cudberry! She was the least selfish of the family party, and was generally contented to shine with a reflected light.

At the dinner-hour young Hodgekinson appeared, and after a brief and merely formal resistance, was persuaded to stay and dine at Woolling.

“It's disgusting!” said Henny, in so loud a tone that I feared her future brother-in-law would hear her.

“Oh, don't be cross with William, Henny!” remonstrated Clementina, meekly. She certainly had grown more gentle since her engagement, and appeared to wish to conciliate her sisters. But they were not to be conciliated.

“I say it is *disgusting*, Clementina!” rejoined Henny, with increased asperity. “Mrs. Hodgekinson's son is here to dinner four days a week.

He *lives* at Woolling. He has fastened himself on the family in a manner equally devoid of decorum and—and—deference. Any approach to style was naturally not to be expected from Mrs. Hodgekinson's son; but one might look for a little respect and appreciation for the family he is about to ally himself with!"

"Well, really," said I, a little impatiently, "I think William Hodgekinson is uncommonly kind and civil, and the soul of good temper."

Henny turned on me with a snap.

"When Mrs. Hodgekinson's son gorges himself to repletion four times a week at *your* table, and addresses *you* in his clod-hopping language as 'old lass' before your man-servant, who nudges your elbow and says, 'It's *you* he means, miss!' you will be qualified to judge of Mrs. Hodgekinson's son's manners, and not before, Anne Furness."

I had an opportunity of studying the youth's manners that very afternoon; for he was good enough, on hearing that I meant to walk to Diggleton's End, to offer to escort me part of the way thither. And as Clementina seemed rather pleased than otherwise that her betrothed should vindicate his reputation for politeness, so mercilessly assailed by Henny, I accepted his offer, and we set off together.

Under other circumstances I might have been at a loss what to say to him, but as it was, I discoursed of my cousin Clemmy with the pleasing certainty that I should not weary my hearer. He was really fond of her, and informed me in strict confidence that he thought she'd be "as pleasant as pleasant to get on with," when once she was out of her father's house. "You see, miss, her sisters are always on the worrit, and it tries the temper a bit. I think they're jealous of Clemmy getting married afore 'em!" he added, with an air of profundity, and looking at me with his head on one side, as though he were hazarding some very daring and unexpected conjecture.

"Oh, by-the-bye, miss," he said, suddenly, after a rather long pause, "do you know a person by the name of Flower, that says he was once groom in your family?"

This unexpected mention of the fellow's name made my heart sick. But I answered that I did know such a man, who had been groom at Water-Eardley. And I inquired why he asked the question.

He answered that Flower had been for some days in the neighborhood trying to obtain a situation, and that he had applied to Farmer Hodgekinson among other persons.

"Father didn't seem to see taking the man himself—at least mother didn't like the look of him, and father thought the same when mother mentioned it—but there's a person of our acquaintance about five-and-thirty miles from here that breeds horses for the London market, and we thought of recommending Flower to try with him. I suppose he knows his business, miss?"

"I believe so."

"Why—O Lord, what a clumsy blockhead I was to be talking to you about—! You've gone quite pale. I forgot that I did hear of that fellow Flower being with your poor father, miss, when— There, I'm only making it worse! I do ask your pardon; I do, indeed!"

"There is nothing to pardon. I am sure you did not mean to hurt me. I am not sorry that you mentioned this man, since I think it right to warn you on no account to recommend him as an inmate of any decent family. He is drunken, insolent, and dishonest. He understands the management of horses, however, and if he were employed solely in the stables, he might make a valuable servant for such a person as the acquaintance you speak of."

"Nay, I sha'n't recommend him at all, if he's such as you say, miss. No more won't mother, on any account. And father's sure to think the same as mother."

I changed the subject, which was hateful to me; and we walked on, peaceably, he chatting of Clemmy and I listening, until we reached the end of Uncle Cudberry's domain, and he would have accompanied me further had I not forbidden him to do so. I preferred to stroll along with no other companion than my own thoughts. I knew every inch of the ground. It was a pleasant walk in the fair, sunny afternoon, through a leafy lane that wound along between the fields; and I was going onward peaceably enough, when I saw the figure of a man leaning with both elbows upon a gate at some distance ahead of me.

Now in this fact there was nothing to startle me. Yet I was startled. I even stopped for a moment quite suddenly; and I found that my pulses were greatly quickened, and that I was breathing short. How absurd! What could there be to fear? Fear! no; it was not fear that I felt. I was within call of more than one cottage. There were husbandmen working in the fields not far off. And, besides, why should I fear a peaceable wayfarer taking an afternoon stroll, or loitering on his way to look at the landscape?

The man was dressed like a gentleman. He stood quite still, leaning on the gate, until, as I supposed, the sound of my approaching footstep caught his ear. Then he turned his head and looked at me. A bearded face, with hat pulled down low upon the brow. Nothing to alarm one in all that! Yet this time I stopped again, nearly suffocated by the beating of my heart.

"Anne! Have you quite forgotten me? It is not so long since we met," said the stranger, in a low voice.

"Good Heavens! Gervase Lacer!"

CHAPTER LIV.

It was he indeed! and it was doubtless my half-unconscious recognition of him at a distance which had so startled me. Now that I

saw him well, I perceived that he was greatly changed. The thick beard disguised his face considerably. He was pale—of a leaden, unwholesome hue—and his eyes were sunken and restless. He bore himself erect still, in his old soldier fashion, but his head drooped forward a good deal. I *might* have passed him with no more than that vague, half-unconscious recognition I have alluded to, had he not spoken. The voice there was no mistaking. No change in that.

"What brings you here? When did you come?" I asked, blurting out the question in my surprise and agitation.

"You don't know who I am!" he answered, looking at me in a strange way, and putting up his hand to his lips—a gesture which, by-the-way, he frequently and restlessly repeated during our interview.

In an instant it flashed upon me. "You are here under a false name!" I exclaimed.

"I am Mr. Smith," he answered, very quietly, and still looking at me in that strange way. "How did you guess it?"

"I—I do not know—I can not tell. Some word of description dropped by my grandfather made it come into my mind. But—why? how? It is like a wild dream to me!"

"You asked me what brought me here," he said (and I could see now that he too was greatly moved, and that his hand shook as he raised it to twitch nervously at his mouth and beard). "You brought me here! If it had not been for the hope of seeing you, Anne Furness, I would have let the place burn to ashes before I would have set eyes on it again!"

I stood silent, with a heart full of unutterable things.

"And now I am here—after all that has come and gone—you won't say a word to me. You will scarcely look at me."

I remained dumb, not because I would not, but because I could not speak. Then he broke out incoherently, in his old impetuous way—with an impetuosity which I now recognized to be born of weakness, not strength, and growing ever more excited and ungoverned.

He had lain in wait for me. He had heard that I was to be at Woolling that afternoon. He had vainly cast about for some other mode of seeing me, had feared to risk writing to me, and so had resolved on this method. He had gone to Mortlands in the hope of catching sight of me. His visit had had no other motive. He had not feared to meet Dr. Hewson, who had never seen him in the old days, and would not suspect that Gervase Lacer and Mr. Smith, of City celebrity, were one and the same person. For the rest, he had kept out of sight of Horsingham people as far as it was possible to do so. But he risked being recognized at any moment, and all for *my* sake! Did I not see, would I not believe and acknowledge, that his love for me had been true and sincere? "I could not stay away, Anne. When first some talk of forming a company to

work slate quarries here came to my ears the idea took possession of me that I might in that way have a chance of seeing you again. No human being guessed what made me so keen to come here," he said, speaking in a quiet, disjointed way, and looking at me—not steadily, but with short, eager, restless glances.

I clasped my hands together sorrowfully. "I wish—oh, how I wish!—that you had not come," I exclaimed.

That hurt him terribly. I was sorry for him, and should have been yet more sorry had I not instinctively been aware that it was his vanity, fully as much or more than his feelings, which was wounded.

"You are as hard-hearted as ever," he exclaimed, angrily. "A mere block of ice! I wonder I don't cease—have not long ago ceased—to care for so unfeeling a woman."

I made no retort, no defense even. I was sorry for him. Then in a moment his mood changed, and he asked my pardon even with tears in his eyes. I was pained by the whole scene. I could not properly collect my thoughts, and I felt but one strong impulse—to be gone, and be alone for a little while. But he so implored me to remain yet an instant, and yet another instant when that was gone, and began telling me in so earnest though confused a way of all the vicissitudes he had gone through since we had parted, that I stood irresolutely listening to him.

So confused was his story that much of it was unintelligible to me. It was long, too, and vague and rambling. But I will condense the main points of it, which I was able to seize upon, as well as I can.

Soon after he had left Horsingham his father had died, leaving the bulk of his money to Gervase's step-mother. Some small sum, however, had come to the son, and with this he had speculated in a reckless way. He (Gervase) had a friend—an old school-fellow, I believe he said—who was a rising man of business in the City, a stock-broker. From this man—on whom, as I gathered, he had once rather loftily looked down—he had received advice and substantial kindness. The reckless speculations turned out luckily; the stock-broking friend put him in the way of making other speculations, *not* reckless. Gervase quickly became initiated into the arcana of such money-gambling. He was superior in manner to most of his new associates. "A gentleman, you know. It gives me *some* advantages!" and made his way with unexpected rapidity. He quickly found that a solid basis of capital was little needful—if at all needful—for success. "Dash," intelligence, a quick eye for the signs of the times—these qualities, he declared, together with boldness, had been the secret of his rise in the world. He *had* risen, he considered, and was still rising. Such a career was not unexampled. He had assumed a common name in order effectually to cut himself adrift from the past and all that tied him to it.

Such was Gervase Lacer's story in the chief points of the narration. I omit the strain of boastfulness that ran through it—a boastfulness mingled, too, with self-distrust, and something like shame. Nay, perhaps it was shame trying to hide herself which had assumed boastfulness as a cloak!

Then he broke into a different strain.

He protested to me that he had never forgotten me, never ceased for one day to think of me and feel for me and love me in all the terrible sorrow which came upon us, and of which he heard in a distant and indirect manner. He said that when the first gleam of good fortune had begun to shine upon him he was spurred on to pursue it eagerly by the thought of me. "See, Anne," he said, "you have been the one good thing in my life. You made me believe goodness to be possible—I had got to doubt it. My life has been very hard, and has taught me hard things. Oh, if it had all gone smoothly—if you could have been kinder to me, and given me a real hope to go upon—how different— But I won't look back. It's a dreary prospect. Anne, can't you throw me one word of encouragement? I know you don't care for riches, but I may be rich some day. *I will* be rich if you speak the word. And your mother—if you tell her how I have struggled, and what prospects I have, *she* will see; she will recognize that I am true in this, at least. I would devote myself to her. There is nothing I wouldn't do to win her good opinion. I have acted wrongly on many points—you must remember what I told you of my early days—but on this, as true as there's a Heaven above us, I am in earnest. Look, Anne, look here!" fumbling with an unsteady, impatient hand in his breast; "see how I have treasured this! It has not parted from me night or day since I left you. It's a little thing, but it shows how constant my feeling has been."

He pulled out a little flat leather case, more like a miniature port-folio than a pocket-book, and, half opening it, gave me a glimpse of a folded letter, which I recognized as being in my handwriting.

"A letter of mine! You must restore that to me!" I cried, hastily. "You have no right to keep it."

"No right! No right to keep a letter addressed to myself? What do you fear, Anne? There is no word in this letter which you need be ashamed of."

"Ashamed!" I echoed, drawing myself up and looking full at him, for the word had angered me. "I never wrote a letter in my life which I need be *ashamed* of."

"Then do you suspect I should make any ill use of your letter? You *can not* suspect that?"

"No; I do not think you would; I hope—I believe—you would not. But if I did suspect you, my suspicion would not be altogether so groundless as you seem to assume."

He changed color, and recoiled a step. "What do you mean?" he asked, almost roughly.

"You have been, at least, imprudent, and have spoken as you should not. I have reason to know it," said I, thinking for the moment of Flower and his insolent sneers to my mother. "But I do not wish to recriminate or to accuse you. Pray—I ask it as a favor—restore me my letter. Is it the only one of mine in your possession? So far as I remember, I only wrote to you twice in my life."

"Only twice, Anne. And this is the only scrap of your dear handwriting that I possess. How can you ask me to part with it?" This time his tone was soft and sad, and he looked at me as though hesitating whether to comply or not.

"And the other note," I said, struck by a sudden idea, "what became of it?"

"I can't tell. Lost, or perhaps stolen from me."

"Stolen? Who should steal so worthless a thing?"

"How can I say? I am a careless fellow. When I left this place I left many papers behind me."

"Could Flower, our groom, ever have had access to them?"

"It is possible. He came about my place more than once. But why do you ask?"

"No matter. Will you give me back that letter? Will you, at least, let me look at it?"

He half advanced his hand, and then paused and withdrew it.

"If you will say one kind word to me, Anne—if you will tell me that you do not hate me outright."

"Indeed I do not hate you! But you have acted so wrongly. I can not help saying so. Why did you leave Horsingham clandestinely? Why, when things began to go better with you, did you not strive to repay the money you owed here? You have been so ill spoken of in consequence! And the worst is—not unjustly."

"Do you care for it?" he asked, with sudden eagerness. "Does it matter in the least to you? If I thought so—if I had the least hope of it—I *will* pay what debts I have here, of course. I always intended to do so. But they are leeches, these Horsingham people. They suck the very blood of you. Extortionate, greedy— Why, if they got one-fifth of their charges they would be well paid! However, if you will say a kind word to me, Anne, I will do any thing!"

He stretched his hand out to take mine with such vehemence that I recoiled, startled for the instant.

"No! I can not understand such conditions. If you are not willing to do right for its own sake, is it possible that I should ask you to do it for mine?"

"You are so proud—so icy! You refuse even to give me your hand!"

In truth, I could not give it to him. The feeling he still professed for me rendered that impossible. I felt that he would not accept it as a mere act of forgiveness—a mere symbol of farewell without rancor on my part. At the same time, I had real compassion for him in my heart. Involuntarily I compared the blessedness of my lot in being Donald's promised wife with this man's loneliness and discontent. He *was* unhappy. That I could not doubt.

"I would earnestly advise you to leave this place," said I. "The more I think of it, the more I wonder that you should have risked coming here under a feigned name. You have made many enemies in Horsingham."

"I know it," he answered, bitterly. "But the feeling which brought me here was stronger than prudence, although you seem unable to understand that!" Then he added, in a different tone, "You can betray me if you choose. I dare say some of your virtuous friends would advise you to do so."

"Betray you!"

"Yes; it is always your superexcellent people who hate to give a poor devil a chance. And 'of course it's your duty to expose an impostor!'"

He looked at me curiously as he said this, almost as though asking a question.

"If it were clear to me that such was my duty, I should try to do it," I answered, with as much firmness as I could muster.

"Do as you will, Anne; I have trusted you."

Had he tried to extort any promise of secrecy from me, I should have refused to give it. But his last words constituted a powerful appeal to my nature.

"You know that I shall not betray you," I exclaimed, impulsively.

"You have said it, Anne."

"I have said it—if that were needful."

"There is no one like you in all the world! And yet—and yet just now you refused to give me your hand!"

"If it will give you any comfort to know that I part from you without ill-will—that for the sake of old times I wish you well, and desire that you may use your present opportunities for your real and lasting good—I can say that much sincerely."

"Nothing more?"

I looked at him, and slowly shook my head.

"Anne" (bringing out the words with a kind of desperation, and pressing his hands strongly together as he spoke), "will you give me a hope—I don't care how distant—that you could ever bring yourself to marry me?"

"Oh!—never!"

"Anne—think once more! No one can love you as I love you. Whatever I may be, or however unworthy of you, I am sure of *that*. It would be the saving of me. I should never have gone so far wrong if I had had the hope of winning you long ago. But when I left Water-Eardley I was desperate—I cared for

nothing—I was ready to— Well, I won't think of that again. I will look forward. I will try. I will be a changed man. Only give me, not a promise—I don't ask for a promise—but a ray of hope."

He caught my cloak and detained me as I was moving away.

"Never! It is impossible. Let me go; you distress me beyond measure."

"Anne, is that your last word?"

"My last word, now and always. This is madness. Let me go, I insist!"

"One question! Are you engaged? Only the other day I heard that that Ayrlic was at your grandfather's, curse him! I hoped he had been gone long ago—to India or to the devil!"

"I shall answer nothing more. If you dare to detain me another moment I shall call to those laborers, and you will repent having driven me to do that."

He released me, but stood directly in my pathway with folded arms, looking at me in so wild and savage a manner that I was really alarmed, though indignation made me preserve an unflinching front.

"Well," said Gervase at length, in a low, threatening tone, "since you refuse to answer, I know what to believe. Your letter? No! You shall never have your letter. And as to *him*—let him keep out of my way if he can. Whatever happens, it is all on your head."

I brushed resolutely past him without another word, and pushed on down the lane at a steady, rapid pace, not once looking behind me until I came to a turn about a quarter of a mile distant. Then I stopped and cautiously glanced round. The lane was quite deserted—no human being in sight. I had passed the pathway that led to Dodd's house. And, indeed, I had resolved that I would not go there. I could not at that moment have endured Alice's sharp eyes and voluble tongue. I was panting and trembling like a hunted creature; albeit not with fear, or not *all* with fear. I sat down on a green knoll beneath a hedge-row tree and buried my throbbing head in my hands.

CHAPTER LV.

I WAS roused by hearing footsteps coming along the road toward me. For an instant the dread came over me that it might be Lacer returning. I looked up resolutely, but was reassured by a glimpse I had of a man's figure very different from his—much shorter and slighter—walking briskly along. I rose and moved confusedly on in the direction toward Horsingham without again looking round.

When I began to walk I found my limbs tremble under me, and my head was hot and aching. But I went on.

The approaching person soon overtook me, and spoke to me by name—"Miss Furness! Miss Anne!"

It was Dodd. He looked more surprised to find me than I thought he need have done, seeing that I was still so near to my uncle Cudberry's house, and that I was accustomed to walk out in solitary independence.

But his next words explained his surprise, and made me turn hot and then cold.

"Why, it is you, Miss Anne! I wasn't sure when I first saw you talking to that Mr. Smith."

"I was coming from Woolling—I have been at my uncle's," I stammered out, scarcely knowing what I was saying. The consciousness that my manner must appear strange and confused increased my confusion almost to agony, although I doubtless appeared more self-possessed than I was in reality.

"I had heerd that this chap went to see the doctor—your grandfather, miss—but I didn't know as *you* knew him too," pursued Dodd, casting an inquisitive side glance at me as he spoke. I suppose my face startled him, for he cried, "How white you are, Miss Anne! Ain't you well?"

"I have a racking headache, and feel very weak," I answered.

"Lord bless ye, miss, come along back wi' me to the Royal Oak and rest ye, and let my missis get you something. Do, now!"

"No—no, thank you, Dodd; I would rather go home."

"But you shall drive home, miss, when you've rested a bit. I'm sure you ought never to think of walking wi' your head so bad!"

But I was obdurate. I was resolved to go home at once; and Dodd, finding me so, ceased to importune me. He asked leave to walk with me as far as the end of the lane, as he was going in that direction. "Not but it's safe enough hereabouts, as ever I heerd on," he added. "There wouldn't be any fear of a lady getting annoyed if she happened to be walking by herself. No tramps nor ragamuffins frequents this lane."

Then, after a momentary pause, and another curious glance at me, he said, "Though, to be sure, it isn't always the raggedest chaps as are the biggest rascals."

I made an effort to answer unconcernedly. "Oh, I never feel alarmed in this neighborhood, Dodd. I have known every road and lane and meadow in it from a child; and all the cottagers too. I am at home here."

"Ah, but there's a good many more strangers about than there used to be."

I was silent.

"There's that gent you was talking to, miss; *he's* a stranger," continued Dodd. He had approached the subject circuitously, which convinced me that he was puzzled and vaguely suspicious. It was not out of the range of a Horsingham imagination that my grandfather and I should have mercenary reasons for keeping our acquaintance with "Mr. Smith" private. And yet to one who knew my grandfather as well as Dodd knew him it surely must appear in the highest degree improbable that

he should scheme to obtain any peculiar privileges by means of the chief personage in a company of speculators!

But whatever it was that Dodd surmised, I could ask for no explanation from him. I walked on silently, and suffering in mind and body. I parted from Dodd at the end of the lane, and reached home without further adventure.

My headache furnished a real and sufficient excuse for going at once to my own room; as also for my having returned without visiting Alice Dodd, as I had meant to do.

Donald and my grandfather had not come back from their country expedition. They had gone chiefly to look at a horse which Donald thought of buying; "and," said my mother, "it is a great pity you were not able to go to Alice's house, for your grandfather said that their errand would take him and Donald into the neighborhood of Diggleton's End. And you might have come home all together."

I felt very miserable as I lay with closed eyes on my bed, revolving painfully in my mind the unexpected incident of my meeting with Lacer. My mother had left me to myself, under the impression that I might get some sleep. But sleep was far from my aching brain.

Would Gervase Lacer leave Horsingham, as I had urged him to do? Was I not bound by my promise "not to betray him" to keep his presence here a secret even from Donald? If Lacer were once away, I could tell Donald every thing. At the bottom of my heart there was a great dread of these two men being brought into contact with each other.

I remained in my room during the remainder of that evening. I was, in truth, suffering very severely from headache. I heard the sound of my grandfather's voice, loud and hearty, when he returned about seven o'clock, while my room was still light, notwithstanding that mother had taken the precaution of drawing the white curtains across the window. Then there was a hush in the house. Donald and grandfather had been told that I was unwell, and would not disturb me. Once I heard my grandfather's chamber door open and shut softly, and his footstep, very light and cautious, on the stair. Finally, after it had long been as near dark as it was to be all the summer night, I fell asleep, and slept soundly.

"Mr. Donald's dear love, miss, and he hopes you have rested well and are better."

These words were the first I heard next morning, and Eliza stood by my bedside with a little note in her hand. The note was from Donald, and contained the following words:

"DEAREST,—I am obliged to go away early without waiting to see you. A strange thing has happened, of which I must speak to you this afternoon when we meet. Be well, darling, when I come back. I grieved so for your headache! Your own, D. A."

What was the "strange thing" that had happened I had no chance of learning from any

one at Mortlands until Donald's return, for my grandfather was away also, whether with Donald or on other business of his own he had not stated.

I was tormented all the morning by conjectures and apprehensions lest the "strange thing" which Donald had to tell me should prove to have reference to Gervase Lacer. But about mid-day a diversion was forcibly given to my thoughts by a visit from Tilly Cudberry. She had not bestowed much notice on the inmates of Mortlands since leaving it for the house of her new friends, Mr. and Mrs. Nixon. However, on this day she appeared among us in quite an excited state; and before uttering any of the usual greetings she exclaimed, looking round upon my mother, Mrs. Abram, and me, as we sat in the parlor, "The Nixons got theirs this morning! Have you had yours yet?"

Poor Judith edged up a little nearer to me and murmured, faintly, "Got what? Anne, is it any thing catching, love?"

"*Third* daughter!" I hope it's marked enough! Why publish that to the parish? I should have thought 'daughter' would have been quite sufficient myself. But *third* daughter!—I never knew any thing so marked in all my life!"

At this enigmatical utterance Mrs. Abram's bewilderment was so complete that she looked absolutely scared. I hastened to relieve her mind by saying:

"You are speaking of the cards of invitation to Clementina's wedding, are you not, Tilly? Yes; ours came this morning."

"This day fortnight. Ha! Very well—very well!" (This with a nod of the head full of mysterious meaning.) "Mrs. Nixon means to wear a sky-blue moiré; and if silk velvet was suitable to the time of year there's no reason on earth why she shouldn't have *that*. Money is no object. I have no doubt that Mrs. Hodgekinson will bedizen herself at a fine rate on the occasion; but Mrs. Nixon can cut out Mrs. Hodgekinson, I should hope! A sky-blue moiré, and corn-flowers in her bonnet. Such is her present intention. But I *beg* you not to mention it to any of the Woolling people, for they would be quite capable of taking a mean advantage, and telling Mrs. Hodgekinson. And then *nothing* would prevent that woman from wearing sky-blue and corn-flowers herself!"

"And you, Tilly," said my mother, willing to divert the wrath which the mention of Mrs. Hodgekinson always excited in our fair cousin's breast, "what do *you* mean to wear on the great occasion? You and Henrietta are to be bride-maids, of course?"

Tilly's face was a study, and, I confess, an utterly inscrutable one to me, as, drawing herself up with a jerk, she made answer:

"Bride-maids? Of course—oh, of course! At the wedding of pa's *third* daughter! No doubt. And as to wearing—what does it matter what *I* wear! Miss Cudberry of Woolling

used to be considered rather a feature in her own house, Mrs. George, so I don't wonder at your thinking she would be so still; but you're sadly behind the times, I can assure you. We have altered all that. The feature at Woolling is pa's *third* daughter, not Miss Cudberry. Oh dear, no!"

To this speech there was no reply to be made—at least none of a peaceable and conciliatory nature. But fortunately our silence had no depressing effect on Tilly. She was in a state of surprising high spirits. I say "surprising," because it was but a short time ago that any reference to her sister's approaching marriage, and to what she was pleased to term "Mrs. Hodgekinson's son's disgraceful treachery" to herself, would have sufficed to make her assume an air of gloomy grandeur, as of one injured past redress. But now, although bitter and scornful, she was certainly not gloomy. Indeed, she chattered on at so unmerciful a rate, was so vivacious and discursive, treated us to so many anecdotes of her friends the Nixons (not entirely exempting them, however, from ridicule and censure; she was too true a Cudberry at heart to spare any one altogether), that Judith fairly closed her eyes and gave a little groan, under the painful effort of trying to follow the vagaries of Tilly's erratic discourse. Mother and I listened quietly, occasionally exchanging a glance of amazement, and once or twice a faint smile flitted across mother's face. Smiles were so rare there now that I felt almost grateful to Tilly for having called them up.

At length Tilly rose to go away. And having said "good-by" graciously to me, and with pitying patronage to Mrs. Abram, she approached my mother's sofa, and, after an instant's hesitation, bent down and kissed her.

"Good-by, Mrs. George," she said, in a tone that was almost soft for her. Then she added, rather more debonairly, "I dare say it may be some time before I see you again."

"Why so, Tilly? Are you going to cut us altogether?" I asked, laughingly.

Tilly answered as though my mother had spoken. "No, Mrs. George; *I* ain't going to cut you. If there is to be any cutting it won't come from me—at least as far as the Mortlands people are concerned. As to the Woolling people, circumstances must wholly determine. The Woolling people must take their chance. I have sacrificed myself quite enough already for the Woolling people."

And with this mysterious speech she took her departure.

"I don't understand Tilly to-day at all," said my mother.

"Oh, *don't* you?" cried Mrs. Abram, huskily, and clasping her hands with fervor. "I am so glad!"

"For goodness sake, why should you be glad of that, my dear Judith?" asked my mother.

"Oh, because—because I began to be afraid, dear, that not understanding her was all the fault of my poor brain. It is not so clear, at

times, as it should be, I am aware. And do you know, Lucy—I don't know whether it has ever happened to you or to Anne—but really and truly, when Miss Cudberry is talking, I very often don't know whether it's inside my own head or outside! It's a very curious sensation, and I dare say cleverer persons than I am may not feel it. But with me, I assure you that when I have been listening to Miss Cudberry for a little while there comes a great buzzing in my ears, and my head swims, and I don't understand one syllable she is saying. I suppose," added poor Judith, with a plaintive sigh, "it's *his* doing."

It was close upon our dinner-hour, and we were still discussing Tilly's newly developed emancipation from the family traditions, when grandfather came home alone. Donald, he said, had sent word that he should be detained in the country, and might not be home until quite evening. Already, for a long time, Donald had taken on himself the more laborious part of grandfather's practice—nearly all that lay among the very poor patients; for example, whom he gratuitously attended. It was, therefore, a not infrequent occurrence for Donald to be absent during a great part of the day, and my mother and Mrs. Abram took it as a matter of course. For my own part, I could not help wondering whether Donald's prolonged absence might not be connected with the happening of the "strange thing" to which he had alluded in his note, and whether grandfather knew it, and what it was. I could not help, moreover, watching grandfather's countenance, and I thought I detected on it a certain amount of preoccupation.

However, my own was, in truth, the only anxious face at table. Mother was cheerful in her quiet way, and made me repeat all Tilly Cudberry's odd sayings and doings for grandfather's amusement. He listened and laughed, and exclaimed at intervals, "What an incredible woman! What a stupendous woman!" And when poor Mrs. Abram—with a lugubrious reference to "*his*" adverse influence—dolefully related the mysterious experience she underwent during a long spell of Miss Cudberry's eloquence, and especially dwelt on her painful uncertainty as to whether the talking were outside or inside her own head, grandfather immensely gratified and relieved her by saying, "My dear Judith, you are quite right. You have aptly described a sensation which Miss Cudberry's conversation has frequently produced in myself—only I have never been able to express it."

After dinner Mrs. Abram retired to her room; mother had some shawls and cushions carried into the garden, and composed herself on a rustic bench with a book in her hand, and grandfather sat in his great chair, and closed his eyes for his customary after-dinner sleep. Grandfather was very old now, and needed rest. I was painfully restless and ill at ease. I wandered about the shrubbery, or seated myself in

the shadow of a tree, only to rise and walk about again after a minute or two. At length in my restless paces to and fro I came to the glass door of the dining-room, which stood open to admit the sweet summer air, and as I paused, looking in, grandfather's eyes unclosed and met mine, and he beckoned me with his hand.

"Grandfather," said I, advancing to him, "do you know what the 'strange thing' is which Donald tells me has happened?"

"Why," he answered, with a faint smile that just flitted across his face and was gone, "I think I do know. But it's a secret!"

"It is nothing painful—nothing that grieves you or Donald, is it?" I asked, a good deal relieved by his manner.

"Not at all! not at all! I never knew you curious before, little Nancy." He looked at me more searchingly than he had hitherto done, and then added, in a graver tone: "It is a queer business, and may turn out to be all a fond imagination on the part of Dodd; but in any case it is best not to speak of it incautiously. I had special reasons for saying no word on the subject before your dear mother, for it would have touched upon the time of her great sorrow, and we can not be too careful not to set that chord quivering."

It was, indeed, no overstrained precaution on our part to avoid the least allusion—or, at all events, the least sudden allusion—to that dreadful period in mother's presence. A careless word might at any time have brought back the hysterical convulsions which had so prostrated her strength.

"Then," said I, "this 'strange thing' has reference in some way to—"

"To that time—to that time, little Nancy. Don't look so distressed, my child. It is nothing with which our feelings are much concerned, after all."

He bent down to caress the dog that lay at his feet, and said, as he played with the animal and stroked it, "Now you know, little Nancy, how certain people scolded me, and lectured me, and strove to show me the error of my ways, when I professed to have my suspicions of the precious 'Company' and the precious 'City gentleman' at the head of it! Well, wait a while! wait a while! Suppose it should turn out that this Mr. Smith— My child, what is the matter?"

He had been talking on cheerfully, and in a half-bantering tone, still stroking the dog; but on lifting his eyes to my face his tone changed, and as he took my hand his own hand trembled.

"Will they meet?" I cried. "Will Donald come in contact with this man?" Then in a moment I was breathlessly pouring out the story of my interview with Gervase Lacer. I told him every thing—Lacer's profession of repentance and his promises of amendment; then his jealousy and anger against Donald; and finally my promise not to betray him, if he would leave our neighborhood and seek to molest me no more. It had seemed so unlikely that Don-

ald should cross his path in any way that I had hoped Lacer might depart without seeing him. But now an unforeseen circumstance appeared to threaten the evil I so dreaded. Grandfather turned on me a face of wonder, but he did not interrupt me by a single word. When I had finished he said, smoothing my hand re-assuringly:

"No, no; no, no, my child; don't fear for Donald. The scoundrel's threats make no impression on me. Such rascals don't talk of it beforehand when they mean mischief. It was all said to frighten you. What a despicable villain it is!" He uttered the last exclamation with sudden heat and violence. He had been speaking before in a pondering tone, with his head bent down.

But I was far from feeling re-assured.

"Oh," I cried, "I would give the world that Gervase Lacer were fairly away from this place! I can not breathe freely while he is lingering here. And for mother's sake, too—"

Grandfather suddenly rose up from his chair with more vigor of movement than I had seen in him for many a day, and rang so peremptory a peal at the bell as brought Eliza to the dining-room door much quicker than was her wont.

He then ordered that the pony should be harnessed, and the groom told to make ready to accompany his master at once. His orders were habitually obeyed with promptitude, but on this occasion an unusual degree of speed was infused into the groom's movements.

"What will you say to me if I can get rid of this fellow *at once*? Get rid of him so that he shall never more trouble Horsingham? I believe there *is* a way!" said my grandfather. And then, without waiting for a reply, he hurried into the hall, where he stood impatiently pulling on his driving gloves.

The chaise was brought round so quickly that I had scarcely had time to ask any questions before grandfather stepped into the little vehicle. In reply to my hurried word or two of inquiry he merely said: "I believe there *is* a way, little Nancy. Tell your mother I am gone on business. When Donald comes back—if he returns before I do—say the same to him, and ask him to await my return for an explanation. Let no one be uneasy if I am late. God bless thee, child; good-by!"

I heard him say to the groom, "Take the nearest way to Market Diggleton;" and then the chaise rolled away.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"The way was long, the wind was cold;
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy:
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry."

THIS was the strain which sixty-six years ago caught the ear and touched the heart of England and America; and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," of which these were the opening lines, was the first famous work of what was probably the most remarkable literary career in history. For twenty-five years Walter Scott was the literary chief of his time. Even Byron did not disturb his supremacy, although the superiority of his poetic genius was not denied. But Byron did not rival Scott in creative imagination; and "Childe Harold" and "The Corsair" can hardly expect to survive with the "Antiquary" and "Jeanie Deans." Scott was not first known, however, by the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." After nourishing his youth upon the libraries into which early ill health and natural inclination threw him, feeding his imagination upon the romantic traditions of the most romantic of Northern lands, and instinctively recoiling from the profession of the law, for which he had prepared himself, he began his career by publishing, when he was twenty-five years old, some translations from the German. That of Bürger's "Leonore" is still familiar from its two lines:

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they go,
Splash, splash, across the sea."

When he was thirty he published his first original

ballads in Lewis's "Tales of Wonder." The next year the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in 1804 "Thomas of Ercildoune's Sir Tristram," with a dissertation and glossary; and in 1805, when he was thirty-four, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

In this same year a large part of "Waverley" was written and announced, but it was thrown aside at the suggestion of some discriminating friend until eight or nine years afterward, when Scott found it by chance and finished it. Another discriminating friend begged him not to endanger the fame he had gained by "Marmion" by publishing another poem, which was the "Lady of the Lake." But Scott was wiser than his friends. The other poems—not, indeed, of an equal excellence—followed rapidly until 1814, when the "Lord of the Isles" appeared, and in the same year "Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since." For seventeen years longer the wonderful series begun by "Waverley" continued; and in 1832, in a cloud of misfortunes, and with the tender pity of the world, the man who had done more to delight his fellows, and who was more universally beloved than any of his contemporaries, died.

His impression was so profound upon his own generation that there are men still—'tis sixty years since they were young—who feel as if a large part of human genius perished with him. They admit no peer, no rival, of Scott. He and Shakespeare are to them the great glories of the English name; for Scott, although a Scotchman in the truest sense, yet belongs to English literature.

The late Professor Ticknor was one of those

who belonged to the prime of the Scott epoch. He grew up with him, as it were. He made a pilgrimage to Abbotsford, and was very fond of talking, in a very interesting vein, of the great Magician. Some years since a lecture was delivered in Boston upon Dickens, who was praised with much the same warmth of admiration that Professor Ticknor had always felt for Scott. The professor was present, and listened with amazement to the homage offered to what must have seemed to a Scott Tory a kind of Perkin Warbeck thrust upon the royal line, and he went out, saying pleasantly, "Who is this Dickens? I must look him up."

The persons of whom we speak read Scott with aggressive exclusiveness. The Easy Chair knew one who used to read the "Antiquary" and some others once a year. It was apparently a religious act, a solemn pleasure; and nothing was more entertaining than the impatient curtness with which this gentleman used to disclaim any familiarity with the later story-tellers. Dickens was merely a *farceur*; Thackeray a gentlemanly sort of author; Bulwer—ah, yes, Bulwer had something of the grand style. But the others, and especially the women—No, it was really impossible: one page of Scott was worth all their chapters. His conversation teemed with "Waverley" allusions, and it gave a fresh impression of the fertility and catholicity of Scott to observe how his characters and his humor seemed to fit every circumstance of contemporary life. And in this instance, as in all the others of what might be called the High-Church of Scott believers, it was beautiful to see that love of the man was an essential part of the admiration. The simple heartiness, the shaggy sincerity, the ample and sweet humor, the satisfactory simplicity of the man deepened and confirmed the enthusiasm for his genius. And, indeed, to be so loved, and still loved so after a generation—to die amidst more genuine sorrow in two worlds than ever waited upon the death of a king in any country, was a final test of the real quality of the man.

When the monument was finished at Edinburgh the orator said that, except Shakespeare, no one had ever given so much innocent pleasure to so many people as Scott. It is, however, probable that Scott is much more familiarly known and has actually given very much more pleasure than Shakespeare. For in English literature it is necessary always to except Shakespeare, as in American history Washington is always excepted. Yet there is an immense number of persons in both countries who are like Thackeray's good lady, who declared that she "adored Mrs. Hemans, and said she liked Shakespeare, but didn't." Nobody merely pretends to like Scott. Both the familiarity with him and the love of him are genuine.

Yet no man can escape his temperament, his instinctive sympathies, and in Scott's stories, as in his life, the natural bent of the man is evident. As he came of age the French revolution began. While he, an invalid lad, was reading romances in quiet libraries the thunder of that terrible tempest was angrily muttering. Fascinated by the tragical or poetical legends of Scotland, he did not hear the women of Paris marching upon Versailles, nor comprehend that the uproar in France was the fierce death-throe of a social system. Yet

the blood of that old system ran in his veins. His awakening genius was touched and inspired by its romance, and "Wha'll be king but Charlie?" was the last song that vaguely dropped from his lips as that glimmering genius expired. He was a natural Tory, and the bent was confirmed by all that early training in his native history. An ancestral aura invested him from the beginning. The very first note of the first canto of his first poem celebrates the glory of his own name. Branksome Tower was the castle of Branksome, lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. In 1570 "the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, its brave possessor," and over an arched door is inscribed a moral verse which the poet must often have remembered:

"In world is naught Nature has wrought what shall last aye;
Therefore serve God; keep well the rod: thy fame shall not decay.
Sir WALTER SCOTT, of Branksome, Knight.
MARGARET DOUGLAS, 1571."

But he was Tory through his imagination and his heart. So in his stories, while the old order is unquestioned, and all the pomp and pride of birth and blood and rank have their full traditional value, his broad human sympathy, and the humor which is the natural corrective of conservatism, opened to him the most generous range of portraiture. Jeanie Deans, the noblest woman in literature since Shakespeare, is a daughter of the people, who will not tell a lie to save a sister's life. He deals with human nature in his tales, but always as a lord of the manor; and when the Tory sympathy and tendency expressed themselves in the affairs of actual life, and the skeleton which he so fondly draped at will in his library stood stripped in the market-place, it was ghastly to see. Sir Walter Scott, lord of Branksome on the Teviot, in the dim twilight of a doubtful day, was poetic to every beholder. But Sir Walter Scott presiding at a meeting to protest against the Reform bill, or gravely asking to keep as an heir-loom the glass from which the vulgar libertine, George the Fourth, had drunk his toddy, is not a cheerful spectacle or thought.

Perhaps his interest in his figures was not as men, but as what we call characters. It was the perception of a humorist in the old sense. There was no more question in his mind of the justice or propriety of the relations which existed in the society he observed than there was in the mind of Sir Roger de Coverley. And the French revolution, instead of suggesting to him by its very terrors doubts of the old system, seemed to him, as to Burke, who had really the same natural Toryism, only an illustration of the horrible consequence of subverting it. Indeed, the worst of oppression is that the struggle of its overthrow seems to discredit liberty. "Yes," we can fancy Sir Walter or any Tory exclaiming—"yes, the old régime was imperfect, perhaps in some points culpable; but was its worst estate so appalling as this?" Injustice binds a man's legs until they almost wither under him, and then when the gyves are cut, and the liberated victim staggers and reels, the tyrant remarks, "Certainly; I told you that he could not walk."

But if Scott's Toryism is always apparent to reflection, it is surely not obtrusive nor even observable by the fascinated reader. The boy sit-

ting in the blossoming apple-tree and swinging his foot as he follows entranced the fortunes of Ivanhoe; the girl in her chamber, with locked door, poring with streaming eyes over the betrothal of Lucy Ashton; the boy and girl, with aching heart, hearing the parting words of Rebecca to Rowena; the man and woman poring over the "Antiquary," the "Legend of Montrose," the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," or "Waverley," are wholly satisfied, nor ask nor think of any thing beyond. It is the master power. The orator, the statesman, the singer, the philosopher—they are all feeble and limited beside the story-teller. How deeply Thackeray felt this of his own vocation! He spent a large sum of money once to get into Parliament: "And, Sir," he said, afterward, when speaking of it, "thank God, I failed, and fate is welcome to the money." Indeed, few story-tellers have ever moralized so much upon the story-teller.

In one of the essays in "Sketches and Travels in London," containing the wisdom and experience of Mr. Brown, the elder, in that metropolis, there is a description of the club and of what the elder and younger Mr. Brown see there. They pass from room to room, the cicerone, who is a preliminary study of Major Pendennis, commenting as they go, and at last they enter the library. Mr. Brown, the elder, proceeds: "What a calm and pleasant seclusion the library presents after the bawl and bustle of the newspaper-room! There is never any body here. English gentlemen get up such a prodigious quantity of knowledge in their early life that they leave off reading soon after they begin to shave, or never look at any thing but a newspaper. How pleasant this room is, isn't it? with its sober draperies and long, calm lines of peaceful volumes—nothing to interrupt the quiet, only the melody of Horner's nose as he lies asleep upon one of the sofas! What is he reading? Hah! 'Pendennis,' No. VII.—hum! let us pass on. Have you read 'David Copperfield,' by-the-way? How beautiful it is!—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humor—and I should call humor, Bob, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over the writer! What man, holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind—to grown folks, to their children, and perhaps to their children's children—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer: may Heaven further its fulfillment! And then, Bob, let the *Record* revile him—See, here's Horner waking up.—How do you do, Horner?"

But Scott was his own last minstrel. The story-teller in his view was part of the baronial household. He was to sit below the salt and entertain the guests after dinner. In speaking of Fielding, he says that it is the business of the novelist to amuse; and Carlyle's pathetic regret that Scott was content to do no more was refreshed in the reader's memory by the affectionate tribute to the bard of Abbotsford, in the last number of this Magazine. The regret is

useless. "I was born so, mother," is the conclusive reply. The praise is that Walter Scott did not abuse his great faculty by any sophistry. There is no wire-drawn, speculative morality in his stories. They have all the heartiness and health of their author. "He was the last man who believed in shoulders," groaned a critic, who declared that he was smothered by the sentimental licentiousness or sickly goodishness of the modern novel.

Even now, when he has been so long at rest, and a new generation has arisen, and new fames fill the world, it is impossible to think of the tragedy of Scott's last years without a poignant and personal sorrow as over the fate of a dear friend. Suddenly the misfortune came—the enormous losses and debts—and he put the great heart and the great shoulders to the tremendous struggle. The beneficent genius that had so long gayly played only to delight the fascinated world was in a moment desperately wrestling with death for honor and existence. He owed nearly six hundred thousand dollars; and of this vast sum, by strenuous and relentless toil, breaking his heart and consuming his brain, he paid within four years considerably more than half. Alas! he paid with his life and with his mind. The cloud fell thicker and more heavily. His wife died; every thing failed but his own heroism, and the love and pity of mankind. There are glimpses in the memoirs of that time—glimpses inexpressibly sad—of the dying man in Italy, at Naples, upon the Campagna. It is only the shadow of the stalwart Scott. He sits for hours gazing upon the sea; he moves restlessly about; he repeats, in a tone so mournful that the heart breaks to hear, snatches of the old, old ballads that his youth loved, and which are dear to all men who speak his language because he loved them. Then he comes home to die. Gentle as a child, he has been unspoiled by the flattery of a world. Through the mists of the fast-fading mind looks out that true and tender manhood which is forever memorable. "Be a good man, my dear," he whispers to his son-in-law, Lockhart, and on a soft September afternoon, thirty-nine years ago, with all the windows wide open, and the gentle ripple of the Tweed murmuring upon the air, while his children knelt around the bed, Walter Scott died, "and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

In his case that prayer which we quoted of one of his successors was fulfilled—"May love and truth guide such a man always!" For of any man who ever held so large a place in the heart of his contemporaries and of their children, and who had so great a power, could it be more truly said than of Sir Walter, that he *was* guided always by love and truth?

MR. EASY CHAIR—for so this venerable piece of furniture was styled—was recently invited to attend the exhibition of the New Traveling Panorama in Arcadia. To that pleasant village among the hills the traveling exhibitions seldom come, both because of the very slight promise of a remunerative audience, and because of the neighborhood of the vigorous little village of Rocky River, where the "works" are, and there is a thriving population with nothing to do in the evening. Sometimes a conjuror strays into Arcadia, and we all sit with our mouths open,

intent to discover how the money slips from one hand to the other, where the ball goes to in the cup, and where the rabbits and ribbons and candy are concealed that he pulls out of Mr. Easy Chair's hat, who, in secret, subsequently vainly tries to pull any thing as valuable out of it. For we know in Arcadia that the artful magician does not actually find squirrels and baby linen in hats taken at random, although at the present price of hats in the city it might be fairly presumed that they are articles of a gift enterprise distribution, in which, somewhere under the lining, vast treasures would be discovered. One of the hat waggeries of the last conjuror who came to Arcadia is still told with relish. He took the hat of Mr. Easy Chair, and after pulling out of it live and fancy stock of various kinds, he held it up and showed that it was empty.

"The truth is, that is its normal state," said Signor Diabolus, as he glanced gravely at the owner of the hat: "there is generally nothing in this hat; and now," he exclaimed, as he suddenly brought it down and covered the head of Deacon Bladder, the most solemnly self-important man in the village—"now there is less than ever."

Deacon Bladder goes no more to see the show of a wandering conjuror. He says there's nothing in it. Upon which the boys who hear him run out and yelp in the street, "Just what Signor Diabolus said!"

And once there came a horse-tamer, who drove from the next town without reins, guiding his horse by the whip; and in the afternoon we all went into the doctor's barn, and every body who had a vicious horse brought him, and he was tamed as effectually as Rarey could have tamed him. The Arcadians understand horses, and he would be an extremely clever gentleman who should be able to take them in. There was plenty of fun in the barn that afternoon; for in Arcadia every body knows every body else, and nobody is afraid to say a good thing if he happens to think of it, which is usually the chief difficulty. There was one very forlorn animal, whose especial vice was kicking, and who seemed to have kicked all his tail away. When the horse-tamer came to him he turned blandly to the audience upon the haymow, and said, with an air of great interest,

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you see this horse—"

"But thereby hangs no tale!" said 'Bijah; and after the little volley of laughter that followed, the horse-tamer, or The Bucephalic Conqueror, as he preferred to call himself, proceeded to tame the kicker without further preface.

But these are rare delights in Arcadia. The quiet monotony of the life there is seldom broken. Sometimes a temperance lecturer or even a bishop comes, and must be surprised to find himself so far away from the world, and in a society so shrewd and natural. But the only excitement upon which we can surely count is the daily departure and arrival of the stage-coach. That is still the event in Arcadia—as it used to be in other places forty years ago—and that fact explains why the bishop and the temperance lecturer are likely to be surprised. They did not know, probably, that there were still stage-coach towns. But the right eyes can al-

ways see fairy-land under the maples, because they know how and where to look. One day when some of us had made up a party for Symmes's Hole and were returning, who should we see but General Brown, standing in the door of the hotel near the Hole. For his part, he could not believe his eyes.

"Just Heavens!" he exclaimed; "where did you come from?"

"From Arcadia," we shouted, in chorus.

"How do you get to Arcadia?" asked he.

"Nobody knows," answered we.

But the next year General Brown came trotting tranquilly into town one evening upon his horse. And he was welcome; for any body who can find the way to Arcadia unaided is instantly presented with the freedom of the village in a cup of spring water. And when he sits reading, on some warm summer morning, hearing only the rustle of the maple leaves, and the musical clink of the blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil, in his shady nook beyond the yellow barn, ringing across the tobacco field—for Arcadian tobacco is the best of all—he has a deep and thankful sense of rest and vacation that possibly even Newport and Long Branch could not afford. The coming of the New Traveling Panorama into such a land of drowsihead is, therefore, an awakening sensation. The fore-running handbills, which are nailed up in the shop, at the post-office, and at the hotel, and which are dropped into every yard in the village, produce such an excitement among the children as the announcement of a world-famous singer or actor may produce among older people elsewhere.

There was one of these modest bills pasted upon our soldiers' monument, but the sacrilege was instantly punished by its indignant removal. The modest handbill had what it called a proclamation paragraph, in which it was proclaimed to mankind that the old system of immense illustrated placards was "played out," and that the more convenient and portable bills, which brought the glad tidings of the New Traveling Panorama home to every man's business and bosom, were much preferable and more *comme il faut*.

"Blast the French lingo!" said 'Bijah; "small bills are cheaper; that's the reason: cheap and nasty." And it is to be suspected that the want of the large, enlivening posters cast a prejudice upon the promised entertainment. In Arcadia we have plenty of time to contemplate all the preliminary details of the enterprises and exhibitions which appeal to our sympathies and purses, and we are, therefore, very exigent. Like the man going to execution, we are very particular to have the nosegay in our button-hole. Indeed, we should hardly consider ourselves properly hanged without it. A "show," therefore, which entered our street without a band of music in a gorgeous triumphal car drawn by six fiery dapple-gray steeds in resplendent trappings, would fall into lamentable discredit as an attempt at amusement under false pretenses. We still remember, in Arcadia, the imposing alliteration of the shrewd manager of the wax-work collection, who entered the village with peals of music and the thunder of a cannon, justifying, to the letter, his promise that "This appeal to the patronage of the enlightened public of Arcadia will not be preceded by any preliminary parsimony of prep-

aration." But when a solitary large wagon, drawn by two sorry horses, and containing the New Traveling Panorama, drove slowly into the street, there were a good many of us in Arcadia who were obliged to shake our heads doubtfully over the preliminary parsimony of preparation. Still we said to each other encouragingly that we would hope for the best, and we repaired to the lot upon which the tent was to be erected to see if there were grounds for hope in the general splendor and appointments of that pavilion.

But if we were critics, weighing and doubting, the children of Arcadia were poets, glowing and thrilling with boundless expectation and foreseen glories. The unspeakable evening was Wednesday, and on the previous Saturday little Mabel confided to the Easy Chair that she wished she could go to sleep and not wake up until early candle-light on Wednesday. The infinite abyss of time that yawned between was almost insuperable even to imagination. But it was actually bridged at last. Here was Wednesday; here was early candle-light; here was the tent, and little less than heaven itself within. There is something prodigiously pleasant in a ticket-office at the back of a wagon, liberally open, immediately "fornenst" the entrance of a tent. Whether it is the extreme contrast with the jealous little hole of a city ticket-office, or that it suggests a hundred scenes in old novels describing country fairs, the Easy Chair had no time to consider, so engaged was it in buying tickets at a height of the open back of the wagon which effectually forbade any illicit reaching over, and so imperatively pulled was it toward the entrance of the tent.

That entrance is surely familiar to the gracious reader. It is a narrow avenue of sail-cloth, in which stands a gentleman who takes tickets; and then—"cease, fluttering heart! be still, be still!"—and then— We were in the tent. It was circular, and the floor was grass. It was the most familiar grass-plot in Arcadia; but, like the boy who when his wandering attention was punitively directed to the letter B, which he could not possibly recall, but, upon being severely told what it was, remarked, as if it were an old friend effectually disguised, "By golly! is that B?"—so we gazed at the grass beneath our feet, and doubtless thought, "By golly! is that our old croquet ground?" There was a rising bank of seats upon one side of the tent, and upon the other a curtained space and the drop-scene which concealed the New Traveling Panorama. One melancholy camphene torch stuck in the ground flared and smoked near the entrance, and in front of the curtain there were a dozen lamps in three portable tin sections, which served to illuminate the tent until they became foot-lights to the panorama.

The seats rapidly filled with a cheery audience. The Arcadians all know each other, and the assembly was therefore very much like a family party. 'Bijah moved about upon the grass enlivening the scene with humorous allusions and sly jests that only Arcadians could understand; but suddenly there was profound silence, as a man emerged from the side of the curtained space, and lifted the tin boxes of lamps within the charmed drop-scene, and, retiring, was followed by another man, who posted himself by the side of the stage, while the curtain arose and dis-

closed the first scene. Simultaneously the descriptive lecture by the last-comer began. His summary and unfailing decapitation of all words which offended against the language by beginning with the letter H was suggestive of the international character of the entertainment: "Ladies and gentlemen, 'ere we 'ave a 'ighly haccurate view hof the city of New York from Brooklyn 'ights. 'Ow 'andsome the sight hall be'olders hagree."

'Bijah could not help whispering audibly, "O 'Evings!" and there was an equally audible response from the audience. Arcadians live in the palace of truth, and whoever offers himself to their attention and criticism is very surely made aware of their opinion. The position of that excellent man, who was just entering upon a long course of h-less remarks before an assembly prejudiced in favor of that letter, was therefore very trying. Indeed, through the whole evening there was a kind of smothered fusillade from 'Bijah and other Arcadian wits, occasionally rising, as it were, into a sharp, rattling volley. But the orator fought long and well, and piled the ground with haitches slain; and even when 'Bijah exclaimed, in a tone of ludicrous ruefulness, "Ho, 'ow my 'art haitches!" the intrepid speaker at the front 'eld 'is hown, and firmly stated that we now 'ad a view of Obberweasel on the Rhine, where the river is seen winding between 'igh rocks, 'ills, and mountings.

The scenes were of many kinds. At one time the canvas, which would wrinkle dreadfully, and seemed to be painfully limp and dispirited, displayed a remarkable building covered with advertisements of Golden Bitters and other restoratives, but which was by no means a view of the factory of those beneficent remedies. Indeed, it was a daring misrepresentation, for the signs were evidently painted upon a building where they are not to be found, with a view both to the enlightenment of the audience and to the emolument of the New Traveling Panorama. The while we were gazing upon the stately palace of the Golden Bitters the orator was remarking, "Hit his hay hold saying—see Naples and die; but much more truly may we say, see the building in which Hadams's Hexpress Company hin New York does hits himmense business." Then came the battle of Bunker Hill, in which we were shown the farmers of New Hengland repulsing the 'ired harmies of the king; and again there was a view of a departed warrior, with remarkable bow-legs, as if from long clinging to his war-horse, who lay stretched upon the ground. "Hobserve," said our guide and philosopher, "the stern 'orrors of war. This is the famed battle of Sarrytogy, the hissue of which memorial day was the surrender of Burgony."

'Bijah went off at this touch, and so did we all. It was cruel, but the blow was irresistible. The stern 'orrors of war were never before received with such 'ilarity. The orator evidently felt that laugh, and there was a subdued tone in his voice as he instructed us further, when the scene shifted to an extraordinary picture of Trinity Church. "Trinity Church, Broadway, New York—a marvel of harchitectooral triumph. Many think it the finest building upon the Hamerican continent. In the tower before you is a chime of bells. Some think a chime of bells the most beautiful music in the world. And on Christ-

mas morning, when Mr. Haycliffe, the celebrated chimist, rings those chimes, there is nothing sweeter; and some think that they seem to hear them saying the 'oly words, 'Peace on hearth, good-will to men.'"

There was a deprecatory, pathetic tone in the mechanical voice as it said these words, and they seemed, somehow, to be addressed to 'Bijah, and to be saying to him, "Young man, you sit there and make fun of me, and I can't help myself; but hit's a 'onest living that I make, and what do you more? You're welcome to as many haitches as you wish, but my journey in this life is 'ard, and I drop all the load I can, if it's only a haitch." Then he began again, aloud: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the St. Nicholas 'Otel, Broadway, New York. Many think it one of the finest 'otels in the country. There are three 'undred servants to do the work. One day a young man from the country who was stopping there came hout and jumped into a homnibus. At the same time a detective hopened the door, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, there is a pick-pocket in this stage, and it will not go until he gets hout.' Hevery body thought it was hevery body helse. Sith is 'uman nature. But at last a old gentleman, in a white cravat and black clothes, very clean and nice, got up and said, 'I have a great deal of money, and I can't stop with pickpockets.' So he got out, and then the detective said, 'The pickpocket 'aving gone, you may go hon.' So the young man from the coun-

try learned that happearances his deceitful. Some 'ad rather stop on Broadway than 'igher up town, and they goes generally to the St. Nicholas."

There was a little switching of the country youth who had to learn something in town that 'Bijah perhaps felt; for when the curtain fell, and the orator remarked, "This is the hend of the first section," a feeble hand-organ began to whine behind the stage. "Lor'! how sweet!" said one of his companions, to the delight of the boys and girls. "Yes; bitter-sweet," said 'Bijah, as if he really thought so. Later in the evening there was a view of 'Idlebug, on the famed river Nectar; also Vickersbug; and the Cascade, which some think the most romantic scene in the Central Park; and a hallegory of Herin and Hamerica: Hamerica breaking the chains of Herin, while Justice crowns their 'eads with laurel.

"Oh! how I should like to stay all night!" said little Mabel. They were the most absurd and preposterous pictures ever seen, but what infinite and sincere pleasure they gave! It was plain that the older Arcadians had not forgiven the preliminary parsimony of preparation. But when at an early hour next morning the New Traveling Panorama once more set forth upon its travels, the young Arcadians watched it with wistful eyes; and until the next circus or conjuror comes, it will be to them the most splendid thing in all the world.

Editor's Literary Record.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

IT is, perhaps, as true in literature as in religion, that no man can serve two masters. Very often, at least, it would appear that the author must choose between the critics and the people, their verdicts being frequently not only quite different, but even quite contradictory. There is no historian who has been subjected to a more severe fire of criticism from every quarter than JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. He has been completely riddled. If one were to judge of his merits by the newspapers alone, one would deny him any. But Mr. Abbott has chosen which of the two masters he will serve. He does not write for the newspapers, but for the public; and there is, probably, no American historian who has proved more popular, or who has been more widely read. Twice he has subjected his histories to a test as severe as could well be imagined. Twice he has carried them as a serial through a popular magazine in competition with the best novelists of the day, and each time his serial history has proved, not only a success, but the success of the season. No novel created at the time as much interest, or was read with as much eagerness, as his "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," as it first appeared serially in the pages of this Magazine; and we do not think it too much to say that no serial of the past season has been read with greater avidity, or by a greater number of readers, than his *History of Frederick the Great* (Harper and Brothers). The critics may say what they please; such a success shows power—power of no mean kind. The capacity

to redeem history from its proverbial dullness, and render it as fascinating as romance; the capacity to perceive the moral which underlies history, and to elucidate it; the capacity to be short without being stupid, to be moral without being vapid, to draw the lesson of the life without preaching—is a rare one, and as valuable as it is rare. The critics only appreciate the work that is done for scholars, or, at least, for students; but he who seizes the materials which the scholar has furnished, and presents them in a form which the people can appreciate and enjoy, does humanity really quite as great, if not, indeed, a greater service. In this handsome and profusely illustrated volume of a little less than six hundred pages, whose clear, open type is a luxury to the eye, Mr. Abbott has told the story for which Mr. Carlyle required six volumes. No doubt Mr. Abbott has omitted much which Mr. Carlyle has given, and so, to the critic's eye, his history appears less complete and perfect. But there will be six to read the one volume to one who will read the six; and it is at least a fair question whether he who succeeds in compelling the five to read the story which otherwise they never would have looked at has not really rendered the community the greater service of the two.

Nor can the critics attribute the popularity of Mr. Abbott's "Frederick the Great" to any personal enthusiasm on his part for his hero. It is very clear that he has none. He neither writes him up nor writes him down. His history is the most impartial one, we think, that has ever proceeded from his pen. He writes less like an ad-

vocate than usual, holds an even balance, notes with more unclouded vision both the faults and the excellences of the subject of his story. At the same time, one can not read the book without a new and healthy contempt for the kind of greatness which gave Frederick his title. The author does not overload his volume with references, but there are enough of them to show that he has consulted the original authorities. In truth, in spite of the critics, we venture the assertion that in his statement of facts Mr. Abbott is unusually accurate. Never was a book so ransacked for material for criticism as his "Napoleon Bonaparte." Never was one more mercilessly, not to say unscrupulously, dealt with. Yet, withal, but one or two misstatements of fact were discovered, and those in matters of minor importance. His outlines are accurate; it is the laying on of the colors which provokes criticism on his picture. His statements of fact are rarely at fault; but as to the conclusions he draws from them there is room for a good deal of difference of opinion. The critics expect a philosopher. Mr. Abbott claims only to be a historian. He, for example, calls Frederick an atheist. We think Mr. Carlyle's estimate more accurate, who ranks him as a theist. But Mr. Abbott gives the facts—extracts from his letters chiefly—so that the reader has all the material necessary to correct the author's error, if error it be. On the whole, we account his "History of Frederick the Great" the most entertaining bit of history we have read for many a day, and we cordially commend it to our readers as alike interesting and instructive, and especially as just the thing to prescribe, by way of antidote, to those young people who are overfed on too highly seasoned romances.

We have read with much greater interest than usually attaches to memoirs *The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson*, by his great-granddaughter, SARAH N. RANDOLPH (Harper and Brothers). We could have wished, indeed, that she had not confined herself quite so rigorously to his private life. If she could have remembered how few of her readers have ever seen Mr. Randall's three-volumed biography, could have added a hundred pages to her book, and given us a little fuller account of Jefferson's connection with the political events of his age, her biography would be the popular though not the standard life of one of America's greatest statesmen. For now that party virulence has died away, we are able to perceive that both Hamilton and Jefferson were statesmen, that both were patriots, that both were great men, and that both contributed, in not very unequal measure, to build up the nation and make it what it is. We wonder at the party rancor which could inveigh in such unmeasured terms against men whose virtues time has made clear, whose faults and follies time has dimmed; and yet we repeat the same party spirit to-day, to be wondered at in turn by our descendants. The pictures of Thomas Jefferson's home life which Miss Randolph gives us are very charming. A delightful man to know and to companionship with, one would say, this great statesman; a Christian in sentiment and practice, though not in creed. Painstaking, scrupulous, master of principles, master of details; a great student, no less a great thinker; equally at home on horseback and in his library;

managing his farm and managing the most delicate and difficult diplomacy with equal skill; a real democrat; plain of dress, simple in habit, temperate in food; always an early riser, so that he said of himself that the sun had not caught him in bed for fifty years; living in a community where every body gambled, yet always refusing to touch cards; where every body drank, yet refusing to take ardent spirits even when, in his last illness, his physician urged him to it; taking wine, as all Virginian gentlemen did, yet never in excess; not without ambition, but always hungering for his farm, and never so content as when on his Virginia estate at Monticello; a great lover of nature, with an almost feminine attachment to flowers, yet with rare genius for managing men and attaching them to him; possessing almost a giant's stature, six feet two and a half inches high, and well proportioned, with a courage that never flinched, and, withal, with a woman's tenderness that made him as mother to his motherless children—this is the portrait of Thomas Jefferson as we gather it from this glimpse into his private life through his own correspondence and through that of those most familiar with him. And religion—how as to that? That depends upon what religion is. If religion is a creed, he had not much; at least not much is shown in letter or journal. Yet atheist or infidel he assuredly was not. Infidel? A very commendable and religious sort of infidelity it is which writes in this wise to a young namesake:

"Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss."

If religion be a life; if it be love and tenderness in the family; if it be liberty in the nation; if it be justice and large-hearted generosity in the affairs of daily life; if it be industry in the use of time, and temperance in the use of one's self; if it be faith in God and in Divine truth; if it be resignation to His will in time of sorrow, and consolation and hope in a future founded upon a life of trust, of obedience, and of penitence in this; if Peter has given a true inventory of religion—if it be valor, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity—then we should say that this book gives the impression that Thomas Jefferson possessed a good deal more of religion than some of the men that denounced him; a good deal more of religion in spirit than of soundness in theology.

Miss Randolph has wisely written little herself. Her volume is largely composed of Thomas Jefferson's own correspondence. What she has written, however, is valuable. She neither eulogizes Mr. Jefferson nor inveighs against his foes. Her book is passionless and unprejudiced, without lacking warmth and affection. Her selections of correspondence are excellent; and the effect of her work is just that which doubtless she meant it should be. We forget the author altogether. She introduces us to Mr. Jefferson at his home, and leaves us to make our acquaintance and form our impressions for ourselves. It is hardly necessary to add that our personal impression has been an exceedingly pleasant one.

The second volume of *The Life and Times of Lord Brougham* (Harper and Brothers) surpass-

es in interest the first. It opens with an account of the famous "Orders in Council," and the measures taken for their repeal, 1807-08, and carries us to 1829. A large part of the volume is occupied in giving an account of the royal troubles which culminated in the famous trial of Queen Caroline. The curtain is lifted, and the interior history of that trial is told; how the family difficulties were fermented which led to the separation of the king and queen, the attempts at negotiation and their failure, the preparation for the trial, the principles on which the defense was conducted, the daily consultations, and the plans formed for attacking, if necessary, the king himself, and by proving his secret marriage to a Roman Catholic, demonstrating his forfeiture of the crown. As interpreted by Lord Brougham himself, and by the events which called it forth, his famous declaration of the duties of a lawyer to his client is relieved of the odium which has generally attached to it, and becomes the well-considered defiance of a royal prosecutor by a brave and gallant defender of an innocent and injured woman. On the whole, despite his egotism, one's respect for Lord Brougham is increased by a perusal of his autobiography.

TRAVELS.

OUR first thought in glancing over JOHN TYNDALL'S *Hours and Exercises in the Alps* (D. Appleton and Co.) was, would that Mr. Tyndall could have had his way, and "published his volume without illustrations!" When we turned from the pictures of the artist to those of the writer, our first thought was intensified and confirmed. His book is not one of science, though full of scientific information incidentally afforded. To the traveler who ventures to essay the Alps—indeed, to any mountain climber—it is an invaluable book, on account of the practical suggestions as to the methods of guarding against the intricate dangers which beset such adventurers. One can readily believe, after reading this volume, that the perils of wandering in the High Alps are terribly real, more readily believe it than the other statements of the author, that "to rashness, ignorance, or carelessness three-quarters of all the catastrophes which take place are to be traced." But more than this, it is a book of intensely interesting adventures. Mr. Tyndall possesses the power of a simple and graphic writer, of a man who has eyes to see, and a pen able to tell simply, and therefore effectively, what he has seen. There is no egotism in his pages, no semblance of story-telling for effect. His manner is all the more effective because it bears upon its face the evidence of simple and unexaggerated truth, the narrative of a man whose actual experiences have been so marked that he has no need to draw on his imagination to enhance their interest.

The party who dared brave the perils of a winter on the top of Mount Washington have given to the world, in a permanent form, a record of their experience in *Mount Washington in Winter* (Chick and Andrews). It is a curious book, being, in fact, not a book at all, but a collection of individual papers bound together. Each of the participants in the wild experiences of that winter encampment has contributed something, and each has written entirely independent

of his neighbor. There is, in consequence, no unity, no pretense of unity, in this volume, and there is a good deal of unnecessary matter, which a single writer would probably have omitted. The reader may very easily omit this, however; and if he does so, and begins where the book really begins, with Part II., "The Expedition at Work," he will be tolerably sure to read on with little omission, and with no willing delay. The story of the storms experienced is very graphically told, and one can appreciate the enthusiasm which led these young scientists to brave the exposures of a more than arctic winter for the sake of the results obtained and the experiences undergone.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe (Harper and Brothers) has already stood a test far better than that of the critic. The tenth annual edition, now before us, is a sufficient attestation of the value of the work and the conscientiousness of its editor. It is, indeed, hardly too much to say, as Mr. FETRIDGE does in his preface, that "the instance is very rare where a traveler has crossed the Atlantic without a copy in his possession or in that of one of his party." It is a curious illustration of the extent of American travel in Europe that it justifies the publication annually of a guide-book prepared for the use of American travelers, and the employment, by its editor, of his entire time abroad, that he may prepare each volume afresh from personal observation. It is this latter fact which gives to "Harper's Hand-Book" its peculiar value, and endows it with a freshness and accuracy far greater than that of Murray's world-renowned series. We can testify from our own use to the completeness and comprehensiveness of the work in its treatment of routes and subjects usually either wholly omitted or but very imperfectly treated. Our readers are possibly aware that the mere fact that a new edition is printed on the title-page of a book is no conclusive evidence that there is any thing new in the book. For it is no unusual, or, at least, not an unheard-of thing to give to a new impression the imprint of a new edition, the truth being that there is little or nothing new about it except the title-page. But this tenth edition of "Harper's Hand-Book" is unmistakably and genuinely new. We have, for example, nowhere seen so succinct and clear yet brief a statement of the history of Paris from the date of the declaration of the late war, July 15, 1870, up to May 1, 1871, at which time the Commune still held control of the city; and nowhere have we met with a clearer and better statement of the organization of the French army and the French courts of justice. In these respects the book is valuable not only as a guide-book, but as a current history of Europe, and will be found almost as interesting by those who have traveled abroad, and who wish to repeat their tour and note the changes which have been made without leaving their homes, as it will be to those who start for the first time on the untried experience of foreign travel, and want a modern and trustworthy guide to accompany and direct them.

NOVELS.

WE have not read any novel for many a day with so much real enjoyment as we have experienced over the pages of *Anne Furness*, by the author of "Mabel's Progress" (Harper and

Brothers). But let us, right here, take our readers into our confidence, and confess the critic's difficulty. There is no absolute standard by which romances may be judged. We may point out positive defects, or denounce positive vices. But the charm of a story is often not only indescribable, but to another inappreciable. It would be very difficult to say why some great admirers of Walter Scott can never read Dickens, and why others, who almost know Dickens's works by heart, lack the patience to peruse a single volume of "Waverley." It is not at all impossible, therefore, that the reader, attracted to "Anne Furness" by our opening sentence, may declare his surprise at our judgment, on reading the book. We like it, however, first, because it is, on the whole, a pleasant book, and a book of pleasant people. Anne, her mother, Donald, and Grandfather Hewson, are delightful companions. Mrs. Abram and Keturah, despite their oddities, attract us by their homely goodness, and even Gervase Lacer, the villain of the piece, is not a disgusting villain, and when he really discloses himself is driven from our society, as a villain should be. We like it because it is natural, true, simple. Since "David Copperfield" we have read no better description of child-life than that of "Anne Furness," which, indeed, though less artistic, is, perhaps, more true to nature. We like it because it deals a heavy blow against the turf and all the genteel blackguardism that is connected with it, and because the tragedy of Mr. Furness's gradual degradation and final death is made genuinely pathetic, not grossly brutal. We like it because it is written in a style which testifies to a careful pen, and repays a careful reading; because the author has not rushed it through the press under the impression that celebrity comes of the making of many books alone, and because, in consequence, the reader can not devour it at a sitting, but must read it slowly if he would read it enjoyably. We like it, in a word, because it is, a natural, simple story, not devoid of interest, but with no entangled plot, with well-developed characters, marred by few or no crudities, and written in an English not like that of Dickens or Thackeray, but not unworthy in its purity and grace to be compared with them.

If *Delaplaine; or, the Sacrifice of Irene*, by MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH (G. W. Carleton and Co.), is intended as a burlesque on the novel of the period, it is admirable. If it is intended as a novel, it is the wildest, craziest, freakiest, maddest performance that an untrained imagination, we should hope, ever put on paper. Mr. Walworth has talents of no mean order. Will not some kind friend show him how to use them? The story opens with a description of a leaden, wintry day, well described; scene, Sing Sing. A boy of fifteen summers is being dragged into prison; resists; proclaims quite uselessly his innocence; reaches the outer room, still struggling; bites the hand of his captor to the bone; is felled to the floor, but released in the operation; quick as thought makes for a rack of muskets by the wall; shoots officer number one; shoots officer number two; half stuns the warden by a blow in the eye; makes for the door; runs the sentries, whose poor aim proves them no sharp-shooters; plunges into the river; in mid-channel, just exhausted, meets a yacht; gets on the further side of it; and is

rescued from a watery grave without being discovered by the prison officers. The captain is convinced of his innocence; resolves to set him at liberty; ships him for a foreign port. End of scene first. In chapter third the curtain rises on a furious storm brewing over the Straits of Ormuz. A ship is approaching, endeavoring to enter. A mysterious "man" watches her from a neighboring precipice, and kindles a fire to guard her from the dangers of that rocky shore. As night wears on the storm increases. The "man" meditates and watches, and replenishes his fire. At length, just as he is about to consider his task ended, and suffer his fire to go out, a tremendous crash announces to him that the ship is cast upon the rocks at his feet. Daylight discloses its sole survivor, the boyish refugee from Sing Sing. Then really commences the story—a story of Baron Munchausen and Arabian Nights in about equal quantities; of marvelous military adventure; of magic, of astrology, of Persian shahs and Persian women inextricably intermixed. If our readers remember the kind of story to which in their school-days they were accustomed to listen with a kind of breathless awe, told by the story-teller of their class in the evening twilight, they may get some faint idea of the marvels of imagination let loose which characterize the remaining pages of "Delaplaine; or, the Sacrifice of Irene."

For Lack of Gold, by CHARLES GIBBON (Harper and Brothers), is much better than an average novel. The plot is ingenious. It is true, one gets out of all patience with Angus, who might, by the exercise of a little common-sense, have spared himself a large part of his troubles, but then his common-sense would have destroyed the plot; and disappointed lovers, threatened at one blow with loss of maid and money, do not always possess their souls in patience. On the whole, his character is not unnatural, and often as we find ourselves exclaiming, What a fool! we doubt whether the majority of men in like circumstances would not be guilty of like folly. The characters are all well drawn, and the text of the story, "Faith is the grand master of sorrow," is well illustrated.

We took up *Tom Pippin's Wedding*, by the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School" (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), expecting at least to find a bit of sharp and delicate satire, and were disappointed to find it only a general savage onslaught on the Irishman's principle of "wherever you see a head, hit it." We looked for a cimeter, and behold, a shillelah! The author has fallen into the somewhat common mistake of supposing that the only thing necessary in the present state of public opinion to make a book sell is to call Evangelical Christians hard names, with the assurance that the more you befoul them the better. It is a mistake. No one enjoys or appreciates more than "Evangelical Christians" themselves the satire that exposes the hypocrisy which apes religion. But there is such a thing as outraging the moral sense and feeling of those that entertain any respect for the Christian religion; and this, by his caricatures, the author of "Tom Pippin's Wedding" has succeeded in doing.—*The Clackitts of Inglebrook Hall*, by Mrs. PROSSER (A. D. F. Randolph), is a fair story, pretty well written, with a very strongly marked moral against "shoddy."—To their new

edition of Miss MULLOCK's works, Harpers add *Agatha's Husband*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE revival of the study of Anglo-Saxon promises to make itself felt, if not immediately, yet in the not distant future, in a greater purity in American literature. The student of this language will find abundant and useful material for his study in the *Hand-Book of Anglo-Saxon and Early English*, by HIRAM CORSON, of Cornell University (Holt and Williams). The latest writer given in this selection is Chaucer. A glossary and condensed grammar of Anglo-Saxon are appended.—The *Wonders of European Art* (Scribner) hardly does justice to its subject, either in letter-press or engraving. Still it must be confessed that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to do justice to so large a subject in so small a compass as is afforded by this little volume of less than 350 pages.—*The Young Mechanic* (G. P. Putnam and Son) is an exceedingly useful book for boys. It gives very plain and practical directions how to use mechanical tools, beginning by describing the making of a single box, and ending with model-making and working in metal. The author has not fallen into the common mistake of explaining difficult operations to boys who do not understand the simple ones, but begins with the alphabet. The father who wants to keep his boy out of mischief could hardly do better than to buy this book and a few tools, and set him to work to make a box for himself or his younger brother. There is no toy so fascinating as a carpenter's bench.

If there were no other, *Common-Sense in the Household*, by MARION HARLAND (C. Scribner and Co.), would be a complete refutation of the assertion that literary women are almost universally without interest in housekeeping—that the "blue-stocking," in soiled and badly fitting garments, sits unconcerned in an untidy room, and contents herself with half-prepared and poorly cooked food, while children and servants run riot in the house. This familiar picture, presented to us more frequently formerly than now, we believe was never generally true, except of would-be *litterati* and self-imagined geniuses. A truly cultivated mind will as surely seek for agreeable material surroundings as for congenial mental associations. If the women who in these last few years have become distinguished in letters are not walking fashion plates, they are as a class well and becomingly dressed. Perhaps the most valuable assistance which has ever been given to young persons in fitting up a house and furnishing it pleasantly at small expense has come from a woman whose name stands among the first of novelists. And now we have from another popular novelist a cookery book, whereof our housekeeper (this literary recorder is not a bachelor) speaks most enthusiastically. She says that simplicity and clearness of expression, accuracy of detail, a regard to economy of material, and certainty of good results, are requisites in a useful receipt-book for the kitchen, and Marion Harland has comprehended all these. That she has by experience proved the unsatisfactoriness of housekeepers' helps in general is shown by the arrangement of her book. She has appended a star to such recipes as, after having tried them herself, she can recommend as safe and

generally simple. Such a directory will be a great help to one who goes to the book for aid in preparing a pleasant and savory meal without much experience in cooking. The language is so simple, and the directions so plain, that a reasonably intelligent cook might avail herself of it to vary her manner of preparing even ordinary dishes. The introduction to the book should be printed as a tract and put in every house. The simple advice for the management of servants, the general directions at the head of each department of cooking, and the excellent pages on the sick-room, make as complete an aid to housekeepers as can well be desired.

It is only a few months since we recorded in these pages the death of Alice Cary; and now our pen is called upon to record the fact that death—merciful to her, though not to us—has not suffered the long separation of the two sisters, but has caused the younger one to follow the elder, that, pleasant in their lives, in their death they may not be divided. Phœbe had always been the very incarnation of health. When her sister died she did not surrender herself to useless grief. In what was doubtless the hardest trial of her life she was able to employ her own philosophy:

"My life for me

Is the best; or it had not been, I hold."

She put on no mourning, opened the house to the cheery sunlight, resumed her accustomed work. But she never recovered from the blow; never overcame the perpetual recurring sense of loss. She grew gray in a few weeks; seemed to lose heart and life and strength; failed, one could scarcely tell how or why; declared to a friend, "My work is done;" went—rather, was carried—to Newport for a change of air and scene; rallied a little, but only for the moment; and finally, on the 31st July, breathed her last. Plain and simple in her personal tastes, warm in her affections, devout in her religious faith, she was yet so broad and catholic in her sentiments that, while no one calls in question her Christian character, or can well do so, who knows either her manner of life or her poetry, the papers are unable to settle among themselves her creed, giving her in turn to the Congregationalists, the Universalists, and the Swedenborgians.

On the same day died suddenly, of a rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain, Dean H. L. Mansel, of St. Paul's, London. A pupil of Sir William Hamilton, he perfected the philosophy of his master, and applied it successfully in the solution of theological problems which have given rise to and furnished subjects for endless discussion. In saying that he applied it successfully, we do not mean to sit in critical judgment on his philosophy concerning the "limitations of religious thought," but only to indicate that his contribution proved, in fact, one of the most important of the age in giving shape and direction to theological thought. Even those who criticised his philosophy most severely were not unaffected by it; and, on the whole, we think it quite safe to say that if he carried the doctrine of mental incapacity to deal with religious problems too far, he did not err so greatly in that direction as most theologians before him had erred in the direction of quiet assumption of boundless capacity to comprehend all truth.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

OUR last summary of scientific progress was brought up to the date of June 1, and we now continue the series by an account of the more noteworthy announcements since that time of interest to the general reader rather than to the specialist.

In *Astronomy* no startling discoveries are recorded. One of the most interesting papers is by Mr. Huggins on the spectrum of Uranus, made in continuation of his examination of the spectra of the planetary bodies. Numerous accounts have been published in regard to the phenomena and results of the late solar eclipse, but the main features are given in our article on the subject in the August Record. Communications have been made by different astronomers in regard to observations upon the eclipse in December of the present year, an abstract of which will be given hereafter. Several new telescopic planets are announced.

In *Meteorology* the most striking fact is the extension of the American Storm Signal Service to the Dominion of Canada, in consequence of arrangements made between the authorities of the two countries. At the present time the observations and forecasts of the weather are published in the newspapers on both sides of the line, and much benefit is anticipated from this mutual exchange of observations. The important statement has been made that auroras generally occur simultaneously, both in the northern and southern hemispheres. Efforts are being made in Europe to induce the Portuguese government to establish a meteorological station at the Azores, so that the approach of storms from the southwest may be readily ascertained and communicated by means of the proposed submarine cable.

In *Geography* we have memoirs from the American Hydrographic Bureau upon the Marshall group of islands and upon the Gulf Stream, both of value, showing the present state of our knowledge upon these subjects. In the way of geographical exploration unusual activity has been manifested; and in the "Scientific Intelligence" of *Harper's Weekly* will be found from week to week an account of the movements and discoveries on the part of Professor Hayden, Professor Marsh, Mr. Clarence King, and Major Powell in the Rocky Mountain region; of Mr. Dall and Mr. Pinart in Alaska; of Professor Hartt in Brazil; of Mr. Pavé in Siberia and Wrangell's Land; of Sir J. D. Hooker in Morocco; and of Godeffroy and Company in Polynesia, etc. The various arctic expeditions on the part of the United States, Sweden, Germany, Russia, etc., have also been adverted to.

In *Chemistry* we have numerous papers, more or less theoretical and practical, which we must leave to specialists to discuss. Among the facts of general interest, however, may be mentioned the discovery of a new cinchona alkaloid.

In *Geology* we have the papers of Professor Davidson upon the terraces of the Pacific coast, and the novel hypothesis of M. Latterade, in which he ascribes the heat preceding the glacial period to the proximity of a temporary star or meteor.

In *American Paleontology* we have several articles upon fossil mammals by Professors Leidy and Marsh, upon the fossil birds by Professor Marsh, and upon the Port Kennedy bone cave by Professor Cope, as well as articles upon the invertebrates by different authors.

An interesting announcement in *Zoology* consists in the discovery, by Dr. Greeff, of a huge fresh-water rhizopod, of very low organization, allied in some respects to *Bathybius*, and named by its discoverer *Pelobius*.

In *Vegetable Physiology* we have to record an important paper upon the growth of plants in aqueous solutions; and one by Köppen upon the germination of seeds, in which he shows that a low temperature continued steadily is more favorable than a more elevated temperature interrupted by occasional depressions.

In *Animal Physiology* we have the announcement, by Dr. Richardson, of the peculiar action on the system of a new anæsthetic, called by him *Hydramyle*, and possessing certain useful properties which fit it for practical applications.

In *Economical Zoology* we record the failure, for the present, of the experiment of introducing salmon into the Delaware River, in consequence of an accident which killed the young brood. On the other hand, however, the various measures that have been taken to increase the supply of shad in the Connecticut, Hudson, and Susquehanna rivers have been crowned with more or less success; and the supply in the Connecticut River during the present year has been greater than for very many years past.

In *Technology* and *Applied Science* we have various publications upon the manufacture of artificial porphyry, and in regard to the application of furnace slags for building purposes, by converting them, under slow cooling, into a species of stone resembling genuine porphyry. The selenitic mortar of Colonel Scott and the cement of Mr. Sorel are also considered of great value in the arts. The application of tannin in the manufacture of beer seems to be following very closely the Pasteur process for the same object. Many valuable papers have appeared in regard to the theory and practice of dyes, and the list of new coloring matters announced is almost endless. Among other articles of this same general nature we find an important communication, by Dr. Reimann, of Berlin, on the subject of extracting aniline dyes from fabrics of different materials, leaving them entirely white and ready for subsequent operations.

The *Annual Reports* of the principal scientific establishments in the United States have made their appearance, and among them that of the Smithsonian Institution, the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge, the Peabody Academy of Salem, the Sheffield Scientific School, etc.

The list of *Deaths* among men of science is quite considerable, including A. Keith Johnson, the geographer, Payen, the chemist, Ed. Claparède, Ramon de la Sara, and William P. Turnbull, zoologists, and Robert Houdin, the necromancer and electrician.

Not to be classed with certainty under any of the preceding heads is the most startling and re-

markable announcement among all we have mentioned—namely, that by Mr. W. Crookes, of London, in reference to his scientific examination of certain “spiritualistic” exhibitions by Mr. David Douglas Home, the celebrated “medium.” From this he infers the existence of what he terms a new force, or rather one hitherto unrecognized, and which he terms the “Psychic Force.” The scientific journals of the day are filled with criticisms, favorable and otherwise, of this paper, and it is likely that the whole subject will be thoroughly overhauled.

Fuller accounts of the above announcements, as well as others, will be found in the “Scientific Record” of the *Monthly*, and the “Scientific Intelligence” of the *Weekly*.

FAUNAL PECULIARITIES OF THE AZORES.

Of late years much attention has been directed by naturalists to the peculiarities of the fauna of islands; and the study of their native animals has tended to throw great light upon the question as to the length of time that must have elapsed since such islands were either lifted up from the bed of the sea or cut off from connection with the main. We have given, in previous pages, some notices of the fauna of Madeira and its special peculiarities; and in the recent work of Mr. Frederick Godman, upon the natural history of the Azores, we have a similar problem elaborated. The most striking feature, as developed by Mr. Godman's book, is the great similarity between the productions of the islands and those of Europe, although separated by an interval of a thousand miles and a channel of 15,000 feet in depth. Thus eighty to ninety per cent. of the birds, the butterflies, the beetles, and the plants are the same as the European forms, while only one or two per cent. are American. This appears anomalous at first, in view of the fact that the currents of both water and air are from the west—a fact which should produce a preponderance of western or American forms. Great Britain, and especially Ireland, are every year visited by numbers of American birds, brought by the westerly winds, no less than sixty or seventy species having already been recorded; while, as far as we can learn, not one bird has ever been carried from Europe, in the opposite direction, to America, there being good reason to believe that the European stragglers, picked up from time to time in our country, have reached us by way of Greenland.

Mr. Godman's explanation of this anomaly is to the effect that the Azores are in the region of storms from all points of the compass, and that every year these storms bring birds from Europe, and probably carry away an occasional American straggler. The enormous preponderance of species undistinguishable from those now inhabiting the Continent, and the entire absence of native mammalia and reptiles, according to our author, are conclusive proof that the fauna and flora are not due to a former continental extension connecting the islands with Europe.

We have already referred to the peculiarity of the Madeiran beetle fauna in the existence of numerous wingless genera; and a similar condition appears to prevail in the Azores, some of these insects being undistinguishable, even as species, from their European allies, excepting in

this characteristic. A single species of beetle belongs to a genus peculiar to Madagascar, and a single plant alone represents Africa in the Azores; and it is suggested that both the beetle and plant may have been carried thither by means of a floating log, brought from the regions indicated. Attention is called by Mr. Godman to the difference between the Azores and the Galapagos, where, at only half the distance from South America, the fauna is almost entirely peculiar. This is explained by the suggestion that these latter islands are in a region of calms instead of storms, and that the introductions have been, therefore, of much rarer occurrence, and, when once established in their isolation, have been more readily modified by external conditions.

PELOBIUS, A NEW FRESH-WATER RHIZOPOD.

Of the discoveries in natural history within the past few years scarcely any are considered of greater importance than that by Professor Huxley of the occurrence, in the depth of the ocean, of a living, organized mass of an animal nature, termed *Bathybius*, its relationships to other forms of animal life, both recent and fossil, having proved to be of the highest interest. This has recently been supplemented by the discovery, on the part of Dr. Greeff, of a somewhat similar substance existing in fresh-water, which he characterizes as a shell-less fresh-water rhizopod, remarkable for its gigantic stature in comparison with all previous-known organisms of the kind. This substance, which he calls *Pelobius* (a name which *Nature*, from which we borrow this account, states to have long been preoccupied), occurs in many standing waters with a muddy bottom, especially such as have continued in that state for a long time without having dried up. This substance never disappears from these waters, but remains throughout the year, great masses appearing sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, in their external form presenting the appearance of more or less spherical lumps, varying from one or two millimeters in diameter down to the most minute points, scarcely perceptible by the naked eye. These are said to be so densely filled with mud particles, diatomaceæ, etc., that by transmitted light they can scarcely be distinguished from the actual mud without experience and careful examination; they may, consequently, be compared to a living mud. By direct light, on the other hand, they appear as grayish-white, yellowish, or brownish bodies. Their movements consist in an amœboid and often lively creeping, by means of processes which are usually broad and lobate, during which the transparent body-substance often protrudes at the margins in elevations and undulations. This fundamental substance of the body consists of a hyaline protoplasm of irregularly frothy or vesicular consistency, containing, besides the above-mentioned ingested particles, a great number of very peculiar elementary particles. Among these there may be distinguished round or roundish oval nucleiform bodies, and fine bacilliform structures. Of the former, by far the greater number consist of shining pale bodies without any special structural characters, but of great firmness, and presenting considerable resistance to re-agents (acetic acid and caustic potash). These bodies may

possibly be correlated with the coccoliths, etc., of *Bathybius*. Besides these, however, there are less numerous roundish nuclei of softer consistency, and with more or less finely granular contents, which, from their whole nature, must undoubtedly be regarded as equivalent to the ordinary cell-nuclei.

Hence, in spite of its great simplicity in other respects, *Pelobius* represents a pluricellular organism, and is not to be referred to the so-called monera, like *Bathybius haeckelii*, according to the investigations of Huxley and Haeckel. Nevertheless, in connection with its possible relationship to *Bathybius*, it must be noticed that the cell-nuclei of *Pelobius* may occur in very variable quantity, often in so small a number as almost to disappear altogether; and further, that they can be detected only in the perfectly fresh state. This latter statement applies also to the frothy vesicular arrangement of the body-substance, which disappears immediately after death or the application of re-agents.

The second kind of the chief elementary parts of *Pelobius* consists of fine, clear, shining bacilli, which are scattered through the whole body, and likewise present great resistance to the action of acetic acid and caustic potash. These were mentioned by Dr. Greeff in a former publication, when he expressed the opinion that they originate in certain nuclei, which, however, he has since seen reason to doubt.

We are promised further details in regard to this substance, as much yet remains to be done for its proper elucidation.

PRINCIPLE OF "LEAST ACTION IN NATURE."

In a course of lectures lately delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain by Rev. Samuel Haughton, of Dublin, he attempts to prove that in every arrangement of bone, muscle, joints, and parts of animals, the relations must be such as to produce a given result with the least possible expenditure of labor, and that this principle of "Least Action in Nature" is a guiding one, and can be shown to exist not merely in the movements of the planetary and stellar bodies, but also, and illustrated as well, in all physical phenomena, as in those of an organic nature. As is well known to many of our readers, Professor Haughton is one of the highest authorities on special and animal mechanics, and it is in this branch of research that he endeavors to prove the existence of the law in question.

SELECTION OF INSECTS FOR FOOD BY BIRDS.

Although we look, and with ample reason, to the birds as the main agency in destroying insects injurious to vegetation, observation shows that different forms of insects are molested by them in very different degrees. This is especially the case in regard to the *Lepidoptera*, some forms of which are not touched by any birds whatever, and others again are devoured by some and spared by others. As a general rule, it is said that the most beautiful and brilliantly colored *Lepidoptera* owe their safety to their tints, as the bird first attacks the most striking portion, namely, the red hinder wing, and the insect tears itself away and escapes. Hairy caterpillars, again, are less eaten than the smooth species, not only, perhaps, on account of their bris-

tly covering, but their more nauseous taste. The streaked caterpillars, spotted with yellow, are usually refused, while all the smooth and dark kinds, especially those resembling plants in color, or of a reddish tint, are generally devoured with great avidity.

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON ANIMAL ECONOMY.

In the late proceedings of the Royal Society of London will be found a paper by Dr. Rattray upon some of the more important physiological changes induced in the human economy by a change of climate, as from temperate to tropical and the reverse, the inquiries being directed toward the peculiarities of respiration, the pulse, temperature of the body, kidneys and skin, and weight and strength. In regard to the subject of respiration, the author shows, as the result of many experiments, that in the tropics there is an increase in the capacity of the chest for air, with a decrease of the number of respirations; from which it results that the lungs, unaltered in size, contain less blood and more air in tropical than in temperate climates, the blood being in part diverted to the excited skin and liver. The benefit derived in the early stage of consumption by a sojourn in a tropical climate he explains in the following manner: "Residence in a warm atmosphere is followed by a decrease in the quantity of blood in the affected lungs, by diminished activity in the vital processes carried on therein, by facilitated respiration, and, above all, by diminished lung-work from vicarious action of the physiologically excited skin and liver; while the inhalations of milder, more equable, and less irritant air diminish the chances of excitement and increase of distressing local inflammation, and those bronchial attacks so apt to break up old, and cause the deposition of new tubercles. Now if we can imitate nature's operations, and, by increasing the temperature of a sick-room or ward in the temperate climate of England, can convert it into a local sub-tropical or tropical climate, we withdraw no inconsiderable amount of blood from the lungs to the skin and liver, thus relieving its overloaded capillaries, permitting freer access of air, and so aiding the respiratory process—a safe and sure mode, both of relieving dyspnoea and cough, and aiding the vis medicatrix."

This law, according to the author, is suggestive in relation to the nature of food and to hygiene in the tropics. He calculates that, in a tropical climate, the lungs eliminate less carbon to the extent of above an ounce in the twenty-four hours than in England. Hence he infers that in hot countries the diet should be less carbonaceous than at home, and that, independently of the diet, especial attention should be paid to the condition of the skin.

PERMANENCE OF BONE.

Karl Aeby discusses the cause of the permanence of the organic substance of bone, and comes to the conclusion that its resistance to putrefaction is a consequence of the small quantity of water it contains, which, besides, is in chemical combination, fresh bones having about eleven or twelve per cent. of water and twenty-eight of organic matter. As a proof that the water is combined chemically, Mr. Aeby men-

tions that thoroughly dried and finely pulverized bones, when moistened, become considerably heated (one gram of bone evolving about twelve units of heat). This chemically combined water seems to act the part of water of crystallization, and can not induce putrefaction, while the rigidity of the inorganic substance prevents swelling—i. e., the reception of more water from the outside. Crushed and finely pulverized bones, on the contrary, swell by soaking, and then speedily putrefy.

NEW AFFECTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

A peculiar and hitherto undescribed affection of the nervous system is mentioned by Dr. Fieber, of Vienna, as being characterized by an impossibility of executing moderately fast movements through the agency of the will, while extremely slow or very rapid movements can be executed without any difficulty.

NEW INVERTEBRATE FOSSILS.

A recent number of the "Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences," Philadelphia, contains a paper by Professor Meek upon various new species of invertebrate fossils from the carboniferous and Devonian rocks of Ohio, based upon specimens collected during the Ohio Geological Survey under the direction of Professor J. S. Newberry.

BONE-BLACK AS AN ANTIDOTE.

Charcoal, and especially animal charcoal, is extensively used in technical establishments for decolorizing sirups and other organic substances. A German chemist directs attention to its property of absorbing inorganic bodies also, and suggests that bone-black might occasionally serve as a valuable antidote in cases of poisoning. Lead, copper, mercury, small quantities of arsenic, alkaloids, etc., are removed from solutions by the action of animal charcoal, while phosphorus is fixed by it. This latter property is especially recommended for application in all the establishments where vapors of phosphorus abound. It is thought that a respirator filled with animal charcoal would do better service as an air filter than the use of spirits of turpentine, recommended by Letheby, which in many cases has an injurious effect in itself.

PREPARATION OF BAR IRON FROM PHOSPHURETED CAST IRON.

In view of the great eminence of the Mining Academy at Freiberg as a school for instruction in practical metallurgy and mining, it may be of interest to know that one of its professors, T. Scheerer, has lately announced that he has discovered a method by which an excellent bar iron may be prepared from cast iron containing any amount of phosphorus. The expense of the process (which is not at all complicated nor very peculiar) is said to be trifling, and the discovery must be considered of the utmost value to workers in iron. Although it has been patented in various countries, the discoverer is quite willing to place it at the service of iron-masters throughout the world at a very moderate rate. Without, as yet, announcing his terms, he invites all persons interested to visit the establishment in Germany where iron is at present being manufactured according to the new method.

CURE OF BONE-FELON.

Professor Hüter, of Berlin, cures bone-felon, or whitlow, by first carefully probing the swelling of the finger, and making a small incision where the pain appears greatest. The pain of the operation, which may be lessened by the local application of ether, or by the inhalation of chloroform, can not be compared with the relief given to the patient after a few minutes. The after-treatment is equally simple. The small wound is to be covered with lint and carbolic acid, and bathed morning and evening in tepid water, and after a very few days is perfectly healed.

GLASS FOR PHOTOGRAPHING.

Photographers have long been aware that common glass is better adapted, as far as clearness is concerned, for receiving several successive negatives than mirror or plate glass, notwithstanding the difference in the evenness of the surface. This is said to be due to the fact that the speedy cooling of the surface of glass develops a very hard external skin or layer, the pores of which are extremely compact, this coating being removed in the process of grinding plate-glass. If a negative be made upon a plate of ground glass, and afterward apparently entirely removed, it will often happen that in attempting to print from a second negative the figures of the first one will be likewise reproduced, sometimes with remarkable clearness, although not the slightest trace may be visible to the eye. This accounts, in some if not all cases, for the so-called "spirit photographs" which have occasionally perplexed and even terrified operators. Common glass, on the contrary, by the compactness of its pores, resists the absorption of the silver, and permits the original picture to be entirely removed. It is found, too, that in many instances thin colored liquids will be absorbed in the surface of ground glass so that they can never be removed—a condition which does not occur with the common kind.

A glass is now prepared in Liverpool, according to the photographic journals, which is free from the defects in question. Although it is blown, yet this is done with very great care, and the surface is afterward very carefully and thoroughly polished by appropriate machinery without removing the external skin referred to.

REMOVAL OF SPOTS AND STAINS FROM CLOTHING, ETC.

In an elaborate article lately published in the German *Muster-Zeitung* upon the eradication of spots of different kinds from clothing we are informed that benzine is undoubtedly by far the best and cheapest substance for removing grease, resin, stearine, paraffine, tar, wagon grease, etc., the purest kind to be applied to the more delicate fabrics. Ether and petroleum ether are said to be of almost equal efficiency in this respect. Such spots are often complicated by the adhesion of dust or other matters, which, even if insoluble themselves, readily fall off when the substance with which they are combined is removed. For spots of oil it is best to add a little alcoholic ether. Silver spots and indelible ink can be removed, even after a long time, by means of cyanide of potassium or iodide of potassium applied in a concentrated solution. Rust

spots can be made to disappear by treatment with a weak solution composed of one part nitric acid and twenty-five of water, and afterward rinsing with water and ammonia; copper spots by diluted sulphuric acid and ammonia, and subsequently with water and ammonia. Spots of paint, when not soluble in water and alcohol, can almost always be removed by oil of turpentine. For complete removal it is necessary to wash the spot afterward in a good deal of turpentine. Fruit, wine, and similar spots are to be treated with sulphuric acid, which may be replaced sometimes, but not always, by chlorine. The acid may be applied either in the form of gas or dissolved in water; in the first case the substance to be treated is to be stretched at the proper height over burning sulphur, and in the latter moistened with the solution and then washed with pure water. For fine white table-cloths the dilute acid is preferable. Printing-ink can be readily taken from any article by means of ether or oil of turpentine. Pure benzine will also have a similar effect. Spots produced by alkalies, such as soap-boiler's lye, soda, ammonia, etc., can generally be made to disappear completely by the prompt application of dilute acetic acid and a good deal of water. Spots produced by hydrochloric or sulphuric acid can be removed by the application of concentrated ammonia, while spots from nitric acid can scarcely be obliterated.

For removing the stain of perspiration a strong solution of soda is first to be applied, with a subsequent rinsing with water. Spots from sulphur and phosphorus, caused by lucifer-matches, can be extracted by sulphide of carbon. Ink spots are to be treated with oxalic acid, nitric acid, or chlorine, according to the composition of the ink. As a general rule, a solution of oxalic acid applied, and then rinsed off with water, will answer the purpose. The removal of actual coloring matter, such as the aniline dyes, etc., is more difficult, in consequence of the adhesion of the coloring matter to the substance of the fibre.

RATIO OF THE SPINAL MARROW TO THE BRAIN.

Professor Mantegazza, in the *Italian Journal of Anthropology and Ethnology*, proposes a new expression of the relation between the different races of man and animals, based on the comparison of the area of the occipital foramen and the total internal capacity of the skull, or the ratio of the spinal marrow to the brain, which he calls the cephalo-spinal index. This index he considers to be less variable than the so-called cepalic index, or the relation between the longitudinal and transverse diameters of the cranium.

TYNDALL'S RESPIRATORS.

Professor Tyndall, in continuation of valuable applications of the highest principles of science to questions of practical moment bearing upon health and domestic economy, has lately given a lecture before the Royal Institution upon the influence of dust and smoke. In this he renewed the suggestions already made by him on a previous occasion as to the value of the so-called respirators in excluding dust and other noxious substances from the lungs. Such a respirator, in its simplest form, consists of a small wad of raw cotton, which is either to be taken

into the mouth or bound over it. By this simple application exhalations and emanations produced in many branches of labor, such as grinding metals, spinning, winnowing grain, etc., and including smoke and certain gases, may be almost entirely arrested and rendered harmless. If the cotton be moistened with a little glycerine its serviceable properties are materially increased; so much so that it is possible to remain in quite dense smoke for a number of minutes without inconvenience.

Respirators of a more complicated character were suggested by Professor Tyndall in his lecture, to consist of a vessel containing layers of cotton, charcoal, and slacked lime, provided with an aperture for the mouth, and so arranged that the air can be first drawn through the apparatus, and then discharged from the lungs by a side aperture, and without passing again through the packing. In this way he obviates the evil of having the cotton, etc., saturated with the moisture and animal matter from the lungs, thereby rendering it foul and offensive in a short time. By means of the charcoal all decomposing animal vapors are completely absorbed, while the lime also answers the purpose of arresting and condensing acid exhalations, especially those of carbonic acid, hydrochloric acid, etc. In conclusion, the lecturer remarked that the subject of respirators for the use of firemen was one that had been brought into practical application, the London Fire Brigade having been provided with a certain kind, by means of which they were able to go into a room filled with stifling smoke and remain there for any length of time without the slightest inconvenience.

THEORY OF BOILED OILS.

A valuable paper on boiled oils and varnishes, by Charles W. Vincent, has lately been read before the Society of Arts, of London, in which the theory of the various processes for preparing oils and varnishes is given, and suggestions for improvements made, based upon the experience of the author for many years past. In this paper attention is called to the importance of the announcement, by Chevreuil, that the act of drying of linseed-oil is due to the absorption of oxygen, and that too long boiling retards the drying of oil instead of hastening it. The practical application of this first point has been the suggestion of various devices having for their object the supplying of oxygen in greater quantity, in a given time, than would naturally be taken up from the atmosphere. Another point of progress in regard to the manipulation of this substance is said to consist in the discovery that the high temperature formerly employed in boiling oil is unnecessary, and that the work can be done to much better advantage by the use of steam, with a great improvement in the color of the oil and in its practical value.

According to our author, a valuable application was made of the theory of the absorption of oxygen in drying by Faraday, some years ago, when consulted as to the possibility of hastening the drying of printing-ink so that the work might be milled or plated (pressed between sheets of zinc) with less delay after printing, a fortnight being the usual time required before this process can be attempted. At Professor Faraday's sug-

gestion binoxide of manganese was added to the ink, with such effect that for thirty or forty years this substance has been used with perfect success for accomplishing the desired object, at the Queen's Bible Office, where the work, if necessary, is milled in three days after printing. To get the binoxide in a state of division sufficiently fine to be mixed with printing-ink, Faraday devised a series of washing receptacles, like successive stairs, the fine particles passing on to the lower vessels, being longer suspended than the coarser—a simple yet ingenious arrangement, which enabled the ink to be worked without any risk to the plates or forms from grit.

HYDRATE OF CHLORAL FOR REDUCING METALS.

Hydrate of chloral may in many cases, according to a German pharmaceutical journal, be conveniently applied to the reduction of precious metals. For this purpose a solution of gold, platinum, etc., is mixed with hydrate of chloral and an excess of caustic potash or soda, and the whole heated together. After boiling for about one minute the reduction is complete, and the precipitate is easily washed. In the case of silver the action is especially satisfactory, but solutions of salts of mercury are not reduced.

SIGN OF HYSTERIA.

According to a recent French treatise, an infallible sign of hysteria consists in the insensibility of the epiglottis. This, as stated, may be readily determined by introducing the finger gently into the mouth, so as not to disturb the patient, and placing it upon the base of the tongue. In case of hysteria the epiglottis may be displaced and scratched with the finger-nail without producing the least regurgitation.

IMPROVED TREATMENT OF INDIGO FOR DYEING.

Mr. J. de Werveirne, of Ghent, employs a composition for dyeing with indigo which, he says, essentially expedites the operation, can be used cold, and yields a greater amount of dye from the same quantity of indigo. This is prepared as follows: To each pound of indigo are to be added one pound of amorphous zinc powder, one pound of madder, 750 grains of protochloride of tin, and one pound of slacked lime; the resulting mass then to be completely dissolved in 112 gallons of cold water.

SCOTT'S SELENITIC MORTAR.

According to the London *Mechanic's Magazine* a very important invention has lately been made by Colonel Scott, of the Royal Engineers, of a new kind of mortar, having the properties of setting very rapidly, and becoming exceedingly hard, on account of its great cohesiveness. This—termed selenitic mortar by the colonel—is made by mixing a small portion of sulphate of lime or sulphuric acid with the water used, to which the lime is added, and the mixture ground to a thin paste in a mortar-mill. After having been ground four minutes, the remaining ingredients—which may be sand or burned clay—are introduced, and the whole ground together for ten minutes more. The sulphate of lime may be in the form of plaster of Paris (gypsum), or sulphuric acid alone may be employed. The

best results, however, are obtained with the acid, and Colonel Scott therefore uses it in preference to the other substance, although this will answer effectually for all ordinary purposes. The secret of the extraordinary results obtained with this mortar lies simply in the fact that the acid prevents the lime from slacking, and thus enables it to take in twice as much sand as when slacked, its fieriness being controlled or brought into subjection. By Colonel Scott's process any lime can be made selenitic, and the more hydraulic it is the better are the results it gives. The great value of this invention consists not only in the extraordinary tenacity of the mortar thus obtained, but in its great resistance to pressure. Thus, it is stated that a block of ordinary mortar, composed of one part lime and two of sand, with a breaking area of two and a quarter square inches, usually breaks at seventy pounds strain after being kept six months. With Colonel Scott's mortar, however, a block of the same dimensions, made of one part Portland cement and four parts sand, and kept for 167 days, required a strain of 206 pounds for breakage. Again, mortar 166 days old, made of one part gray lime, rendered selenitic, and three of sand, required 245 pounds for breakage, and another sample sustained a breaking force of 255 pounds. This mortar has been applied with great advantage for imbedding tiles, which, as is well known, frequently break loose in consequence of their want of adhesion to the cement. In one experiment with the selenitic cement the joint was broken only after a pressure of 158 pounds, while with ordinary Portland cement fifty-eight pounds were sufficient to produce the separation.

The *Mechanic's Magazine* regards this as one of the greatest inventions of the day, in having so many important applications—being used for concrete brick-layer's work, as stuff for plastering, mortar for pointing, stuccoing, etc. It is said that ceilings can be floated immediately after the application of the first coat, and set in forty-eight hours. Bricks can be made of one part lime to eight or ten parts burned clay or sand, pressed in a semi-dry state without burning, and ready for use in about ten days.

CLEANING STRAW MATTING AND OIL-CLOTH.

It is said that straw matting may be kept new-looking and bright by washing it twice during the summer with a warm solution made by dissolving a pint of salt in half a pailful of soft water, the object of the salt being to prevent it from turning yellow. After washing, the matting should be quickly dried with a soft cloth.

It is also said that by wiping oil-cloth all over, after being scrubbed and dried, with a cloth dipped in milk, the colors will come out clear and bright, and remain distinct throughout the year. This does not "track off" like oil used for the same purpose.

CLEANING SOILED MARBLE SLABS.

Much annoyance is frequently experienced by the soiling of marble table-tops or other marble objects, and a perfectly satisfactory method of removing such stains is still a desideratum. It is said that if slacked lime be mixed with a strong solution of soap into a pasty mass and spread over the spot in question, and allowed to remain for twenty-four to thirty hours, then carefully

washed off with soap and water, and finally with pure water, the stain will be almost entirely removed, especially if the application be repeated once or twice.

Another preparation consists in mixing an ox-gall with a quarter of a pound of soap-boiler's lye, and an eighth of a pound of oil of turpentine, and adding enough pipe-clay earth to form a paste, which is then to be placed upon the marble for a time, and afterward scraped off; the application to be repeated until the marble is perfectly clean. It is quite possible that with all our endeavors a faint trace of the stains may be left; but it is said that this will be almost inappreciable. Should the spots be produced by oil, these are to be first treated with petroleum for the purpose of softening the hardened oil, and the above-mentioned applications may be made subsequently.

Ink spots may be removed by first washing with pure water, and then with a weak solution of oxalic acid. Subsequent polishing, however, will be necessary, as the lustre of the stone may become dimmed. This can be best secured by very finely powdered soft white marble, applied with a linen cloth first dipped in water and then into the powder. If the place be subsequently rubbed with a dry cloth the lustre will be restored.

NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

In a recent lecture before the University of Edinburgh, by Professor Wyville Thomson, the distinguished author took occasion to say that while the distinction between inorganic bodies and organized beings instinct with life appears clear, it is impossible to draw a definite line between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms. In the course of his inquiries he discusses the fourth kingdom of Ernest Haeckel, the Monera, the cells of which differ from others by the absence of a nucleus, and the total want of differentiation of any parts; and concludes that not only there is no satisfactory basis for such a fourth kingdom, but that we must take organic nature as a whole, that the animal and vegetable kingdoms are absolutely continuous, and that a tree is scarcely distinguishable from a gigantic nummulite, only building a cellulose instead of a calcareous shell, and developing a special secretion in special organs for the purpose of enabling it to do so.

ATMOSPHERIC GERMS.

During a recent lecture of Professor Tyndall upon dust and smoke, to which we have already alluded, he took occasion to make renewed reference to the influence of atmospheric action upon putrefaction and decomposition, and reiterated his belief that contagious disease is generally of a parasitic nature, and is propagated by spores floating through the atmosphere as positively, to all intents and purposes, as a crop of wheat is raised from its seed. He dwelt upon experiments by Recklingshauser in regard to the development of blood, and stated that he had himself seen in the laboratory of that gentleman blood which had been three weeks, four weeks, and five weeks out of the body preserved in little porcelain cups under glass shades, and which was then living and growing, the amœba-like movements of the white corpuscles being present,

with abundant evidence of growth and development; also a frog's heart still pulsating which had been removed from the body more than a week. This was attributed to the entire absence of putrefactive germs, the instruments employed having been raised to a red heat just before use, and the suspending threads of silver wire being similarly heated. It is also stated that the remedial effect of bandages, plasters, etc., upon wounds and sores is in large part dependent upon the exclusion of atmospheric germs by their application, and that it is now considered one of the cardinal principles in surgery to protect, as far as possible, any injured surface from the entrance of such germs.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS OF BLOOD.

Mr. H. C. Sorby, well known for his skill in spectrum analysis, in reply to certain expressed doubts, maintains that there is no better way of determining the existence of blood, under any given circumstances, than its examination by means of the spectroscope. The absorption bands are perfectly distinct and well defined, and, indeed, so marked that a stain containing less than one hundredth of a grain can be recognized even after the lapse of fifty years. In this assertion he does not wish to be understood as stating that human blood can be thus definitely distinguished from that of other animals, but simply blood as compared with other animal and vegetable coloring substances.

CONTRACTION IN RIGOR MORTIS.

In an abstract in *The Academy* of an article by Mr. E. Walker, lately published in Pflüger's *Archiv*, it is stated that in the rigor mortis of muscle produced by heat there is a diminution in the volume of the muscle. He shows, also, from another series of experiments, that the force of contraction in rigor mortis may equal or even exceed that excited in the living contraction of the muscle. In experiments in which muscle was frozen and thawed, sometimes quickly and sometimes slowly, he found that when slowly frozen and slowly thawed it preserved its contractility, but when these operations were quickly conducted this was soon lost. In no instance did the mere act of freezing cause the muscle to possess an acid reaction. Rigor mortis will take place even at a temperature of 32° Fahrenheit.

COATING ZINC WITH IRON.

According to C. Puscher, of Nuremberg, zinc utensils may be durably coated with iron in the following manner: Five ounces of pure sulphate of iron and three ounces of sal ammoniac are first dissolved in five pounds of boiling water, and the objects to be treated immediately immersed. After from one to two minutes the loose black deposit is removed by brushing it off with water. The principal effect of this operation is a perfect cleaning of the surface. The immersion in the hot iron solution is then repeated, with the difference that the objects when taken out are heated, without rinsing, over a pan of live coals as long as the ammoniacal vapors are evolved. When, after several immersions, the coating is considered thick enough, it is polished by brushing, and will ever afterward be a perfect protection against oxidation. It imparts a fine black lustre to the coated surfaces.

WATER-PROOF GLUE.

It is said that an excellent glue, which will not become softened when exposed to moisture, can be prepared by dissolving one ounce of gum-sandarac and one ounce of mastic in half a pint of alcohol, and afterward adding one ounce of clear turpentine. At the same time a very thick glue is to be prepared, and added to the first-

mentioned solution, both of them heated almost to the boiling-point, and stirred intimately together. After mixture it is to be strained through a cloth, when it will be ready for use. This glue is to be applied hot. It dries quickly, becomes very hard, and pieces of wood united with it will not separate, it is said, even in hot water.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 24th of August.—Very little has transpired in connection with political affairs in this country. In the Republican State Convention at New Orleans an attempt is said to have been made by Dunn, the colored Lieutenant-Governor, and his party to exclude Governor Warmoth and the latter's adherents. Dunn was supported by the military power of the Federal government. It is claimed, on the other hand, by the Dunn party that it was the Governor's intention to pack the Convention, that no one was excluded who had credentials of election, and that the employment of military force was absolutely necessary to prevent the control of the Convention from passing into the hands of "thugs and rowdies," the tools of Governor Warmoth.

The Commissioners to carry out the Washington Treaty Convention at Geneva have been chosen as follows: By the United States government, Charles Francis Adams; by the British, Chief Justice Alexander Cockburn; by the Italian, Count Menabrea; by the Swiss Confederation, ex-President Jacques Staempfli. The Brazilian government has not yet made its appointment. Both the British and United States Commissioners will be supported by the most eminent legal counsel.

The election in North Carolina, August 3, resulted in the defeat of the proposed Constitution Convention by a large majority.

The election in Kentucky, August 6, resulted in the victory of Leslie, the Democratic candidate for Governor, by between 30,000 and 40,000 majority.

General Pleasonton on the 8th of August was suspended from his position as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and J. W. Douglass, the Assistant-Commissioner, was deputed to act in his place *ad interim*. The displacement of Commissioner Pleasonton was occasioned by differences between his rulings and those of Mr. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury.

The convention for the interchange of money orders between Great Britain and the United States has been duly ratified, and will go into effect October 2.

Mr. Kurd von Schlozer, the successor of Baron Gerolt as minister to the United States from the German empire, presented his credentials to President Grant August 1.

A census just completed shows that Chicago contains a population of 334,270 souls, of whom 170,276 are males.

The centennial anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott was celebrated in New York city

August 15, by the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to the memory of the celebrated poet and novelist. The celebration was under the auspices of the Caledonian Club. The oration was delivered by Mr. William Wood.

Exercises in celebration of the erection of a monument to Miles Standish on "Captain's Hill," Duxbury, Massachusetts, were held in that place August 17. Horace Binney Sargent delivered the oration.

DISASTERS.

A collision on the Toledo and Wabash Railroad, sixteen miles from St. Louis, July 25, resulted in the death of six men and fatal injuries to four others.

On Sunday, July 30, the boiler of the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* exploded. The boat was just on the point of starting out from its slip at the foot of Whitehall Street, in this city, and was crowded with passengers. Two hundred persons were injured, over one hundred fatally. The coroner's inquest, August 16, resulted in a verdict pronouncing the president, superintendent, and engineer criminally responsible for this wholesale slaughter. Warrants were issued by the coroner for their arrest. The prisoners were admitted to bail.

Hardly had the excitement produced by this catastrophe subsided when (August 19) the boiler on another Staten Island vessel—the tug-boat *G. H. Starbuck*—exploded near New Brighton, Staten Island, causing the death of the fireman. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree against Mr. Mills, the engineer, and United States Inspector Stratton.

An explosion of gunpowder, caused by the igniting of gas during the drawing of some rose-oil, in Vienna, Ohio, August 8, fatally injured four persons and wounded twenty-seven others.

A nitro-glycerine explosion in the Hoosic Tunnel, August 8, caused by lightning, resulted in the death of three persons.

On the 14th of August an explosion of gas occurred in the Eagle Shaft at Pittston, Pennsylvania, causing the death of seventeen miners. The accident is said to have been due to defective ventilation.

The boiler of the steamer *Chautauqua* exploded, August 14, six miles below Maysville, New York, killing four passengers and wounding fourteen.

Early in the morning of August 14 an explosion occurred in Durancey and M'Gee's liquor store in Jersey City. The building was consumed by fire, and five persons were burned to death.

The boiler of the steamboat *R. E. Lee* exploded near Fayetteville, North Carolina, August 17, killing three persons and wounding three.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

In our last Record we incorporated the report of Juarez's probable re-election as President of Mexico. Later reports indicate that the election resulted in no choice, and that it will have to be decided by the Mexican Congress.

A conflagration at Point-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe, destroyed nearly the entire town, and 20,000 persons were deprived of shelter.

EUROPE.

The Army Regulation bill has been passed by both Houses of the British Parliament, and received the Queen's signature. The resolution censuring the government for its course in connection with the abolition of the purchase system was carried in the House of Lords, July 31, by a majority of eighty votes.

In the House of Commons, August 8, the bill providing for voting by ballot was passed. The bill was defeated in the House of Lords, the majority against it being forty-nine.

The bill providing for an annuity of £15,000 to Prince Arthur, having passed both Houses of Parliament, received the Queen's signature August 1.

Parliament was prorogued August 21, by an excellent speech from the Queen, alluding in terms of satisfaction to the royal annuities granted to her children, the Treaty of Washington, the abolition of the purchase system, the passage of the Army Regulation bill, the salutary effect of the extraordinary powers granted to the Viceroy of Ireland for the repression of agrarian outrages in Westmeath, and the repeal of the University Test bill.

A serious riot occurred in Dublin August 6, occasioned by an attempt to hold a meeting in favor of an amnesty for the Fenian prisoners in spite of the prohibition of the authorities. Over a hundred persons were wounded. The Prince of Wales and his brother Arthur, who had been visiting the city, hurriedly took their departure for home, anticipating that violence might be attempted against them.

A gun-cotton explosion at Stowmarket, England, August 11, resulted in eighteen deaths, and in more or less severe injuries to fifty-seven persons.

A railway accident at Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, England, resulted in injuries to sixteen or seventeen persons.

The national festival in Scotland to commemorate the centenary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott was celebrated in Edinburgh August 9, instead of on the 15th, to afford an opportunity to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, then in session, to unite in the ceremonies. The Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, head of the Scott family, presided. Dispatches by the telegraph cable appropriate to the occasion were exchanged between the Earl of Dalkeith and President Grant.

John Slidell, prominent as a Confederate agent during the civil war, died in London near the close of July.

The attempt of Marshal Serrano to form a Spanish cabinet, the constitution of which was

given in our last Record, failed of support. Señor Zorilla was called upon to form a new cabinet, and (July 26) the following list was announced: *President of the Council* and *Minister of the Interior*, Señor Ruiz Zorilla; *Minister of War*, General Fernandez de Cordoba; *Minister of Marine*, Señor Beranger; *Minister of Justice*, Montero Rios; *Minister of Finance*, Ruiz Gomez; *Minister of the Colonies*, Señor Mosquera. The new ministry is composed of members of the progressist party, and will follow out the policy inaugurated in the September revolution.

Jules Favre, near the close of July, resigned his position in the French cabinet as Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and was succeeded by Count Rémusat.

The principal Communists arrested by the Thiers government are undergoing trial by court-martial. Among these are MM. Ferre, Assi, Jourde, Regere, Urbain, and Verdure. The testimony taken on this trial goes to prove that the burning of Paris on the eve of the triumphant entrance of M'Mahon's army was ordered by the Communists.

A Munich telegram of July 29 announced the election of Dr. Döllinger to the rectorship of the University of Munich. Fifty-four professors voted in his favor, and six against him.

The separate ministerial department for Roman Catholic affairs in Germany has been abolished, owing to difficulties occasioned by the decisions of the late Œcumenical Council.

There have been alarming indications of the spread of the Asiatic cholera from Russia, where it has raged for some time, into the other parts of Europe. There have been many victims of the disease in Poland; Königsberg, in Germany, has suffered from its ravages, and notices have been received of its appearance in the south of France and in England.

ASIA.

The London *Standard* of July 25 contained an account of a terrible earthquake in one of the Philippine Islands last May. One hundred and fifty persons were swallowed up by the earth.

A London telegram of August 14 gives the details of an earthquake which had visited the island of Tagolanda, in the Malay Archipelago, about the middle of July. An accompanying tidal wave, forty yards in height, swept all the human beings, houses, cattle, and horses from the surface of the island. Four hundred and sixteen persons, all Malays, are stated to have perished by this disaster.

Within a few days of this event (July 4) Kobe, in Japan, was visited by a typhoon, which in various ways caused four hundred deaths, and wrecked a number of vessels.

A London telegram, dated August 22, announces the foundering at sea of the *Prince of Wales*, bound from Hong-Kong to Bangkok, Siam. Fifty persons lost their lives by the disaster.

The reports in regard to the ravages of pestilence and famine in Persia are confirmed by later advices. The famine was caused by the substitution of cotton for rice planting—an indirect consequence of the American civil war. The largest city of Persia, Ispahan, has lost 27,000 of its population. In the provinces the mortality is even greater in proportion.

Editor's Drawer.

WHILE traveling some time since in Vermont, says a correspondent, a lady narrated to me an amusing story, which illustrates the vein of humor which is so peculiar to Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island. As I have never seen it in print, and believe it worthy of preservation, I send it to you for publication. It ran as follows: About four years since Mr. C. M. Keller was engaged at Windsor, Vermont, before Mr. Justice Nelson, in the trial of a case involving the infringement of the patent right of a metallic coffin. At the next term of the court he was employed as counsel for the Rutland Marble Quarry at Windsor, and during the trial it became necessary to introduce in evidence a large number of specimens of marble. Mr. Jenckes, while looking over these samples, observed "that Mr. Keller must have brought his family graveyard with him;" to which Mr. Keller responded, "that if Mr. Jenckes would write him an epitaph he would give him (Jenckes) a tombstone." Mr. Jenckes immediately composed the following verses:

Here Keller lies, and he who knows
The story of his occupation
Will tell you that the record shows
A change of place, not of vocation.

And could he tell the truth, his life,
Although well filled with good intentions,
Was spent in wordy, windy strife
On nothing else but new inventions.

In life he patent cases tried
With speech that bothered courts that heard him;
His clients, grieving when he died,
In patent burial case interred him.

With tongue and pen great was his scope
To clothe crude thought in wordy tissue;
Life he surrendered in the hope
Of coming back in a "re-issue;"

Believing that his claims, when passed
In the last dread examination,
Would with the "patent seal" be classed,
Not with "rejected applications."

And when his spirit fled this sphere
Grief clutched our throats, but did not throttle,
For claret was but half as dear,
And port fell fifty cents a bottle.

GOOD story of General Sherman. Dining one day, in 1864, at Memphis, with General Veitch and General Chetlain, army stories were in order; whereupon, thus spake General Sherman: "While at Bowling Green the rebel women bothered us to death. It was always the same old complaint—'The soldiers have milked our cows, or stolen our chickens, or *busted* into the smoke-house.' At Chattanooga we were bored to death with these women. One morning they besieged my head-quarters, when, raising myself to my most solemn posture, I said to the foremost woman, 'Madam, the integrity of the republic and the solidity of the Constitution *must* be maintained, *if it takes every chicken in Tennessee!*'"

THE extent to which sectarian prejudice can be carried is indicated by this incident:

Old Billy Magee is a strong Methodist, while his neighbor, Andy Thrall, is an equally strong Lutheran. They recently met at a county sale, where plenty of the ardent was distributed.

Brother Thrall, after imbibing pretty freely, mounted his horse and started for home. Unfortunately he fell off and stuck in the mud, and was unable to extricate himself. Brother Magee, coming along, kindly offered assistance; but Brother Thrall, mindful of the superior antiquity of his Church, and the duty of maintaining its prestige, cried out, "Go away, Metadeest! go away, Metadeest! I vants nossing to do mit you. I vas born a Luderean, and I dies a Luderean! Go away, I say!"

And the "Metadeest" passed by on the other side.

Our lawyer friends may, perhaps, appreciate the following, from Mr. Mark Boyd's "Reminiscences of Fifty Years:—"

An eminent judge used to say that, in his opinion, the very best thing ever said by a witness to a counsel was the reply given to Missing, the barrister, at the time leader of his circuit. He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had left the animal tied up to a gate, and when he returned it was gone. Missing was very severe in his examination of the witness.

"Do you mean to say, witness, the donkey was stolen from that gate?"

"I mean to say, Sir"—giving the judge, and then the jury, a sly look, at the same time pointing to the counsel—"the ass was Missing."

THE following "Twenty Points of Piety" were written three hundred and fourteen years ago by "one Thomas Leisser, a good man," and are now published for the first time in this country in the Drawer:

1. To pray to God continually.
2. To learn to know Him rightfully.
3. To honor God in Trinity:
The Trinity in unity,
The Father in His majesty,
The Son in His humanity,
The Holy Ghost's benignity:
Three persons, one in Deity.
4. To serve Him always guilelessly.
5. To ask Him all things needfully.
6. To praise Him in all company.
7. To love Him always heartily.
8. To dread Him always Christianly.
9. To ask Him mercy penitently.
10. To trust Him always faithfully.
11. To obey Him always willingly.
12. To abide Him always patiently.
13. To thank Him always thankfully.
14. To live here always virtuously.
15. To use thy neighbor honestly.
16. To look for death still presently.
17. To help the poor in misery.
18. To hope for heaven's felicity.
19. To have faith, hope, and charity.
20. To count this life but vanity:

BE POINTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

At the recent commencement at Amherst College the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, present and assisting, deemed it pleasing to go into reminiscence of his studious and ascetic ways while an under-graduate. This was thirty-seven years ago. On the day of his graduation Professor Snell told that the faculty would never hear from him again. Mr. Beecher was very fond of "cutting" recitation, much oftener, in fact, than was to the professor's taste. One day, after

having listened to a long lecture, because of absenteeism, Henry Ward asked Professor Snell what was the use of his going to mathematical recitation anyhow.

"To discipline your mind," replied the professor.

"Oh, well," said Beecher, "I sha'n't go any more if that is all, for I can discipline my mind enough by inventing excuses to you for not being there."

Mr. Beecher thought it very odd, even indecorous, that the faculty never consulted him in regard to what appointment they should confer upon him; and he left the classic shades of Amherst with only an ordinary sheepskin, "*such as nature and the college provide for all graduates.*"

INDIFFERENT about money matters as the late Rufus Choate is reported generally to have been, he had certain views about the proper amount of a fee and its payment that were not unprofessional. On one occasion, when called upon to defend a man for a capital offense, and where impecuniosity was mentioned, Mr. Choate flatly declined, exclaiming: "So steeped in blood, *and no money? He's a lost man!*"

YOUNG lady readers of the Drawer may find food for thought in the following advertisement, copied from the *Providence Journal* of July 3, 1871:

NOTICE.

WHEREAS my husband, Charles F. Sanford, has thought proper to post me, and accuse me of having left his bed and board without cause, etc., I wish to make it known that the said Charlie never had a bed, the bed and furniture belonging to me, given to me by my father; the room and board he pretended to furnish me were in Providence, where he left me alone while he staid at the Valley with his "Ma." He offered me two hundred dollars to leave him and go home, telling at the same time that I could not stay at the place he had provided for me, and as I have never seen the named sum, I suppose he will let me have it if I can earn the amount. It was useless for Charlie to warn the public against trusting me on his account, as my father has paid my bills since my marriage, as before.

Moral: Girls, never marry a man not weaned from his "Ma," and don't marry the whole family.

ELEANOR J. SANFORD.

North Providence, July 1, 1871.

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THE pursuit of billiards under difficulties is described by a Kansas correspondent, who says: "In our 'billiard saloon' we use a home-made table, a large goods box, on which is laid a wagon load of sandstone, covered with eight yards of blue jeans. For pockets we use old boots, about No. 10; for cues broken hoe-handles; boiled eggs for balls; and to count this lovely game we use dried apples on a clothes-line."

Was ever a place that hadn't its Scotchman? In a late English publication we find account of a gentleman traveling in Turkey who, arriving at a military station, took occasion to admire the martial appearance of two men. He says: "The Russian was a fine, soldier-like figure, nearly six feet high, with a heavy cuirassier mustache, and a latent figure betraying itself (as the 'physical force' novelists say) in every line of his long muscular limbs. Our Pasha was a short, thickset man, rather too round and puffy in the face to be very dignified; but the

eager, restless glance of his quick gray eye showed that he had no want of energy. My friend the interpreter looked admiringly at the pair as they approached each other, and was just exclaiming, 'There, thank God, a real Russian and a real Turk, and admirable specimens of their race too!' when suddenly General Tarassoff and Ibrahim Pasha, after staring at each for a moment, burst forth simultaneously, 'Eh, Donald Cawmell, are *ye* here?' 'Lord keep us, Sandy Robertson, can this be *you*?' "

THE following humorous song, in the dialect of North Lancashire, England, may amuse some of our Yankee readers, as it certainly will those from the Old World. It is now in print for the first time in this country:

Cum Roger ta me as thou ert mi son,
An' tak the best counsel o' life;
Cum hidder, I say, wi'out farder delay,
An' I'll war'nt ta I'll git tha a wife—I will!
Yes, I will, sooa I will;
An, I'll war'nt ta I'll git tha a wife—I will!

Put on thi best cleas at iver thou hes,
An' kiss ivery lass at thou meets;
Ther's sum 'ill leak shy, an' tak it awry,
But udders 'ill co tha a sweet—thay will!
Yes, thay will, sooa thay will;
But udders 'ill co tha a sweet—thay will!

The first bonny lass that Roger did meet
Was a farmer's fair douter, her neam it was Kate;
She didn't exchange wi' him many a word,
But she fetch'd him a slap i' the feace—she did!
Yes, she did, sooa she did;
But she fetch'd him a slap i' the feace—she did!

Sez Roger, if this be like laitin a wife,
I'll never ga laitin anudder;
But I will leve sing'el o' t' days o' mi life,
An' I'll away yam ta mi mudder—I will!
Yes, I will, sooa I will;
An' I'll away yam ta mi mudder—I will!

THE cashier of the First National Bank of St. Paul, Minnesota, had occasion a few weeks ago, a correspondent informs us, to notify the cashier of a bank in the southern part of the State that his account was overdrawn. For answer he received the following telegram:

BANK OF —, June 13, 1871.

Cashier First National Bank, St. Paul:

See Matthew, xviii. chapter, 29th verse.

Yours, — — —, Cashier.

To which the following was promptly telegraphed back in reply:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, ST. PAUL, June 13, 1871.

Cashier — Bank:

Examine Matthew, v. 25.

Yours, — — —, Cashier.

The young people may search the Scriptures and find out the point.

It is a part of the economy of nature that tipplers of the common sort are apt to be impecunious. Such was the case of an individual recently who, while laboring under the influence of a favorite beverage, applied to a literary gentleman formerly connected with this Magazine for a call loan of ten dollars. There were several reasons, consistent with "the eternal fitness of things," why the negotiation should fail. It did fail. Desiring, however, to show a reasonable interest in the welfare of the applicant, our friend said, "Although I have not the money, I can suggest a way to procure it."

"Can you? Do."

"I see you have a gold watch; go to any

pawnbroker, and you can borrow ten dollars on it."

"Fact!—never thought of that. I'll go right off. *Who's your pawnbroker?*"

THE extent to which patriotism may be carried is illustrated in the following extract of a speech recently made by an honorable member of the Arkansas Legislature. In advocating a retrenchment of the public expenditure, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen talk about 'adequate compensation of public servants.' Why, Sir, during the late war I was in thirty-seven battles, was wounded thirteen times in the cause of the South, and the entire pay I received was \$30 in Confederate money, every cent of which I gave for one glass of old rye whisky."

Thirty dollars for thirteen wounds is a little less than $\$2\frac{31}{100}$ for each wound, which is cheap for wounds, and especially cheap in its connection with the then market rate for "red eye."

THOMAS JEFFERSON is known to have solaced his leisure hours by playing the violin, on which he was a proficient. His fondness for the instrument may be inferred from the following anecdote, quoted from his "Domestic Life," recently published by Harper and Brothers:

In the year 1770 the house at Shadwell was destroyed by fire, and Jefferson moved to Monticello, where his preparations for a residence were sufficiently advanced to enable him to make it his permanent abode. He was from home when the fire took place at Shadwell, and the first inquiry he made of the negro who carried him the news was after his books.

"Oh, my young master," he replied, carelessly, "they were all burned; but ah! we saved your fiddle."

THE following charade was written by a friend of Miss Upham upon her name. The lady, who had lived in single blessedness for over seventy years, made a pertinent answer, in rhyme, which has also been given to us:

CHARADE ON THE NAME OF UPHAM.

To get my first a sluggard's loath;
To get my next a glutton's glad.
Happy is he who gets them both;
But jewels are not cheaply had.

ANSWER.

Your first, I guess, is to get up,
And on your next, when sliced, we sup;
United, both will name a lady
Who, long since passed her youthful heyday,
Unmarried now, upon the shelf,
Lies soberly beside herself.

The men, I grant, have wanted spirit,
To pass a jewel of such merit.
For this mistake I must not fret,
But patient wait to be new set
In that good place where wedlock ceases,
And woman's bliss, perhaps, increases.

DOUBTLESS every thing was created for a purpose, but "what is the use of flies?"—an interrogatory frequently heard in fly-time. One memorable instance is mentioned in Jefferson's "Domestic Life," where they served an important purpose. A gentleman who had been a frequent visitor at Monticello during Jefferson's life gave the following amusing incident of the first Congress and the Declaration of In-

dependence: "While the question of Independence was before Congress it had its meetings near a livery-stable. The members wore short breeches and silk stockings, and, with handkerchief in hand, they were diligently employed in lashing the flies from their legs. So very vexatious was this annoyance, and to so great an impatience did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid, in inducing them to promptly affix their signatures to the great document which gave birth to an empire republic. This anecdote I had from Mr. Jefferson at Monticello, who seemed to enjoy it very much, as well as to give great credit to the influence of flies. He told it with much glee, and seemed to retain a vivid recollection of an attack, from which the only relief was signing the paper and flying from the scene."

HERE is a bit of "good time" which the Marquis de Chastellux relates of a visit he made to Jefferson at Monticello, in 1782, when Jefferson was not yet forty:

"I recollect with pleasure that as we were conversing over a bowl of punch, after Mrs. Jefferson had retired, our conversation turned on the poems of Ossian. It was a spark of electricity which passed rapidly from one to the other; we recollected the passages in those sublime poems which particularly struck us, and entertained my fellow-travelers, who fortunately knew English well, and were qualified to judge of their merits, though they had never read the poems. In our enthusiasm the book was sent for and placed near the bowl, where, by their mutual aid, the night far advanced imperceptibly upon us."

Of course Jefferson used to have "good time."

AN old correspondent at Catlettsburg, Kentucky, is good enough to send the original of the unique contract below, which we are sure will be appreciated by legal folk. Our correspondent says, "Mr. Rolin Burns, the lawyer addressed 'for to git shet of this,' is a practitioner here. John Collins and Peggy Fields are indicted for being too little married, and will be tried during the fall term of the Boyd Circuit Court."

Sept 24th 1866

A Contract enterdd in to Between Isaac fields the first part And John Collins The Second part Isaac field Agree peaceably and friendly To sell His wife peggy fields To the Said John Collins for three Dollars Pegy fields is all So willin To this Contract for John Collins To By her This was Agred and Drew on the day of Sept 24th 1866 in the County of Boyd Ky Witnesses being Caled allso attest By

Jonas Roseblock
William Johnson

Mr. Rolin Burns please to look at this Contract Between Isaac Fields and John Collins John Collins Sez he will pay the fee John Collins and Pagy Fields is now Returned Before the Surcuit Cort And John Wishes to no the Best way to proseed for To Git Shet of this Please Rite me a few Lines.

SINCE that witty man, Charles H. Webb, retired from journalism and the *Adder*, to rejoice in the felicities of connubial life, and revel in the large sum of money which he, in conjunction with Mr. Drew, Mr. Vanderbilt, and other capitalists, has realized by those peculiar upheavals in stocks which the public records tell us sometimes occur in Wall Street—since then he has seldom been heard of. When he was one of "us," doing semi-reportorial duty at one of the fairs of the American Institute, he found it nec-

essary to take a seat behind a pyramid of paste-blackening and write up his notes. He had just completed a glowing eulogium on the merits of a patent bean-sifter, when he was interrupted by a tall countryman, who asked,

"Haow do ye sell yer blackin', mister?"

"I don't sell it," said the absorbed writer.

"Don't gin it away, du ye?" said the querist, handling a box covetously.

"I haven't given away any yet," replied the still busy knight of the pencil.

"Hain't got any objections to my takin' a box, have ye?" persisted the torment.

"Not the least in the world," said the now thoroughly aroused joker, calmly closing his book, and beaming blandly upon the interrogator.

The countryman immediately seized upon a box of the polish; a sharp boy standing near followed his example; the news of free blackening spread among other sharp boys, and the pyramid of blackening was soon reduced to a plane, when the newspaper man was overtaken a little distance further in the hall by the blackening dealer, irate and red-faced, with two policemen, who had the original offender and half a dozen boys in custody.

"What the blazes do you mean," said the man of polish, in any thing but polished language, "by setting people to steal my blackening?"

"My dear Sir," said the phonographer, urbanely, "the gentleman asked me if I had any objections to his taking a box of the blackening, and I hadn't any objections at all, and I don't know why I should have." And he walked quietly on in pursuit of his labors, leaving Messrs. Day and Martin to charge a gross of paste-blackening to profit and loss.

THIS from the journal of Julian Charles Young:

Henry M——, Q.C., now perhaps the wittiest man of the day, found himself entering the same railway carriage with Lord W—— when he was Lord Chancellor. "Why, M——, what a size you have grown! Your are as fat as a porpoise! I'm almost ashamed to be seen with you!"

"I don't know why you should, my lord. Nothing is more natural than for the porpoise to be in company with *the Great Seal!*"

As there has been not a little discussion of late as to the durability of wooden pavements—the Nicholson, the Stow Foundation, the Stafford, and others—not only in this city, but in other cities, and a deputation of the Common Council of Buffalo having made an official visit here to peer into the subject, it may not be malapropos to quote the following, by one of England's brightest wits. When the question of putting down wooden pavement around St. Paul's Cathedral was first mooted the Bishop of London summoned the authorities of the Cathedral to meet him. Sydney Smith arrived early, but when some little impatience was expressed at the non-arrival of the prelate and other dignitaries, the witty dean remarked that, as the question of blockheads had to be discussed, they had no other course left them than to wait.

A GENTLEMAN who was present at the wedding of Mr. Job Wall and Mary Best, took it

upon himself to write thereupon the following lines:

Job, wanting a partner, thought he'd be blessed
If, of all womankind, he selected the Best;
For, said he, of all evils that compass the globe,
A bad wife would most try the patience of Job.
The Best, then, he chose, and made bone of his bone,
Though 'twas clear to his friends she'd be Best left
alone;

For, though Best of her sex, she's the weakest of
all,
If 'tis true that the weakest must go to the Wall.

The following, by the same gentleman, on the marriage of Mr. Lot to Miss Salter:

Because on her way she chose to halt,
Lot's wife in the Scriptures was turned into salt;
But though in her course *she* ne'er did falter,
This young Lot's wife, strange to say, was Salter.

IN a recent English book we find two specimens of elegant letter-writing. The first a note written to the late Bishop of Norwich in answer to an invitation given by him:

"Mr. O——'s private affairs turn out so sadly that he can not have the pleasure of waiting upon his lordship at his agreeable house on Monday next.

"N.B.—His wife is dead."

The second is a letter from a father to his daughter's school-mistress:

"MADAM,—As I ad a good heddication myself, I am hintirely ashamed for to see wat manner that Lucy his bitt by the buggs. And it is my desire for herr to sleep in the bed that she alway do, and not for to sleep sum-times in wun, and then in annuther for to feed all the buggs in the ouse; for I think that be not right, neither shall she do it—so I remain yours," etc., etc.

THE "last words" of great men are usually cherished with sacred care and enrolled on the page of history. In this instance we will cherish the memory and the dying words of one in humble life. Miles Nesbitt was a king among the stage-drivers who brought us over the fearful grades and along the dangerous precipices of the Sierras in days before the continental railroad was built. On a certain evening, as Miles was reining his noble steeds along C Street, and about to turn down Union Street, in Virginia City, some unavoidable accident caused the stage to be overturned, and Miles was thrown with violence to the frozen ground and fatally injured. Two days of suffering brought him to the banks of the dark river. His companions were about him, brushing the hot tears from their rough and weather-beaten cheeks. Gasping, he said to them, "Good-by, boys; I am on the *down grade*, and *can't reach the brake.*" The next moment poor Miles was off from the rough *grade* of life.

THE Drawer has furnished us (in Virginia City, Nevada) so much amusement that we are in duty bound to try and make some return.

Some ten years ago our mountain city was a mere camp of rude cabins, rough houses, and canvas tents. The old Empire canvas lodging-house will be remembered by early settlers. This furnished the only convenient place in which our pioneer Methodist brethren could worship. Brother Rooney was then the preacher. A man more fond of giving or receiving a good joke among private friends could rarely be found. On a hot Sunday morning Brother Rooney began his discourse to the assembled sinners. The curtains were carefully drawn in front of the

berths, one above another, wherein were several tired miners reposing, with the latest yellow-covered literature which had come to the camp.

In the midst of the sermon the horrid braying of a donkey was commenced at the side of the tent, directly under the bunk of a miner, which was enough to drown all that priest or prophet might proclaim.

The miner in the bunk could endure it no longer, and pushing out the canvas curtain, and staring the donkey in the face, bawled out, "*Dry up, confound you! one at a time is enough!*"

This was too much for the fun-loving audience, and a general snicker went around, in which Brother Rooney himself was compelled to join; but the moment he could command himself, he solemnly remarked that "as soon as our friend gets through talking to *his brother* we will proceed with our discourse."

SEVERAL years after the occurrence above narrated, when new churches were erected and prosperity dawned on the new city, a certain earnest clergyman of another denomination, on a Sunday morning, was exhorting those with anxious and troubled consciences to be sure and call on their pastor for guidance and prayer.

Said he: "To show you, my brethren, the blessed results of these visits with your pastor, I will state to you that only yesterday a gentleman of wealth called upon me for counsel and instruction; and *now*, to-day, my friends—to-day—he sits among us, a happy *husband* and a *father* and a Christian."

A young lady in the audience whispered to a matron, "*Wa'n't that pretty quick work?*"

IN our early days in the Silver State females were rarely to be seen in the frontier mining camps. A gentleman who was an ardent admirer of the ladies had been absent for six months in the Reese River region, beyond the sight of crinoline. On his return to Virginia City—as Baldy Green drove his stage in front of Wells, Fargo, and Co.'s express office—the gentleman alighted with his long beard and dusty garments; and, on beholding two ladies passing, he at once dropped his valise, raised his hands, and gazing with admiration, gave expression thus, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The crowd, always in attendance on the arrival of a stage, voted him a true man, and our ladies here smiled at their appreciation.

AN Irishman named William, and one Samuel, a Jew, were partners in the ownership and management of a large and valuable rancho not many miles from Virginia City. Samuel was upbraiding his Irish partner for his queer Irish management of some particular business.

William could endure it no longer, and retorted, "Now, Sam, you had better dry up about my Irish blunders, for you Jews have nothing to brag of: there you were for forty years bringing your folks through the wilderness, when any good smart Yankee would have done it in four days." Sam subsided, and peace was restored.

THE victim of "that life-insurance man," described in the Drawer for August, was not half so sharp or so cruel as was a young lawyer of St. Louis, who, being persecuted by a bore

of the same *genus* day after day and week after week, finally allowed him to follow him to the court-house, where he winked at the sheriff, and had him put on the Grand Jury for *four weeks!*

DURING the late unpleasantness it was considered necessary, in Cynthiana, Kentucky, to keep a few soldiers at that place. One night two of them happened to stray into the church of the colored people, just as the minister was concluding an earnest invitation to any who were inclined to "come and join the church." After he had finished, these two soldiers got up, walked forward, and presented themselves for admission; whereupon the preacher said, "Breddren, dis is a cullud church, an' I dunno as I's any 'thority to take in white folks." At this point an elderly uncle rose in the congregation, and ejaculated, "Take 'em in, Brudder Jilson, take 'em in; dar skins is white, dat's fact, but dar hearts is jis as black as oun, suah!"

THE inscriptions on the five grave-stones at New London, Connecticut, published in the August number of the Drawer, remind a correspondent of the following, which he copied from a stone in the burying-ground at Sag Harbor, Long Island:

Behold, ye living mortals passing by,
How thick the partners of one husband lie.
Vast and unsearchable the ways of God;
Just but severe His chastening rod.

This was inscribed over the remains of the third wife of Captain David Hand, but, notwithstanding the severity of the "chastening rod," the captain passed under its lashings twice more, and last of all died himself, having married and buried four of the five within eight years.

THE cant phrase in England just at the moment is, "Would you be surprised to learn?" In a London shop window the public are asked, "Would you be surprised to learn that these pencils are sold at a penny apiece?" Of a scarf it is advertised, "Would you be surprised to learn that this scarf is worn by every man of taste in the kingdom?" To such an extent is the phrase indulged in that an eminent Queen's Counsel had a happy thought by commencing an examination with it, when Lord Penzance, the judge, stopped him with the remark, "Take care; that is patented."

THAT was not bad of the editor of the Rochester *Democrat*, in speaking of a railroad in that vicinity. A gentleman, says he, took the train a few days since on what is termed "the huckleberry road," running between Avon and Mount Morris. After the train started from Avon he discovered that he had left a valuable dog behind, but on arriving at Mount Morris the lost dog was found sitting at the station, awaiting the arrival of his master!

IN Washington, Pennsylvania, long resided a patriarchal darky, known as "Old Uncle Ben," and great was the grief among the darkies when he died. All of them, old and young, turned out to the funeral. Before the procession was formed, and before closing the lid of the coffin, it was carried out in front of the cabin door, so that his friends could file past and take a last

look at Uncle Ben's revered features. 'The master of ceremonies became impatient at their slowness, and, strutting along the street in front of the house, called out in auctioneer-like tones, "If any mo' of you ladies and gemmen want to take a look at Uncle Ben, *now's yer last chance*; jes walk right up, quick, for we's jes gwine to screw him up!"

THE last time the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee visited his native city (Wexford) he was surrounded by a lot of little boys anxious to earn a few pence, who fought to take "his *honor's valise for him*." The police, however, soon dispersed them; but one little fellow persisted in bothering him with "Plaise yer honor, I'll take id chape fur ye." Mr. M'Gee turned to his tormentor and said, "Ain't I big and ugly enough to take it myself?" Whereupon the boy answered, quickly, with an insinuating look at D'Arcy's face, "Begorra, thin, if the strint don't fail ye the looks niver will," and ran away, conscious of his *coup de grace*.

"BONNIE ANNIE LAURIE," of whom William Douglas wrote what thousands have sung—

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee."

Some "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" has ascertained that she was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, who thus in the family register quaintly records her birth:

"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Anna Laurie, was borne upon the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter, of Glencairn."

And his own marriage is given in the same style:

"At the pleasure of the Almighty I was married to my wife, Jean Riddell, upon the 27th day of July, 1674, in the Tron Kirk of Edinb., by Mr. Annane."

Willie Douglas, by-the-way, who poetically asseverated his readiness to die for Miss Laurie, did nothing of the sort, but ran away with a Miss Clerk and married her. Miss Laurie did not like his style.

WHEN General Boynton was in the South a swarthy, good-natured ducky became quite attached to that jolly son of Mars and quill-driver. The General, in course of time, sent him to his father in Ohio. The old gent asked Sam if he knew any thing about horses and carriages. "Spec I does, massa; was massa's ole coachman, dis chile was!" He was told to go to the barn and "grease up" the buggy, meaning, of course, the wheels. After a while Sam was told to put the horse into the buggy, which he did. The old gent then got in, but thought the dasher was rather sticky as he laid his hand on it to assist himself in getting in. But what was his horror to find that Sam had literally "greased up the buggy;" for he had applied the wheel grease to every part of it—the seat, top, sides, wheels, dasher, and shafts. His rage was not cooled

much by Sam's remarking, as he scrambled out of the sticky concern, "Golly, massa, couldn't grease dis yere harness, cos de grease it's all dun gone!"

The same ducky was afterward taken to the village with Mrs. B., who, wishing to leave a short message with a lady friend, and not desiring to get out of the carriage, told Sam to get out and ring the bell. Sam got out and stood in the road, peering and gazing up in the air and around the sides of the house, with his great hands stuck in his trowsers' pockets. Mrs. B. asked him what he was looking after. "Foh der Lord, missus, I don't see no bell. Reckon dey hasn't got any hands on dis yere plantation!" He was looking for a Southern plantation bell of two-ducky power in Ohio! Mrs. B. saw the joke, and directed him to take hold of the little silver bell-handle on the side of the door and pull it out. Sam went for it, got hold of it, held on to it, put his big right foot against the door-post, gave a tremendous pull—when something broke, and Sam landed in the middle of the dusty road, exclaiming, "By golly! reckon dey meant dis yere shouldn't never come out!"

THE mayor of Fort Smith, Arkansas, sends to the Drawer the following document as illustrative of the way officials do things out his way:

To Sheriff, Sebastian Co.:

Whereas i ——— an acting Justice of the peace at Cole Township Was orderet by the Forth Smith Police Court on the 14th day of June A.D. 1871 To issue a warrant to have Thomas M'Kinney arrestet for Steeling a Mare, and threatening to kill to wich i forth with issuet a warrant, and whereas the said Thomas M'Kinney has not till yet bin arrestet, it was further orderet by the Mayor of Fort Smith that if i gouldont mak the arrest of said M'Kinney to notify the Sherif to Cole out the militia. *The said T. M'Kinney sais he would like to see the man that would arrest him.* He travels troo the woods som times in the Nation and som times in the State.

Yours Trully,
———, J. P.

It is not stated whether Mr. M'Kinney had the pleasure of "seeing the man."

OUR brethren of the bar are entitled to the following parody on Southey's "You are Old, Father William," reproduced in an English book received by last steamer:

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For any thing tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

IN one of the recent conventions held to promote woman's rights a lady orator, led away by enthusiasm, exclaimed, "It is well known that Solomon owed his wisdom to the number of his wives!" Another speaker, going further still, said there were very many positions in different departments of the public service where women could with entire propriety be employed, especially certain positions in the navy; to which a rather gruff nautical voice among the audience responded, *sotto voce*, "Of course. Lot's wife, you know, was an old salt!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLVIII.—NOVEMBER, 1871.—VOL. XLIII.

EDOUARD FRÈRE, AND SYMPATHETIC ART IN FRANCE.



EDOUARD FRÈRE.

ON one of those blissful mornings which pass the year insensibly from spring to summer—beneath whose glow England expands like a water-lily on her silver seas—I sat in the study of the most eminent art critic in the world. The house is in one of the most beautiful suburbs of London, a house embowered with trees—not the mere ornamental shrubs sometimes called trees, but grand old patriarchs that had watched over the home and the grounds for a hundred years. In this mansion every thing betokened wealth, taste, and elegance. The

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—In illustrating this paper copies are given of paintings by Frère, Boughton, Fortin, and Millet. Three of these pictures, though not mentioned in the text, yet furnish most effective illustrations of the subject. Two of these, after paintings by George H. Boughton, an American artist—"The Little Helper," on page 803, and "Passing into Shade," on page 813—deserve special mention. The first is from an original painting in the possession of J. M. Falconer, Esq., to whose kindness our readers are indebted for its insertion here. "Passing into Shade" represents two aged women, amidst the deepening shades of twilight and the growing desolation of autumn, walking "the downward slope toward Death." It is a gray, low-toned picture, its every feature harmonizing with the dreary sadness of its impressive lesson.]

halls ended in airy apartments, and these opened to conservatories lustrous with floral offerings from every zone, and the air was laden with breaths that told of far-off tropic affluence and the ever-burning incense of the Orient. The luminous walls and tinted ceilings combined to give the best light to the choicest works of art, gathered from every age and country. The statues looked down, pure and tender, like those which, transfigured in dim remembrance, ever beckoned wandering Mignon back to her home in the South. As I waited in the library, gazing now at the pictures, and now at the fresh lawns stretching from the low windows, I seemed to be in the ideal home of a man elect by destiny to study the beautiful, and to train the eyes of the world to see it as, visibly and invisibly, it environs closely each earthly lot.

With men who have ample means to gratify every taste, their homes are physiognomical. One ought, at least, to trace them out from their environment as accurately as a naturalist traces in the lines and whorls of a shell the age, history, and nature of the fish that dwelt in it. The house of a man, at once cultivated and wealthy, should surely anticipate Swedenborg's heaven, where things appear as they are, and none ever thinks three and says four. As I observed intently the exquisite decorations of this particular room, where the scholar sat at his happy task, I could not help evolving a theory of him that embodied itself in an ideal even of his appearance, tone, and manner. I remembered, above all, the dictum of Goethe that no young man could be an artist, because no young man can have the necessary repose. So I prepared myself to see an elderly man, and one encircled with a personal atmosphere of repose.

At length the man himself appeared. He was bland, affable, and kindly in manner, but still with something retractile about him, as of one oversensitive and on guard over too quick sympathies. He had the look and voice of an idealist, but not the calmness of the optimist. He was emotional and nervous, and his voice, though rich and

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JOHN RUSKIN.

sweet, had a tendency to sink into a plaintive and hopeless tone. His large, light eye was soft and genial, his mouth was thin and severe. The brow was prominent, and suggested power; the chin was receding, and indicated a lack of patient endurance. I felt at once a discrepancy between the man and his home; the home meant contentment and peace—the man meant restless striving, severe discontent, ideals unfulfilled. He showed me many exquisite works of art by the greatest masters; but turned away from them, one after the other, as might Tantalus, if, while he grasped for fruits, blossoms had been set before him. And indeed I found during the conversation that it was about in this way the beautiful works struck him. He had lived among them and grown among them; they represented phases and epochs of his mental and moral history; but he had been by them trained to cravings and hopes which they could not satisfy. They too plainly heightened his ideal to a point where the earth could not fulfill it, and he stood, as it were, shivering over a lonely, unsheltered mountain peak, from which he could not descend, but which dwarfed the common world. Every beautiful work he touched corresponded with some woe that the world was suffering, as lights imply shadows. When he gazed upon some favorite picture he looked like a radiant child; another moment the picture passed, and, under some remembrance of his own or others' sorrows, he appeared to be eighty.

The conversation of this great man I refrain from repeating; the burden of it was that the art of the present day is, like its religion, imitative; a repetition of forms which once had significance and life, but now have none; a calling out of our darkness to the

ancient masters, "Give us of your oil;" and that this is so because the world is too miserable, too deformed and diseased, to feed the sacred lamps of art. To build up a beautiful and characteristic art the work must not be begun with æsthetic but with moral criticism; it is not to come of taste and culture, but of political and social reform. In a word, there can be no true art where the poor have not happy homes.

Since the day when I met him and heard the burden of his lamentation and prophecy I have read this art critic's works on political economy, and listened to his eloquent lectures, in the light of that idea which has inspired them all. And while I have in that time heard many complain that he would persist in writing about politics, reforms, and social wrongs, instead of about art, I have felt sure that such utterances of his, as well as his free bestowal of the larger part of his income on the poor, are all included in his fidelity to art—to art which means now to its foremost lover not the mere sculpturing or painting of pretty figures on stone or canvas, but the painting of smiles on wasted cheeks, and the shaping of manly and womanly forms in place of the masses bent with pain and degradation. If he seems to leave what is called art, it is only because he has been taught by it to see his country as a vast canvas awaiting landscapes, villages, institutions, which shall no longer shame the day with deformities, but embody what the great masters of the past only sketched and prophesied.

It is, I doubt not, because of his absorption in such views and feelings as these that this famous art critic has of late had so much to say about what he calls "sympathy" in art. In his lectures he is severe on the art of the present day, and finds that its decline has reached the nadir when the people call upon fantastic Gustave Doré to illustrate their Bible. But his eye becomes tender and his voice gentle when he speaks of those who interpret the beauty that lies near the homes of the poor. I heard him say, with a depth of feeling I can not forget, "The finest characteristic of modern art is its sympathy. In ancient times the best art frequented the palace; now it lingers in the cottage. And he who, of all men living, truest represents this sympathetic tendency is rightly named Edouard Frère—Edward the Brother." With this he showed a picture of Frère's—a little girl in a poor room preparing carrots for dinner—saying, "Here is poverty, unconscious and beautiful!"

It requires a long foreground for the world to reach the point at which such a man as Edouard Frère appears. His work is almost a study of human fraternity, his art is the star under which a new society is to be born. Although, as I write, France can only be seen passing under the cloud and through the sea



GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.

to which evil powers have doomed her, it must be remembered that while our Northern people, driven by their climate in-doors, have been developing the home in its individuality, the French, invited by their sunnier climate to mingle together in boulevards and pleasure-grounds until family is hardly distinguishable from family, have developed the broader social sympathies. The Northern races may represent the idea of personal liberty, but the Southern lead us toward brotherhood. In provincial France there has existed a certain kind of unorganized communism in some districts, and in others such a subdivision of land and equality of possessions that the vicious extremes of society—pauperism and excessive wealth—are wanting, and the poor there are, on the whole, the happiest and most contented in the world. And where happiness and contentment dwell, there must also be their lover—art. Hence there has been for some time the gradual development of a school of art in France which has aspired to paint the beauty of its poverty. Not that we have not had in other countries artists of that

school, but the best of them have been inspired by the French school, and compelled to find their appropriate subjects in France. Outside of France one of the finest painters of that school is our own American artist, George H. Boughton, whose exquisite sketches of peasant life in Brittany and Normandy have hardly been surpassed. One might guess the fact that Boughton was Edouard Frère's pupil, and the master's occasional visit to his dear friend's house in London is sometimes followed by work from the latter almost equal to his own.

This French school of sympathy seems to have gained its distinctness first with Chardin, who re-appeared in Fortin, with a higher style, and has had his later avatars in Millet and Frère. In examining the paintings of Chardin one is touched by the same sense of lowly and natural beauty which in poetry is expressed by Burns in his address to the daisy, or in Wordsworth's tribute to the modest celandine. Wordsworth aspires to be an astronomer of the flowers; Chardin will do for the humble human souls around him all that Raphael or Titian did for Madonnas, saints, and heroes. If any one will



"THE LITTLE HELPER."—BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, ECOUEN, 1861.



"L'ESSAI D'UNE VOCATION," OR "THE AMATEUR MUSICIAN."—BY CHARLES FORTIN.

study well—as Frère must have studied it—Chardin's picture of "The Little Grace-Sayer," he will find a pictorial beatitude. The mother pauses, half bent, as she is about to pour out soup for her two little girls. The smaller girl sits in her chair, straight and solemn, until the thanksgiving is uttered; the other places her palms together, and slightly bows her little head. What have they to be thankful for? There are just two plates on the table, and one bowl, holding their entire repast. But we feel that, with the thankfulness added, the table is la-

den with delicious viands. The poor room is transformed into magnificence, as it incloses three happy faces on which its gloom can cast no shadow; and on these faces there is something of that radiance which is gathered from a religion whose history is a record of Jewish peasants, and which begins where a royal lineage culminates amidst the splendors of a stable. One can not help remembering what grace before meat has become among the sophisticated—as with that of Paterfamilias in *Punch*, ending in, "Humph! cold mutton again!"—but the

people painted by Chardin live yet in a world where families receive their harvest and their bread straight from the hand of God.

Nevertheless, charming as were the subjects of Chardin, and the spirit of his work, he was poor in drawing, and his figures are stiff. He was a John Baptist in the wilderness of an art which seemed to most a crude reproduction of the lower picturesque Dutch school, and, so far as the traditional coloring of Southern schools was concerned, he was half clad. It is so throughout nature. The first specimens of new types, however higher, are not so graceful as the completed forms of the lower. The first reptile is by no means so graceful as the last fish, and the ape is uglier than many of its real inferiors.

Charles Fortin painted poverty, too; not poverty patient and in serene unconsciousness, but merry. Fortin has almost the humor of Dickens. Lately, when I saw at the Olympic Theatre, in London, Mr. Halliday's admirable rendering of "Little Nell and her Grandfather," the scene of Dick Swiveller

accompanying the bread-and-beer kitchen feast of the half-starved "Marchioness" by a performance on his flute of "Away with Melancholy," at the end of which she cries, "It's 'eavenly!" the tableau recalled to me the picture by Fortin called "L'Essai d'une Vocation." A kitchen girl pauses in her work of peeling apples, and, leaning back, with a smile of flattered delight quite worthy of the "Marchioness," criticises a performance on the flageolet with which she has just been entertained by a boy in rustic dress and huge wooden shoes. It is the Arcadian shepherd and shepherdess transferred to a Breton cottage, whose walls show signs of wear and tear, but which, one dare affirm, not all the troops of King William will prevent from sheltering happy hearts, or admitting through its cracks the blessed sunshine so long as it lasts. The youthful artist

leans with his elbow on the stone, and his pose is full of naïve grace, while the girl's "'eavenly" is reflected in the perfect bliss of his countenance.

J. F. Millet has brought a rare genius to the work of interpreting the peacefulness of peasant life and its harmony with nature. He loves to paint it out-of-doors, where, in barn-yard or field, his figures are as much a part of the landscape as the trees or the grazing cattle. The rich colors of the women's dresses shine as if it were the chief employment of the sun, for the time being, to paint them, and the red in their cheeks reports fields of May-thorn and wild roses. With Millet art appears redeeming the laborer from the curse of toil. The rains and breezes, the fresh dews and the light, gather around his peasants as their cheery comrades. Take, for instance, "Des Glaneuses," bending so gracefully in the wide, hospitable field. The placid sky bends over them, the horizon bears no further than comfortable little farm-houses and stacks of wheat. These are their palaces, their pyramids, their Orient and Occident. Travel through the



"THE SEWING WOMEN."—BY J. F. MILLET.

world, they will not find any thing more beautiful than the azure above; the teeming fruit trees will yield to no Hesperides. Those poor, noisy, blasé people in Paris, how little of the sweetness of this wheat will they get with their café and their spiced entrées! The envious artist has good reason to shun the boulevards, and come out hither to celebrate, if he can not partake, the simple life which gladly lets the deluded world go by while it dwells still in the dear days when Adam delved and Eve span. The story is told that a fine lady, who had ordered a picture of Millet, refused it afterward because the artist had painted in one part of it a basket of manure. The artist's eye saw in the basket green grass decked with violets, and golden sheaves, and the roses of children's cheeks. The lady persisted that it was only manure. But had she been able to see, as he did, all the glory of the basket, she could never have had another contented day in her brilliant *salon*. Nevertheless, after all has been said—and it would be hard to say too much—of the grace and finish of Millet's pictures, he has not been the successful delineator of peasant life. There has been a certain monotony in his paintings. His landscapes and his skies have had variety, but his human figures have been too much like each other in look and action. It was an old problem of religious art how to make angels all equally beautiful and yet individual, and many failed in the attempt to solve it where Fra Angelico, almost alone, succeeded. But a corresponding problem awaited art in its return to the earth; and it is not by Millet that all the varieties of character and the play of life, masked under the sombre uniform of tanned skins and homespun dresses, have been discovered and revealed. For this inadequacy of invention, arising, perhaps, from a lack of the microscopic power of eye which detects vast differences under surface sameness, he has made up, to a great extent, by his power as a colorist. His rich colors excite the imagination of the beholder until it sees in the picture what the artist has not put in it.

The mention of J. F. Millet calls up at once the name of Jules Breton. In one respect Breton is the most notable of all the painters of poverty. His pictures report most impressively the democratic feeling which underlies the sympathetic school. Mr. Jarves, after his enthusiastic description of Breton's "Summer Evening," says, most justly, "The chord which vibrates deepest is the brooding sadness, mingled with that inquiring look toward the sinking sun, as if labor asked to know its future. Must it always be thus? it seems to inquire of God. Those overworked, strong-limbed peasants may not feel so in their native fields; but Breton makes us anticipate the pertinent question—whether a poor woman's lot shall always

continue to be an incessant round of hard manual toil in civilized France."

Mr. Jarves's admiration for Jules Breton beyond all the French domestic-genre painters arises in good part, I suspect, from his philosophy of art, which includes social amelioration, and, if I understand him rightly, even political reform, among the legitimate aims of art. In this I can not agree with him. The frequent contrast between the sombreness of Breton's peasants and the splendors of nature around them seems to me a fault. Art at least has received a license from the universe to be an optimist. Whatever be the surrounding evil, for the artist the sun is always at the zenith. His business is to put whatever part of nature he paints—human nature as well as other—just where he wishes us to put his picture, in the best light. Goethe uttered the true voice of art when he wrote:

"What shapest thou here at the world? 'Tis shapen long ago:

The Maker shaped it, and thought it were best even so."

The reformer's zeal, much less his discontent, admirable elsewhere, is inconsistent with the repose of spirit which wins beauty to the side of the artist. M. Edmond About, in a criticism he made on Breton's "Bénédiction des Blés dans l'Artois" when it was exhibited in 1857, did not praise that picture as many felt it deserved; but he recognized felicitously the merit of the artist's colors and the comparative weakness of his figures. "Les choix de ses couleurs est toujours heureux; il a les mains pleines de lumière, et vous diriez qu'il dérobe au soleil des rayons choisis.....On compte trop des têtes de bois dans sa procession de paysans." But unless an artist sees peasants as potential Apollos and Madonnas he can not paint them.

Of Merlé and Henrietta Browne it must be said that they have done fine things, occasionally very fine things, in the direction of which I am speaking. But Merlé is feeble as a colorist, and Madame Browne is often not only heavy in colors but hasty in drawing. She can not give the sparkle of rustic life, nor is she strictly realistic. One can hardly believe that even in her charming picture, "The Puritans," she built the forms from the skeleton up to the clothing of flesh, and then to the drapery, as every true form must be produced. And, indeed, with these, as with many other artists of this school, there is a too frequent tendency to relapse into the vulgarity or mere humor of the Dutch school (out of which the sympathetic was indeed evolved), and interest us rather in some incident of common life, or some occasional performance, rather than in what these people profoundly are, and what they would be in any action, trivial or important.

All of these artists seem to me to be either

forerunners of or a chorus around the representative man of the French sympathetic school, whose name I have placed at the head of this article.

Edouard Frère is, I freely admit, only the most perfect of his school; I do not know that he can be distinguished from it, unless in that his every work bears evidence of having resulted from a personal acquaintance with his peasants and a more patient study of his subjects. One feels quite sure that he has eaten and slept in the poor cottages he paints, that he has fascinated those children with sweet stories set in sugar-plums. And, indeed, that is the exact fact. While the French artists whom the second empire raised, and whose reputations must fall with it, have been in the *salons* of Paris, and receiving imperial patronage and ribbons, Edouard Frère has been traveling about the by-ways of France, dressed in farmer's gray, chatting in barn-yards and hay-fields with peasants, getting into their good graces, and delighting them with his *bonhomie* and his pretty pictures. To him they unfolded all their little treasures, and their smiles lasted so long as he remained. Among the fashionable he is shy enough; among the poor he is a disguised prince with endless resources. He has harvested every district of France, always returning with golden sheaves.

There are few biographical notes of importance to be made concerning Frère. He was born in Paris in 1819, and at the age of seventeen entered the studio of Paul Delaroche, who recognized his genius. His first picture in any public exhibition appeared in 1843—"Le Petit Gourmand," I think. He then did a vast deal of work; he was what the French called "*fécond*;" but there was never any hasty stroke—it was all industry. It was marvelous to the critics this character had come out of the studio of Delaroche. The stately swan had hatched out a wild creature, which took to the woods immediately. As the wood-birds take their color from the ground and the brown leaves, so there was a countrified look about this pupil of Delaroche; but the results were in this case certain *œufs d'or* which Parisian critics could not mistake. He painted the country children in all their performances and amusements, in a way that made him the Columbus of a before undiscovered world around the capital. "Le Petit Curieux," "Le Petit Saltimbanque," "Les Raisins," "La Cuisinière," "La Poule aux Œufs d'Or," and many other early works (all painted before 1855), excited much interest, and began to appear in engravings among the people. This popularity among the peasants brought him the decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1852. He also received medals from the Expositions three times.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, when he visited the

Louvre, felt a natural sorrow at the number of copyists he saw there, some of them elderly men, "who it was pitiful to think had passed through life without so much success as now to paint pictures of their own." But really nearly all the artists of Europe are copyists, if not of particular paintings inherited from other ages and places, still imitators of their style and aim. What should we say of Homer had he devoted himself to the portrayal of the life of ancient Egypt and the battles of Rameses, or of Dante had he occupied his pen with the dead ages of Chaldea? Just what we ought to say of the artists who to-day aim to report to us classic lands and periods instead of what they themselves see. There was something revolutionary in this quiet little Frenchman, who, even amidst the impressive classic and romantic figures of his master, said, "What he has done for dukes, saints, and heroes, I will try and do for these inglorious folk of the by-ways. The microscope reveals galaxies as wonderful as the telescope; and the heroisms of the cottage, the courtly splendors of the gypsy child with diamond eyes and hair woven of sunshine, all these are ensphered by grand laws, as the dew-drop is rounded by the law of the world." The rise of such a school of art in France corresponds with the rise of transcendentalism in Germany and in New England. It was an outflowering from St. Augustine's faith: "God is great in the great, but greatest in the small."

What I say of Frère I say of his school. He represents the one bud on the stem of art which promises a flower for the Western World. He who would do any thing great must be the son of his time, and his work must be rooted in the need of the hour. The tendency of thinkers in every department of human interest to attend to the lowly; of statesmanship to redress the slave, the pauper, the Irishman; of science to search dust and atoms; of romance to hover about the struggles of the poor—is reflected in France in things nearest France, and Beauty is her religion. We have had the art of heroes, that of saints, those of castles, wars, fables; we return to that which we had overlooked—shining at our doors. Unquestionably the chief secret of the novel effects produced by the artists of whom I have written is their resource of sympathy. Many years ago Ruskin said: "It is mainly because the one painter has communion of heart with his subject, and the other only casts his eye upon it feelinglessly, that the work of the one is greater than that of the other." The same author recognized the presence in the artist of human sorrows "a humble and romantic sympathy; a vague desire in his own mind to live in cottages rather than in palaces; a joy in humble things; a contentment and delight in make-



"LA PORTE DU PARADIS," OR "THE GATE OF PARADISE."—BY E. FRÈRE.

shifts; a secret persuasion (in many respects a true one) that there is in these ruined cottages a happiness often quite as great as in kings' palaces, and a virtue and nearness to God infinitely greater and holier than can be commonly found in any other kind of place; so that the misery in which he exults is not, as he sees it, misery, but nobleness—'poor and sick in body, and beloved.'* And thus, being nowise sure that these things can be mended at all, and very sure that he

knows not how to mend them, and also that the strange pleasure he feels in them must have some good reason in the nature of things, he yields to his destiny, enjoys his dark canal without scruple, and mourns over every improvement in the town, and every movement made by its sanitary commissioners, as a miser would over a planned robbery of his chest; in all this being not only innocent, but even respectable and admirable, compared with the person who has no pleasure in sights of this kind, but only in fair façades, trim gardens, and park palings, and

* Epitaph on Epictetus.

who would thrust all poverty and misery out of his way, collecting it into back alleys, or sweeping it finally out of the world, so that the street might give wider play for his chariot wheels, and the breeze less offense to his nobility."

It will be at once perceived that if an artist has sufficient sympathy to be drawn to the sorrowful aspects of human life around him, the same feeling will insure that he shall be profoundly impressed by the particular events and characters he discovers. It is impossible that one can be powerfully moved by the woes of Andromeda or of Iphigenia, or by the beauty of Phryne. A child run over in the street before our eyes will burden us with tragical excitement more than the news that a thousand men have been added to the lists of slain in France this year, and more than if some antiquarian should discover that a million bit the dust in some Trojan or Carthaginian war. The sympathies which actually stir and excite really extend but little beyond the range of the senses. Therefore "classic" art coming from surface interest reaches surface sensations. Nevertheless, faith, sorrow, heroism are the same in every age, and the same in little as in large forms. All the solar splendors are in each sunbeam. Only patient study and culture can see great laws in their small manifestations, as Newton saw the falling apple to be a falling world. But it is this perception that gives a matchless grace to Edouard Frère's pictures. So much dignity has he thrown about this child ("La Sortie du Bain") leaving the *baignoire*, and shivering while the mother prepares the shirt, that one wonders how any artist could, after seeing it, ever paint Venus rising from the sea again.

Coleridge found a germ of immortality suggested in the fact that our sensations are greater than the things which cause the sensations. It surely is the sign and test of high spiritual insight if men are able to detect the large relationship of seemingly trivial incidents. I was looking at a picture by Frère, owned by one of my neighbors, representing a girl binding up her little brother's finger, which has been seriously cut. The boy roars with pain; the girl has all the firmness and self-possession of one of Rembrandt's surgeons, all the charity of those women I have just seen stanching the blood of soldiers in France. A lady standing near said, casually, "She is a little Madonna." To another present she prophesied the era of female physicians. A picture by the same artist was exhibited at the French and Flemish Gallery in London a few years ago which brought the commonest scenes into such grouping that the effect suggested the skill by which nature collects a little flint and water, and, by careful mixture, makes them flash into an opal. Some boys just let loose from school

are having great fun sliding on a snowy hillside. Their ruddy faces and shining eyes seem to invite the universe to resolve itself into a snow-bank. A little way off an aged couple, man and wife, are painfully picking their way, to keep from falling. The background is an old French village with snow-covered roofs. The vaster slide from childhood to age is suggested. We can see that each of the merry fellows will go farther than he sees, and one day pick his way, staff in hand, up the too steep hill and back to some fireside corner in the village.

I may say here, by-the-way, that I can not conceive that Mr. Jarves could have seen many of Edouard Frère's works when he denied him the rank of a colorist. I can well see that so strong an admirer of Gustave Doré should not be satisfied with Frère's preferences in color, but not that he should think that he is weak in painting the colors he conceives appropriate. It would not be harmonious with Frère's subjects—nor, indeed, I submit, with any *genre* painting—to invest them with the lurid or rich colors suitable to such works as Doré's "Triumph of Christianity." One would not have the blue and red lights of a transformation scene blazing at one's hearthstone. It is enough that Frère's colors are, as Edmond About described them, "fine and agreeable;" that he is tender in setting off every figure in its best vesture; that his violet is a violet; and that he has never repaired to the costumer or the vendor of cosmetics for the array of the lilies and wild roses he discovers growing in the neighborhood of the cottages he loves.

How faithfully Edouard Frère has followed the life of the poor into its very deeps and by-ways, and mastered the inner secrets of his particular art, may be judged from the fact that one sometimes finds in his paintings of cottage interiors articles in startling contrast with the general atmosphere of poverty—an old Louis Quatorze chair, or a bit of tapestry, or some bit of vertu. I have just been looking at one of the best of Frère's pictures, just as it was being dispatched to a fortunate gentleman of Cincinnati—Learner B. Harrison, Esq.—representing a woman spinning with an old wheel of a species extinct almost every where except in the rural districts of France, while a girl cards the wool in the old-fashioned way. The figures have the same grace and cheerfulness which Frère so often shows irradiating poor interiors. But one's eye is held by a bit of elegance. There is a handsome old-fashioned bedstead in the room with a high frame above it, around which are suspended neatly figured and embroidered curtains. Few artists would be bold enough to paint such things as I have described in homes of poverty, and many a critic would declare them incongruous. But the alleged



"LA COUTURIÈRE," OR "THE SEWING GIRL."—BY E. FRÈRE.

incongruity reveals the painstaking care and realistic fidelity of the artist. It is a fact that the great French revolution scattered just such articles from aristocratic mansions into the old-furniture shops of Paris and the provincial cities, and that very many of them filtered into the cottages of the poor, where they are preserved with the utmost care. M. Frère has in his studio at Ecouen a considerable collection of such things—several antique chairs and some exquisite tapestry—which he has purchased from friendly cottagers. Some of the finest porcelain in Eu-

rope has been obtained in the same way. The same rich "finds" are sometimes made in other parts of Europe. Lord Elcho recently exhibited at the South Kensington Museum a magnificent painting, which is thought by good judges to be one of the best Titians. He found it used in a poor Italian house as a kind of mat, and bought it for a mere song.

One more excellent trait must be mentioned as possessed by Edouard Frère in the largest degree—simplicity. "It takes all our learning to be simple," said Archbishop



"LE FRÈRE ET LA SŒUR," OR "BROTHER AND SISTER."—BY E. FRÈRE.

Usher. In literature simplicity has long been recognized as a condition of grandeur. It has become conventional to admire simplicity in art, but one hears it ascribed to pictures which are not simple at all. For instance, simplicity can not be attributed to any picture which depends for its interest or its impression upon the story it tells, or on historic or patriotic associations. These mixtures of figment and pigment, of paint and patriotism, these illustrations of romance, which cover the greater part of the walls at our exhibitions, are not, in a pure sense, art at all. Nay, it is not always that

the purely artistic element predominates in those pictures which represent some tragic or heroic episode in a human life. In many examples of that kind the art is secondary in interest to the historic or legendary importance of the scene represented. But in a true picture the art is secondary to nothing. In historic art the virtue of simplicity is approximated in the degree in which the beauty of character is brought out above the interest of a particular act, as in Mr. Herbert's picture, in the anteroom of the House of Lords, of "Moses delivering the Law." Before the grandeur of Moses, Sinai

shrinks to a hillock, and the Israelites are a group of nomadic peasants. What the law-giver is doing is a mere incident compared with the inherent grandeur and power in him—a power adequate to any number of particular performances—a grandeur which no episode can by any possibility represent, but whose presence, we feel, would make any and every spot a Sinai. Simplicity in art is thus akin to that decorative genius manifested in nature which out of coal makes diamonds, and out of vapor and light makes sunsets.

Of the many pictures of Edouard Frère which I have seen I remember none which has a story to tell. And in those which represent particular actions the actions are of the most commonplace kind, investing beautiful and noble characters as a green sheath invests, or folds beneath, the rose. I will here mention several of M. Frère's works which seem to me characteristic. "La Couturière" represents an aged and a young woman intent upon their sewing; two well-loaded baskets and a heaped table showing partly what they have accomplished and partly what they have still awaiting their industry. If the scene were not French—one has only to observe the window fastenings and the floor made of hexagonal wooden plates to know that—we should say it was the home of those who had seen better days. In a poor English home the table and chairs would be a series of hard angles, put together for the baldest use. But here each article of furniture has some curve or touch of beauty, though there is not one of them that is present for any thing but actual necessity. The women sit gracefully, and the serenity of their looks, the air of comfort, so softens the presence of poverty, that it seems to sit by their sides as a friend to whom they have become so used as to be no longer conscious of his proximity. "Le Frère et la Sœur" shows an environment more hard—rickety steps leading into a dark loft, and a small square window cut in the stone wall. In this retired spot a lovely girl of eleven sits with her younger brother (both upon one of the steps) scanning a pictorial newspaper. Intent and beautiful their faces and forms are amidst the desolate surroundings, as flowers growing out of a gray stone wall. Each bears some little touch of that love of the beautiful which pervades the very tissues of the French nature, as color inheres in each minutest part of the tissue of a petal. The boy, rudely dressed as he is, has a fine tassel falling behind his cap, and the coarse black dress of the girl has a small flounce on it. Her hair, too, is neatly parted and brushed, and waves sweetly around her delicate face. "La Porte du Paradis" is a work of startling effects wrought out of the simplest conceivable elements. An aged woman kneels upon the seat of a cane-bottomed

chair, in the cold bare anteroom of a sacred house. The character of the house is revealed only by a stone *bénitier*. From the heavy outer garment, which is at once hood and cloak, an emaciated hand, of which every bone is visible to the wrist, emerges, holding the rosary; the other hand grasps a small chain, by drawing which she has partly opened a door. Through the door we can see nothing as yet, but on the poor woman's face, deeply lined with time and fate, we can see the light about to kindle it from some radiant altar. The impressive, mystical meaning of the painting lies chiefly in the relationship between the poor old woman and the cold, hard walls around her. It is all hard stone save the miserable chair, and symbolizes what the world has become



"LA COQUETTERIE."—BY E. FRÈRE.

around her. But Edouard Frère does not know how to paint despair; out of this room there is a door beginning to open to a Beyond. That bowed head, with its weight of care and sorrows, has a resource of faith, and a sad smile plays about the thin mouth at the premonition that sweet Death at least remains for her. "La Coquetterie" has also for its scene a room in which the one piece of furniture is a cane-bottomed chair. But this time it furnishes standing-place for a bright little girl of about five years, who, on tiptoe, is enabled to stretch upward until she can reach and bend downward a small, square looking-glass. In the play of "Paradise," which was brought out in Paris some years ago, Satan is represented as beginning his temptation of Eve by offering her a look-

ing-glass.* The artist who arranged that play, it must be feared, knew his countrywomen but too well. This little Eve of the kitchen, in Frère's picture, has evidently yielded to her temptation so soon as she is left alone, and she is evidently well pleased with the results. Her dumpy shoes and substantial stockings and warm dress require no fairy's wand to make them satisfactory, and her chubby little face makes us glad that we have also in art a mirror to reflect it. Her mouth is slightly open, as if she were conversing with the image of herself, and one can almost overhear the vain and pretty prattle. Another picture represents a group more in the style of Chardin, and is probably an earlier work. The subject is a mother cutting bread from an ample roll for her three children. That she is a poor widow we know by her black dress and humble widow's cap; but the shining tea-pot on the table, and large pot on the fire—above all, the watch hung over the mantel—attest that she has enough for happiness. No other artist would have been so careful to place just four saucers on the table—the number of persons in the house, and none but a French housekeeper would have had these saucers so tidily arranged one in the other. A little boy stands patiently awaiting his turn, the larger of two little sisters has both hands up for her slice, and the smallest tugs at her mother's apron to make sure that she shall not be forgotten. Every attitude betokens pleasure. The grace of the lowly mother as she bends downward toward the little ones, and the smile on her face, are such as they who dwell in palaces might envy. The floor is of stone, but the little shoes are wooden, so there is no need for fear. One side of the room is bare, except for the cage with its bird, which would no doubt burst into mirth at the very idea of there being any poverty in the young widow's home.

No fictitious plot could be added to such pictures as these without marring their simplicity, and consequently their picturesque beauty. No doubt some novel might be written with which the widow among her children might be associated, or the after-life of the little coquette might be imagined; but how poor would be such fancies compared with the great mysterious lights and shadows of human life which environ these human beings! Simple and commonplace are sorrow, toil, fate, joy, death; like the sunshine and the air and love, they are the companions of all; but who has yet penetrated their immeasurable significance or

* The Parisian notion is not so new as it may seem. On an Etruscan vase in the Hamilton collection there is a picture of the Pandora of Hesiod opening her box, the ills coming from which correspond with those ascribed to Eve. Among the articles which Pandora has let slip from the open box is a small mirror.



PASSING INTO SHADE."—BY G. H. BOUGHTON.

their sublimity? and how little is any anecdote or romance compared with their silent presence?

Alas! as I write it is only the shadows that are falling upon and into those poor homes where Frère has found such harvests of truth and beauty. (How can I write of France at such an hour, and say no word concerning her anguish and her desolation?)

For some years before these recent months of terror it had been an annual joy to the writer of these notes to rove through some part of France; and among other things learned thereby was the fidelity of the artists named above in their delineations of French landscapes and villages. But it was when traveling with the victorious Germans into the heart of that dear land that I realized the greatness of the artist who had more than any portrayed the in-door life of the French peasant. Here, indeed, was the furniture, here the walls and the tidy utensils, and here the women and the children; but no colorist could picture them now unless he could catch his rays from some orb of blackness. Yet no agonies could crush out all the tints of beauty in the way-side cottages it was so often my fate to enter. In one I saw a poor woman cooking some eggs for a wounded Prussian, who had tried to make his way to some shelter, and sank exhausted at her door; and in several others there were women and children nursing wounded enemies with tender care, pausing only to brush away tears shed for some absent dear one whose fate they could not know. At the mention of these humanities to an enemy one said, "Amidst such miseries

as we all have it is a mercy to have something to do. We should sit and cry our eyes out."

Burned upon my memory—as if for a time a portion of the fair earth were given over to Hell to make into its own image and likeness—is that day of Gravelotte. Not hours but ages seemed to rise and lapse as I gazed on those long snaky fingers of the mighty hand of Germany, reaching from every hill or valley or wood to clutch Metz with a grasp never to be relaxed. At last the evening came, the soft summer evening, with its offering of balm and repose to the earth that had shut away such heavenly gifts by a lurid cloud, a nether firmament whose stars were bombs, and whose dewes were iron and death. I stood on the brow of a hill, with hundreds of the unburied dead around me, until the last shell had exploded, and the last brutal snarl of the mitrailleuse hydra had been heard, then bethought me whither I should go. The small company of gazers who had been on the spot had gone their several ways. The villages around were many of them on fire. I made up my mind to lie down among the dead and remain until the morning. Just then against the ground a figure moved: was it some poor fellow not yet dead? Not so; it was a German artist, who through the long hours of that day had sat at his task, motionless as a stone, and now had his work in his hand. This artist invited me to return with him to a house where he lodged, and where the feverish night was passed. I induced him to sit up all night and produce for me a duplicate of his sketch of the battle of Gravelotte. Next morning, as I sat with the picture in my hand, the Frenchwoman at whose house I had lodged asked to see it. But she could not see it for her tears, and, returning the picture, said, "Ah, Sir, France will long be all a picture of war." Then she hastened to her place beside the groaning Germans. I went to roam through the desolated villages, and amidst the soldiers burying their dead; paused to watch German soldiers as they gave their rations to forlorn French girls suddenly made houseless. This was the picture War had made, with its bayonet-pencil, of the most beautiful land peopled with the most affectionate hearts!

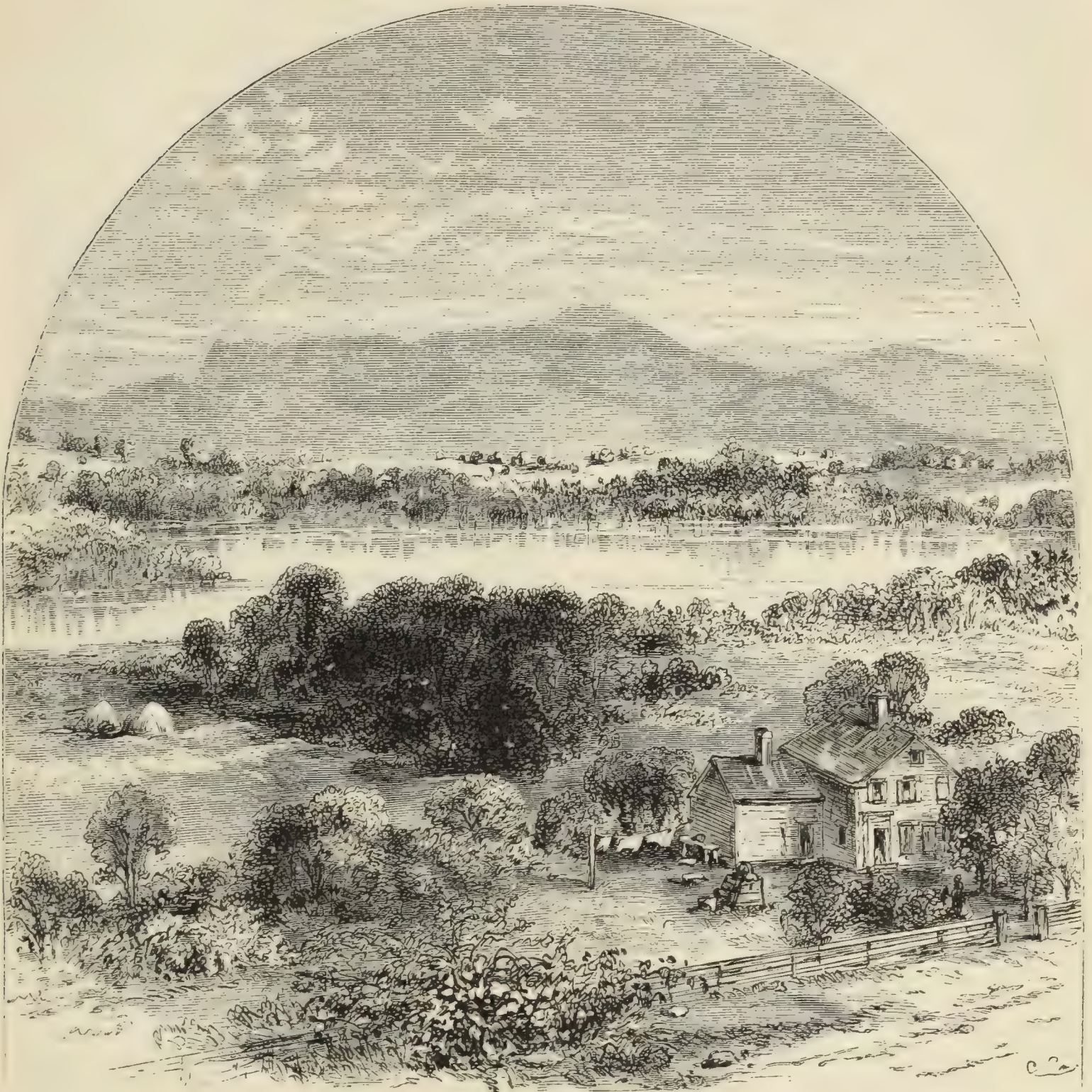
I thought of the strange destiny which had brought the German military artist to those fields and villages so long haunted by Edouard Frère and such as he, and felt burdened by the terrible mystery that, of all nations, it should have been just France, with her tender-hearted peasantry and her fraternal societies, who should have sent this horrid red deluge over her neighbors' and her own homes. The world has long heard of France being the great military nation of Europe. But there must have been a France which produced the pictures of Chardin, Fortin, Breton, Millet, and Frère. If the pictures that glori-

fy the walls of Venice report the life and spirit of the country and age which produced them, what shall be gathered from the loving homes and scenes of peaceful industry which have inspired the only original art of our time—the sympathetic art of France?

Do you remember, my reader, the stories of lonely princesses transformed by wicked enchantment into hags, and of noble youths so deformed into serpents? Behold them all fulfilled in the France of the second empire! From being the most generous, friendly, affectionate nation in the world, they became a nation grasping at Savoy, sneaking with double tongue into Mexico, and at last aiming an assassin's blow at the heart of a neighboring nation, which, whatever its faults toward others, had never wronged France. From being lovers they became haters; from being contented they became harriers of the world. Such was the power of the evil genius who was able to conjure the good heart out of France by the spell of a name. In the legends it is sometimes a kiss that liberates the spell-bound, and changes again the hag to a beautiful maiden; but sometimes it is the deadly stroke of a sword—as when the blade of Sir Gawain, laying low poor Carl, the dwarf, revealed in his place the long-lost knight, Sir Carleton. And so I, for one, will sit down before these sweet memorials of the France that has vanished—the France of Frère (the brother!)—and trust that the unsparing sword of the Northman will prove kindly in the end, and restore to us, in place of the "greatest military power," the peaceful people who shall teach mankind that art of fraternity which can make the beautiful world, of which the best pictures are but a study.

I know not whether the story connected with the permission given him by the King of Prussia to return to his home from Paris be mythical or not; it is equally significant in either case. It is said that when the Germans entered his studio their rude hands were held and their eyes softened, and, it may be, moistened, by the pictures on the walls. After all, the interiors of German and of French cottages are not so dissimilar! The aged mother, the little ones, the fireside prayer, these are memories of the Fatherland too, and they weave chains around the rough soldiers which are too gentle to be broken easily as a line of Chassepôts. And so with the king and Bismarck; they have not come to wage war against the painter of peaceful homes. "By all means let Mein-herr Frère pass where he will." It is, at least, one gleam of light upon the thick darkness—a light reminding us of the deep unity of men underlying their discords, and one that shall wax to the perfect day, while ambitious dynasties recede into a darkness befitting the agony and ruin they have caused.

A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.



THE "STOCKBRIDGE FOWL," OR MOUNTAIN MIRROR.—COTTAGE IN WHICH HAWTHORNE WROTE THE "HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES."

A PROPER New England village is a thing unique, the product of a new and peculiar type of civilization. As such, the history of hardly any one can be sketched without unfolding much that is of general interest. Some of these villages, however, stand out by themselves, and eminent above the rest, on account of certain marked peculiarities which have characterized their origin or their subsequent development. Among such, and yielding to none in features calculated to interest general readers, is one near the centre of Berkshire County, Massachusetts.

The tide of summer tourists sets strongly every year through this westernmost portion of the State, and many a denizen of the crowded and sultry city has learned that there is new life to be found in an abode of even a few weeks among its picturesque hills and valleys. But as the traveler, threading his way among them, comes upon

the wide plain which had been made by Housatonic in its almost vain effort to pass the mountain barriers that seem here to hem it in, and say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther," obliging it to turn and double upon itself for a distance of nearly six miles without gaining as many rods in its general course toward the south; and as he passes along the noble street, level as the meadow whose course it follows, and of proportionate width, bordered on either side by stately elms, such as are found only in the valleys of New England, and from beneath their emerald arches looks out upon the gleaming river and the graceful slopes which stretch away in every direction, save where their gentle beauty is contrasted and heightened by the bare and rugged cliffs of Monument Mountain on the south, whose touching legend Bryant has sung in his own sweet verse; and as all around him, on every house,

and in every field and door-yard, and even in the nicely graveled foot-paths by the roadside, he sees the marks of care and culture—he seems to have found the most admirable blending of nature with art and taste, and altering only a little the verse of Goldsmith, is disposed to exclaim,

“Sweet *Stockbridge*! loveliest village of the plain!”

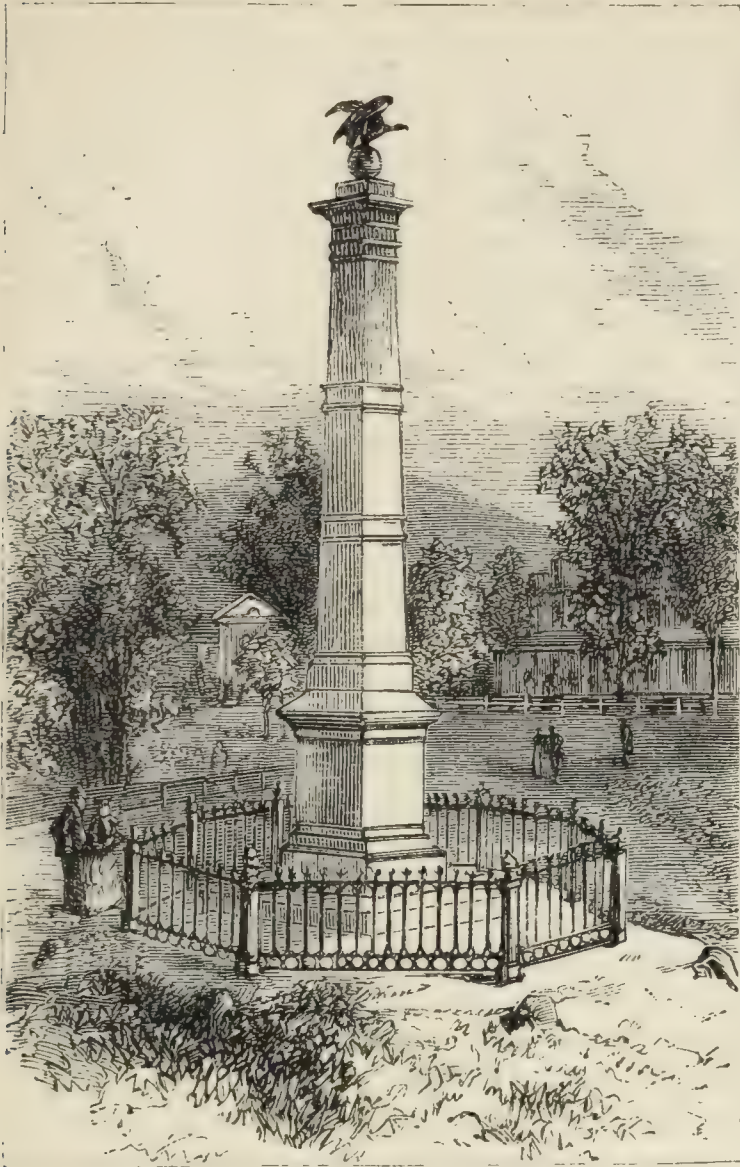
But how few of those who from year to year are surprised by this scene of loveliness are aware that this most beautifully set jewel of Berkshire was only a little while ago the wild hunting-ground of the Indian, kept as such long after the surrounding region had come under the ownership of the whites! It is but a step from this bright scene of civilization back to the midst of heathen barbarism. There are those alive to-day in *Stockbridge* who were living there when the Indian tribe who owned its whole territory had not yet parted with it nor removed to their new home nearer the setting sun. Such is the change wrought within a human lifetime. The later settlements of the West, aided by our modern appliances of railroads and telegraphs, may show greater changes in a briefer period of time, but for New England the change here wrought is little less than a marvel. The growth of our country during the first century and a half, if we may not say two centuries, was comparatively slow. The day of railroads and steamships had not come. It was a hundred years after the settlement at *Plymouth* before *Massachusetts* had any white inhabitants west of the *Connecticut River* valley, or the region properly included in it. *Westfield*, as its name tells us, was then the westernmost settlement, the very outpost of civilization. All beyond to the *Mississippi*, and to the Canadian line on the north, was a wilderness. But in the year 1722 the wave of migration, which had rested for sixty years in the fertile meadows of the *Connecticut*, rolled forward to the valley of the *Housatonic*. Upon the petition of *Joseph Parsons* and nearly two hundred other inhabitants of *Hampshire County*—which then embraced almost all the western half of *Massachusetts*—for the grant of two townships of land upon the *Housatonic River*, a committee was appointed for the purpose of purchasing the Indian title to the designated tract, and dividing the same properly among the settlers. The committee was instructed also to reserve a suitable portion of the lands for the first minister, for the subsequent maintenance of the ordinance of the Gospel, and for the support of schools. Thus the new settlements were begun in the true Puritan style, with scrupulous regard to the rights of the aborigines, and with a zealous interest in behalf of education and religion.

The townships thus granted and opened to settlement embraced all the lower part

of the present county of *Berkshire*, with the reservation of a small portion on the southern border, and another larger portion (including nearly all of the present town of *Stockbridge*), which were then occupied by Indians. These Indians, the sole inhabitants of this whole region, were a small band of the *Mu-he-ka-ne-ok*, or *River Indians*, as they were called, from their residence being on and near the *Hudson River*. Their name signifies “the people of the continually flowing water.” That portion of the tribe who resided in *Berkshire* came to be known as the *Housatonic Indians*, from the name they gave to the river on whose borders they lived. They had a tradition that their tribe came originally from a country northwest of their present home, having, as they said, “crossed the great water at a place where this and the other country are nearly connected.” They said, also, that in coming from the west “they found many great waters, but none of them flowing and ebbing like *Muhekaneok* until they came to *Hudson River*.” Then they said, one to another, “This is like *Muhekaneok*, our nativity.” Here, then, we have a tradition which, if to be relied upon, indicates that one tribe of Indians at least found its way hither from *Eastern Asia* by way of *Behring Strait*—an origin which agrees, it is well known, with the theory of some of the best ethnologists.

The committee charged with the duty of laying out the new townships set about their work at once. In a few months they had received the names of fifty-five proposed settlers; and in April, 1724, the Indians gave a deed of the land, signed by *Koukapot*, their king, or chief, and twenty others. The consideration in the case is somewhat peculiar, but indicates strongly the change, in some respects, which has taken place in the usages of society. The land was given, as the deed says, “in consideration of £450, three barrels of cider, and thirty quarts of rum.”

As the settlers occupied their newly granted lands, and thus came into contact with the Indians, they were surprised to find them well disposed and of good moral character, and that *Koukapot*, their chief, was even favorably inclined toward the Christian religion. This coming to the knowledge of *Rev. Samuel Hopkins*, of *Springfield*, he became very desirous that the Indians should have the Gospel preached to them. After conferring with some others, he made his wishes known to the Commissioners of Indian Affairs at *Boston*. This board, embracing among others the Governor of the colony, was an agency of the *London Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts*. The Commissioners approved the plan of *Hopkins*, and requested him, in conjunction with *Rev. Stephen Williams*, who in his youth had been carried away as a captive from *Deerfield* by the Indians in their fa-



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT STOCKBRIDGE.

mous attack upon that place, and who, by residence among them, knew their character and habits, to procure a suitable person to act as missionary to the Housatonic tribe, or, as they were afterward called, the Stockbridge Indians, and authorized the pledge of £100 a year for his support.

They were fortunate in finding very soon a man eminently fitted for the proposed work. This was John Sergeant, a native of New Jersey, and at that time a tutor in Yale College. He had been heard to say that he would prefer the life of a missionary to the Indians rather than any other. Accordingly, when applied to on behalf of the Commissioners, he engaged at once, if the college authorities would consent, to spend half the year with the Indians and half the year at the college, until he should have carried the class he was instructing through their course, which he was anxious to do, and then, if his missionary efforts gave promise of success, to devote his life to the Indians.

He was soon on his way to his new field of labor. A company of twenty adults was gathered to meet him almost as soon as he reached the Housatonic, and he began at once to preach the Gospel to them by means of an interpreter. The name of this interpreter was Poohpoonuc. He had lived among the whites, and those of the better character, and had gained from them a knowledge of the Christian religion. Under the preaching of Sergeant he was disposed to avow his

faith openly, and, after a proper examination, was publicly baptized, assuming the English name Ebenezer. With this Indian convert began the church in Stockbridge as it exists to-day. It is surprising and interesting as one looks into the catalogue of that church, as it is printed most recently, to find standing second on the list of its officers the name of Peter Pau-qua-nau-peet; while Ebenezer Poohpoonuc heads the roll of members, followed by such a succession as this: Captain John Koukapot, Mary Koukapot (wife), Catharine Koukapot (daughter), Lieutenant Aaron Umpachenee,* Hannah Umpachenee (wife), Isaac Wuaumpee. And so the roll goes on for more than fifty years, the names of whites and Indians mingled; the latter, however, gradually losing their predominance as the white population becomes relatively more numerous, and finally, with the removal of the Indians to their new home in New York, their names disappear; the church ceases to be a mission church, and takes its place with the other churches of the commonwealth.

The peculiar growth of this New England village is shown also in the fact that for many years the town offices, as well as those of the church, were shared by the Indians. Thus in 1761 we find Johannes Mthoksin and Captain Jacob Cheek-sou-kun were selectmen, Frederick Poh-pou-seet constable, Peter Nau-nee-wau-nau-koot tithingman, and King Benjamin Kau-ke-we-naunaunt and Captain Cheek-sou-kun on the committee for seating the church. In the year 1765 a constable's return reads thus: "By virtue of the foregoing order I have warned all the Indian inhabitants within said town, as within described, to meet at time and place within mentioned. Per me, Joseph Quinsquaunt, Constable."

When Sergeant came to Stockbridge he found the Indians living in two villages several miles apart. Divided thus into two bands, and of roving habits at the best, it was felt that it would be difficult to reach them in the most effective manner. This difficulty was in part removed by the agreement of the Indians to take up their residence in the winter at a point midway between their two villages, building there a school-house, and pitching their huts or lodges around it. Here the missionary taught a school during the week-days, and on the Sabbath preached to his dusky auditors. But no sooner had the spring begun to return than he found his parishioners forsaking him and going into the woods for the purpose of making maple sugar. It seems we are indebted to these Housatonic Indians for the discovery of that delightful sweet, so universally relished; for in the history of the

* Governor Belcher had conferred the commission of captain and lieutenant upon Koukapot and Umpachenee.

mission by Hopkins, published soon after Sergeant's death, he not only describes the process of making maple sugar, but the article itself, and gives its name, as though something previously unknown. He speaks thus, also, of the sirup: "The molasses that is made of this sap is exceeding good, and considerably resembles honey. Three, or at most four, barrels of this sap, reduced to one by boiling, will ferment and make a very pleasant drink, which is sufficiently *spirituous*, and, I suppose, by being distilled, would make excellent rum, though the experiment has not, that I know of, been yet made." He suggests also that if the business were to be properly taken up, maple-trees are so abundant that the whole country might be supplied with sugar from this source.

As the Indians would go to the woods to make sugar, the faithful missionary resolved to go with them. Night and morning he led their devotions, and, when the daily work was done, taught them to sing. When the sugar-making season was ended the Indians returned to their central camp for a little while, but soon went to their separate settlements, as the planting season came on, that they might engage in their rude agriculture and follow the chase. This scattered and unsettled condition of the natives was so unfavorable to the work of instruction that, after the experiment of a year or two, an effort was made to induce them to settle permanently in one place. This was favored by the General Court, as the government of Massachusetts was called, and a tract of land six miles square was set apart and given to the Indians. This tract included the upper and larger settlement of the Indians and a considerable portion besides, and embraced the present township of Stockbridge, with that of West Stockbridge, and some land in addition. There were already a few Dutch and English settlers on this land, but their titles were purchased by the colony. The Indians were pleased with this action on their behalf, and almost immediately gave up their lower village, and settled together on the Great Meadow, or W-nahk-ta-kook, which afterward was incorporated as a town by the name of Stockbridge. The work of preaching and teaching was now prosecuted with increasing interest and success by Sergeant and his worthy assistant, Mr. Timothy Woodbridge.

It was part of the plan, in gathering the Indians together in one place, to introduce into the settlement a few white families of the best character for the sake of their influence both in civilizing and Christianizing the natives. By consent of the Indians one-sixtieth part of the land assigned them was reserved for each of four such families, as well as for Sergeant and Woodbridge. These families were carefully selected by a committee appointed for the purpose by the Legis-

lature. The result of this arrangement was that a choice society of whites was formed at Stockbridge from the beginning. Men and women of Puritan descent laid its foundations. Begun thus with families of the highest respectability and the best character, rather than by any company of adventurers or speculators, and pains being taken at the same time to remove the few of doubtful character who had previously gained a foot-hold, such as may always be found in or near new settlements, it was only a natural consequence that, in subsequent years, the spot which came into notice as the seat of a mission to heathen savages should be distinguished for the high-toned character of its people and the many persons of eminence who have had their abode there.

The formal ordination of Sergeant to his missionary work was a peculiar scene, and is eminently a fit subject for the canvas of the artist. It shows the remoteness and difficulty of access of the Housatonic region that this installation took place at Deerfield, fifty miles from Stockbridge. It shows, too, the connection of the colonial government at that time with the religious affairs of the people, and especially with this mission to the Indians, that it took place by direction of the Governor and Council, and with their personal presence and participation. The scene is thus described by our historian: "August 25, the Governor and a large committee from the Council and House of Representatives arrived, and the week was spent in forming a treaty, ratifying the peace and friendship which existed, and exchanging pledges. On the evening of Friday, the 29th, Mr. Sergeant reached Deerfield, and the morning of the Sabbath, August 31, was set apart for the services of the ordination. The neighboring ministers attended, the usual congregation worshipping in the church assembled, many of the Indian delegates were grave spectators of the scene, the Governor and Council were in their places, and the Housatonic Indians, seated by themselves, completed the motley and interesting group. As an introduction to the ordination, the Rev. William Williams, of Hatfield, addressed the Governor, and humbly asked if it were his Excellency's pleasure that the pastors there convened should proceed to set apart Mr. Sergeant for the work to which he had been appointed. The Governor manifested his approbation. Mr. Williams then asked Mr. Sergeant if he were willing to devote himself to that work; Mr. Sergeant gave his assent, and the ordination services were performed. After the fellowship of the elders had been given, Rev. Dr. Williams, of Longmeadow, asked the Indians, through an interpreter, if they were willing to receive Mr. Sergeant, thus solemnly set apart to the work of teacher, among them. The Indians signified their assent by rising."

When Sergeant came to his missionary field he found a greater obstacle to his success in the lawless and immoral conduct of some whites from the Dutch plantations on the Hudson than from the paganism of the Indians. As one has said, "the trials incident to other missionaries were to be encountered—perils among the heathen, perils in the wilderness—and one peril which the apostle does not mention—peril among the Dutch." It is the old story which runs through all our Indian history. Even in those early times there were to be found those who, for their selfish purposes, were ready to make victims of the aborigines. Rum was then, as it has been ever since, the grand instrument of their success. Happily the influence of the missionary was so great, and such the good sense and moral principle of a portion of the red men, that they were led early to take strong measures against the threatening evil. It was not a year after Sergeant came among them when they passed a resolution "to have no trading in rum." The General Court also came to their assistance with its law, antedating the "Maine Law" by more than a century, making it a criminal offense for any private person to sell strong drink to an Indian. The Dutch traders, fearing, like those of old who made silver images of Diana, that the hope of their gains would disappear in proportion as the Gospel should produce its effect upon the Indians, endeavored to excite their opposition to the missionary and to the colonial government, telling them that the latter was unfriendly to them, and seeking to deprive them of their liberty in not allowing liquor to be freely sold them. But their confidence in their pastor enabled him to convince them that the law was enacted for their welfare, and that the traffickers in rum were their real enemies.

In 1734, when the mission was begun, the number of Housatonic Indians within its reach was not more than fifty. In two years this number had increased to ninety, and it was not long before the faithful labors of Sergeant and those associated with him had made such an impression upon the Indians of the vicinity that the settlement at Stockbridge embraced more than four hundred of the children of the forest. Sergeant was not content, however, with the endeavor to enlighten and Christianize the few families he found residing upon the Housatonic. He designed, rather, the mission here to be a focal point of influence which should make itself felt through a wide region. Early in the history of his labors here he formed the plan of a manual-labor school. In this school he hoped to gather not only the children of the Indians living in the vicinity of Stockbridge, but those of more distant tribes, who might be induced to avail themselves of its benefits. Here

he proposed, in addition to the common education of the school and the instructions of religion, that the boys should be taught the arts of agriculture, and the girls those of domestic economy. It was an intelligent and far-sighted plan, worthy of the apostolic zeal and love of such a man as Sergeant. It enlisted much interest, also, not only among the ministers and churches of New England, but among the people of Great Britain. The mission to the Housatonic Indians had, indeed, derived the main portion of its pecuniary as well as moral support from abroad ever since its beginning. The Commissioners of Indian Affairs at Boston were the agents of the Society in London for Publishing the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and Sergeant, as well as Edwards and West, his successors, received their salary largely from that source. The plan of the boarding-school was formed in consultation with gentlemen of piety and distinction abroad, and had their encouragement from the first. Rev. Isaac Hollis, of London, a nephew of Hollis, the distinguished benefactor of Harvard College, had been interested in the mission from its start, and had offered to support twenty of the Stockbridge Indians at an annual charge of £500. When the larger scheme was proposed he was quite ready to second the plan. Rev. Dr. Watts also took up a collection among his friends in its behalf, and sent Sergeant £70, together with a copy of his treatise on the "Improvement of the Mind," a little volume which is cherished as a memorial among the descendants of Sergeant to this day. Other English clergymen took hold of the matter with interest. The Prince of Wales, also, and the Dukes of Cumberland and Dorset, and Lord Gower, with others, became liberal subscribers to the mission and to the school. Dr. Francis Ayscough, of London, clerk of the closet and first chaplain to the Prince of Wales, also made a donation of a copy of the Scriptures in two large folio volumes, gilt and embellished with engravings. Upon the fly-leaf was written, "Presented by Dr. Ayscough to Rev. John Sergeant, missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, in that vast wilderness called New England." It is creditable to the catholicity of Dr. A. that, when he was informed that Mr. Sergeant was a Dissenter, he replied, "What if he be a Dissenter? It is time those distinctions were laid aside..... I love all good men alike, let them be Churchmen or Dissenters."

The Indians cherished these volumes of the Scriptures with great regard, and took them with them in their several migrations after they removed from their old Stockbridge home.

But the plan of the boarding-school, though in itself so generous and so generously helped, was not altogether successful.



SERGEANT'S HOME, STOCKBRIDGE.

maker of all things, though some believed the sun to be God, or, at least, his body. He also gave him one of their beautiful traditions, which was that the seven stars are so many Indians translated to heaven in a dance; that the stars in Charles's Wain are so many men hunting a bear; that they begin the chase in spring, and hold it all summer; by the fall they have wounded it, and that the blood turns the leaves red; by the winter they have killed it, and the snow is made of its fat, which, being melted by the heat of the summer, makes the sap of the trees. A beautiful legend, certainly.

The Stockbridge Indians, as they were eminent for their good morals, were also dis-

The Stockbridge Indians did their part, not only by sending their own children to the missionaries, but by offering a portion of their lands to the Mohawks and Oneidas, if they would come and settle with them, and receive the benefits of the school; and at one time there were as many as ninety of these New York Indians resident on the Housatonic. But the outbreak of the war between England and France created great disturbance among the red men, and other causes combined to defeat the plan. The Indians from the other tribes returned to their homes after a while, and left the Stockbridge tribe as the only direct subjects of the missionary work begun in Berkshire.

It is much to be regretted that Sergeant has not left behind him such an account of the Indians as his rare knowledge of them so well fitted him to give. From the brief memoranda he has left, however, we are led to ascribe a high character to the Stockbridge Indians as compared with many others. President Dwight, writing near the close of the last century, speaks of them, also, in a commendatory way, and says that "this tribe was, both by itself and the other tribes, acknowledged to be the eldest branch of their nation, and as such regularly had the precedence in their councils." Ebenezer, his interpreter, told Sergeant, as they were on their way to attend a religious ceremony of the Indians, that the latter now generally believed in one supreme invisible being, the

tinguished for their peaceable character. So far as we know, they never had any hostile encounter with the whites living near them, and when the French war, so called, broke out, they endeavored to prevent the other tribes from engaging in the threatening conflict, urging upon them a position of neutrality. The superior influence of the French prevented the success of their endeavors. But if they did not succeed in holding others apart from the conflict, they became a very great protection to the whites in the region of Western Massachusetts and Connecticut, below them. These people lay directly in the natural pathway of the Indians coming down with the French from Canada; but so great seems to have been their dread of meeting the Stockbridges, in alliance with the whites among whom they were living, that the hostile tide swept on either side of them, and left the people of this region unharmed. And to the last, through all their history in connection with the whites, whether at Stockbridge or in their subsequent settlements elsewhere, the Housatonic Indians have sustained the most amicable relations with their pale-faced neighbors. Hardly any thing of the traditional character of the savage is found among them.

At the solicitation of the Indians, soon after their settlement on the tract assigned them, the Legislature of the colony appropriated funds for the erection of a church at Stockbridge and a suitable school-house.

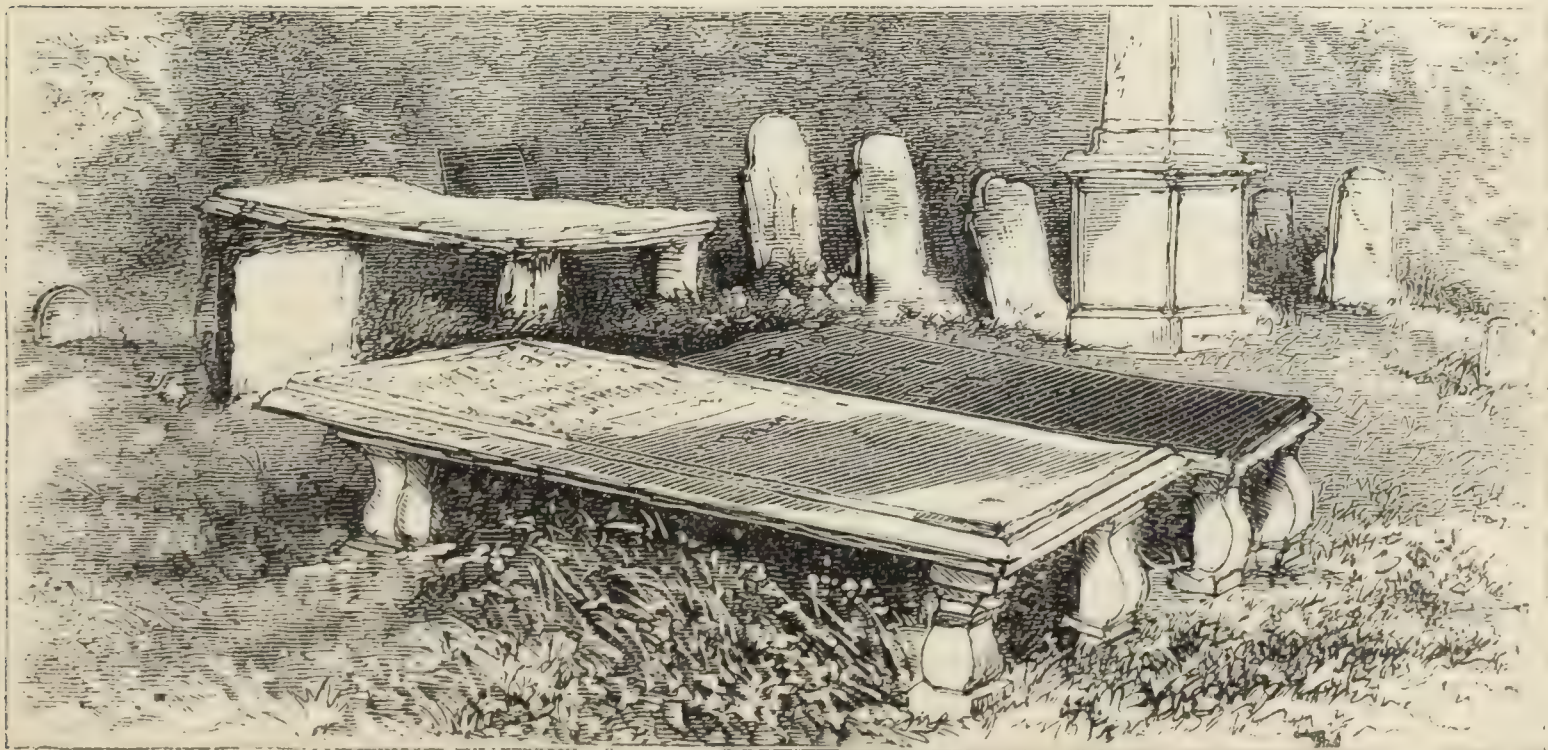
This church stood on the ample "Green" on which the present house of worship stands, and its oaken timbers—though, after the removal of the Indians to New York, they were put to a different use from their original one—have been in a good state of preservation until within a few years; and quite recently the remains of them have been wrought into various articles of ornament and use, which may still serve as mementoes of the history of a century and a half ago, and of life in the wilderness.

No bell rang out its call to worship through the primeval forests. But the people of Boston gave the little Indian church what was deemed a very handsome substitute for one, in the shape of a conch shell, then recently imported from the tropics. This was blown lustily at the hour of worship, and usually by an Indian. Hence, perhaps, the tradition that it was of such size that no ordinary man could even lift it. The shell, however, is now to be seen in the museum of the Stockbridge Library, and though somewhat worn by its long use, is of the usual dimensions. The office of blowing the conch seems to have been an important one, as we find the town at various times voting to make contributions for the purpose of paying David Nau-nau-nee-ka-nuk for this service. Under the labors of Sergeant and those associated with him, the rude aborigines were constantly growing in enlightenment and virtue. At the time of his death in 1749, fourteen years after his missionary work began, one hundred and eighty-two of the Indians had been baptized by him, and forty-two were then professed Christians. Forsaking the society of scholars that he might instruct a heathen race, enduring poverty and the many privations incident to a life in the wilderness, incessant in labors in behalf of his adopted people, his death was felt by them as a sore bereavement; and the stone which still marks his resting-place in the

cemetery at Stockbridge bears this quaint inscription, composed by one of his Indian pupils, a token at the same time of their regard for him, and of the civilizing and religious work he had wrought upon them:

"Where is that pleasing form? I ask: thou canst not show;
He's not within, false stone; there's naught but death below.
And where's that pious soul, that thinking, conscious mind?
Wilt thou pretend, vain cipher, that's with thee enshrined?
Alas, my friend, not here with thee that I can find;
Here's not a Sergeant's body or a Sergeant's mind.
I'll seek him hence, for all's alike deception here;
I'll go to heaven, and I shall find my Sergeant there."

After the death of Sergeant the Indians and the few whites at Stockbridge were without any pastor for nearly two years. Then there succeeded to that vacant office in the wild woods one whose name is not only highly honored throughout this land, but better known and more honored abroad, perhaps, than that of any of our countrymen except Washington. As a preacher, a philosopher, and a person of devoted piety he is unsurpassed. In his days of boyhood he found his enjoyment in the study of natural science and mathematics, and was an acute observer both of objects in the outward world and in the world of mind. Locke "On the Understanding" was his source of youthful recreation. When hardly beyond his majority he had been called to the pastorate of one of the most important parishes of New England, and had soon become distinguished as an eloquent and effective preacher. His fame had crossed the Atlantic, and eminent men in Europe were his friendly correspondents. But now, after a most successful ministry of more than twenty years, a controversy had arisen between him and his people, and they had thrust him out from them rudely and almost in disgrace. The subsequent adoption of his views, not only



SERGEANT'S GRAVE.

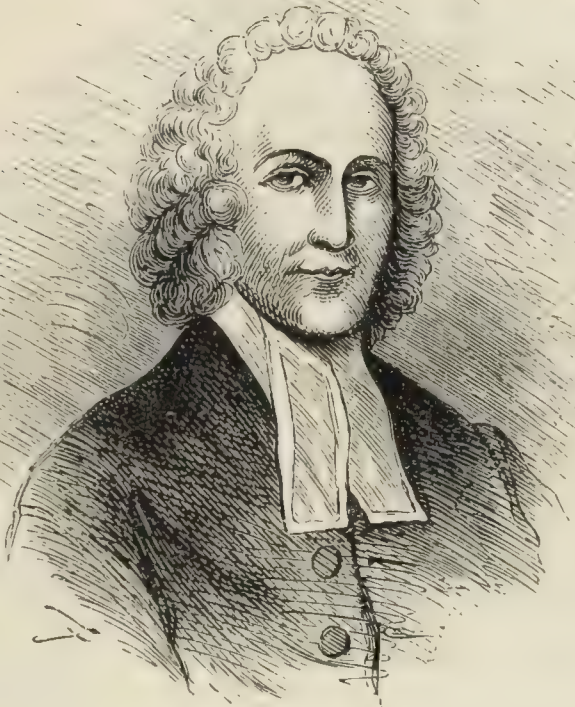


EDWARDS'S HOME AT STOCKBRIDGE.

at Northampton but throughout the churches of New England, has abundantly vindicated his position in that lamentable controversy. But at the time it was a sore trial to him. Driven from his place of labor, unpopular by reason of his well-known views on the qualifications for church membership, with a large family dependent upon him, even his strong faith was hardly sufficient to sustain him as he thought how little likely the churches were to employ him in their service. It was at this time and in such circumstances that he received an invitation from the little church in the village of Stockbridge, then containing but twelve white families, to become the successor of Sergeant. And this was Jonathan Edwards, whose descendants, from Minnesota to Maine, have lately collected at Stockbridge to rehearse together the story of the life and virtues of their great ancestor, and to erect an abiding monument to his memory.

But he was not too great in his own estimation to accept the place now offered him. Without any sense of wounded pride or mortified self-esteem, he stepped down from his high and conspicuous position at Northampton and became a missionary to the Indians in the wilderness. He gave himself at once with earnestness to the work before him. In his preaching, however, he made use of an interpreter. He deemed himself too old, perhaps, and was too much occupied with metaphysical and theological studies, to give the necessary time for mastering the difficult language of the Indians. Besides, that language was very deficient in words expressive of moral and religious ideas. Edwards therefore thought it desirable for the Indians to learn the English tongue, and through it receive their instruction.

Allusion has been made to the studies in which Edwards was engaged while prosecuting his work as a missionary. It would be leaving out a most important item in the history of Stockbridge not to speak of these. When the Indians and the mission to them are forgotten, this quiet village among the mountains will be memorable on account of the work which this eminent man wrought there at the time almost in secrecy and silence. Edwards, on coming to Stockbridge, purchased the house which Sergeant had erected, but which the latter soon left for another he had built half a mile northward, upon a hill which overlooks the village. The house he first built still stands, and until quite recently was little changed from its original appearance. It is the oldest house in Stockbridge, having been built in 1737. It stands near the centre of the village, fronting the south, and commanding a fine view of the beautiful meadows, and of Monument Mountain, and other elevations in that direction. The room on the left hand, as one enters the door-way, is pointed to as the library, perhaps serving also as parlor. On either side of the ample chimney there was, until quite lately, a closet, in dimensions about four feet by six. Tradition had it that the closet in the southwest corner of this room, with its one little window looking toward the west, was Edwards's study—his intellectual workshop—where he wrote his world-famous treatise on the "Freedom of the Will," as well as those other treatises on "Original Sin," "God's Last End in Creation," and the "Nature of True Virtue," which are hardly less celebrated. It is one of the finest moral and intellectual pictures which the history of the race affords—that of this man, who ranks with Plato and other greatest masters



JONATHAN EDWARDS.

of thought, sitting down in that little closet in the wilderness, and amidst a flock of rude savages, to compose in the space of not more than four or five years those essays which have moulded and modified the thinking of a large part of the world, and which will always be referred to by students of the human mind with the utmost respect.

The private life and personal habits of such a man become a matter of interest. Edwards was pre-eminently a student. 'Tall in person, and having even a womanly look, he was of delicate constitution.' He was, however, so temperate and methodical in his living that he was usually in good health, and able to give more time to study than most men. Twelve or thirteen hours of every day were commonly allotted to this. So devoted was he to his work as a student that he was most unwilling to allow any thing to disturb it. Though he was careful to eat regularly and at certain fixed hours, yet he would postpone his meals for a time if he was so engaged in study that the interruption of eating would interfere with the success of his thinking. He was so miserly also in his craving for time that he would leave the table before the rest of the family and retire to his room, they waiting for him to return again when they had finished their meal, and dismiss them from the table with the customary grace.

Edwards was almost a thinking machine. Wherever he was, wherever he went, his pen was with him as the means of preserving his thoughts, and if by chance he failed to have it with him in his walks or rides, he would fasten pieces of paper to various parts of his clothing by means of pins, and associate with each some train of thought or some important conclusion, to be thus preserved un-

til he could get to his ink and paper. So, also, at night he would fasten pins into his bed curtains as the mementoes of his thoughts during his wakeful hours.

That a man thus thoughtful should yet be indifferent to many things of practical importance would not be strange. Accordingly we are told that the care of his domestic and secular affairs was devolved almost entirely upon his wife, who happily, while of kindred spirit with him in many respects, and fitted to be his companion, was also capable of assuming the cares which were thus laid upon her. It is said that Edwards did not know his own cows, nor even how many belonged to him. About all the connection he had with them seems to have been involved in the act of driving them to and from pasture occasionally, which he was willing to do for the sake of needful exercise. A story is told, in this connection, which illustrates his obliviousness of small matters. As he was going for the cows once, a boy opened the gate for him with a respectful bow. Edwards acknowledged the kindness, and asked the boy whose son he was. "Noah Clark's boy," was the reply. A short time afterward, on his return, the same boy was at hand and opened the gate for him again. Edwards again asked, "Whose boy are you?" The reply was, "The same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, Sir."

Stockbridge, as a mission station, and in connection with the Indians, reached the height of its importance, perhaps, under the ministry and care of Sergeant. At the time



MRS. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

of Edwards's dismissal to take the presidency of the college at Princeton, about six years after he came to Stockbridge, the Indians numbered but forty-two families, while the white families had increased to eighteen. Stockbridge was no longer the Indian settlement it had been. The Indians seem to have felt the growing preponderance of the whites, and though the latter were entirely friendly, and even devoted to the interests of the red men, the latter were soon ready to accept an invitation from the Oneidas, and relinquish their home in Berkshire for one in the neighborhood of their brethren in New York.

Still, while the Indians remained, the missionary work in their behalf was unremitted. Soon after Edwards's removal to Princeton, the Commissioners joined with the people of Stockbridge in inviting Rev. Stephen West to become his successor. For several years he preached, as his predecessors had done, both to the whites and the natives. But as it became difficult to secure a proper interpreter, and the white population was rapidly increasing, so as to be able to support a pastor independently of the colony and the Commissioners, by whom Sergeant and Edwards had been chiefly supported, in the year 1775, Dr. West, sixteen years after his settlement, gave up the instruction of the Indians to Rev. John Sergeant, son of the first missionary, who perfectly understood the Indian language, and who continued to be the minister and teacher of the natives, both at Stockbridge and after their removal to their new home in New York, until the time of his death in 1824, at the age of seventy-seven.

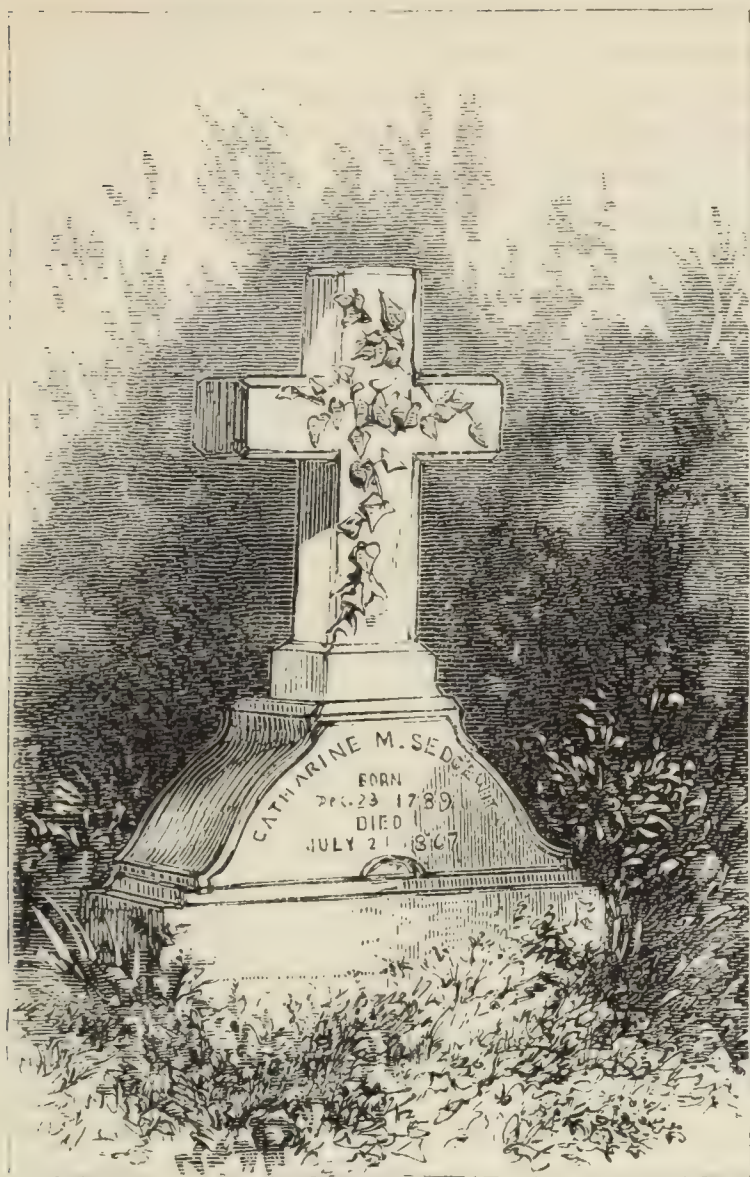
With this relinquishment of his care of the Indians by Dr. West, about the time of the declaration of our national independence, Stockbridge may be said to have become a white settlement. The Indians remained at Stockbridge ten years after this period, but their church was removed from the centre of the village to a place a mile westward, and they were gradually selling their lands to the whites, thus in every way admitting the ascendancy of the latter. And thus gradually, with little that was known to the world at large, a great change was wrought in the character and relations of that beautiful spot upon the Housatonic. One race silently gives way to another, barbarism to civilization, and the foundations are seen to be laid already for one of our most prosperous, influential, and distinguished New England villages.

Dr. West, the successor of Sergeant and Edwards, was, like them, a man of mark, and must ever stand forth as a central figure among the people of Stockbridge. Like Edwards, he was fitted to be the teacher and the influential leader of the most cultivated and the best educated. And he found

himself among such at Stockbridge. Though comparatively small in numbers when he came to it, his parish comprised those choice families which had been called in from various parts of the colony at the beginning of the mission to be the companions and, in an important sense, the helpers of Sergeant. To them had been added from time to time others of like character. Joseph Woodbridge, brother of Timothy, the early assistant of Sergeant in the school, had come in. Brigadier-General Dwight, a graduate of Harvard College, and subsequently judge of the Berkshire courts, was now a citizen of Stockbridge. Here were also Colonel Thomas and Ephraim Williams, relatives of that other Colonel Williams, afterward founder of Williams College, who was also one of the earliest white inhabitants of Stockbridge. Here, also, was Judge John Bacon, in early life pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, and in later life member of Congress, and judge of the Common Pleas. Here was Hon. Theodore Dwight, a brother of President Dwight, of Yale College. Here, also, were Henry W. Dwight, a son of Brigadier-General Dwight, and his eminent sons after him. And here, also, was Theodore Sedgwick, long so eminent as Representative and Senator in the State and national councils, and as judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He was often said to "govern Congress," and his name as judge is honorably connected with one of the earliest decisions in our country against slavery. His own eminence, and that of his children, especially that of Catharine, the authoress of "Hope Leslie," have associated the name of Sedgwick abidingly with Stockbridge as with no other place.

Such, not to speak of other distinguished residents, was Stockbridge when Dr. West became its minister, or during his pastorate there. A society in which such names were found could not be other than marked among surrounding communities. In this society Dr. West held his position as a leader during the long period of sixty years. He commanded the respect of all by his superior abilities of mind and excellences of heart. In social life he was gentle and tender as a woman, and no one was more welcome to every house. The children were attracted to him, and regarded him as at the same time their friend and protector. The story is told, even, of a boy in a neighboring town who, having to pass through a dark and lonely wood at dusk with his cows, soothed his fears by saying constantly, "Old Dr. West, old Dr. West," feeling sure that with such a charm no harm would come to him.

The doctor wore the three-cornered hat, the bands at the neck, and the small-clothes of the olden time, and, being small in stature at the best, his bodily presence was



MISS SEDGWICK'S GRAVE.

somewhat weak. But his face beamed with the unmistakable signs of character, and his speech was far from being contemptible. In the pulpit he was a very thunderer. No one listened to him without being impressed by the strength of his reasoning, and as an expositor of the Scriptures few have equaled him. The late Dr. Emmons, himself regarded as one of our acutest reasoners, said that Dr. West was the only man he was ever afraid of, and pronounced him the greatest divine whom he knew.

Dr. West was the most methodical of men. His boots and shoes, it is said, stood in the same place from year to year, and his hat, whip, and overcoat were always hung on the same nails. He was in the habit of visiting his friend Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, and so exactly did he plan his long journeys thither, though dependent upon his private conveyance, that his wife used to say that she knew as well when to have his tea ready for his return as though he had only gone down to the village for the afternoon.

His place of residence was, on the whole, the most charming spot in all Stockbridge. It was on the point of the high ground which overlooks the village and the valley of the Housatonic from the north, and commands an unusually wide range of view and a combination of mountain, valley, and river scenery seldom equaled. The house he occupied was built by Colonel Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams College, and honorably

distinguished in the French and English war as the commander of Fort Massachusetts, in the northern part of Berkshire County. The site he occupied so overlooked both the northern and eastern valleys of Stockbridge that his house was made a fortification in the early and exposed times. The old well which was then dug in the cellar still remains, but the house was torn down a few years since. What was available of its materials was used, however, in building another house almost on the same site, which is now owned and occupied by Rev. Dr. H. M. Field, editor of the *Evangelist*.

The high reputation of Dr. West as a reasoner and preacher, and especially the fame of his treatise on "Moral Agency," made his house for many years the resort of students preparing for the sacred ministry, and he may be said to have converted Stockbridge from a place for the instruction of rude savages into a place for the training of the most cultivated for the highest and most difficult office known among men. For a period of thirty-five years he was thus engaged. Among his pupils were Dr. Kirkland, afterward president of Harvard University, and Samuel Spring, who, more, perhaps, than any other man, was the founder of the Theological Seminary at Andover, which may thus be traced in its roots to Stockbridge.

Dr. West died in the year 1818, at the age of eighty-four. He was born in 1735, the very year that the Indians were gathered upon the Great Meadow, and the history of Stockbridge began. His one life, therefore, measured the growth of the place from its beginning, when a missionary, without a house and with only one white associate, stood up amidst their rude huts to teach the few Indian families living here in the wilderness, until it had become one of the most enlightened and distinguished towns of New England. The change thus wrought in a single lifetime was marvelous. Even when Dr. West was ordained at Stockbridge there were only about twenty log-huts at what is now the important place of Pittsfield. The whole country north of that point as far as the Canada line was a wilderness; and toward the west, while there were a few Dutch residents on the Hudson and the Mohawk, there were no English settlements between Stockbridge and the Pacific Ocean. When Dr. West closed his ministry Stockbridge was in the midst of a garden of civilization and cultivated beauty, and was known far and wide through the names of those of her residents already mentioned. About this time also the name of Sedgwick, now one of the peculiar names of Stockbridge, and which had been distinguished by the judicial and Congressional services of the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, was getting an additional importance and renown from the writings of Catharine, his daughter, who was then beginning

that career of authorship which has classed her, with Irving, among those who first created an American literature worthy the name, and who has endeared herself by the pure and beautiful tone of her writings to a great multitude of her countrymen and to many abroad. The name of Hopkins also, one of the early and honorable names of Stockbridge, has more recently taken an additional lustre from the character and writings of the distinguished president of Williams College, and his hardly less eminent brother, Albert, who for forty years has occupied the chair of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in that institution, and whose character seems to have borrowed its peculiar serenity and saintliness from his converse with the stars.

Nor would the mention of Stockbridge, in its later days, be complete without allusion to another name which has reflected its light upon this village from different walks of life and literature. As with the Sedgwicks, so with the Fields, Stockbridge has become their historic home. Rev. David Dudley Field became the pastor of the church here only about a year after the death of Dr. West, and proved himself the worthy successor of that eminent man. He was the pastor of the church eighteen years, and after filling the like office in another place fourteen years returned to Stockbridge as his chosen home, where, only recently, he has died at an advanced age. Distinguished as a preacher and as a devoted student of history, his sons have been even more widely distinguished in various callings and professions. They have clung also to the old village home. Two of them, and the family of a third one, recently deceased, have their residences

there. The old Dr. West estate, as has been mentioned already, is now owned by Dr. H. M. Field. The Hon. David Dudley Field, while owning his father's homestead, also owns and occupies, as his summer residence, the beautiful estate which formerly belonged to Sergeant, the missionary. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, more widely known than the others, though not a resident now of Stockbridge, is counted as one of her sons. When his long and persistent but often baffled efforts to link the continents with electric bands had been finally crowned with success, and he had more than realized the promise to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," no place was more ready to participate in the general rejoicing and congratulation, and no place felt more honored by the event, than Stockbridge; and now she feels that instead of being in the midst of the wilderness, and shut out from light and civilization, as she was a hundred years ago, one of her sons has placed her in the very centre of the world's thought and movement.

Nathaniel Hawthorne resided in Stockbridge for some time. It was here that he wrote "The House of Seven Gables." There is still to be seen on a window-pane in the room which he used as his study this inscription, "*Nathaniel Hawthorne, February 9. 1851.*" This little room could only be reached through the kitchen, and had a single window overlooking the "Stockbridge Bowl," as the beautiful lake in the background was named by Miss Sedgwick. Fanny Kemble Butler called it the "Mountain Mirror." From Hawthorne's retreat he could see visitors approach on the road from Lenox, and on such occasions he frequently made good his escape by passing out unnoticed into the woods by the lake side. The house in which Hawthorne lived at Stockbridge is every year visited by hundreds of people from all parts of the world—from England especially. Herman Melville had a residence within an easy drive of Hawthorne. In 1851 Henry James, the novelist, purchased a residence in Stockbridge.

We spoke, at the outset of this article, of the combined attractions of nature and art which Stockbridge presents. The old Indian designation of the place as the "Great Meadow" indicates its characteristic feature as being an unusually wide expanse of river bottom in the midst of surrounding mountains. The peculiar conformation of the mountain ranges in this vicinity compels the Housatonic to change at Lee its southerly course for an eastern, and to keep this general direction through almost the entire breadth of the town of Stockbridge. There are indications also that what are now the meadows were once the bed of a lake, which, by some convulsion of nature, has since been drained off. However this may be, hardly



CYRUS W. FIELD.



MONUMENT MOUNTAIN, WITH GRAYLOCK IN THE DISTANCE.

any meadow scenery can be more beautiful than that which one beholds as he looks down from Sergeant Hill and traces the Housatonic as, with many a graceful turn, it winds lingeringly and lovingly along between its enameled banks. Certainly there needs only to be added to this lovely picture

of tranquil beauty the setting which is given by the background of encircling mountains wreathed around it in various shapes, like some boldly carved frame of oak around a delicate water-color, to fill the eye and soul of the beholder with a feast of beauty.

And then the individual mountains them-



ICE GLEN.

selves have each their several and special attractions. Monument Mountain, which lifts itself on the southern border of the town as the grand mountain feature of the place, with its eastern wall of bare perpendicular rock to which not a tree can cling—how many know something of it since Bryant has enshrined it in his verse! From its summit one looks off upon the Catskills, and his eye sweeps from old Graylock on the north to the Litchfield hills in Connecticut, while around and beneath him the land lies like a garden of beauty.

“It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain columns with which earth props heaven.”

On the east, and quite near the village, is the high range of Bear Mountain, and a walk of less than a mile brings one to Ice Glen, so called, a rift in this mountain nearly half a mile in length. The whole side of the mountain seems to have been rent asunder and tilted over, and then huge boulders as large as houses thrown into the cleft to keep the sundered parts from coming together

again. Giant hemlocks and other trees have now grown upon and among these rocks, and covered the sides of the great rift to the very top. The place is wild and impressive in the extreme. You step at once from the warm, sunny pasture-ground without into a cool, dark grotto or labyrinth. The transition is sudden and complete. You go now over and now under the great masses of rock piled, as by the hands of Titans, one upon another. Now you cross from side to side upon a bridge made by some fallen hemlock, so beautifully matted with its enveloping mosses that you hesitate to touch it with the foot

lest the wood-nymphs cry out at your invasion and pollution of their halls. Now you are fain to slide down the smooth face of a rock, steadied by your climbing-staff, and occasionally you pause to look up from some depth, and catch, as from a well, a glimpse of the blue sky, never more “deeply, darkly, beautifully blue” than from such a point of view. To go through this glen, so wildly beautiful, is an event long to be remembered. Its grand rocks can not be forgotten. Its ferns and mosses will keep their greenness and grow in memory for a lifetime.

It is but the walk of a few minutes from the northern opening of the glen to a beautiful eminence which the Housatonic seems to have cut off from Bear Mountain, and left right in the midst of the village as a little bit of wildness and natural beauty furnished for the convenience of invalids and little children. This is Laurel Hill—so called from the abundance of the kalmia, which grows upon its sides in great beauty. The hill is, perhaps, a hundred feet in height, and separated from the main street of the town only by an intervening meadow of an acre or two in extent, upon which, with an unusual felicity of position, stands the village academy. Half-way up the hill, on its western side, is a plateau large enough to accommodate two thousand people. This plateau is backed on the east by a perpendicular wall of rock thirty feet or more in height. And here, amidst the tall trees kept

free from underbrush, the villagers are accustomed to meet on occasions of public and social interest. Especially it is used by the Laurel Hill Association, which takes its name from the hill, and has for its object the beautifying of the town by causing art and taste to lend a helping hand to nature. This it does by keeping the village streets in good condition, bordering them with nicely graveled walks, kept clean and well graded; by planting rows of trees for shade along all the highways of the town; by keeping the village cemetery in proper order; and, in general, by encouraging a spirit of taste among all the inhabitants. It spends hundreds of dollars annually in this work, and every year, in August, it holds its anniversary upon the hill itself. A rostrum of earth, covered with turf, is built against the wall of rock of which we have spoken, and which acts as a sounding-board for the help of the speaker. From this rostrum the secretary of the Association reads the record of its doings for the past year. The election of officers then takes place. An oration, and usually a poem, are then recited to the listening auditors. Afterward impromptu speeches are made by one and another, and the good work is thus encouraged for another year. It is the great day of the year in this New England village.

Closely allied to the Laurel Hill Association, though not such a peculiarity of Stockbridge, is another institution, which ought, at least, to be mentioned. This is the public library. A village library, to be sure, is no new thing; and yet a truly successful library is somewhat rare. The history of too many has been somewhat like this: one or two hundred dollars expended in the purchase of a few books, so few that they were not worth the care of a special custodian or a building specially adapted to their preservation, and so were thrust into the corner of some post-office or grocery store, where, after a little interest and attention on the part of the public, and a little gratuitous service on the part of the post-master or grocer, the books were neglected, forgotten, and lost. A good village library, especially in these days, when books of some sort are found in every fam-

ily, in order to live and do the proper work of a library, must be of considerable size, in most cases, at the outset. It must be large enough to make a decided impression upon the public by the variety and richness of its contents. It must be large enough to have a value which shall make all feel that it is worth caring for, worth preserving, and worth making constant additions to. In such a case a proper building will be likely to be provided, a librarian will be secured, who will make the care of the books not secondary to that of groceries or dry-goods; and, what is more, the sight of such a feast will stimulate the mental appetite of the community, and the taste of the feast will cause them to secure its continuance.

Such was the start of the library at Stockbridge only half a dozen years ago. A purchase of two thousand volumes was made at the outset. A beautiful stone building was erected for them. When its doors were opened the public saw and felt that they had a treasure in their possession. The town at once assumed the payment of a librarian's services, and enabled the managers to open the library to the public every day, instead of but once a week, as had been expected, and as is so often the case with village libraries; and so almost at once the library became a manifest power in that community. The town would not be willing now to give it up for ten times what it has cost. It is the crowning embellishment of the most beautiful of Berkshire villages.



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, STOCKBRIDGE.

JOHNNY APPLESEED. A PIONEER HERO.



JOHNNY APPLESEED.

THE "far West" is rapidly becoming only a traditional designation: railroads have destroyed the romance of frontier life, or have surrounded it with so many appliances of civilization that the pioneer character is rapidly becoming mythical. The men and women who obtain their groceries and dry-goods from New York by rail in a few hours have nothing in common with those who, fifty years ago, "packed" salt a hundred miles to make their mush palatable, and could only exchange corn and wheat for molasses and calico by making long and perilous voyages in flat-boats down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. Two generations of frontier lives have accumulated stores of narrative which, like the small but beautiful tributaries of great rivers, are forgotten in the broad sweep of the larger current of history. The march of Titans sometimes tramples out the memory of smaller but more useful lives, and sensational glare often eclipses more modest but purer lights. This has been the case in the popular demand for the dime novel dilutions of Fenimore Cooper's romances of border life, which have preserved the records of Indian rapine and atrocity as the only memorials of pioneer history. But the early days of Western settlement witnessed sublimer heroisms than those of human torture, and no-

bler victories than those of the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

Among the heroes of endurance that was voluntary, and of action that was creative and not sanguinary, there was one man whose name, seldom mentioned now save by some of the few surviving pioneers, deserves to be perpetuated.

The first reliable trace of our modest hero finds him in the Territory of Ohio, in 1801, with a horse-load of apple seeds, which he planted in various places on and about the borders of Licking Creek, the first orchard thus originated by him being on the farm of Isaac Stadden, in what is now known as Licking County, in the State of Ohio. During the five succeeding years, although he was undoubtedly following the same strange occupation, we have no authentic account of his movements until we reach a pleasant spring day in 1806, when a pioneer settler in Jefferson County, Ohio, noticed a peculiar craft, with a remarkable occupant and a curious cargo, slowly dropping down with the current of the Ohio River. It was "Johnny Appleseed," by which name Jonathan

Chapman was afterward known in every log-cabin from the Ohio River to the Northern lakes, and westward to the prairies of what is now the State of Indiana. With two canoes lashed together he was transporting a load of apple seeds to the Western frontier, for the purpose of creating orchards on the farthest verge of white settlements. With his canoes he passed down the Ohio to Marietta, where he entered the Muskingum, ascending the stream of that river until he reached the mouth of the Walhonding, or White Woman Creek, and still onward, up the Mohican, into the Black Fork, to the head of navigation, in the region now known as Ashland and Richland counties, on the line of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad, in Ohio. A long and toilsome voyage it was, as a glance at the map will show, and must have occupied a great deal of time, as the lonely traveler stopped at every inviting spot to plant the seeds and make his infant nurseries. These are the first well-authenticated facts in the history of Jonathan Chapman, whose birth, there is good reason for believing, occurred in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1775. According to this, which was his own statement in one of his less reticent moods, he was, at the time of his appearance on Licking Creek, twenty-six years of age, and whether im-

pelled in his eccentricities by some absolute misery of the heart which could only find relief in incessant motion, or governed by a benevolent monomania, his whole after-life was devoted to the work of planting apple seeds in remote places. The seeds he gathered from the cider-presses of Western Pennsylvania; but his canoe voyage in 1806 appears to have been the only occasion upon which he adopted that method of transporting them, as all his subsequent journeys were made on foot. Having planted his stock of seeds, he would return to Pennsylvania for a fresh supply, and, as sacks made of any less substantial fabric would not endure the hard usage of the long trip through forests dense with underbrush and briars, he provided himself with leathern bags. Securely packed, the seeds were conveyed, sometimes on the back of a horse, and not unfrequently on his own shoulders, either over a part of the old Indian trail that led from Fort Duquesne to Detroit, by way of Fort Sandusky, or over what is styled in the appendix to "Hutchins's History of Boguet's Expedition in 1764" the "second route through the wilderness of Ohio," which would require him to traverse a distance of one hundred and sixty-six miles in a west-northwest direction from Fort Duquesne in order to reach the Black Fork of the Mohican.

This region, although it is now densely populated, still possesses a romantic beauty that railroads and bustling towns can not obliterate—a country of forest-clad hills and green valleys, through which numerous bright streams flow on their way to the Ohio; but when Johnny Appleseed reached some lonely log-cabin he would find himself in a veritable wilderness. The old settlers say that the margins of the streams, near which the first settlements were generally made, were thickly covered with a low, matted growth of small timber, while nearer to the water was a rank mass of long grass, interlaced with morning-glory and wild pea vines, among which funereal willows and clustering alders stood like sentinels on the outpost of civilization. The hills, that rise almost to the dignity of mountains, were crowned with forest trees, and in the coverts were innumerable bears, wolves, deer, and droves of wild hogs, that were as ferocious as any beast of prey. In the grass the masasauga and other venomous reptiles lurked in such numbers that a settler named Chandler has left the fact on record that during the first season of his residence, while mowing a little prairie which formed part of his land, he killed over two hundred black rattlesnakes in an area that would involve an average destruction of one of these reptiles for each rod of land. The frontiers-man, who felt himself sufficiently protected by his rifle against wild beasts and hostile In-

dians, found it necessary to guard against the attacks of the insidious enemies in the grass by wrapping bandages of dried grass around his buckskin leggings and moccasins; but Johnny would shoulder his bag of apple seeds, and with bare feet penetrate to some remote spot that combined picturesque and fertility of soil, and there he would plant his seeds, place a slight inclosure around the place, and leave them to grow until the trees were large enough to be transplanted by the settlers, who, in the mean time, would have made their clearings in the vicinity. The sites chosen by him are, many of them, well known, and are such as an artist or a poet would select—open places on the loamy lands that border the creeks—rich, secluded spots, hemmed in by giant trees, picturesque now, but fifty years ago, with their wild surroundings and the primal silence, they must have been tenfold more so.

In personal appearance Chapman was a small, wiry man, full of restless activity; he had long dark hair, a scanty beard that was never shaved, and keen black eyes that sparkled with a peculiar brightness. His dress was of the oddest description. Generally, even in the coldest weather, he went barefooted, but sometimes, for his long journeys, he would make himself a rude pair of sandals; at other times he would wear any cast-off foot-covering he chanced to find—a boot on one foot and an old brogan or a moccasin on the other. It appears to have been a matter of conscience with him never to purchase shoes, although he was rarely without money enough to do so. On one occasion, in an unusually cold November, while he was traveling barefooted through mud and snow, a settler who happened to possess a pair of shoes that were too small for his own use forced their acceptance upon Johnny, declaring that it was sinful for a human being to travel with naked feet in such weather. A few days afterward the donor was in the village that has since become the thriving city of Mansfield, and met his beneficiary contentedly plodding along with his feet bare and half frozen. With some degree of anger he inquired for the cause of such foolish conduct, and received for reply that Johnny had overtaken a poor, barefooted family moving Westward, and as they appeared to be in much greater need of clothing than he was, he had given them the shoes. His dress was generally composed of cast-off clothing, that he had taken in payment for apple-trees; and as the pioneers were far less extravagant than their descendants in such matters, the homespun and buckskin garments that they discarded would not be very elegant or serviceable. In his later years, however, he seems to have thought that even this kind of second-hand raiment was too luxurious, as his principal



"THE TRIBES OF THE HEATHEN ARE ROUND ABOUT YOUR DOORS, AND A DEVOURING FLAME FOLLOWETH AFTER THEM."

garment was made of a coffee sack, in which he cut holes for his head and arms to pass through, and pronounced it "a very serviceable cloak, and as good clothing as any man need wear." In the matter of head-gear his taste was equally unique; his first experiment was with a tin vessel that served to cook his mush, but this was open to the objection that it did not protect his eyes from the beams of the sun; so he constructed a hat of pasteboard with an immense peak in front, and having thus secured an article that combined usefulness with economy, it became his permanent fashion.

Thus strangely clad, he was perpetually wandering through forests and morasses, and suddenly appearing in white settlements and Indian villages; but there must have been some rare force of gentle goodness dwelling in his looks and breathing in his words, for it is the testimony of all who knew him that, notwithstanding his ridiculous attire, he was always treated with the greatest respect by the rudest frontiers-man,

and, what is a better test, the boys of the settlements forbore to jeer at him. With grown-up people and boys he was usually reticent, but manifested great affection for little girls, always having pieces of ribbon and gay calico to give to his little favorites. Many a grandmother in Ohio and Indiana can remember the presents she received when a child from poor homeless Johnny Appleseed. When he consented to eat with any family he would never sit down to the table until he was assured that there was an ample supply for the children; and his sympathy for their youthful troubles and his kindness toward them made him friends among all the juveniles of the borders.

The Indians also treated Johnny with the greatest kindness. By these wild and sanguina-

ry savages he was regarded as a "great medicine man," on account of his strange appearance, eccentric actions, and, especially, the fortitude with which he could endure pain, in proof of which he would often thrust pins and needles into his flesh. His nervous sensibilities really seem to have been less acute than those of ordinary people, for his method of treating the cuts and sores that were the consequences of his barefooted wanderings through briars and thorns was to sear the wound with a red-hot iron, and then cure the burn. During the war of 1812, when the frontier settlers were tortured and slaughtered by the savage allies of Great Britain, Johnny Appleseed continued his wanderings, and was never harmed by the roving bands of hostile Indians. On many occasions the impunity with which he ranged the country enabled him to give the settlers warning of approaching danger in time to allow them to take refuge in their block-houses before the savages could attack them. Our informant refers to one of these

instances, when the news of Hull's surrender came like a thunder-bolt upon the frontier. Large bands of Indians and British were destroying every thing before them and murdering defenseless women and children, and even the block-houses were not always a sufficient protection. At this time Johnny traveled day and night, warning the people of the approaching danger. He visited every cabin and delivered this message: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, and he hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness, and sound an alarm in the forest; for, behold, the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them." The aged man who narrated this incident said that he could feel even now the thrill that was caused by this prophetic announcement of the wild-looking herald of danger, who aroused the family on a bright moonlight midnight with his piercing voice. Refusing all offers of food and denying himself a moment's rest, he traversed the border day and night until he had warned every settler of the approaching peril.

His diet was as meagre as his clothing. He believed it to be a sin to kill any creature for food, and thought that all that was necessary for human sustenance was produced by the soil. He was also a strenuous opponent of the waste of food, and on one occasion, on approaching a log-cabin, he observed some fragments of bread floating upon

the surface of a bucket of slops that was intended for the pigs. He immediately fished them out, and when the housewife expressed her astonishment, he told her that it was an abuse of the gifts of a merciful God to allow the smallest quantity of any thing that was designed to supply the wants of mankind to be diverted from its purpose.

In this instance, as in his whole life, the peculiar religious ideas of Johnny Appleseed were exemplified. He was a most earnest disciple of the faith taught by Emanuel Swedenborg, and himself claimed to have frequent conversations with angels and spirits; two of the latter, of the feminine gender, he asserted, had revealed to him that they were to be his wives in a future state if he abstained from a matrimonial alliance on earth. He entertained a profound reverence for the revelations of the Swedish seer, and always carried a few old volumes with him. These he was very anxious should be read by every one, and he was probably not only the first colporteur in the wilderness of Ohio, but as he had no tract society to furnish him supplies, he certainly devised an original method of multiplying one book into a number. He divided his books into several pieces, leaving a portion at a log-cabin, and on a subsequent visit furnishing another fragment, and continuing this process as diligently as though the work had been published in serial numbers. By this plan he was enabled to furnish reading for several people at the same time,



"NEWS RIGHT FRESH FROM HEAVEN."

and out of one book; but it must have been a difficult undertaking for some nearly illiterate backwoodsman to endeavor to comprehend Swedenborg by a backward course of reading, when his first installment happened to be the last fraction of the volume. Johnny's faith in Swedenborg's works was so reverential as almost to be superstitious. He was once asked if, in traveling barefooted through forests abounding with venomous reptiles, he was not afraid of being bitten. With his peculiar smile, he drew his book from his bosom, and said, "This book is an infallible protection against all danger here and hereafter."

It was his custom, when he had been welcomed to some hospitable log-house after a weary day of journeying, to lie down on the puncheon floor, and, after inquiring if his auditors would hear "some news right fresh from heaven," produce his few tattered books, among which would be a New Testament, and read and expound until his uncultivated hearers would catch the spirit and glow of his enthusiasm, while they scarcely comprehended his language. A lady who knew him in his later years writes in the following terms of one of these domiciliary readings of poor, self-sacrificing Johnny Appleseed: "We can hear him read now, just as he did that summer day, when we were busy quilting up stairs, and he lay near the door, his voice rising denunciatory and thrilling—strong and loud as the roar of wind and waves, then soft and soothing as the balmy airs that quivered the morning-glory leaves about his gray beard. His was a strange eloquence at times, and he was undoubtedly a man of genius." What a scene is presented to our imagination! The interior of a primitive cabin, the wide, open fire-place, where a few sticks are burning beneath the iron pot in which the evening meal is cooking; around the fire-place the attentive group, composed of the sturdy pioneer and his wife and children, listening with a reverential awe to the "news right fresh from heaven," and reclining on the floor, clad in rags, but with his gray hairs glorified by the beams of the setting sun that flood through the open door and the unchinked logs of the humble building, this poor wanderer, with the gift of genius and eloquence, who believes with the faith of apostles and martyrs that God has appointed him a mission in the wilderness to preach the Gospel of love, and plant apple seeds that shall produce orchards for the benefit of men and women and little children whom he has never seen. If there is a sublimer faith or a more genuine eloquence in richly decorated cathedrals and under brocade vestments, it would be worth a long journey to find it.

Next to his advocacy of his peculiar religious ideas, his enthusiasm for the cultivation of apple-trees in what he termed "the only

proper way"—that is, from the seed—was the absorbing object of his life. Upon this, as upon religion, he was eloquent in his appeals. He would describe the growing and ripening fruit as such a rare and beautiful gift of the Almighty with words that became pictures, until his hearers could almost see its manifold forms of beauty present before them. To his eloquence on this subject, as well as to his actual labors in planting nurseries, the country over which he traveled for so many years is largely indebted for its numerous orchards. But he denounced as absolute wickedness all devices of pruning and grafting, and would speak of the act of cutting a tree as if it were a cruelty inflicted upon a sentient being.

Not only is he entitled to the fame of being the earliest colporteur on the frontiers, but in the work of protecting animals from abuse and suffering he preceded, while, in his smaller sphere, he equaled the zeal of the good Mr. Bergh. Whenever Johnny saw an animal abused, or heard of it, he would purchase it and give it to some more humane settler, on condition that it should be kindly treated and properly cared for. It frequently happened that the long journey into the wilderness would cause the new settlers to be encumbered with lame and broken-down horses, that were turned loose to die. In the autumn Johnny would make a diligent search for all such animals, and, gathering them up, he would bargain for their food and shelter until the next spring, when he would lead them away to some good pasture for the summer. If they recovered so as to be capable of working, he would never sell them, but would lend or give them away, stipulating for their good usage. His conception of the absolute sin of inflicting pain or death upon any creature was not limited to the higher forms of animal life, but every thing that had being was to him, in the fact of its life, endowed with so much of the Divine Essence that to wound or destroy it was to inflict an injury upon some atom of Divinity. No Brahmin could be more concerned for the preservation of insect life, and the only occasion on which he destroyed a venomous reptile was a source of long regret, to which he could never refer without manifesting sadness. He had selected a suitable place for planting apple seeds on a small prairie, and in order to prepare the ground he was mowing the long grass, when he was bitten by a rattlesnake. In describing the event he sighed heavily, and said, "Poor fellow, he only just touched me, when I, in the heat of my ungodly passion, put the heel of my scythe in him, and went away. Some time afterward I went back, and there lay the poor fellow dead." Numerous anecdotes bearing upon his respect for every form of life are preserved, and form the staple of pioneer recollections. On one occasion, a cool

autumnal night, when Johnny, who always camped out in preference to sleeping in a house, had built a fire near which he intended to pass the night, he noticed that the blaze attracted large numbers of mosquitoes, many of whom flew too near to his fire and were burned. He immediately brought water and quenched the fire, accounting for his conduct afterward by saying, "God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort which should be the means of destroying any of His creatures!" At another time he removed the fire he had built near a hollow log, and slept on the snow, because he found that the log contained a bear and her cubs, whom, he said, he did not wish to disturb. And this unwillingness to inflict pain or death was equally strong when he was a sufferer by it; as the following will show. Johnny had been assisting some settlers to make a road through the woods, and in the course of their work they accidentally destroyed a hornets' nest. One of the angry insects soon found a lodgment under Johnny's coffee-sack cloak, but although it stung him repeatedly he removed it with the greatest gentleness. The men who were present laughingly asked him why he did not kill it. To which he gravely replied that "It would not be right to kill the poor thing, for it did not intend to hurt me."

Theoretically he was as methodical in matters of business as any merchant. In addition to their picturesqueness, the locations of his nurseries were all fixed with a view to a probable demand for the trees by the time they had attained sufficient growth for transplanting. He would give them away to those who could not pay for them. Generally, however, he sold them for old clothing or a supply of corn meal; but he preferred to receive a note payable at some indefinite period. When this was accomplished he seemed to think that the transaction was completed in a business-like way; but if the giver of the note did not attend to its payment, the holder of it never troubled himself about its collection. His expenses for food and clothing were so very limited that, notwithstanding his freedom from the *auri sacra fames*, he was frequently in possession of more money than he cared to keep, and it was quickly disposed of for wintering infirm horses, or given to some poor family whom the ague had prostrated or the accidents of border life impoverished. In a single instance only he is known to have invested his surplus means in the purchase of land, having received a deed from Alexander Finley, of Mohican Township, Ashland County, Ohio, for a part of the southwest quarter of section twenty-six; but with his customary indifference to matters of value, Johnny failed to record the deed, and lost it. Only a few years ago the property was in litigation.

We must not leave the reader under the impression that this man's life, so full of hardship and perils, was a gloomy or unhappy one. There is an element of human pride in all martyrdom, which, if it does not soften the pains, stimulates the power of endurance. Johnny's life was made serenely happy by the conviction that he was living like the primitive Christians. Nor was he devoid of a keen humor, to which he occasionally gave vent, as the following will show. Toward the latter part of Johnny's career in Ohio an itinerant missionary found his way to the village of Mansfield, and preached to an open-air congregation. The discourse was tediously lengthy, and unnecessarily severe upon the sin of extravagance, which was beginning to manifest itself among the pioneers by an occasional indulgence in the carnal vanities of calico and "store tea." There was a good deal of the Pharisaic leaven in the preacher, who very frequently emphasized his discourse by the inquiry, "Where now is there a man who, like the primitive Christians, is traveling to heaven barefooted and clad in coarse raiment?" When this interrogation had been repeated beyond all reasonable endurance, Johnny rose from the log on which he was reclining, and advancing to the speaker, he placed one of his bare feet upon the stump which served for a pulpit, and pointing to his coffee-sack garment, he quietly said, "Here's your primitive Christian!" The well-clothed missionary hesitated and stammered and dismissed the congregation. His pet antithesis was destroyed by Johnny's personal appearance, which was far more primitive than the preacher cared to copy.

Some of the pioneers were disposed to think that Johnny's humor was the cause of an extensive practical joke; but it is generally conceded now that a wide-spread annoyance was really the result of his belief that the offensively odored weed known in the West as the dog-fennel, but more generally styled the May-weed, possessed valuable antimalarial virtues. He procured some seeds of the plant in Pennsylvania, and sowed them in the vicinity of every house in the region of his travels. The consequence was that successive flourishing crops of the weed spread over the whole country, and caused almost as much trouble as the disease it was intended to ward off; and to this day the dog-fennel, introduced by Johnny Appleseed, is one of the worst grievances of the Ohio farmers.

In 1838—thirty-seven years after his appearance on Licking Creek—Johnny noticed that civilization, wealth, and population were pressing into the wilderness of Ohio. Hitherto he had easily kept just in advance of the wave of settlement; but now towns and churches were making their appearance, and even, at long intervals, the stage-driver's



"HERE'S YOUR PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN."

horn broke the silence of the grand old forests, and he felt that his work was done in the region in which he had labored so long. He visited every house, and took a solemn farewell of all the families. The little girls who had been delighted with his gifts of fragments of calico and ribbons had become sober matrons, and the boys who had wondered at his ability to bear the pain caused by running needles into his flesh were heads of families. With parting words of admonition he left them, and turned his steps steadily toward the setting sun.

During the succeeding nine years he pursued his eccentric avocation on the western border of Ohio and in Indiana. In the summer of 1847, when his labors had literally borne fruit over a hundred thousand square miles of territory, at the close of a warm day, after traveling twenty miles, he entered the house of a settler in Allen County, Indiana, and was, as usual, warmly welcomed. He

seeds of his own planting had grown into fibre and bud and blossom and the matured fruit.

Thus died one of the memorable men of pioneer times, who never inflicted pain or knew an enemy—a man of strange habits, in whom there dwelt a comprehensive love that reached with one hand downward to the lowest forms of life, and with the other upward to the very throne of God. A laboring, self-denying benefactor of his race, homeless, solitary, and ragged, he trod the thorny earth with bare and bleeding feet, intent only upon making the wilderness fruitful. Now "no man knoweth of his sepulchre;" but his deeds will live in the fragrance of the apple blossoms he loved so well, and the story of his life, however crudely narrated, will be a perpetual proof that true heroism, pure benevolence, noble virtues, and deeds that deserve immortality may be found under meanest apparel, and far from gilded halls and towering spires.

declined to eat with the family, but accepted some bread and milk, which he partook of sitting on the door-step and gazing on the setting sun. Later in the evening he delivered his "news right fresh from heaven" by reading the Beatitudes. Declining other accommodation, he slept, as usual, on the floor, and in the early morning he was found with his features all aglow with a supernal light, and his body so near death that his tongue refused its office. The physician, who was hastily summoned, pronounced him dying, but added that he had never seen a man in so placid a state at the approach of death. At seventy-two years of age, forty-six of which had been devoted to his self-imposed mission, he ripened into death as naturally and beautifully as the

RAMBLES IN THE WEST INDIES.*



MONOS.—[SEE PAGE 848.]

IF the reader will open a map of the West Indies he will observe a group of small islands sweeping southward in a graceful curve from Porto Rico, the most easterly of the great Antilles, till the southern extremity almost touches the delta of the Orinoco River. These are the Caribbee Islands, among the most beautiful and most delightful of the West Indies. But, although lying in such close proximity to the familiar islands of the great Antilles, being, as it were, smaller members of the same family, they are comparatively an unknown world, and, with the exception of St. Thomas, rarely visited by the tourist or scientific explorer.

As viewed from the sea, each presents little but the appearance of a volcanic cone, whose subterranean fires are slumbering in suspicious repose. The character of the whole group is volcanic, and each little island appears to be but the jutting out above the surface of the water of a vast mountain, down whose Titanic shoulders lava and ashes have slidden from age to age, changing under the magic influence of tropical air and sun into soils of exhaustless fertility. The scenery is full of wonderful beauty and ro-

mance—Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples repeated again and again with every possible variation of the same type of beauty. No fairy-land of the poet's imagination could be more enchanting. With a climate such as Eden's must have been, a perfect garden of God, these islands appear to have been made for the favored dwelling-place of the human race.

Responding to the wondrous creative influence of the tropics, the mountain slopes, the swamps and plains, even the waters of the surrounding seas, teem with all new and strange forms of animal and vegetable life, and the lover of natural investigation finds himself completely encircled by untold and unrevealed treasures.

Attracted by this wealth of beauty and interest, a well-known English author, Mr. Charles Kingsley, has recently visited these delightful islands, and has written an account of his travels, setting forth the glories of the region through which he passed in such spirited and enthusiastic terms as must tempt many to follow his example. For lack of more substantial enjoyment we propose to do so in imagination, and shall find Mr. Kingsley the most charming of traveling companions. Though an Englishman, he never grumbles. His pages are unencum-

* *At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY. With illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.



GULF-WEED.

bered with complaints, and one would never suspect from the genial flow of his narrative that he ever encountered extortionate landlords, bad beds, poor coffee, and other evils so constantly berated by the common English traveler. His cheerfulness is perennial; his enthusiasm fresh and constant as a child's. He observes nature with the eye of an artist, and describes with all the glow and ardor of a poet.

It had been, he says, the dream of forty years to visit the West Indies, and "at last" the dream was fulfilled. On a chill December day he set sail from Southampton, and passed out by Hurst Castle and the Needles into the sea, whose friendly waves, racing southward before the violent northeastern wind, gave him onward lifts toward the land of his desire. It was all like a dream—the shores and headlands of old England lying cold and colorless in the December twilight; the broad waves, their heads torn off in spray; and, far ahead, seen only in imagination, the fair land of perpetual summer toward which he was bound. His active mind, however, could not subsist upon dreams even for a season, and with the eye of a skillful naturalist he scanned the sur-

face of the water, discovering evidences of noctiluca and other tiny ocean life, until after days of delicious repose, during which the gradual change of temperature gave unmistakable tokens of nearness to the home of the summer and the sun, the first fragments of gulf-weed drifted past, and quite a little excitement arose on board ship, specimens being eagerly fished for over the bows.

Clinging to the sprigs of gulf-weed, or sargasso, are whole families of tiny crabs, zoophytes, mollusks, and other small specimens of animal life, which, like the plant which shelters them, are found nowhere else in the world. But, owing to the speed of the vessel, Mr. Kingsley was unable to obtain many specimens, twelve knots an hour being a pace sufficient to tear off the weed, as it is hauled alongside, all living things which are not rooted to it.

He got, therefore, no crustacea; neither did he get a single specimen of the calamaries, which may be described as cuttle-fish, whose arms carry hooks as well as

suckers, the lingering descendants of a most ancient form, which existed at least as far back as the era of the shallow oolitic seas, *x* or *y* thousand years ago. The only parasites he obtained were a tiny curled spirorbis, a lepraria, with its thousandfold cells, and a tiny polyp, belonging to the campanularias, with a creeping stem, which sends up here and there a yellow-stalked bell.

This gulf-weed has not, as some might fancy from its name, any thing to do with the Gulf Stream. It is found floating between the Gulf Stream and the equatorial current, drifting slowly about on the surface of the water, and is totally unlike, both in its nature and its habits, any weed found in other waters. A theory exists, which Mr. Kingsley calls "not altogether impossible," that the floating fields of sargasso mark the site of an Atlantic continent, sunk ages since, and the traveler looks upon it poetically as a waif which has lost long ago the habit of clinging to a rock or sea bottom, and propagates itself forever floating, drifting restlessly back and forth, as if in search of the rocks where it once grew.

The sargasso is of a rich orange hue, and when seen floating in fields on the surface of

the water appears like a tangled mass dotted with tiny yellow spots; but when drawn fresh from the water and carefully examined, it resembles not a sea-weed so much as a sprig of some willow-leaved shrub, burdened with yellow berries, large and small. Every broken bit of it seems growing and throwing out ever new berries and leaves, or what, for want of a better word, must be called leaves in a sea-weed. It must be remembered that the frond of a sea-weed is not merely leaf, but root also; that it not only breathes air, but feeds on water; and that even the so-called root by which a sea-weed holds to the rocks is really only an anchor clinging mechanically to the stone, but not deriving, as the root of a land-plant would, any nourishment from it. Therefore it is that to grow while uprooted and floating, though impossible to most land-plants, is easy enough to many sea-weeds, and especially to the sargasso.

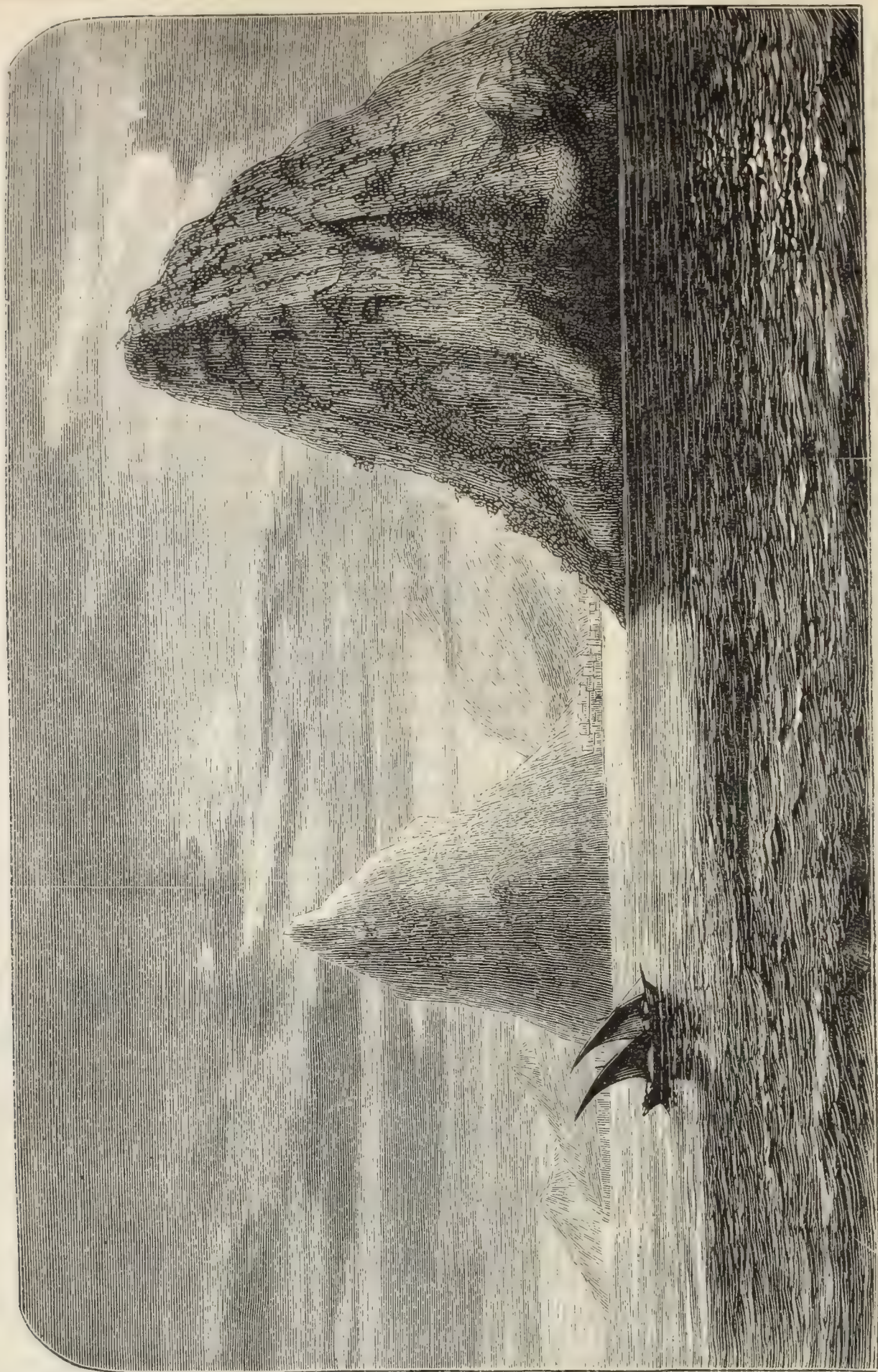
The flying-fish, those tiny elves of the sea, next attract the attention and awaken the delight of the tourist. Who among those familiar with tropical seas has not spent hours of lazy enjoyment, lounging on the vessel's deck, watching the flight of those airy creatures, passing from wave to wave like a flash of silver? We scarcely believe that any one who has carefully watched their habits will affirm that their wings

possess a merely balancing power, as has been stated in much learned writing on the subject. It is hardly possible that so long a flight can be obtained by a forward rush under water; and, as Mr. Kingsley remarks, "the plain fact that they renew their flight after touching, and only touching, the surface would seem to show that it was not due only to the original impetus, for that would be retarded, instead of being quickened, every time they touched."

After two weeks of pleasant sailing Mr. Kingsley obtained his first view of tropical shores. The first land sighted was a rounded hill some fifteen hundred feet high, which was the end of Virgin Gorda, St. John appearing next on the horizon, then Tortola, and, last of all, St. Thomas; all pink and purple in the sun, and warm gray in the shadow, which, on nearing them, changed to the richest green of scrub and down, with bright yellow and rusty rocks, plainly lava, in low cliffs along the shore. Every where the lava cliffs appeared freshly broken, toppling down in dust and boulders; but there had, apparently, been no upheaval since the land took its present shape. There is no trace of raised beaches, or of the terraces which would have inevitably been formed by upheaval on the soft sides of the lava hills. The numberless deep channels which part the isles and islets would rather mark



A TROPIC BEACH.



PITONS OF ST. LUCIA.—[SEE PAGE 844.]

depression still going on. Most beautiful, meanwhile, are the winding channels of blue water, like land-locked lakes, which part the Virgins from each other; and beautiful the white triangular sails of the canoe-rigged craft which beat up and down them through strong currents and cockling seas. The clear air, the still, soft outlines, the rich and yet delicate coloring, stir up a sense of purity and freshness and peace and cheerfulness, such as is awakened by certain views of the Mediterranean and its shores.

As the vessel passed along into the narrow channel between steep green hills, leading to the harbor, at the head of which, piled up among orange-trees, were the scarlet and purple roofs of St. Thomas, all the

glory and richness of tropical vegetation burst upon the eyes of the enthusiastic traveler. Tall aloes, gray-blue cerei, fruit trees with dark, bay-like foliage, crowned the cliffs, and covered with wild, luxuriant growth the steep sides of the hills. Nature in this land of perpetual summer puts forth her powers with strange eagerness, concealing with the growth of a single month every scar which man in his clumsiness leaves on the earth's surface.

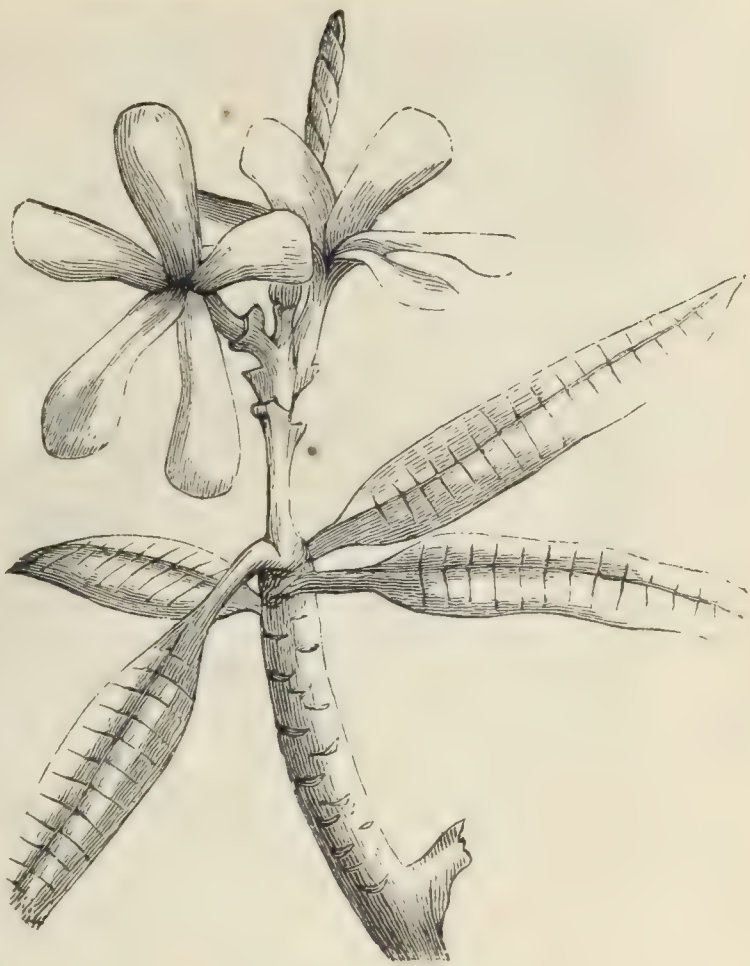
And now, when the vessel dropped anchor in the sheltered harbor, came the moment so long wished for, when the dream of forty years was to be translated into fact at last, when the tourist's feet were to tread tropical soil. With the true enthusiasm of a lover

of nature, he avoided the town, and, taking a small boat from the ship, rowed to a white sand beach a quarter of a mile off, where he leaped ashore, and stood for a time overwhelmed with astonishment and delight at the wonderful wealth of life by which he was surrounded. He says: "The massiveness, the strangeness, the variety, the very length of the young and still growing shoots was a wonder. We tried, at first in vain, to fix our eyes on some one dominant or typical form, while every form was clamoring, as it were, to be looked at, and a fresh dryad gazed out of every bush, and with wooing eyes asked to be wooed again. Here we saw our first melocactus, and our first night-blowing cereus, creeping over the rocks. We found our first tropic orchid, with white, lilac, and purple flowers on a stalk three feet high. We saw our first wild pines clinging parasitic on the boughs of strange trees, or nestling among the angular limb-like shoots of the columnar cereus. We learned to distinguish the poisonous manchineel, whose milky juice, by mere dropping on the skin, burns like the poisoned tunic of Nessus, and will even, when the head is injured by it, cause blindness and death."

Among other flowering shrubs growing in this small bit of earthly paradise were some fine specimens of the frangipanni, whose name is familiar all over the world as that of a delicate and favorite toilet perfume. It is described as a tall and almost leafless shrub, with thick, fleshy branches, some species bearing white, others red flowers, which have the fragrance peculiar to the jasmine, the tuberose, the orange, the night-flowering cereus, and some other delicate tropical blossoms. But Mr. Kingsley's time in this enchanting spot was limited, and he rowed back to the ship over a bottom of white sand, on which were patches of the short manati-grass, one of the few flowering plants which, like the zostera, or grass-wrack, grows on the bed of the sea.

After this taste of tropical enjoyment Mr. Kingsley sailed southward down the islands, among new glories and wonders.

We have already spoken of the volcanic



FRANGIPANNI.

character of these islands, and the beauty and picturesqueness of the scenery formed by the lofty cones, whose sides are scarred by rents and fissures, the results of upheavals of ages long past. Passing Saba, St. Eustatius, and St. Kitt's in rapid succession, the traveler arrives at Antigua, which is lower, longer, and flatter than the other islands, but whose subterranean fires are still in active commotion, as is proved by the frequent earthquakes by which the island is shaken. The low cliffs of ashes and volcanic boulders are not inviting, and the traveler passed on by the lonely rock of Redonda toward a mighty mountain, the summit of which, as he approached it, lay concealed under a sheet of cloud. This was Guadeloupe.

Guadeloupe, as some of our readers may know, consists, properly speaking, of two islands, divided by a swamp and a narrow salt-water river. The eastward half, or Grande Terre, which is composed of marine strata, is hardly seen from the westward,

and then only at a distance, first behind the Basse Terre, and then behind other little islands, The Saintes and Marie Galante. But the westward island, rising in one lofty volcanic mass, is perhaps, for mere grandeur, the grandest in the archipelago. The mountains—among which are, it is said, fourteen extinct craters—range upward higher



ST. EUSTATIUS.



THE LAST OF THE GIANTS.

and higher toward the southern end, with corries and glens of stupendous size. The forest growths are of great magnificence. Tiny knots on distant cliff-tops, when looked at through the glass, are found to be single trees of enormous height and breadth. Gullies hundreds of feet in depth, rushing downward toward the sea, represent the force of the torrents which have helped, through thousands of rainy seasons, to scoop them out and down.

But all this grandeur and richness culminates, toward the southern end, in one great crater-peak 5000 feet in height, at the foot of which lies the port of Basse Terre, or Bourg St. François.

Writing of the mountain of Guadeloupe, which stands as a frowning giant, black and terrible, above a region of beauty and peace, Mr. Kingsley indulges in a bit of delicious description. He says:

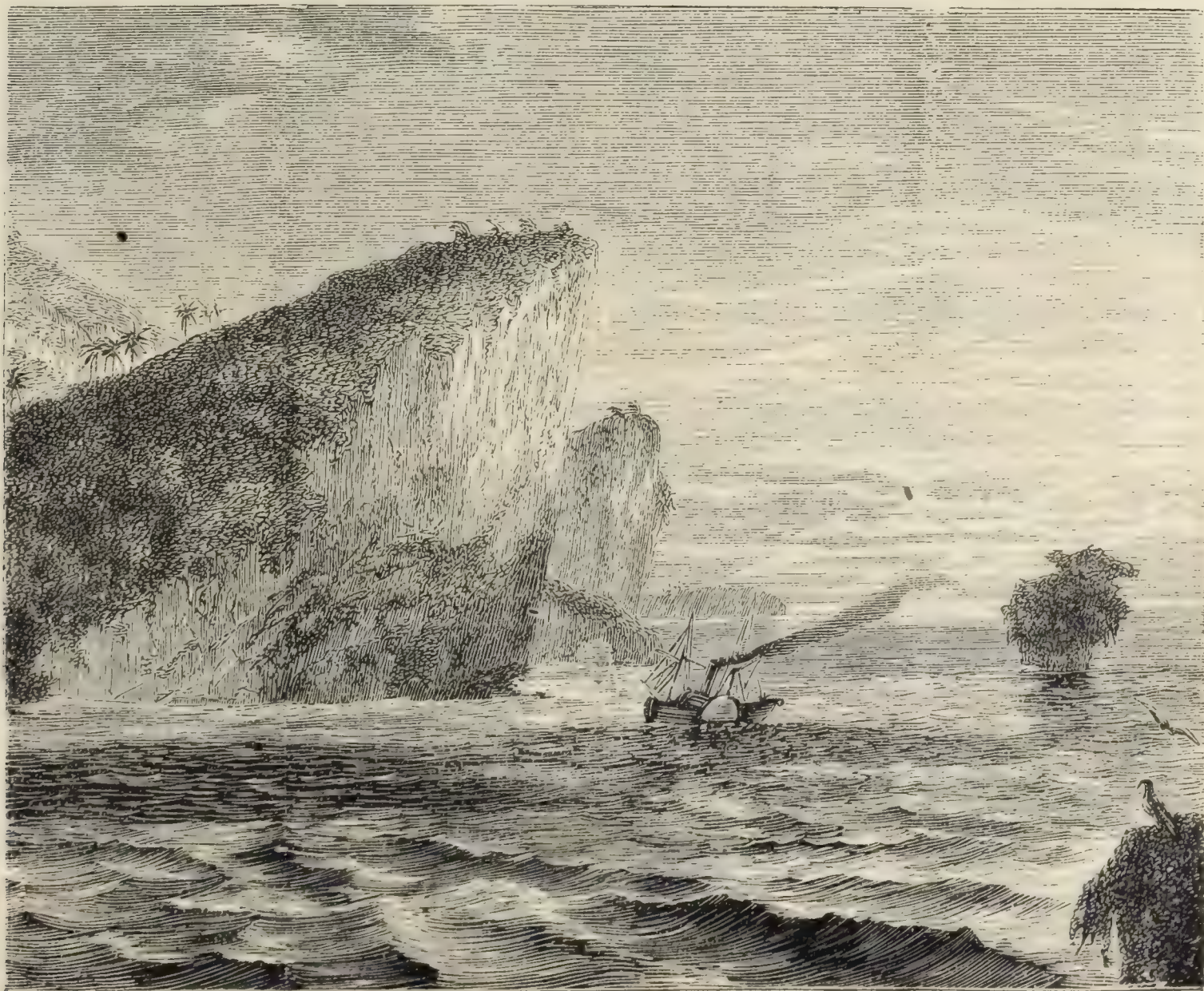
"We never were so fortunate as to see the

Souffrière entirely free from cloud. The lower, wider, and more ancient crater was generally clear; but out of the midst of it rose a second cone buried in darkness and mist. Once only we caught sight of part of its lip, and the spectacle was one not to be forgotten. The sun was rising behind the hills. The purple mountain was backed by clear blue sky. High above it hung sheets of orange cloud lighted from underneath; lower down, and close upon the hill-tops, curved sheets of bright white mist, and under them, again, the crater wreathed with gray vapor, among which, at one moment, we could discern portions of its lip; not smooth, like that of Vesuvius, but broken into awful peaks and chasms hundreds of feet in height. As the sun rose, level lights of golden green streamed round the peak right and left over the downs; but only for a while. As the sky-clouds vanished in his blazing rays, earth-clouds rolled up below from the valleys behind; wreathed and weltered about the great black teeth of the crater; and then, sinking among them and below them, shrouded the whole cone in purple darkness for the day; while in the foreground blazed in the sunshine broad slopes of cane-field; below them again the town, with handsome houses and old-fashioned churches and convents, dating possibly from the seventeenth century, embowered in mangos, tamarinds, and palmistes; and along

the beach a market beneath a row of trees, with canoes drawn up to be unladen, and gay dresses of every hue. The surf whispered softly on the beach. The cheerful murmur of voices came off the shore, and above it the tinkling of some little bell, calling good folks to early mass."

A brilliant, exquisite picture, but one through which runs the sombre element of perpetual danger. The mountain is any thing but a peaceful neighbor. In the eruption of 1797 he hurled out vast volumes of pumice, ashes, and sulphureous vapors, and since then he has shown an ugly and uncertain humor. Smoke by day, and flame by night—or probably that light reflected from below which is often mistaken for flame in volcanic eruptions—have been seen again and again above the crater; and the awful earthquake of 1843 proves that his capacity for mischief is unabated.

Passing southward, and landing at St. Lucia, the tourist was anxious to obtain specimens of that abominable reptile, the fer-de-lance, or rat-tailed snake, which is the pest of this island, as well as of the neighboring island of Martinique. In Great Martinique—so the French say—it is dangerous to travel through certain woodlands on account of this reptile, who lies along a bough, and strikes, without provocation, at horse or man. This statement is probably an exaggeration, as in St. Lucia such is not the case.



THE MONOS BOCA.—[SEE PAGE 847.]



THE PITCH LAKE.—[SEE PAGE 851.]

The snake attacks no oftener than other venomous snakes—that is, when trodden on or when his retreat is cut off. At all events, it seems easy enough to kill him. These fer-de-lances are a great pest in St. Lucia, and it is said that as many as thirty of them were killed in clearing a small piece of land near Government House. The present Lieutenant-Governor has offered a small reward for the head of every rat-tailed snake killed; and the number brought in the first month was almost incredible. Certainly it was high time to make a crusade against these unwelcome denizens. According to a government report, nineteen persons were killed by them in one small parish in the year 1849; and the death, though by no means certain, is, when it befalls, a hideous death enough.

It is a singular fact that this snake, so fatal to man, has no power against another West Indian snake, almost equally common, namely, the cribo. This brave animal, closely connected with the common water-snake, is perfectly harmless, and a welcome guest in West Indian houses, because he clears them of rats. He is some six or eight feet long, black, with more or less bright yellow about the tail and under the stomach. He not only faces the fer-de-lance, who is often as big as he, but kills and eats him. It was but recently that the population of Carenage turned out to see a fight in a tree between a cribo and a fer-de-lance, of about

equal size, which, after a two hours' struggle, ended in the cribo swallowing the fer-de-lance head foremost. But when he had got his adversary about one-third down, the Creoles, seeing that all the sport was over, rewarded the brave cribo by killing both, and preserving them as a curiosity in spirits.

Among all these islands St. Lucia may be classed as one of the most beautiful; not on account of the size or form of its central mass, which is surpassed by that of several others, but on account of those two extraordinary mountains at its southwestern end, which, while all conical hills in the French islands are called pitons, bear the name of The Pitons par excellence. From most elevated points in the island their twin peaks may be seen jutting up over the other hills, like, according to irreverent sailors, the tips of a donkey's ears. But as the steamer runs southward along the shore these two peaks open out, and you find yourself in deep water close to the base of two obelisks rather than mountains, which rise sheer out of the sea, one to the height of 2710, the other to that of 2680 feet, about a mile from each other. Between them is the loveliest little bay; and behind them green wooded slopes rise toward the rearward mountain of the Souffrière. The whole glitters clear and keen in blazing sunshine; but behind, black depths of cloud and gray sheets of rain shroud all the central highlands in mystery

and sadness. Beyond them, without a shore, spreads the open sea. At the back of these two Pitons is the Souffrière, probably the remains of the old crater, now fallen in, and only 1000 feet above the sea.

The next link in the chain, as the steamer runs southward, is St. Vincent; a single volcanic peak, like St. Kitt's or the Basse Terre of Guadeloupe. After passing St. Vincent the course lies along the shores of The Grenadines. For sixty miles long low islands of quaint forms and euphonious names—Becquia, Mustique, Canonau, Carriacou, Isle de Rhone—rise a few hundred feet out of the unfathomable sea, bare of wood, edged with cliffs and streaks of red and gray rock. Their number is counted at three hundred. The largest of them all is not 8000 acres in extent; the smallest about 600. A quiet prosperous race of little yeomen, besides a few planters, dwell there; the latter feed-

ing and exporting much stock, the former much provisions, and both troubling themselves less than of yore with sugar and cotton.

At last Trinidad, which is the southern termination of this chain of islands, appeared as a long line of coast, generally level with the water's edge, and green with mangroves or dotted with cocoa-palms; and the blue sea, stained by the outpouring waters of the Orinoco, changed to a foul bottle-green. There was South America. As the steamer stopped at last in Port of Spain, her screw whirled up from the bottom clouds of yellow mud, the mingled deposits of the Carony and the Orinoco.

Port of Spain, like most tropical cities, consists of straight, level streets, lines of low houses with no pretension to architectural beauty, evil smells of all descriptions, swarms of dogs, vultures, chickens, and goats,



THE COCAL.—[SEE PAGE 853.]



THE BOTANIC GARDENS, PORT OF SPAIN.

and multitudes of people who are doing nothing. There are said to be 8000 human

beings in Port of Spain alone without visible means of subsistence, and you congratulate

the city on being such an Elysium that people can live there—not without eating, for every person you pass is eating something or other all day long—but without working. The fact is that though these natives will eat as much and more than a European, if they can get it, they can do well without food, and feed, as do the Lazzaroni, on mere heat and light. The best substitute for a dinner is a sleep under a south wall in the blazing sun; and there are plenty of south walls in Port of Spain.

But one turns from the disgusting sights of the common street to feast his eyes on the luxuriant paradise of flowers and fruits in which the whole city is embowered. Bignonias, roses, jasmine, and all varieties of flowering shrubs and vines creep and scramble over every thing, and on every side rise the palms, towering above the lower growths, breaking through and, as it were, defying the soft-rounded forms of the broad-leaved vegeta-

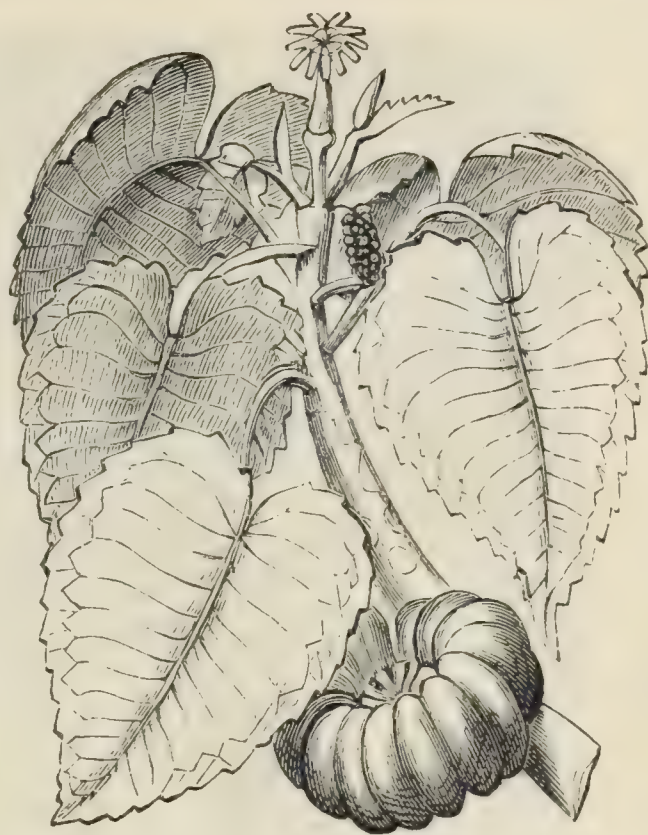


THE LITTLE ANT-EATER.

tion by the stern grace of their simple lines; the immovable pillar-stem looking the more immovable beneath the toss and lash and flicker of the long leaves as they awake out of their sunlit sleep, and rage impatiently for a while before the mountain gusts, and fall asleep again. Like a Greek statue in a luxurious drawing-room, sharp cut, cold, virgin-al; shaming, by the grandeur of mere form, the voluptuousness of mere color; so stands the palm; a thing to be worshiped rather than to be loved.

The Botanic Gardens of Port of Spain are a perfect wilderness of vegetable wonders. Palms from every quarter of the tropics are grouped together in picturesque arrangement; palms with smooth stems, or with prickly ones, with fan leaves, feather leaves, leaves (as in the wine-palm) like Venus's-hair fern; some, again, like the cocorite, almost stemless, rising in a huge ostrich plume, which tosses in the land breeze, till the long, stiff leaflets seem to whirl like the spokes of a green glass wheel.

Strange, indeed, is the music caused by the clashing together of these huge leaves. They creak and rattle sadly in the wind, as if perpetually mourning some lost treasure. Here, also, may be found great tamarind-trees, and the sandbox, whose dried seed-vessels explode with a noise like the firing of a pistol. Every where swarm butterflies of every hue, wasps and bees, black and brown and steel-blue, building their delicate nests in every corner. Ants' nests, too, hang from the boughs, looking like huge hard lumps of clay. Lizards run about the walks in plenty, or stretch themselves along the branches in the sun; and high over your



SANDBOX.

head, in the topmost boughs, noisy paroquets scream and chatter all day long.

The islands of the Bocas, or Boca de Monos, as they were called by the ancient Spaniards, in honor of a race of monkeys long since extinct, are situated at a short distance from Trinidad, and thither went Mr. Kingsley to see tropical coast scenery, and to get, if possible, some guacharo birds (pronounced huáchãro).

These islands are of a peculiar geological formation, worthy the attention of the scientific traveler. On approaching the first group they appear like isolated remnants of limestone, the biggest perhaps one hundred yards long by one hundred feet high, channeled and honey-combed into strange shapes by rain and waves. They are covered almost exclusively by matapalos, which seemed to have strangled the original trees and established themselves in every cranny of the rocks, sending out arms, legs, fingers, ropes, pillars, and what not of live hold-fasts over every rock and over each other, till little but the ubiquitous seguiné and penguins find room or sustenance among them.

A little farther on is a group of larger Bocas, three in number. In an exquisite little land-locked cove the travelers beached their boat, and sat down beneath the amber shade of the palms to enjoy the scene of natural beauty and repose. Right and left were steep rocks wooded down almost to the sea, and worn into black caves and crannies, festooned with the night-blowing cereus, which crawls about with hairy green legs, like a tangle of giant spiders.

Scattered all about on the shingle were strange shells, bits of coral, cocoa-nuts and their fragments, the round scaly fruit of the Mauritia palm, which had probably floated across the gulf from the forests of the Ori-



TAMARIND.



THE HIGH WOODS.

noco or the Carony, and the long seeds of the mangrove, in shape like a roach-fisher's float, and already germinating, their leaves showing at the upper end, a tiny root at the lower. In that shingle they will not take root; but they are quite ready to go to sea again next tide, and wander on for weeks, and for hundreds of miles, till they run ashore at last on a congenial bed of mud, throw out spider legs right and left, and hide the foul mire with their gay green leaves.

On a little strip of flat ground behind the beach stood a three-roomed cottage—of course on stilts—a shed which serves as a kitchen, and a third ruined building tenanted mostly by lizards and creeping flowers.

This was the home of the lord of the cove, a gallant red-bearded Scotsman, with a head and a heart, his handsome Creole wife, and lovely brownish children, with no more clothes on than they could help. At this hospitable and secluded home Mr. Kingsley passed the night, and, as often happens in the tropics, his slumbers were not altogether undisturbed, for shortly after he had become unconscious of the chorus of toads and cicadas his hammock came down by the head. Next there rushed down the mountain a storm of wind and rain, which made the cocoa leaves flap and creak and rattle against the gable of the house, and set every door and window banging till they were

caught and brought to reason. And between the howls of the wind he became aware of a strange noise from seaward—a booming, or rather humming, most like that which a locomotive sometimes makes when blowing off steam. It was faint and distant, but deep and strong enough to set one guessing its cause. The sea beating into caves seemed at first the simplest answer. But the water was so still on this side of the island that one could barely hear the lap of the ripple on the shingle twenty yards off, and the nearest surf was several miles away over a mountain a thousand feet high. Going to bathe in the morning, he heard again, in perfect calm, the same mysterious booming sound, and discovered that it came from under the water, and was made by that famous creature known as the drum-fish, which frequents all tropical sea-coasts.

In the morning early he rowed away again, full of longing, but not of hope, of reaching one or other of the guacharo caves; but the tumbling swells coming in from the outer sea precluded all chance of entering a cave, and he was forced to row away with wistful eyes, and leave the guacharo in undisturbed repose. These birds are nocturnal in their habits, trooping forth from their sea-bound homes especially on moonlight nights to feed on peculiar kinds of nuts and fruits. They are very difficult to capture, and when once secured, rarely live away from their natural haunts.

The primeval forest, or high woods, as it is called in the tropics, is a region with which, even through life-long study, one could never grow familiar. A world of confusion and mystery, it fills the beholder with awe and terror. One is afraid at first to venture in fifty yards, and, indeed, without a compass and skillful guide one must be lost in the first ten minutes, such a sameness is there in the infinite variety. That sameness and variety make it impossible to give any general sketch of a forest. Once inside “you can not see the wood for the trees.” You can only wander on as far as you dare, letting each object impress itself on your mind as it may, and carrying away a confused recollection of innumerable perpendicular lines, all straining upward, in fierce competition, toward the light-food far above; and next of a green cloud, or rather mist, which hovers round your head, and rises, thickening and thickening, to an unknown height. The upward lines are of every possible thickness, and of almost every possible hue; what leaves they bear, being for the most part on the tips of the twigs, give a scattered, mist-like appearance to the under foliage. The straining upward of all growths toward the air and light give one the impression at first that the lower forest is open, and so it is in comparison with the huge mat of flowers,

vines, and branches high above your head. But try to walk through it, and ten steps undeceive you. Around your knees are probably mamures, with creeping stems and fan-shaped leaves, something like those of a young cocoa-nut palm. You try to brush through them, and are caught up instantly by a string or wire belonging to some other plant. You look up and round; and then you find that the air is full of wires—that you are hung up in a net-work of fine branches belonging to half a dozen different sorts of young trees, and intertwined with as many different species of slender creepers. You thought at your first glance among the tree stems that you were looking through open air; you find that you are looking through a labyrinth of wire rigging, and must use the cutlass right and left at every five steps. You push on into a bed of strong, sedge-like sclerias, with cutting edges to their leaves. It is well for you if they are only three and not six feet high. In the midst of them you run against a horizontal stick, triangular, rounded, smooth, green. You take a glance along it right and left, and see no end to it either way, but gradually discover that it is the leaf-stalk of a young cocorite palm. The leaf is five-and-twenty feet long, and springs from a huge ostrich plume, which is sprawling out of the ground and up above your head a few yards off. You cut the leaf-stalk through right and left, and walk on, to be stopped suddenly (for you get so confused by the multitude of objects that you never see any thing till you run against it) by a gray lichen-covered bar as thick as your ankle. You follow it up with your eye, and find it entwine itself with three or four other bars, and roll over with them in great knots and festoons and loops twenty feet high, and then go up with them into the green cloud over your head, and vanish, as if a giant had thrown a ship's cables into the tree-tops. At another of the loops, about as thick as your arm, your companion, if you have a forester with you, will spring joyfully. With a few blows of his cutlass he will sever it as high up as he can reach, and again below, some three feet down; and, while you are wondering at this seemingly wanton destruction, he lifts the bar on high, throws his head back, and pours down his thirsty throat a pint or more of pure cold water. This hidden treasure is, strange as it may seem, the ascending sap, or, rather, the ascending pure rain-water which has been taken up by the roots, and is hurrying aloft to be elaborated into sap and leaf and flower and fruit and fresh tissue for the very stem up which it originally climbed; and therefore it is that the woodman cuts the water-vine through first at the top of the piece which he wants, and not at the bottom; for so rapid is the ascent of the sap that if he cut the stem below, the water

would have all fled upward before he could cut it off above.

Far above your head, supported by a mat of gigantic branches, is a whole green garden of vegetation, the home of many monkeys, burly red howler and tiny peevish sapajou, living aloft in absolute security. They may peer down at you through cracks in their green mansion, but you can not peer up at them. You look up into the green cloud, and long for a moment to be a monkey. Has he not all the treasures of the tropics at command?—fruits grown ready for his taking, and the parrots, humming-birds, flowers, and eternal warmth and sunshine for delicious company!

You look upward at the aerial garden far above you, and wonder whence it has sprung. You scramble round the tree to find, if possible, some token of connection with the soil below. You find nothing. The tree trunk is smooth and free from climbers; and that mass of verdure may belong possibly to the very cables which you met ascending into the green cloud twenty or thirty yards back, or to that impenetrable tangle, a dozen yards on, which has climbed a small tree, and then a taller one again, and then a taller still, till it has climbed out of sight. And what are their species? what are their families? Who knows? Not even the most experienced woodman or botanist can tell you the names of plants of which he only sees the stems. The leaves, the flowers, the fruit, can only be examined by felling the tree; and not even always then, for sometimes the tree when cut refuses to fall, linked as it is by chains of liane to all the trees around.

And what is that delicious scent about the air? Vanilla; and up that stem zigzags the green, fleshy chain of the vanilla orchis. The scented pods hang far above out of your reach.

Soon you will be struck by the variety of the vegetation, and will recollect, what you have often heard, that social plants are rare in the tropic forests. Certainly they are rare in Trinidad, where the only instances of social trees are the Moras and the Moriche palms. Northern forests are usually made up of one dominant plant—of firs or of pines, of oaks or of beeches. But here no two plants are alike. Stems rough, smooth, prickly, round, fluted, stilted, upright, sloping, branched, arched, jointed, opposite-leaved, alternate-leaved, leafless, or covered with leaves of every conceivable pattern, are jumbled together till the eye and brain are tired of continually asking "What next?" The stems are of every color—copper, pink, gray, green, brown, black as if burned, marbled with lichens, many of them silvery white, gleaming afar in the bush, furred with mosses and delicate creeping film-ferns, or laced with the air-roots of

some parasite aloft. Up this stem scrambles a climbing segguine; up the next another creeper quite different; and so on, through all the infinite variety of tropical vines.

Another fact will soon force itself on your attention. The soil is furrowed every where by holes; by graves, some two or three feet wide and deep, and of uncertain length and shape, often wandering about for thirty or forty feet, and running confusedly into each other. They are not the work of man, nor of an animal; for no earth seems to have been thrown out of them. In the bottom of the dry graves you sometimes see a decaying root; but most of them are full of water, and of tiny fish also. These graves are, some of them, plainly quite new. Some, again, are very old, for trees of all sizes are growing in them and over them.

What makes them? A question not easily answered; but the shrewdest foresters say that they have held the roots of trees now dead. Either the tree has fallen and torn its roots out of the ground, or the roots and stumps have rotted in their place, and the soil above them has fallen in.

But they must decay very quickly, these roots, to leave their quite fresh graves thus empty; and—now one thinks of it—how few fallen trees, or even dead sticks, there are lying about in the high woods!

There are forests in North America through which it is all but impossible to make way, so high are piled up, among the still growing trees, dead logs in every stage of decay. And here, in a forest equally ancient, every plant is growing out of the bare yellow loam. Most strange, until you remember that you are in one of nature's hottest and dampest laboratories. Nearly eighty inches of yearly rain and more than eighty degrees of perpetual heat make swift work with vegetable fibre, which, in a colder climate, would crumble into leaf mould, or perhaps change into peat. This zone of illimitable sun-force destroys as swiftly as it generates, and generates again as swiftly as it destroys. Here when the forest giant falls, with the cracking of the roots below, and the lianes aloft rattling like musketry through the woods, till the great trunk comes down upon the forest floor with a boom as of a heavy gun, the genial rain and genial heat act upon the fallen monarch until all the tangled ruin of lianes and parasites, and the boughs and leaves, melt swiftly and peacefully away into the water and carbonic acid and sunlight out of which they were created at first, to be absorbed instantly by the green leaves around, and, transmuted into fresh forms of beauty, leave not a wreck behind.

Some thirty-six miles south from Port of Spain lies the famous Pitch Lake, covering a space of ninety-nine acres, and containing

millions of tons of so-called pitch. It is situated in the La Brea district, the whole of which is of bituminous character, much of the ground looking like an asphalt pavement, half overgrown with marsh-loving weeds, whose roots feed in the sloppy water overlying the pitch. The whole air is pervaded with a smell of bitumen, and on approaching the lake the evil odors grow oppressive and sickening. The pitch, however, certainly does not injure vegetation, though plants will not grow actually in it. La Brea is famous for many kinds of tropical growths. Pine-apples, for example, are brought here to special perfection. They grow about any where, clinging to the patches of rich brown soil, seemingly unmindful of the pitch spewing and sweating out of the earth in odd wreaths and lumps. Even on the very shores of the lake itself are groups of Moriche fan-palms and thick undergrowths of cocorite.

The surface of this Stygian pool, glaring and glittering in the sun, presents a most singular appearance. The black mass of asphalt is divided by narrow channels of clear water into hundreds of isolated patches, as if huge foul blotches were dotted all over the surface of a lake of sparkling clearness. Straggling along in the centre are a number of small islands, covered with thick low scrub, near which is the very fountain of foulness, the place where the asphalt is still oozing up. The pitch here is yellow and white with sulphur foam; so are the water-channels; and out of both water and pitch innumerable bubbles of gas arise, loathsome to the smell. On dipping one's hands into this liquid pitch one is astonished to find that it does not soil the fingers. The old proverb that one can not touch pitch without being defiled happily does not stand true here, or the place would be still more loathsome than now. It may be scraped up and moulded into any shape you will, but nothing is left on the hand save clean gray mud and water. It may be kneaded for an hour before the mud be sufficiently driven out of it to make it sticky. This very abundance of earthy matter it is which, while it keeps the pitch from soiling, makes it far less valuable than it would be if it were pure.

It is easy to understand whence this earthy matter (twenty or thirty per cent.) comes. Throughout the neighborhood the ground is full, to the depth of hundreds of feet, of coaly and asphaltic substances. Layers of sandstone or of shale containing this decayed vegetable alternate with layers which contain none. And if, as seems probable, the coaly matter is continually changing into asphalt and oil, and then working its way upward through every crack and pore to escape from the enormous pressure of the superincumbent soil, it must needs carry up with it

innumerable particles of the soils through which it passes.

Another object of much interest is the mud volcano lying in one of the central districts of Trinidad. Landing at the port of San Fernando, the hill of which forms a beacon by sea and land for many a mile around, Mr. Kingsley started on horseback up into the thick forest. He had many adventures, floundering in sloughs of mud and clay, sliding down banks, and jumping broad gullies, trusting more to the sagacity of his horse, a little brown cob of the tropics, than to his own horsemanship. But at last he succeeded in reaching the object of his search—the Salse, or mud volcano. Out of a hut half buried in verdure, on the edge of a little clearing, there tumbled a quaint little old black man, cutlass in hand, who, without being asked, went on ahead as guide. Crook-backed, round-shouldered, his only dress a ragged shirt and tattered pair of drawers, he had evidently thriven upon the forest life for many a year. He did not walk nor run, but tumbled along in front, his bare feet plashing from log to log and mud-heap to mud-heap, his gray woolly head wagging right and left, and his cutlass brushing almost instinctively at every bough he passed, while he turned round every moment to jabber something, usually in Creole French.

He led up and down, and at last over a flat of rich muddy ground, full of huge trees, and of their roots likewise, where there was no path at all. The solitude was awful; so was the darkness of the shade; so was the stifling heat. At length appeared an opening in the trees, and the little man quickened his pace, and stopped with an air of triumph, not unmixed with awe, on the edge of a circular pool of mud and water some two or three acres in extent.

“Dere de debbil's wood-yard,” said he, with somewhat bated breath. A more doleful, uncanny, half-made spot could not well be found. The sad forest ringed it round with a green wall, feathered down to the ugly mud, on which, partly perhaps from its saltiness, partly from the changeableness of the surface, no plant would grow, save a few herbs and creepers which love the brackish water. Only here and there an echites had crawled out of the wood and lay along the ground, its long shoots gay with large cream-colored flowers and pairs of glossy leaves; and on it and on some dead brush-wood grew a lovely little parasitic orchis, an *oncidium*, with tiny fans of leaves, and flowers like swarms of yellow butterflies.

There was no track of man, not even a hunter's foot-print, but instead tracks of beasts in plenty. Deer, quenco, and lapo, with smaller animals, had been treading up and down, probably attracted by the salt-water. They were safe enough, the old man said. No hunter dare approach the spot.

There were "too much jumbies" here; and when a wish was expressed to lie out there some night in the hope of good shooting, the negro shook his head. He would "not do that for all the world. De debbil come out here at night and walk about;" and he was filled with terror at the idea that any human being would run the risk of encountering such an august personage.

Walking out upon the mud, which was mostly hard enough, past shallow pools of brackish water smelling of asphalt, one arrives at a group of little mud volcanoes on the further side. These curious openings into the nether world are not permanent. They choke up after a while, and fresh ones appear in another part of the area, thus keeping the whole clear of plants.

They are each some two or three feet high, of the very finest mud, which leaves no feeling of grit on the fingers or tongue, and dries, of course, rapidly in the sun. On the top or near the top of each is a round hole, a finger's breadth, polished to exceeding smoothness, and running down through the cone. From each oozes perpetually, with a clicking noise of gas bubbles, water, and mud; and now and then, losing their temper, they spurt out their dirt to a considerable height; and at times even flame is said to appear. But the most puzzling thing about the place is, that out of the mud comes up, not jumbies, but a multitude of small stones, like no stones in the neighborhood. Concretions of iron sand are found, and scales which seemed to have peeled off them; and pebbles, quartzose, or jasper, or like in appearance to flint; but all evidently long rolled on a sea-beach. All these must be brought up from a considerable depth by the force of the same gases which make the little mud volcanoes.

Returning from his inspection of the Salse, an object on the edge of the forest attracted the notice of Mr. Kingsley—namely, two or three large trees, from which dangled a multitude of the pendent nests of the merles, birds of the size of a jackdaw, brown and yellow, and mocking-birds, too, of no small ability. The pouches, two feet long and more, swayed in the breeze, fastened to the end of the boughs with a few threads. Each had, about half-way down, an opening into the round sac below, in and out of which the merles crept and fluttered, talking all the while in twenty different notes. Most tropic birds hide their nests carefully in the bush; the merles hang theirs fearlessly in the most exposed situations, finding that they are protected enough from monkeys, wild-cats, and gato-melaos (a sort of ferret) by being hung at the extremity of the bough.

Another object of interest seen on the beach near San Fernando was a party of calling-crabs, who had been down to the water to fish, and were scuttling up to their burrows among the mangrove roots, their long-stalked eyes standing upright like a pair of opera-glasses, and the long single arm brandished with frightful menaces. The calling-crab is a very moderate-sized individual, with his two eyes each on a footstalk half as long as the breadth of his body. When at rest he carries his eyes as epaulets, and peeps out at the joint of each shoulder. But when business is to be done, the eye-stalks jump bolt upright side by side, like a pair of little light-houses, and survey the field of battle in a fashion utterly ludicrous. Moreover, as if he were not ridiculous enough even thus, he is like a small man gifted with one arm of Hercules, and another of Tom Thumb. One of his claw arms, generally the left, has dwindled to a mere nothing, and is not seen, while along the whole front of his shell lies folded one mighty right arm, on which he trusts; and with that arm, when danger appears, he beckons the enemy to come on with such wild defiance that he has gained therefrom the name of *Gelasimus vocans*—"the calling laughable." He is, as might be guessed, a shrewd fighter, holding his long arm across his body, and fencing and biting therewith swiftly and sharply enough. Moreover, he is a respectable animal, and has a wife, and takes care of her; and to see him in his glory he should be watched sitting in the mouth of his burrow, his spouse packed safe behind him inside, while he beckons and brandishes, proclaiming to all passers-by the treasure which he protects, while he defies them to touch it.

A large branch of tropical industry is the



YOUNG COCOA-PALM.

manufacture of various articles of commerce from the productions of the cocoa-palm. These cocoas, although probably not indigenous in the West Indies, have thoroughly naturalized themselves there, and grow freely, requiring no cultivation, propagating themselves perpetually. Every nut which falls and lies throws out, during the wet season, its roots into the sand, and is ready to take the place of its parent when the old tree dies down.

About thirty to fifty feet is the average height of those cocoa-palms. They never spring upright from the ground. The butt curves, indeed lies almost horizontal in some cases, for the lowest two or three yards; and the whole stem, up to the top, is inclined to lean; and it matters not toward which quarter, for they lean as often toward the wind as from it, crossing each other very gracefully. The cocal (as these palm nurseries are called) which Mr. Kingsley visited lay along a flat, sandy, surf-beaten shore, stretching in one grand curve over fourteen miles in length. He rode along, mile after mile, in that peculiar amber and topaz shade cast by the cocoas, and over beach shingle covered with bivalves of delicate purple, specimens of corallines and brittle sea-urchins, and many varieties of tropical sea-side beauty.

After sunset, as the fleeting Southern twilight was fast deepening into night, he became aware of lights through the trees, and soon found himself in the collection of dwellings, barns, sheds, and engine-houses comprising the cocoa-works.

Here during the night his slumbers were disturbed by a detestable voice shouting "Hut-hut tut-tut" close by his window. The sound was repeated again and again, and he learned the next morning that it was the cry of a large goat-sucker, which goes among the negroes by the name of jumby-bird. This bird is believed by the superstitious blacks to be in close league with the devil, and they consider an encounter with him at night to be a sure precursor of death. Consequently the cry of "Dar one great jumby-bird a-comin'" is enough to set all the negroes of the cocal flying at full speed over the sand in search of a place of shelter where the glaring eye of the jumby-bird is not likely to penetrate.

The next morning was spent in inspecting the works, and in studying the mysteries of cocoa-nut growth. On all sides the negroes were busy splitting the cocoa-nuts with a single blow of that all-useful cutlass, which they handle with surprising dexterity and force, throwing the thick husks on one side, the fruit on the other. The husk is then carded out by machinery into its component fibres for cocoa-rope matting, coir-rope, saddle-stuffing, brushes, and a dozen other uses; while the fruit is crushed down for the sake of its oil. Being thirsty, one has only to

turn to the nearest cocoa-tree and beckon to a negro, who skillfully scrambles up the stem like a monkey, and throws down plenty of green nuts.

Two or three blows with the cutlass at the small end of the nut cut off not only the pith-coat, but the point of the shell, and disclose—the nut being held carefully upright meanwhile—a cavity full of perfectly clear water, slightly sweet and deliciously cool, the pith-coat being a good non-conductor of heat. After draining this natural cup you are presented with a spoon made from the rind with which to scoop out and eat the cream which lines the inside of the shell.

The construction and germination of these famous and royal nuts is a mystery and a miracle well worth considering. Searching among the cream layers at the larger end of the nut you will find, gradually separating itself from the mass, a little white lump, like the stalk of a very young mushroom. That is the ovule. In that lies the life of the future tree. How that life works according to its kind, who can tell? What it does is this: it is locked up inside a hard, woody shell, and outside that shell are several inches of tough, tangled fibre. How can it get out, as soft and seemingly helpless as a baby's finger?

All know that there are three eyes in the monkey's face, as the children call it, at the butt of the nut. Two of these eyes are blind and filled up with hard wood. They are rudiments—hints—that the nut ought to have, perhaps had, uncounted ages since, not one ovule, but three, the type number in palms. One ovule alone is left, and that is opposite the one eye which is less blind than the rest—the eye which a school-boy feels for with his knife when he wants to get out the milk.

As the nut lies upon the sand, in shade and rain and heat, that baby's finger begins boring its way with unerring aim out of the weakest eye. Soft itself, yet with immense wedging power, from the gradual accretion of tiny cells, it pierces the wood, and then rends right and left the tough fibrous coat. The baby's finger protrudes at last, and curves upward toward the light to commence the campaign of life; but it has meanwhile established, like a good strategist, a safe base of operations in its rear from which to draw supplies. Into the albuminous cream which lines the shell, and into the cavity where the milk once was, it throws out white fibrous vessels, which eat up the albumen for it, and at last line the whole inside of the shell with a white pith. The albumen gives it food wherewith to grow upward and downward. Upward, the white plumule hardens into what will be a stem; the one white cotyledon which sheathes it develops into a flat, ribbed, forked, green leaf, sheathing it still; and above it fresh

leaves, sheathing always at their bases, begin to form a tiny crown, and assume each, more and more, the pinnate form of the usual cocoa leaf. But long ere this, from the butt of the white plumule just outside the nut, white threads of root have struck down into the sand; and so the nut lies, chained to the ground by a bridge-like cord, which drains its albumen through the monkey's eye into the young plant. After a few months the draining of the nut is complete, the cord dries up and parts, and the little plant, having got all it can out of its poor wet-nurse, casts her ungratefully off to wither on the sand; while it grows up into a stately tree, which will begin to bear fruit in six or seven years, and thenceforth continue, flowering and fruiting the whole year round, without a pause, for sixty years and more.

In the vicinity of Valencia and San Josef, through which Mr. Kingsley passed on his return to Port of Spain, are extensive plantations of cacao, from whose nuts chocolate is manufactured.

The cacao-bush is similar in appearance to the common nut-tree, with very large, long

dry. When thoroughly dried they are carefully assorted, the better quality separated from the worse, and at last sent down on mule-back to the sea, from there to be shipped all over the world.

Passing through regions of provision ground, the traveler saw growing in great abundance many fruits and vegetables known only by name outside of the tropics; the bread-fruit-tree, with huge green fruit and deeply cut leaves a foot or more across; the mango, avocado pear, mamee sapota, and guava, from the fruit of which last is made the well-known sweetmeat, guava jelly.

Between the banana and plantain it is hard for a stranger's eye to distinguish the difference, which practically is that the plantain bears large fruits which require cooking, the banana smaller and sweeter fruits, which are eaten raw. As for the plant on which they grow, no mere words can picture the simple beauty of its form. The lush fat green stem; the crown of huge leaves, falling over in graceful curves; and below, the whorls of green or golden fruit, with the purple heart of flowers dangling

below them. This splendid object is the product of a few months, the whole growth and death taking place in the short space of one year, during which time one plant will bear from thirty to sixty pounds of rich food.

Yams, ochra, sweet-potato, with its creeping plants covered with purple, convolvulus-like flowers, grow with almost no cultivation, and the West Indian peasant finds some excuse for his idleness in the fact that so little exertion is required to procure his necessities.

But Mr. Kingsley's weeks of travel were drawing to a close, and at last he set sail from Port of Spain, and passed up the islands out toward the northern sea. With wistful eyes he watched the sun by day, and Venus and the moon by night, sink down into the gulf, to lighten lands he might, perhaps, never see again. The "warm Champagne" atmosphere grew sharp and chilly, and low ahead, with the pointers horizontal, glimmered the cold pole-star, for which he was steering, out of the summer into the winter once more.

The monotony of the homeward voyage was somewhat relieved by watching the little wild beasts which some of the ship's company were endeavoring to carry alive to a foreign country: an unsuccessful attempt in most cases, as it proved.

The little alligator, who was kept in a tub on the cabin floor, awoke one night with doleful wails, and was discovered dead in the morning. A curiously marked ant-eater



CACAO.

leaves. Each tree is trained to a single stem. Among them, at some twenty yards apart, are the stems of a tree looking much like an ash. They are bois immortelles, fifty or sixty feet high, one blaze of vermillion against the blue sky. Those who have stood under a Lombardy poplar in early spring, and looked up at its buds and twigs, showing like pink coral, and have felt the beauty of the sight, can imagine faintly the majestic glory of these "madres de cacao"—cacao-mothers, as they call them here, because their shade shelters the cacao-trees, while the dew collected by their leaves keeps the ground below always damp. The cacao pods, or cacao nibs, are brilliant in coloring, and appear like clumps of gay flowers of crimson or yellow or green clinging to the stems and branches of the bushes. They are the size and shape of a small hand, closed, with the fingers straight out. When ripe they are picked to pieces by the hands of the negroes, and the seeds laid on a cloth in the sun to



BREAD-FRUIT.



YAM.



BANANA.

from the Isthmus of Panama departed next. As no ants were procurable it was fed on raw yolk of egg, which it contrived to suck in with its long tongue. But the nourishment obtained was not sufficient to enable it to stand the cold, and it succumbed before the first Northern blasts. This animal can be carried North only in warm weather.

Some monkeys and parrots fared better, and one kinkajou was so lively that he several times got loose and displayed his natural inclinations by dashing about between-decks in search of rats, to the great terror of the stewardess, who looked upon him as a loose wild beast. Colder and colder grew the wind, lower the sun, darker the cloud-world overhead; and glooming dim through

the fog appeared the coast-outlines of England.

The harsh and keen wind of the North was not pleasant after the balmy and spicy air of the tropics, and in closing Mr. Kingsley says: "At first, I must confess, an English winter was a change for the worse. Fine old oaks and beeches looked to us, fresh from ceibas and balatas, like leafless brooms stuck into the ground by their handles; while the want of light was for some days painful and depressing. But we had done it. As the king in the old play says, 'What has been, has been, and I've had my hour.' At last we had seen it, and we could not unsee it. We could not not have been in the tropics."



SWEET-POTATO.



GUAVA.

WHY MUGGINS WAS KEPT.

"MUGGINS!"

While I was marveling at so peculiar an appellation, a broad-faced, stout, half-witted-looking individual made his appearance, and was dispatched by Brinton for matches. He presently returned, smiling, with a bunch of tooth-picks in his hand. Somewhat to my surprise (for I remembered Brinton as rather a stern, severe man), instead of getting a sound scolding, he was merely informed of his error and sent back to rectify it.

I am fond of eliminating romance from common materials—proud of so doing, I might say, for I sometimes flatter myself I have an especial gift that way. It struck me that Muggins might be a romance in disguise, so I remarked, with an affectation of carelessness,

"Why do you keep such a crazy fellow as that about the house, John? Aren't you afraid he might do a mischief some day?"

Brinton's answer was delayed by the reappearance of Muggins, this time with the matches. Meanwhile I reflected that my question might be imprudent; for although John and I had been boys together, we had scarcely seen each other since; and besides, that sweet, delightful Mrs. Brinton was sitting close by me. So I resolved to explain.

"You remember my weakness, John; and I'm sure I can't be wrong in thinking that some interesting story is attached to your connection with this Muggins. Ah! you smile. I thought it was so. Now tell it, like a good fellow."

Brinton looked at me fixedly a few moments, then at the smoke of the outward-bound steamer just vanishing beneath the horizon, and then at his wife, all the time with a musing, thoughtful smile glimmering over his face. At last he said:

"You're a keen observer, Simpson. You deserve a story, and you shall have this one. My dear," he added, to Mrs. Brinton, "won't you go and see about our supper?" Mrs. B., with what seemed a half-deprecating glance at him, and, as I thought, a somewhat reluctant farewell smile at me, accepted this delicate dismissal, and retired, like an angel in white muslin, as she was.

"You see," explained John, "what I'm going to tell you involves speaking of my first love experience, and you understand—"

I understood perfectly. As I have said, Brinton and I had been friends at college, and had exchanged many a youthful confidence there. But since then our paths had widely diverged, and while I had been a traveler, and withal somewhat of a student and recluse, Brinton had risen high in the world, had married, and children were about him. To-day we who parted youths met as

bearded men, with a vista of years lengthening behind us. Yet I had found Brinton almost unchanged—grave, somewhat haughty of manner, with native force and independence in all he did or said, yet warm-hearted and energetic, with a low, deep voice, and a firm grip of the hand. I was gratified to find his confidence in me unimpaired, and appreciated the delicacy which would spare his wife the embarrassment of listening to the story of some previous attachment. And I was all ears for the story.

"It happened about eight years ago," began Brinton, placing his feet upon the window-sill, folding his arms, and gazing contemplatively out to sea. "I had had Muggins, at that time, about four years—ever since I had driven over him, a boy, in the street, and knocked out of him what little brains ever were in him. That incident, and the fact that he was always devoted to me, had been the causes of my retaining him in my service thus far; but it was at the time of which I am now about to speak that he performed for me that extraordinary service which no kindness of mine can ever repay."

Here my friend paused, and pulled at his black, bristling mustache a while in silence. Though much interested at so suggestive a commencement to my romance, I forbore to interrupt him, and he soon resumed.

"We'd been traveling some months in Europe. I met a Miss Rupert and her father there—Southerners, with all the fine and generous traits of their race; and though we were politically at swords' points, we ultimately became inseparable friends. Indeed, Miss Rupert and I were engaged to be married. I don't mind confessing now," said Brinton, lowering his voice, "that I loved her with my whole heart. She was beautiful, proud, tender, fiery, affectionate—you know what I mean. Though our temperaments were as dissimilar as possible, we met and sympathized on all vital points. And she loved me as only such a woman can love, idealizing me till I was a fit subject for adoration; and I let her do it to her heart's content, knowing that time would set her right. And so it did, rather sooner than I expected."

"We were traveling in Egypt, as I said—"

"You said Europe," ventured I.

"Of course—I mean Europe," said Brinton, hastily. "It all happened so long ago that my memory has become a little rusty. Well, we were in Geneva about the latter part of May, and, of course, we were perfectly happy. We were delighted with every thing, for we were every thing to each other. And if it hadn't been for a certain Polish count, who in some way became acquainted with us, our happiness might have been uninterrupted to the present day."

This seemed to me a singular remark for

a married man, and a man like Brinton, to make; but I forbore to interrupt.

"The count's name," continued John, was Grodjinski; one of those graceful, elegantly mannered fellows, with a great deal of aristocratic breeding and polish, and very little honorable reputation of any kind—among women especially. He was very attentive to Miss Rupert, who set it all down to 'the way' of foreigners; quite correct, no doubt, but it's a way I didn't approve of. Well, not to make a long story of it, we all four went one night to a grand ball given there. Miss Rupert looked superbly, dressed as only a Southerner can dress; indeed—for you know I'm a little old-fashioned—I should have preferred to let the exquisite symmetry of her neck and arms be left rather more to the imagination. The count had danced several times with her during the evening, and as I was standing in the hall waiting for her to come out after the ball was over, he stepped up to me and whispered something in my ear. I won't repeat what he said, but it embodied a gross insult to Miss Rupert, and through her to me. It could only be answered by a blow, and it was so I answered it, striking him full in his smooth, pale, insolent face. The blood spurted from his cheek over my hand, and his cool smile changed to a look of deadly malice. Of course it created considerable disturbance; but I haven't any very distinct remembrance of what followed till I found myself in the carriage, driving home with the Ruperts.

"Well, of course they were anxious to know all about it, and I told them all I could, omitting, however, to mention that Polinski had insulted me only by insulting Miss Rupert."

"*Polinski!*" said I, timidly, "I thought it was *Grodjinski*."

"So it was; I believe you are right!" exclaimed John; "but the fact is, all I remember about his name is that it ended in *inski*. Perhaps we had better call him *Inski*, and let the first half of his name go."

Of course I acquiesced, and he went on.

"Well—but where was I? Oh! I remember; about the insult. When I got through telling the story Mr. Rupert said:

"I am very sorry it happened, John, though I dare say you acted rightly and as I should have done under the circumstances. But—you know the count's reputation."

"Supposing he meant his bad name among women, I replied, 'I certainly do, Sir, and perhaps I struck him the harder on that account.'

"Mr. Rupert took my hand, pressed it silently, and then said:

"I know you'll do yourself honor in any case, John, and I only hope your good fortune may equal your courage."

"What did he mean by that?" inquired I.

"Just what I asked myself," said Brinton;

"but before I had time to ask him the carriage drew up at the hotel, and he walked off, saying he would give 'us young people' a chance to say a few words to each other. I noticed then, for the first time, that there were traces of tears in Miss Rupert's eyes, and her hand trembled on my arm. 'What's the matter, dear?' I asked. She clung to me, convulsively almost, for a few moments, unable to speak, as it seemed. At last she looked up in my face.

"Don't mind my foolishness, John," she said; and though her voice was steady and her lip firm, the effort filled her eyes again. 'Don't fear, I'll be as brave and calm as you when the time comes. But it's all so sudden; and, oh, my darling, the risk will be so great!'

"What risk?" said I, puzzled again.

"Now, John dear, don't hesitate to put confidence in me. Indeed, I can bear any thing almost. See how brave I am!" and she looked up with a heart-rending little smile. 'Now won't you promise to tell me every thing, darling?'

"I was at my wit's end then. 'My dear,' said I, seriously, 'there's nothing to tell that you don't know already. What is it you want to know?'

"Oh, of course it hasn't come yet," said she, apparently half hurt: 'what I mean is, that you should tell me as soon as it does. It would be far better, dear, than to wait till afterward, when—' her voice faltered—'it may be too late.'

"Well," said I, trusting to time to clear up the misunderstanding which I saw existed between us, 'I'll promise to tell you whatever happens as soon as I know it myself.' That seemed to satisfy her somewhat, and, soon after, Mr. Rupert came back, and we all retired.

"It certainly was very stupid and thick-headed of me," commented Brinton at this point, rubbing his chin thoughtfully; "but then, you know, I was young, and having been bred a Northerner, was an entire stranger to some European customs. But next morning a cool, quiet sort of fellow, with patent-leather boots, was ushered into my room as I was putting the finishing touches to my toilet, and handed me a neat envelope, the contents of which explained the whole mystery most satisfactorily—the old gentleman's compliments, the anxiety of his daughter, and all. It was a challenge from the count!"

Here Brinton made an impressive pause, and looked at me as if he expected me to say something. So I remarked, appreciatively:

"I see, of course; and the Ruperts, being Southerners, had foreseen it all along. Yes, yes! By-the-way, John," added I, with a smile, "that reminds me of when we were boys, and you used to vow that nothing

ever would induce you to fight a duel. I said then that circumstances would arise to force you into it, and you see I was right."

It seemed to me that John's expression changed; he didn't appear pleased, and withal there was a puzzled look on his face. I was beginning to fear I had made a mistake, when all at once his countenance cleared again.

"I remember the vow you allude to, Simpson," said he; "and I remembered it then. I refused the challenge!"

I was speechless. I confess I am a timid man, but I could not help thinking that, in such a cause, even *I* would not have hesitated to exchange shots. Brinton, I think, divined what was passing in my mind; he leaned out of the window and turned away his face—to conceal his emotion, perhaps; for when he resumed his position his cheeks and forehead were much flushed.

"Yes," continued he, "I refused; and lost no time in informing the cool, quiet fellow of my decision. I need not attempt to describe to *you*," with a meaning look at me, "his expression as he said:

"'Monsieur's apology will, then, be made in *person*?'"

"'I've no apology to make. Tell the count, if the occasion should recur, I shall act precisely in the same manner.'"

"Horror, amazement, and disdain were in voice and aspect as he rejoined:

"'Monsieur understands what he is to expect, then,' and withdrew with a contemptuous glare. And when, a few minutes afterward, I descended to breakfast, the covert insolence in the air of the landlord as he bowed to me at the door, and the stares, whispers, and smiles of several groups I passed showed me how unpleasant some of the consequences would be. But I sat down at table with the Ruperts, feeling sure that they, at any rate, would appreciate and honor my motives. I determined to break the news at once.

"'I received a challenge from the count this morning.'"

"'I know it, my dear John,' said Mr. Rupert, eagerly, while his daughter's eyes were fixed upon me with a proud, loving, anxious look that almost made me regret the course I had taken. 'I saw his second leave the house just now. I am an old man, Sir, but if you are willing to trust me to act for you, I—'

"'Thank you, Sir; but there's no need. I've declined the challenge.'"

"There was a dead silence for several moments. Mr. Rupert upset his coffee-cup. Miss Rupert, evidently much agitated, fell back in her chair, paling and flushing by turns. At last Mr. Rupert spoke again:

"'If you say this jokingly, John, or out of consideration for my daughter's feelings, let me tell you you are acting unwisely. She

has the old Rupert blood in her veins, Sir, and, much as she loves you, would rather see you dead than disgraced. So speak out and tell us all about it.'

"I felt a little nettled at the proud, severe tone in which the old man said this.

"'Understand me, then, once for all. I've refused either to try to kill this man or let him attempt my life. I never believed it right to settle a quarrel in that way, and I won't change my principles now because I happen to be the one involved. I counted the cost of this step, and knew what I might lose by it; but not even that loss shall alter my resolve.'

"I looked to Miss Rupert for sympathy as I spoke; but her eyes had a gleam half of anger, half of contempt, and her mouth was set with an expression at once of disgust and bitter disappointment. It was her father who spoke.

"'I see you have anticipated what I was about to say, Mr. Brinton. We evidently differ very essentially on some points. I'm glad we've come to an understanding in time. It only remains to say—I speak for my daughter as well as myself—that you will do us a favor by forgetting we ever were acquainted. It is fair to suppose that a man who doesn't know how to take care of his own honor will be no fit guardian of a woman's. Good-morning, Sir.'

"He rose from the table, gave Miss Rupert his arm, and they moved off. But I wouldn't give it up so, and, after a moment, rose and followed them. I overtook them in the hall, which happened to be empty, and touched her on the arm.

"'I'll take my dismissal in your own words, not otherwise.'

"She turned round and faced me, the blood rushing up into her cheeks and forehead. 'Go on, father,' she said; 'I'll follow directly.' She came close up to me, and looked me straight in the eyes, her own blazing.

"'Do you refuse to fight this duel?'

"'Yes.'

"'Are you a coward?'

"'Do I look like one?'

"She laughed bitterly. 'I've not been accustomed to see cowards; but I sha'n't soon forget how one looks now. O God! I wish I had killed you or myself before I ever knew! And you daren't even confess it. You talk of *principle*!' she laughed again. 'And yet you presumed to love me; and'—she hesitated, but went on desperately—'yes, and I loved *you* with all my soul: no, not you, but what I believed you were. How I pity you, you poor creature!' She began to cry hysterically, but checked herself by a great effort. 'Go, and never come back till I send for you!' With that last cut she turned away.

"'Till then,' I said, 'I never will.' And so we parted."

Brinton looked at me: his face worked strangely, as if he were attempting to smother some strong emotion. And, I confess, I was very much affected myself. I could not help feeling a romantic interest, too, in Miss Rupert; all the more because I was conscious of a tender feeling toward Mrs. Brinton. What strange things we human beings are! And that brought Muggins into my mind once more.

"But what was the service Muggins did you?" I inquired.

Brinton started. Could he have forgotten him too?

"Oh!" said he, working thoughtfully at his mustache. "Yes— Well, we're coming to him. Did I tell you why I left Geneva by the same route the Ruperts and I had previously intended to travel?"

"You didn't say you left at all," returned I.

"Oh, well, of course I had to do that, you know. It never would do to stay there after all *that*. I think the reason must have been that my mind, being in a half-stunned condition, followed out plans previously conceived, instead of originating any thing. At all events, so it was. I sent on my trunks before, and Muggins and I started the same afternoon to make the trip on foot. Our road led us through much grand scenery, and, in particular, one magnificent pass. I dare say you know the one I refer to, about fifteen miles from Geneva?"

I murmured assent, though the fact was that in all my visits to Geneva I had never seen or even heard of it. But I didn't like to display my ignorance.

"Well," continued Brinton, "off we went. I saw nothing either of the Ruperts or the count, but Muggins was communicative.

"Saw black man to-day, Mr. John.' It was by this term he always dignified Inski, who possessed copious black whiskers.

"What was he doing?"

"Talking to lady and gentleman.' The Ruperts went by no other name in his vocabulary.

"I didn't like this; it looked as if the count were making profit out of my disgrace—no difficult matter, you know, for a man of his address. My refusal of his challenge would go a long way toward procuring for himself the favor I had lost. Muggins interrupted my gloomy reflections by volunteering again:

"Going away to-morrow.'

"Who? The Ruperts?"

"Muggins nodded. 'Black man too,' he added.

"How do you know?" I asked; for I thought it might all be some crazy illusion of his.

"Saw black man tell cook,' responded Muggins. He always dignified hotel-keepers by this title.

"Where is he going with them?" But on this point Muggins couldn't enlighten me. He knew nothing further.

"Well, you may imagine I felt rather cut up about it: it was bad enough to lose her, without having the count step into my shoes. I almost resolved to go back and fight him, after all. But I kept on, notwithstanding, and stopped for the night at a way-side cottage about twenty miles from Geneva."

"You crossed the pass that afternoon, then?" said I.

Brinton looked at me inquiringly for a moment, as if he didn't know what I was talking about. Then he took his feet down from the window-sill, and put his hands in his pockets, and said:

"Oh, did I say twenty? I meant twelve; but it's so long ago, you know."

"Of course, my dear boy," exclaimed I, feeling ashamed that I should appear so hypercritical; "the most natural thing in the world!" And I made up my mind not to say another word.

"Next morning," continued Brinton, replacing his feet on the window-sill, "after a good night's rest, we set out afresh, and soon approached the pass. There was a carriage-road running through it, and a narrow foot-path skirting the outermost verge of the cliff, which fell sheer down nearly a thousand feet to where a torrent rushed amidst tumbled rocks, which had evidently been detached from the cliff, as gaps every here and there showed. The scenery was magnificent, of course, but it was rather giddy and dangerous walking, as, I dare say, you know, since you've been through it. Well, after toiling along for an hour, perhaps, we saw a saddled horse tied to the road-side nearly opposite to a part of the cliff whence a large fragment had recently been detached. There was the horse, but his rider was nowhere to be seen.

"Seized by a sudden misgiving, I stepped to the edge of the cliff and looked over. The sight that met my eyes was such as is not seen twice in a lifetime. The fragment, starting on its headlong descent to the bottom, had been arrested nearly at the outset, and almost miraculously brought to a stand-still by a narrow ledge jutting out about thirty feet below, out of which sprouted two stout young fir-trees. These, though affording temporary support, were momentarily giving way, and it was evident that the fragment would in a few moments continue on its downward course.

"But it was not the boulder, but the object clinging to it, that made my blood run cold—the figure of a man, half sitting, half lying, grasping the rock desperately with both hands, and quivering all over in an agony of fear. Ever and anon small fragments, detached from the piece to which he clung, fell plunging down, bounding from the precipitous sides, and at last dropping

with a distant splash into the stream. Then would the doomed man utter a low, tremulous moan, and his shaking hands almost unclasped their hold. If he were not rescued within a few minutes, his annihilation was sure.

"As I was about hailing him a low laugh from Muggins startled me. He was lying at full length, his head over the edge, and his customary broad grin on his face. He pointed to the figure on the rock.

"'Black man scared at last! He, he, he!' chuckled he.

"It was true, though the horror of his position had at first prevented me from recognizing him. The shivering wretch who lay there in deadly peril was none other than the man who, could he have had his will, would have shot or run me through the heart twenty-four hours before. And now I, his intended victim, alone could save his life. For an instant a dreadful impulse possessed me—to be revenged on him who had virtually ruined my life, merely by remaining an inactive spectator of the death he had brought on himself. The next I shouted to him with all the power of my lungs: doubly was I bound to save him, since he was my enemy.

"He turned a white, agonized face up to me: I hardly recognized the handsome, elegant features I knew so well. His eyes were blood-shot, and protruded from the sockets; dark circles showed around them, and the scar of my blow was on his cheek. His black hair was matted on his forehead with the sweat of deadly terror, and his face was so drawn and wrinkled as to look years older. He was evidently too far gone to recognize me. He did not speak, but his imploring, abject, and pathetic expression reminded me of a dumb animal, and was almost revolting in a man.

"'Have you a rope?' I shouted.

"With a slow, cautious movement he pushed aside the riding cloak he wore, and displayed a stout rope coiled round his waist. But when I called to him to throw it up he shook his head in miserable despair. He was too much paralyzed to do any thing for his own preservation, and the only alternative was for me to go down to him."

"Good Heavens! John," exclaimed I, as my friend, who was evidently much worked up by the vivid remembrance of this thrilling episode, paused a moment for breath, "you don't mean to say you went? How the deuce could you get down?"

"That's what I asked myself," replied Brinton; "and the horse's bridle caught my eye. I took it off, and found it would extend about eight feet. I fastened one end to a stump growing at the brink, and bade Muggins, who was observing my proceedings with great disapprobation, see it did not slip. Then, without further delay, I

swung myself over the cliff, and hung suspended eight hundred feet in air.

"How I got to the boulder I could scarcely tell. On reaching the end of the rein I swung myself to a straggling root uncovered by the fall of the earth, caught it, and slipping down it, found my feet were still eight or nine feet above the boulder. I threw myself against the side of the almost perpendicular precipice, and half sliding, half jumping, found myself in another moment balancing over a fathomless chasm on a fragment of rock hardly three feet in diameter, with my deadliest enemy at my feet.

"It was no place to moralize in. As quickly as possible I unfastened the rope from his waist. It was forty feet long, full enough for the purpose. As for the count, my presence did not seem to re-assure him. I could perceive he now knew who I was; but, save for the unceasing tremor, he lay motionless and silent, looking up at me like a whipped dog.

"When all was ready I said, 'Now I'll fasten one end of this rope to your waist, throw the other to Muggins, climb up myself, and we will draw you up afterward. Do you see?'

"But as I spoke one of the upholding firs gave way with a crack, and a large piece of our small foot-hold became loosened, and fell through that awful depth to the bottom. It seemed only to prepare the way for the rest. Inski seized me round the knees in an agony of supplication, and I felt the chill of death at my own heart.

"'Oh, monsieur,' cried he—'good, kind monsieur, for the love of God leave me not here! I shall be lost—killed! Let me first be drawn up; afterward will we pull up you.'

"Well, I knew that to argue at such a moment was to die. I could not doubt that he valued his life more than I did mine. Perhaps the chance of death was not so unwelcome to me as it would have been a few days before. At any rate, I decided to give him the first chance. In a few moments one end of the rope was fast to his belt, and Muggins had the other. Following my directions, he hauled away on it with all his might, his overgrown brawn standing him in good stead, and the count was dangling and sprawling in mid-air. As soon as he found his feet off the boulder his strength and energy seemed to return with marvelous rapidity; he facilitated his ascent by the root and strap, and finally scrambled over the edge with an agility I should never have given him credit for possessing.

"He disappeared, and as I sat alone on the rock it seemed as though I were miraculously suspended in the air. Impelled by a ghastly fascination, I looked downward, and saw the distant pine-tops, the rough masses of rock, looking like pebbles, and the torrent

foaming between them. But its roar was almost hushed by the distance. A hawk flew past so far beneath me as to seem a mere speck, yet he must have been soaring at least four hundred feet above the valley. Then the boulder on which I sat stirred, and I saw that the last remaining fir-tree had given way, and in another moment the end would come. I felt no fear, but was wrapped up in an entrancing interest, an overwhelming curiosity, now that death was at hand, to see it, feel it, prove it. I was conscious of an awful delight at being about to meet the mystery which no man had solved. Then I cried out as if in sudden fear. Something had struck my face, and, absorbed as I was with the thought of death, that sudden touch of the rope which was to save me acted on my nerves with the effect of terror.

"More through blind impulse than any thing else I caught the rope, gave it a couple of turns round my arm, and, rising, lifted myself off the boulder. Started by the impetus of my foot in springing from it, the great fragment slid from its position and out into the air. I listened, breathless, until, after what seemed many minutes, a faint, dull, splintering crash told that it had reached the bottom at last, and *alone*."

"Then I began to wonder vaguely why I was not drawn up. I could hear a confused sound of voices above, as if in angry altercation. The rope was jerked once or twice, but no more. I felt my hold gradually slipping. Then came a noise of horses' hoofs, and the rumble of a carriage. At the same moment the rope was seized and drawn steadily and powerfully upward, and in another instant I was landed safely at the top, and Muggins was thrusting the brandy flask down my throat. I extricated myself from the rope, Muggins, and the brandy, rose to my feet, and gazed about me."

"An open traveling carriage stood a few rods off, in which sat the Ruperts. Leaning over the side, with more than his usual grace, was the count, apparently engaged in relating some remarkable exploit."

"Why, what an extraordinary coincidence!" I exclaimed, catching my breath for the first time in many minutes.

"It was all explained simply enough afterward," rejoined Brinton. "The count, finding they intended making this trip over the mountains, volunteered to ride on in advance, and secure rooms in the hotel on the other side; and had he not, impelled by an unfortunate predilection for botany, reached too far over the edge of the cliff for a rare specimen, doubtless he would have done it. Well, after he'd fallen over, as I've related, and been drawn up, he had manifested a kindly intention to cut the rope, and let me climb up at my leisure without it. But Muggins had strenuously objected, and, the

carriage appearing just then, he took hold and helped haul me up. When I saw him standing by the carriage, he was giving the Ruperts an improved account of the events which had just occurred, to the effect that *I* had been the unfortunate who fell over, and *he* the magnanimous and intrepid deliverer!"

"That's the worst thing I ever heard of," breathed I. "Well?"

We were both sitting with our feet on the window-sill and our backs to the room. At this point I thought I heard a slight rustle behind me, but I was too much absorbed in Muggins's romance to turn round, and I don't think Brinton heard it at all.

"Well, Inski got into the carriage, and it moved along to where I stood, and Mr. Rupert, bowing slightly, addressed me:

"You certainly deserve to be congratulated on your escape, Mr. Brinton, if not on the manner of it. But so valuable a life as yours appears to be—to yourself—is probably worth preservation even at the hands of the gentleman you have offended."

"I was bewildered, of course. Miss Rupert wouldn't look at me. The count wore an expression of patronizing superciliousness that quite astounded me. The carriage drove off, and Muggins and I were left alone. They took even the horse with them, and if it hadn't been for the bridle and the fresh break in the cliff, I should have believed it all a dream."

"Go on, for Heaven's sake, John!" cried I. "What next?"

"The next thing was," said John, "the village on the other side; and there Muggins deserted me."

"Deserted you!" I exclaimed. "Why, I thought he was going to do you some unforgettable service."

"Just what I'm coming to," said John, "if you'll only condescend to listen. He went straight to the Ruperts and told them the whole story about the cliff adventure. So, of course, she discarded the count, forgave me for not fighting the duel, and, naturally, my gratitude to Muggins would not allow me ever to think of discharging him."

"By George!" said I, drawing a long breath, "that's a strange story, sure enough. But," I added, with a sudden, dread misgiving, "how did you get rid of Miss Rupert?"

Again I heard that rustle—Brinton heard it too, and his face fell; he looked guilty and ashamed. There was a merry, musical laugh. We looked around, and beheld Mrs. Brinton, more fresh, rosy, and beautiful than ever. She shook her finger reprovingly at John, then turned to me:

"She became Mrs. Brinton. But ah, Mr. Simpson, you don't know this wicked husband of mine. I fear that's the first word of truth you've heard this afternoon!"

I rubbed my eyes; I pinched myself violently; I looked at John. He was very red,

and shaking all over. Great Heavens! could it be with *laughter*? I turned to Mrs. Brinton like a drowning man to his straw.

"But didn't you meet him in Europe, then?" I gasped; "didn't you—"

Again that musical laugh. "Why, dear me," she exclaimed, "neither of us was ever in Europe!"

Then I looked at John, and he cowered beneath the withering contempt and indignation of my glance.

"Brinton," I said, gravely and severely, "this is going too far. You have trifled with and insulted me. My most delicate and refined feelings and sympathies you have excited, merely for the sake of ridiculing them. You have—"

"Hold on! hold on! old fellow," cried John, recovering, with great effort, his power of speaking. "You misjudge the matter entirely. Now just listen to me. You felt, as you must acknowledge, a deep interest in Muggins. You were persuaded there must be some romantic history attached to him. You insisted upon my relating to you such a romance. I did the best I could for you on the spur of the moment; though, indeed,

you suggested at least half the ideas yourself as the tale proceeded, and you corrected all my little self-contradictions. For my part, I'm quite proud of the story, and I think you ought to be much obliged to me for it. Suppose, now, I had, instead of this thrilling narrative, merely given you the facts in Muggins's case—that we first engaged him ten days ago, that on the fourth day thereafter we gave him a week's warning, and that the only reason he is still with us is because he will stay until to-morrow—should you have felt the same interest and gratification? You know you wouldn't. Your smile confesses it. Besides, you talked so much about your recollection of all my characteristics, I couldn't suppose you'd forget the only one I ever was proud of—my talent for story-telling."

"Supper's ready!" said Muggins.

"Put a bottle of our best port on the table," ordered John; "and, Simpson, won't you take Mrs. Brinton in?"

I have always remembered it with pleasure, as an act of disinterested virtue and magnanimity on my part, that I consented to forgive him just that once!

THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CRISIS OF LIFE.

WHEN the Irish priest conjectured that it was about two o'clock in the morning he was not very far astray in his calculation. The short remarks that were exchanged between him and Ethel, and afterward between him and the men, were followed by a profound silence. Ethel sat by the side of the priest, with her head bent forward and her eyes closed as though she were asleep; yet sleep was farther from her than ever it had been, and the thrilling events of the night afforded sufficient material to keep her awake for many a long hour yet to come. Her mind was now filled with a thousand conflicting and most exciting fancies, in the midst of which she might again have sunk into despair had she not been sustained by the assurance of the priest.

Sitting near Ethel, the priest for some time looked fixedly ahead of him as though he were contemplating the solemn midnight scene, or meditating upon the beauties of nature. In truth, the scene around was one which was deserving even of the close attention which the priest appeared to give. Immediately before him lay the lake, its shore not far beneath, and almost at their feet. Around it arose the wooded hills, whose dark forms, darker from the gloom of night,

threw profound shadows over the opposite shores. Near by the shore extended on either side. On the right there were fires, now burning low, yet occasionally sending forth flashes; on the left, and at some distance, might be seen the dusky outline of the old stone house. Behind them was the forest, vast, gloomy, clothed in impenetrable shade, in which lay their only hope of safety, yet where even now there lurked the watchful guards of the brigands. It was close behind them. Once in its shelter, and they might gain freedom; yet between them and it was an impassable barrier of enemies, and there also lay a still more impassable barrier in the grave where Hawbury lay. To fly, even if they could fly, would be to give him up to death; yet to remain, as they must remain, would be to doom him to death none the less, and themselves too.

Seated there, with his eyes directed toward the water, the priest saw nothing of the scene before him; his eyes were fixed on vacancy; his thoughts were endeavoring to grapple with the situation and master it. Yet so complicated was that situation, and so perplexing the dilemma in which he found himself—a dilemma where death perched upon either horn—that the good priest found his faculties becoming gradually more and more unable to deal with the difficulty, and he felt himself once more sinking down deeper and

deeper into that abyss of despair from which he had but recently extricated himself.

And still the time passed, and the precious moments, laden with the fate not only of Hawbury, but of all the others—the moments of the night during which alone any escape was to be thought of—moved all too swiftly away.

Now in this hour of perplexity the good priest bethought him of a friend whose fidelity had been proved through the varied events of a life—a friend which, in his life of celibacy, had found in his heart something of that place which a fond and faithful wife may hold in the heart of a more fortunate man. It was a little friend, a fragrant friend, a tawny and somewhat grimy friend; it was in the pocket of his coat; it was of clay; in fact, it was nothing else than a dudeen.

Where in the world had the good priest who lived in this remote corner of Italy got that emblem of his green native isle? Perhaps he had brought it with him in the band of his hat when he first turned his back upon his country, or perhaps he had obtained it from the same quarter which had supplied him with that very black plug of tobacco which he brought forth shortly afterward. The one was the complement of the other, and each was handled with equal love and care. Soon the occupation of cutting up the tobacco and rubbing it gave a temporary distraction to his thoughts, which distraction was prolonged by the further operation of pressing the tobacco into the bowl of the dudeen.

Here the priest paused and cast a longing look toward the fire, which was not far away.

“Would you have any objection to let me go and get a coal to light the pipe?” said he to one of the men.

The man had an objection, and a very strong one.

“Would one of you be kind enough to go and get me a brand or a hot coal?”

This led to an earnest debate, and finally one of the men thought that he might venture. Before doing so, however, a solemn promise was extorted from the priest that he would not try to escape during his absence. This the priest gave.

“Escape!” he said—“it’s a smoke I want. Besides, how can I escape with three of ye watching me? And then, what would I want to escape for? I’m safe enough here.”

The man now went off, and returned in a short time with a brand. The priest gave him his blessing, and received the brand with a quiet exultation that was pleasing to behold.

“Matches,” said he, “ruin the smoke. They give it a sulphur taste. There’s nothing like a hot coal.”

Saying this, he lighted his pipe. This operation was accomplished with a series of those short, quick, hard, percussive puffs

with which the Irish race in every clime on this terrestrial ball perform the solemn rite.

And now the thoughts of the priest became more calm and regular and manageable. His confusion departed, and gradually, as the smoke ascended to the skies, there was diffused over his soul a certain soothing and all-pervading calm.

He now began to face the full difficulty of his position. He saw that escape was impossible and death inevitable. He made up his mind to die. The discovery would surely be made in the morning that Hawbury had been substituted for the robber; he would be found and punished, and the priest would be involved in his fate. His only care now was for Ethel; and he turned his thoughts toward the formation of some plan by which he might obtain mercy for her.

He was in the midst of these thoughts—for himself resigned, for Ethel anxious—and turning over in his mind all the various modes by which the emotion of pity or mercy might be roused in a merciless and pitiless nature; he was thinking of an appeal to the brigands themselves, and had already decided that in this there lay his best hope of success—when all of a sudden these thoughts were rudely interrupted and dissipated and scattered to the winds by a most startling cry. Ethel started to her feet.

“Oh Heavens!” she cried, “what was that?”

“Down! down!” cried the men, wrathfully; but before Ethel could obey the sound was repeated, and the men themselves were arrested by it.

The sound that thus interrupted the meditations of the priest was the explosion of a rifle. As Ethel started up another followed. This excited the men themselves, who now listened intently to learn the cause.

They did not have to wait long.

Another rifle explosion followed, which was succeeded by a loud, long shriek.

“An attack!” cried one of the men, with a deep curse. They listened still, yet did not move away from the place, for the duty to which they had been assigned was still prominent in their minds. The priest had already risen to his feet, still smoking his pipe, as though in this new turn of affairs its assistance might be more than ever needed to enable him to preserve his presence of mind, and keep his soul serene in the midst of confusion.

And now they saw all around them the signs of agitation. Figures in swift motion flitted to and fro amidst the shade, and others darted past the smouldering fires. In the midst of this another shot sounded, and another, and still another. At the third there was a wild yell of rage and pain, followed by the shrill cry of a woman’s voice. The fact was evident that some of the brigands had fallen, and the women were lamenting.

The confusion grew greater. Loud cries arose; calls of encouragement, of entreaty, of command, and of defiance. Over by the old house there was the uproar of rushing men, and in the midst of it a loud, stern voice of command. The voices and the rushing footsteps moved from the house to the woods. Then all was still for a time.

It was but for a short time, however. Then came shot after shot in rapid succession. The flashes could be seen among the trees. All around them there seemed to be a struggle going on. There was some unseen assailant striking terrific blows from the impenetrable shadow of the woods. The brigands were firing back, but they fired only into thick darkness. Shrieks and yells of pain arose from time to time, the direction of which showed that the brigands were suffering. Among the assailants there was neither voice nor cry. But, in spite of their losses and the disadvantage under which they labored, the brigands fought well, and resisted stubbornly. From time to time a loud, stern voice arose, whose commands resounded far and wide, and sustained the courage of the men and directed their movements.

The men who guarded the priest and Ethel were growing more and more excited every moment, and were impatient at their enforced inaction.

"They must be soldiers," said one.

"Of course," said another.

"They fight well."

"Ay; better than the last time."

"How did they learn to fight so well under cover?"

"They've improved. The last time we met them we shot them like sheep, and drove them back in five minutes."

"They've got a leader who understands fighting in the woods. He keeps them under cover."

"Who is he?"

"Diavolo! who knows? They get new captains every day."

"Was there not a famous American Indian—"

"True. I heard of him. An Indian warrior from the American forests. Giuseppe saw him when he was at Rome."

"Bah!—you all saw him."

"Where?"

"On the road."

"We didn't."

"You did. He was the Zouave who fled to the woods first."

"He?"

"Yes."

"Diavolo!"

These words were exchanged between them as they looked at the fighting. But suddenly there came rapid flashes and rolling volleys beyond the fires that lay before them, and the movement of the flashes showed that a rush had been made toward

the lake. Wild yells arose, then fierce returning fires, and these showed that the brigands were being driven back.

The guards could endure this no longer.

"They are beating us," cried one of the men, with a curse. "We must go and fight."

"What shall we do with these prisoners?"

"Tie them and leave them."

"Have you a rope?"

"No. There is one by the grave."

"Let's take the prisoners there and bind them."

This proposition was accepted; and, seizing the priest and Ethel, the four men hurried them back to the grave. The square hole lay there just beside them, with the earth by its side. Ethel tried to see into it, but was not near enough to do so. One of the men found the rope, and began in great haste to bind the arms of the priest behind him. Another began to bind Ethel in the same way.

But now there came loud cries, and the rush of men near them. A loud, stern voice was encouraging the men.

"On! on!" he cried. "Follow me! We'll drive them back!"

Saying this, a man hurried on, followed by a score of brigands.

It was Girasole.

He had been guarding the woods at this side when he had seen the rush that had been made farther up. He had seen his men driven in, and was now hurrying up to the place to retrieve the battle. As he was running on he came up to the party at the grave.

He stopped.

"What's this?" he cried.

"The prisoners—we were securing them."

It was now lighter than it had been, and dawn was not far off. The features of Girasole were plainly distinguishable. They were convulsed with the most furious passion, which was not caused so much by the rage of conflict as by the sight of the prisoners. He had suspected treachery on their part, and had spared them for a time only so as to see whether his suspicions were true or not. But now this sudden assault by night, conducted so skillfully, and by such a powerful force, pointed clearly to treachery, as he saw it, and the ones who to him seemed most prominent in guilt were the priest and Ethel.

His suspicions were quite reasonable under the circumstances. Here was a priest whom he regarded as his natural enemy. These brigands identified themselves with republicans and Garibaldians whenever it suited their purposes to do so, and consequently, as such, they were under the condemnation of the Pope; and any priest might think he was doing the Pope good service by betraying those who were his enemies. As to this priest, every thing was against him. He lived close by; every step of the country was no doubt familiar to him; he had come to the camp



"THE PRIEST FLUNG HIMSELF FORWARD."

under very suspicious circumstances, bringing with him a stranger in disguise. He had given plausible answers to the cross-questioning of Girasole; but those were empty words, which went for nothing in the presence of the living facts that now stood before him in the presence of the enemy.

These thoughts had all occurred to Girasole, and the sight of the two prisoners kindled his rage to madness. It was the deadliest purpose of vengeance that gleamed in his eyes as he looked upon them, and they knew it. He gave one glance, and then turned to his men.

"On! on!" he cried; "I will join you in an instant; and you," he said to the guards, "wait a moment."

The brigands rushed on with shouts to assist their comrades in the fight, while the other four waited.

All this time the fight had not ceased. The air was filled with the reports of rifle-shots, the shouts of men, the yells of the wounded. The flashes seemed to be gradually drawing nearer, as though the assailants were still driving the brigands. But their progress was slow, for the fighting was carried on among the trees, and the brigands resisted stubbornly, retreating from cover to cover, and stopping every moment to make a fresh stand. But the assailants had gained much ground, and were already close by the borders of the lake, and advancing along toward the old stone house.

The robbers had not succeeded in binding their prisoners. The priest and Ethel both

stood where they had encountered Girasole, and the ropes fell from the robbers' hands at the new interruption. The grave with its mound was only a few feet away.

Girasole had a pistol in his left hand and a sword in his right. He sheathed his sword and drew another pistol, keeping his eyes fixed steadily all the while upon his victims.

"You needn't bind these prisoners," said Girasole, grimly; "I know a better way to secure them."

"In the name of God," cried the priest, "I implore you not to shed innocent blood!"

"Pooh!" said Girasole.

"This lady is innocent; you will at least spare her!"

"She shall die first!" said Girasole, in a fury, and reached out his hand to grasp Ethel. The priest flung himself forward between the two. Girasole dashed him aside.

"Give us time to pray, for God's sake!—one moment to pray!"

"Not a moment!" cried Girasole, grasping at Ethel.

Ethel gave a loud shriek and started away in horror. Girasole sprang after her. The four men turned to seize her. With a wild and frantic energy, inspired by the deadly terror that was in her heart, she bounded away toward the grave.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BURIED ALIVE.

HAWBURY last vanished from the scene to a place which is but seldom resorted to by a living man. Once inside of his terrible retreat he became a prey to feelings of the most varied and harrowing character, in the midst of which there was a suspense, twofold, agonizing, and intolerable. First of all his suspense was for Ethel, and then for himself. In that narrow and restricted retreat his senses soon became sharpened to an unusual degree of acuteness. Every touch against it communicated itself to his frame, as though the wood of his inclosure had become part of himself; and every sound intensified itself to an extraordinary degree of distinctness, as though the temporary loss of vision had been compensated for by an exaggeration of the sense of hearing. This was particularly the case as the priest drove in the screws. He heard the shuffle on the stairs, the whisper to Ethel, her retreat, and the ascending footsteps; while at the same time he was aware of the unalterable coolness of the priest, who kept calmly at his work until the very last moment. The screws seemed to enter his own frame, and the slight noise which was made, inaudible as it was to others, to him seemed loud enough to rouse all in the house.

Then he felt himself raised and carried

down stairs. Fortunately he had got in with his feet toward the door, and as that end was carried out first, his descent of the stairs was not attended with the inconvenience which he might have felt had it been taken down in an opposite direction.

One fact gave him very great relief, for he had feared that his breathing would be difficult. Thanks, however, to the precautions of the priest, he felt no difficulty at all in that respect. The little bits of wood which prevented the lid from resting close to the coffin formed apertures which freely admitted all the air that was necessary.

He was borne on thus from the house toward the grave, and heard the voice of the priest from time to time, and rightly supposed that the remarks of the priest were addressed not so much to the brigands as to himself, so as to let him know that he was not deserted. The journey to the grave was accomplished without any inconvenience, and the coffin was at length put upon the ground.

Then it was lowered into the grave.

There was something in this which was so horrible to Hawbury that an involuntary shudder passed through every nerve, and all the terror of the grave and the bitterness of death in that one moment seemed to descend upon him. He had not thought of this, and consequently was not prepared for it. He had expected that he would be put down somewhere on the ground, and that the priest would be able to get rid of the men, and effect his liberation before it had gone so far.

It required an effort to prevent himself from crying out; and longer efforts were needed and more time before he could regain any portion of his self-control. He now heard the priest performing the burial rites; these seemed to him to be protracted to an amazing length; and so, indeed, they were; but to the inmate of that grave the time seemed longer far than it did to those who were outside. A thousand thoughts swept through his mind, and a thousand fears swelled within his heart. At last the suspicion came to him that the priest himself was unable to do any better, and this suspicion was confirmed as he detected the efforts which he made to get the men to leave the grave. This was particularly evident when he pretended to hear an alarm, by which he hoped to get rid of the brigands. It failed, however, and with this failure the hopes of Hawbury sank lower than ever.

But the climax of his horror was attained as the first clod fell upon his narrow abode. It seemed like a death-blow. He felt it as if it had struck himself, and for a moment it was as though he had been stunned. The dull, heavy sound which those heard who stood above, to his ears became transformed and enlarged, and extended to something like a thunder-peal, with long reverberations

through his now fevered and distempered brain. Other clods fell, and still others, and the work went on till his brain reeled, and under the mighty emotions of the hour his reason began to give way. Then all his fortitude and courage sank. All thought left him save the consciousness of the one horror that had now fixed itself upon his soul. It was intolerable. In another moment his despair would have overmastered him, and under its impulse he would have burst through all restraint, and turned all his energies toward forcing himself from his awful prison house.

He turned himself over. He gathered himself up as well as he could. Already he was bracing himself for a mighty effort to burst up the lid, when suddenly the voice of Girasole struck upon his ear, and a wild fear for Ethel came to his heart, and the anguish of that fear checked at once all further thought of himself.

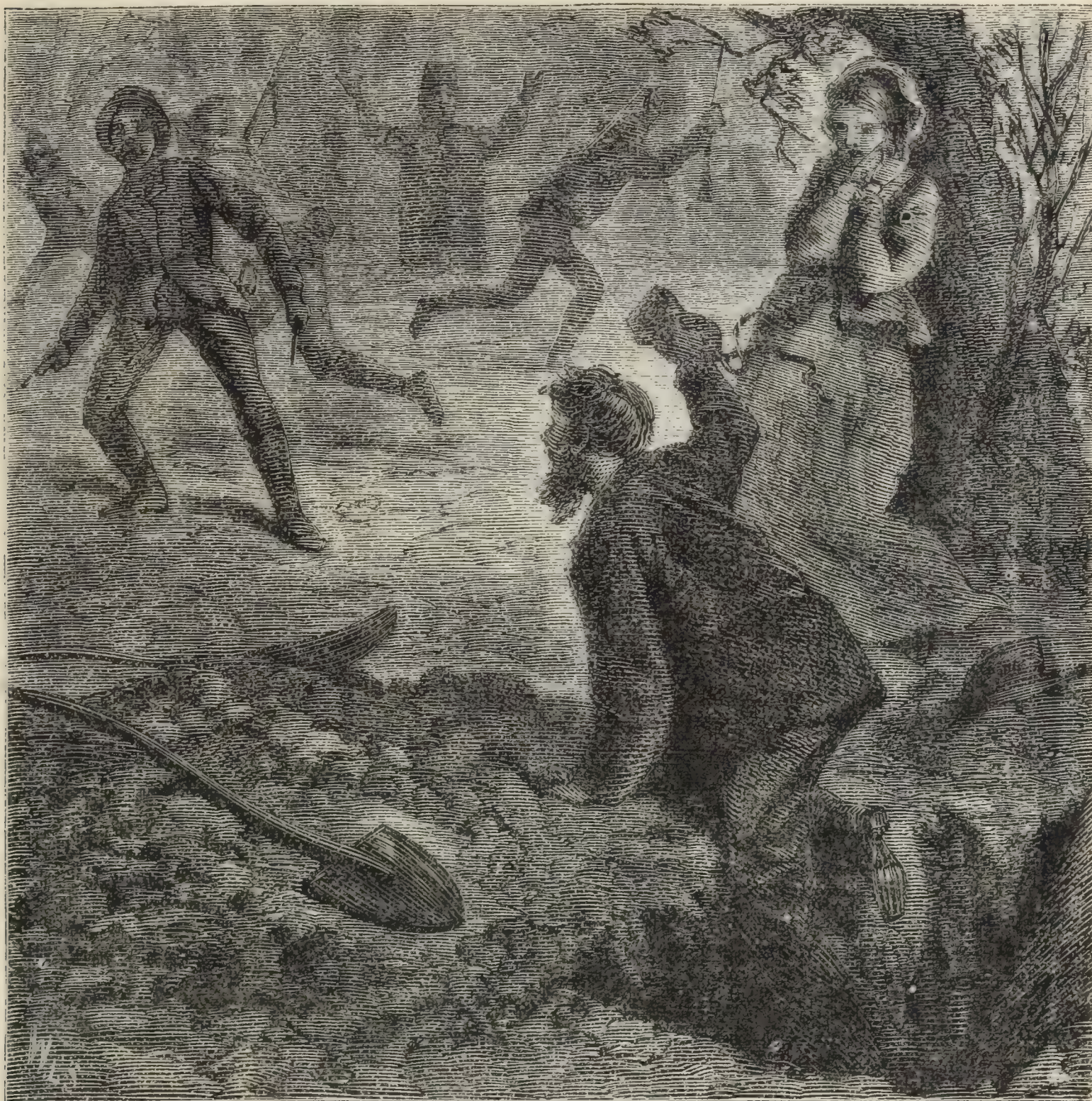
He lay still and listened. He did this the more patiently as the men also stopped from their work, and as the hideous earth-clods no longer fell down. He listened. From the conversation he gathered pretty accurately the state of affairs. He knew that Ethel was there; that she had been discovered and dragged forth; that she was in danger. He listened in the anguish of a new suspense. He heard the words of the priest, his calm denial of treachery, his quiet appeal to Girasole's good sense. Then he heard the decision of Girasole, and the party walked away with their prisoners, and he was left alone.

Alone!

At any other time it would have been a terrible thing thus to be left alone in such a place, but now to him who was thus imprisoned it afforded a great relief. The work of burial, with all its hideous accompaniments, was stayed. He could collect his senses and make up his mind as to what he should do.

Now, first of all, he determined to gain more air if possible. The earth that had fallen had covered up many of the chinks, so that his breathing had become sensibly more difficult. His confinement, with this oppression of his breathing, was intolerable. He therefore braced himself once more to make an effort. The coffin was large and rudely constructed, being merely an oblong box. He had more play to his limbs than he could have had in one of a more regular construction, and thus he was able to bring a great effort to bear upon the lid. He pressed. The screws gave way. He lifted it up to some distance. He drew in a long draught of fresh air, and felt in that one draught that he received new life and strength and hope.

He now lay still and thought about what he should do next. If it had only been himself, he would, of course, have escaped in



"IN AN INSTANT THE OCCUPANT OF THE GRAVE SPRANG FORTH."

that first instant, and fled to the woods. But the thought of Ethel detained him.

What was her position; and what could he do to save her? This was his thought.

He knew that she, together with the priest, was in the hands of four of the brigands, who were commanded to keep their prisoners safe at the peril of their lives. Where they were he did not know, nor could he tell whether she was near or at a distance. Girasole had led them away.

He determined to look out and watch. He perceived that this grave, in the heart of the brigands' camp, afforded the very safest place in which he could be for the purpose of watching. Girasole's words had indicated that the work of burial would not be resumed that night, and if any passers-by should come they would avoid such a place as this. Here, then, he could stay until dawn at least, and watch unobserved. Perhaps he could find where Ethel was guarded; perhaps he could do something to distract the attention of the brigands, and afford her an opportunity for flight.

He now arose, and, kneeling in the coffin, he raised the lid. The earth that was upon it fell down inside. He tilted the lid up, and holding it up thus with one hand, he put his head carefully out of the grave, and looked out in the direction where Girasole had gone with his prisoners. The knoll to which he had led them was a very conspicuous place, and had probably been selected for that reason, since it could be under his own observation, from time to time, even at a distance. It was about half-way between the grave and the nearest fire, which fire, though low, still gave forth some light, and the light was in a line with the knoll to Hawbury's eyes. The party on the knoll, therefore, appeared thrown out into relief by the faint fire-light behind them, especially the priest and Ethel.

And now Hawbury kept his watch, and looked and listened and waited, ever mindful of his own immediate neighborhood and guarding carefully against any approach. But his own place was in gloom, and no one would have thought of looking there, so that he was unobserved.

But all his watching gave him no assistance toward finding out any way of rescuing Ethel. He saw the vigilant guard around the prisoners. Once or twice he saw a movement among them, but it was soon over, and resulted in nothing. Now he began to despond, and to speculate in his mind as to whether Ethel was in any danger or not. He began to calculate the time that might be required to go for help with which to attack the brigands. He wondered what reason Girasole might have to injure Ethel. But whatever hope he had that mercy might be shown her was counterbalanced by his own experience of Girasole's cruelty, and his knowledge of his merciless character.

Suddenly he was roused by the rifle-shot and the confusion that followed. He saw the party on the mound start to their feet. He heard the shots that succeeded the first one. He saw shadows darting to and fro. Then the confusion grew worse, and all the sounds of battle arose—the cries, the shrieks, and the stern words of command.

All this filled him with hope. An attack was being made. They might all be saved. He could see that the brigands were being driven back, and that the assailants were pressing on. Then he saw the party moving from the knoll. It was already much lighter. They advanced toward him. He sank down and waited. He had no fear now that this party would complete his burial. He thought they were flying with the prisoners. If so, the assailants would soon be here; he could join them, and lead them on to the rescue of Ethel. He lay low with the lid over him. He heard them close beside him. Then there was the noise of rushing men, and Girasole's voice arose. He heard all that followed.

Then Ethel's shriek sounded out, as she sprang toward the grave. In an instant the occupant of the grave, seizing the lid, raised it up, and with a wild yell sprang forth.

The effect was tremendous.

The brigands thought the dead Antonio had come to life. They did not stop to look, but with a howl of awful terror, and in an anguish of fright, they turned and ran for their lives!

Girasole saw him too, with equal horror, if not greater. He saw Hawbury. It was the man whom he had killed stone-dead with his own hand. He was there before him—or was it his ghost? For an instant horror paralyzed him; and then, with a yell like a madman's, he leaped back and fled after the others.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FLY! FLY!

IN the midst of that wild uproar which had roused Dacres and Mrs. Willoughby there was nothing that startled him so much

as her declaration that she was not Arethusa. He stood bewildered. While she was listening to the sounds, he was listening to the echo of her words; while she was wondering at the cause of such a tumult, he was wondering at this disclosure. In a moment a thousand little things suggested themselves as he stood there in his confusion, which little things all went to throw a flood of light upon her statement, and prove that she was another person than that "demon wife" who had been the cause of all his woes. Her soft glance, her gentle manner, her sweet and tender expression—above all the tone of her voice; all these at once opened his eyes. In the course of their conversation she had spoken in a low tone, often in a whisper, so that this fact with regard to the difference of voice had not been perceptible; but her last words were spoken louder, and he observed the difference.

Now the tumult grew greater, and the reports of the rifles more frequent. The noise was communicated to the house, and in the rooms and the hall below there were trappings of feet, and hurrys to and fro, and the rattle of arms, and the voices of men, in the midst of which rose the stern command of Girasole.

"Forward! Follow me!"

Then the distant reports grew nearer and yet nearer, and all the men rushed from the house, and their tramp was heard outside as they hurried away to the scene of conflict.

"It's an attack! The brigands are attacked!" cried Mrs. Willoughby.

Dacres said nothing. He was collecting his scattered thoughts.

"Oh, may Heaven grant that we may be saved! Oh, it is the troops—it must be! Oh, Sir, come, come; help us to escape! My darling sister is here. Save her!"

"Your sister?" cried Dacres.

"Oh yes; come, save her! My sister—my darling Minnie!"

With these words Mrs. Willoughby rushed from the room.

"Her sister! her sister!" repeated Dacres—"Minnie Fay! *Her* sister! Good Lord! What a most infernal ass I've been making of myself this last month!"

He stood still for a few moments, overwhelmed by this thought, and apparently endeavoring to realize the full extent and enormous size and immense proportions, together with the infinite extent of ear, appertaining to the ass to which he had transformed himself; but finally he shook his head despondingly, as though he gave it up altogether. Then he hurried after Mrs. Willoughby.

Mrs. Willoughby rushed into Minnie's room, and clasped her sister in her arms with frantic tears and kisses.

"Oh, my precious darling!" she exclaimed.

"Oh dear!" said Minnie, "isn't this real-

ly too bad? I was so tired, you know, and I was just beginning to go to sleep, when those horrid men began firing their guns. I really do think that every body is banded together to tease me. I do *wish* they'd all go away and let me have a little peace. I am so tired and sleepy!"

While Minnie was saying this her sister was embracing her and kissing her and crying over her.

"Oh, come, Minnie, come!" she cried; "make haste. We must fly!"

"Where to?" said Minnie, wonderingly.

"Any where—any where out of this awful place: into the woods."

"Why, I don't see the use of going into the woods. It's all wet, you know. Can't we get a carriage?"

"Oh no, no; we must not wait. They'll all be back soon and kill us."

"Kill us! What for?" cried Minnie. "What do you mean? How silly you are, Kitty darling!"

At this moment Dacres entered. The image of the immeasurable ass was still very prominent in his mind, and he had lost all his fever and delirium. One thought only remained (besides that of the ass, of course), and that was—escape.

"Are you ready?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Oh yes, yes; let us make haste," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"I think no one is below," said he; "but I will go first. There is a good place close by. We will run there. If I fall, you must run on and try to get there. It is the bank just opposite. Once there, you are in the woods. Do you understand?"

"Oh yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Willoughby. "Haste! Oh, haste!"

Dacres turned, and Mrs. Willoughby had just grasped Minnie's hand to follow, when suddenly they heard footsteps below. They stopped, appalled. The robbers had not all gone, then. Some of them must have remain-



"AT THIS DACRES RUSHED ON FASTER."

ed on guard. But how many? Dacres listened and the ladies listened, and in their suspense the beating of each heart was audible. The footsteps below could be heard going from room to room, and pausing in each.

"There seems to be only one man," said Dacres, in a whisper. "If there is only one, I'll engage to manage him. While I grapple, you run for your lives. Remember the bank."

"Oh yes; but oh, Sir, there may be more," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"I'll see," said Dacres, softly.

He went cautiously to the front window and looked out. By the increased light he could see quite plainly. No men were visible. From afar the noise of the strife came to his ears louder than ever, and he could see the flashes of the rifles. Dacres stole back again from the window and went to the door. He stood and listened. And now the footsteps came across the hall to the foot of the stairs. Dacres could see the figure of a solitary man, but it was dark in the hall, and he could not make him out. He began to think that there was only one enemy to encounter. The man

below put his foot on the lowest stair. Then he hesitated. Dacres stood in the shadow of the other door-way, which was nearer to the head of the stairs, and prepared to spring as soon as the stranger should come within reach. But the stranger delayed still. At length he spoke:

"Hallo, up there!"

The sound of those simple words produced an amazing effect upon the hearers. Dacres sprang down with a cry of joy. "Come, come!" he shouted to the ladies; "friends are here!" And running down the stairs, he reached the bottom and grasped the stranger by both arms. In the dim light he could detect a tall, slim, sinewy form, with long, black, ragged hair and white neck-tie.

"You'd best get out of this, and quick, too," said the Reverend Saul Tozer. "They're all off now, but they'll be back here in less than no time. I jest thought I'd look in to see if any of you folks was around."

By this time the ladies were both at the bottom of the stairs.

"Come!" said Tozer, "hurry up, folks. I'll take one lady and you take t'other."

"Do you know the woods?"

"Like a book."

"So do I," said Dacres.

He grasped Mrs. Willoughby's hand and started.

"But Minnie!" said Mrs. Willoughby.

"You had better let him take her; it's safer for all of us," said Dacres.

Mrs. Willoughby looked back as she was dragged on after Dacres, and saw Tozer following them, holding Minnie's hand. This re-assured her. Dacres dragged her on to the foot of the bank. Here she tried to keep up with him, but it was steep, and she could not. Whereupon Dacres stopped, and, without a word, raised her in his arms as though she were a little child, and ran up the bank. He plunged into the woods. Then he ran on farther. Then he turned and doubled. Mrs. Willoughby begged him to put her down.

"No," said he; "they are behind us. You can not go fast enough. I should have to wait and defend you, and then we would both be lost."

"But, oh! we are losing Minnie."

"No, we are not," cried Dacres; "that man is ten times stronger than I am. He is a perfect elephant in strength. He dashed past me up the hill."

"I didn't see him."

"Your face was turned the other way. He is ahead of us now somewhere."

"Oh, I wish we *could* catch up to him."

At this Dacres rushed on faster. The effort was tremendous. He leaped over fallen timbers, he burst through the underbrush.

"Oh, I'm sure you'll *kill* yourself if you go so fast," said Mrs. Willoughby. "We can't catch up to them."

At this Dacres slackened his pace, and

went on more carefully. She again begged him to put her down. He again refused. Upon this she felt perfectly helpless, and recalled, in a vague way, Minnie's ridiculous question of "How would you like to be run away with by a great, big, horrid man, Kitty darling?"

Then she began to think he was insane, and felt very anxious. At last Dacres stopped. He was utterly exhausted. He was panting terribly. It had been a fearful journey. He had run along the bank up to that narrow valley which he had traversed the day before, and when he stopped it was on the top of that precipice where he had formerly rested, and where he had nurtured such dark purposes against Mrs. Willoughby. Mrs. Willoughby looked at him full of pity. He was utterly broken down by this last effort.

"Oh dear!" she thought. "Is he sane or insane? What *am* I to do? It is dreadful to have to go on and humor his queer fancies."

THE DEAD LETTER.

By JOHN G. SAXE.

AND can it be? Ah, yes, I see,
 'Tis thirty years and better
 Since Mary Morgan sent to me
 This musty, musky letter.
 A pretty hand (she couldn't spell),
 As any man must vote it;
 And 'twas, as I remember well,
 A pretty hand that wrote it!

How calmly now I view it all,
 As memory backward ranges—
 The talks, the walks, that I recall,
 And then—the postal changes!
 How well I loved her I can guess
 (Since cash is Cupid's hostage)—
 Just one-and-sixpence—nothing less—
 This letter cost in postage!

The love that wrote at such a *rate*
 (By Jove! it was a steep one!)
 Five hundred notes (I calculate)
 Was certainly a deep one;
 And yet it died—of slow decline—
 Perhaps suspicion chilled it;
 I've quite forgotten if 'twas mine
 Or Mary's flirting killed it!

At last the fatal message came:
 "My letters—please return them;
 And yours—of course you wish the same—
 I'll send them back or burn them."
 Two precious fools, I must allow,
 Whichever was the greater:
 I wonder if I'm wiser now,
 Some seven lustres later?

And *this* alone remains! Ah, well!
 These words of warm affection,
 The faded ink, the pungent smell,
 Are food for deep reflection.
 They tell of how the heart contrives
 To change with fancy's fashion,
 And how a drop of musk survives
 The strongest human passion!

FRENCH ROYAL CHÂTEAUX.

I.—THE CHÂTEAU OF CHENONCEAUX.

LONG ago I bought in London a splendid photograph of a grand old French château, with high-pitched roof, and lofty carved chimneys and turrets, and draw-bridge with a river running under it. There was a great arch under the château, through which flowed, dark and swift, a stream large enough to be called a river even in America. The river had three channels. One flowed in front of the château, and was crossed by a draw-bridge; another—the main channel—flowed through a vast dark archway under the château; and a third flowed behind it, and was lost in the accessories of my picture. Out of one side of the château, between the draw-bridge and the arch aforesaid, projected a little apse-like Gothic chapel—an integral part of the château, yet the only part which was Gothic. All the rest was French renaissance of the early and most attractive period, abounding in carvings and ornamental devices of a thousand fanciful varieties.

What was this château? The print-seller of whom I bought the photograph did not know. No one whom I asked about it knew. I had it framed and hung where many people—many well-educated and traveled and art-loving people—saw and admired it; and some were sure they had seen the original: but where? So it hung there for years, a delightful and beautiful mystery; not less interesting because a mystery perfectly easy of solution if the right man would only come to solve it.

One day he came. A Frenchman in passing through the room glanced up at the picture, and said, "Ah! you have Chenonceaux there!" and passed on. That is, he essayed to pass on, but we arrested him forthwith, and kept him till we had recorded all he knew of the beautiful edifice.

The château of Chenonceaux was built in the reign of Francis I. Later it was given by Henry II. to the beautiful Diane de Poitiers, who enlarged it and held there her court; and hither her royal lover used to repair after hunting in the neighboring forest of Loches. Diane could not see too often the reflection of her own beautiful face; so the king gave her the château of Chenonceaux, where, when she looked out of the window, she might see her face reflected in the river which flowed beneath it.

A strange but, as it turned out, a charming fancy, to build a château in the middle of a river, on piers; and a happy period at which to build one, when the decay of feudalism left architecture only the picturesque features of feudalism—the draw-bridge, the flanking turrets, the donjon tower—and yet allowed it all the adornments and comforts and light and air and other accessories

which had been in an earlier age forbidden to buildings liable to attack, and built wholly or in part for defense.

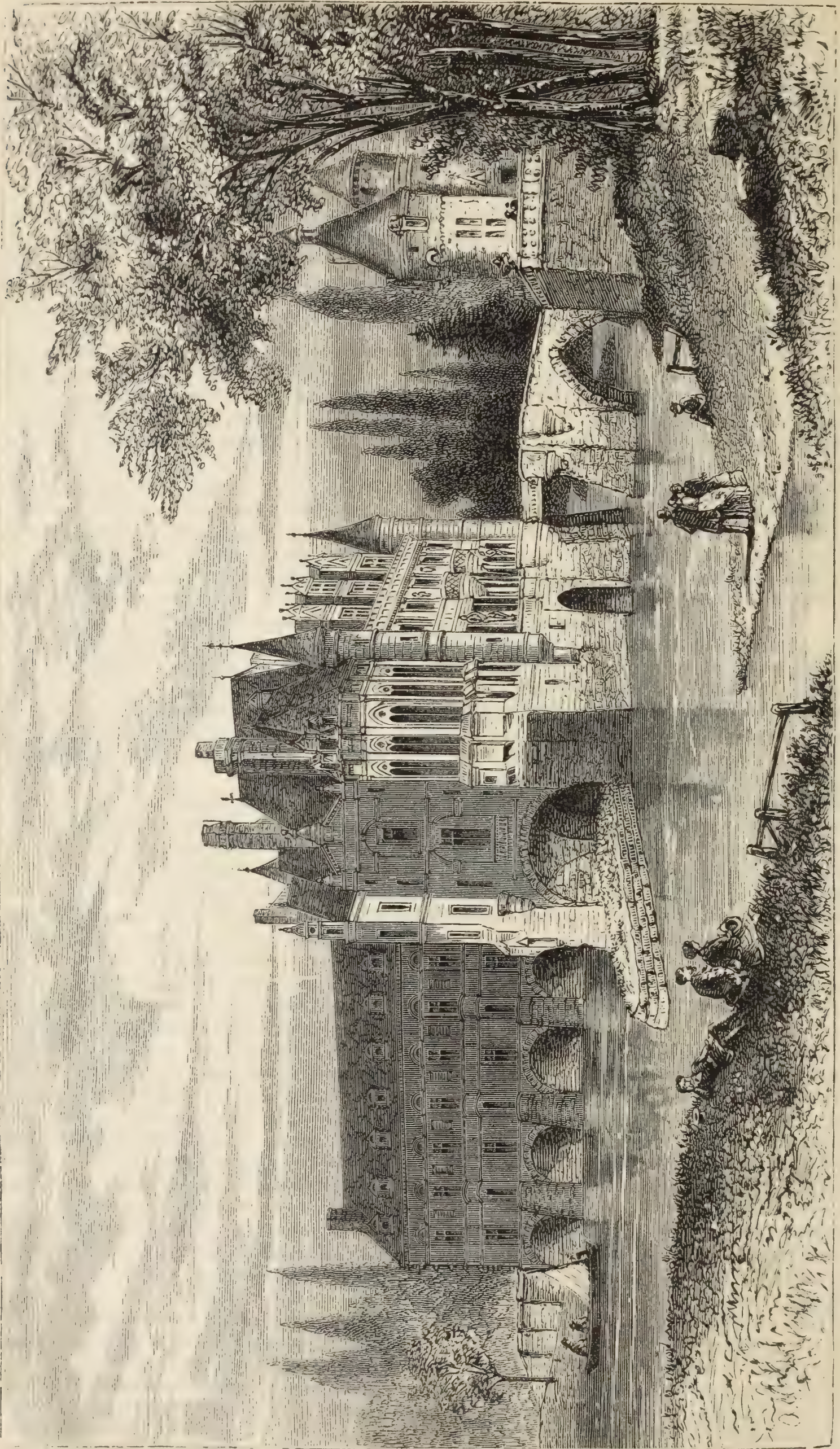
The engraving which accompanies this sketch shows not only the portions of the river and château given in my cherished photograph, but also the full breadth of both. The original château consisted of the large, square, central portion shown in the picture, flanked by angle turrets and diversified by the projecting chapel. This, with the draw-bridge and advanced tower seen to the right, was built on the site of an old mill by the wife of Bohier, a follower of Charles VIII., who had returned rich with him from Italy. Diane de Poitiers added the long bridge to the rear, built on piers, and connecting the château with the further bank of the river. Catherine de Medicis added the two-story gallery which now surmounts the bridge, and is shown on the left of the picture.

It was, then, a woman who conceived the charming and unique idea which has resulted for us in this château, which has about it, the French declare, something fairy-like and almost supernatural. Every thing is in harmony. The Cher is a smiling river, and they say it stops for a minute at Chenonceaux that it may leisurely bathe the feet of the gracious towers and enchanted gardens of this Palace of Armida.

What a woman commenced women have finished. Diane de Poitiers and Catherine de Medicis completed the thought of Catherine Briçonnet.

This château is unlike all other royal French châteaux: it has no blood upon its stones—no sad histories of treasons, perfidies, conspiracies. These smiling walls recall only souvenirs of youth, elegance, poetry, and love. Here Diane de Poitiers, Mary Stuart, Gabrielle, and others like them, for two hundred years came to animate this smiling nature, and mirror in the clear river their beautiful faces. And worthy the frame for this picture—fair home for fair ladies!

We approached it by a royal avenue of trees, which terminates in a "court of honor" on the river-bank—a handsome terrace flanked by stone balustrades. On one side is the advanced tower, forming a dwelling for the concierge, and which, built on the firm earth, seems a timid sister regarding from afar, and without daring to follow them, her elder sisters, who bathe their feet in the river. Then comes the bridge, with its arches and "draw," and heavy, wedge-shaped piers, ornamented with daintily curved projections, behind which one can retire from the roadway; and after the bridge comes the front of the château, with its two angle towers projecting corbeled out over the water, its semicircular balconies, and its lofty, richly carved dormers; then the chapel, so harmonious a part of the whole, yet



THE CHATEAU OF CHÉNOUXEAUX.

so different; and the little mole, used as a flower-garden, pushing out into the river from the great arch and hiding its importance. All these, with the river for a foreground, and the great trees on the two banks of the river, and a glimpse of gardens through the arches of the bridge, the lofty chimneys covered with ornament, the steep roofs with gilded crests—all these, under the beautiful sky of La Touraine, make the *ensemble* which we owe to three women—Catherine Briçonnet, Diane de Poitiers, and Catherine de Medicis. “It seems,” says a French writer, “as if women alone had hands light enough to touch this delicate work.”

When we entered this enchanting abode, two summers ago, the air was warm and balmy, the roses were blooming, and the cherries were ripe. They gave us strawberries and cream in the little inn before we came to the end of the avenue, and Marie waited on us—rosy Marie, with black eyes and wooden sabots. They are all named Marie, the waitresses at these little French country inns, and they are all rosy, and have black eyes, and wear wooden sabots. We gave the *cocher* an extra *pourboire*, and he took us up the entire length of the avenue to the court of honor itself. When we entered the château we had a delightful surprise. Every thing was just as it had been left—if not when it was finished, at any rate a long time ago. There was the old furniture, and the old cabinets, glasses, enamels, and china; and the vaulted hall hung with armor, its walls covered with stamped cloth, its doors screened by tapestry curtains which drew aside, and its rich ceilings, with blue centres studded with stars. There was the very glass out of which Francis I. drank, and the mirror in which Mary Queen of Scots saw the faint image of that too fair face. Here was the initial of Diane de Poitiers plentifully introduced, combined with that of her royal lover; and beyond was the bedroom, with all its original furniture, which the unscrupulous Catherine de Medicis occupied when, on the death of the king, she despoiled Diane of her fair mansion. And then there was the bedroom of Catherine’s heir, Louise de Lorraine, widow of Henry III., whose chamber is still hung with black; and there were the chambers successively occupied by the duchesses de Vendôme and all the Condés. There, too, was the *salon* where a later owner, Madame Dupin, assembled around her Voltaire, the exiled Bolingbroke, Rousseau, and many others of the literary men of the last century. There was also a curious collection of historical portraits of all the chief people who had ever lived in the château, including a portrait of Diane de Poitiers in the character of the goddess of whom she was a namesake, with a taffeta petticoat embroidered with fleurs-de-lis.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with Chenonceaux is that it escaped the revolution and remains so perfect. The lady who occupied it at the time of my visit knew my fellow-traveler, and we were treated with the greatest kindness, and shown every thing of interest in the château from garret to cellars. The latter are formed in the piers on which the house stands, and the dimensions of these piers are such that in them, besides the prison and the baths of Catherine de Medicis, were two kitchens, a bakery, and a dining-room where there are seats at table for thirty domestics.

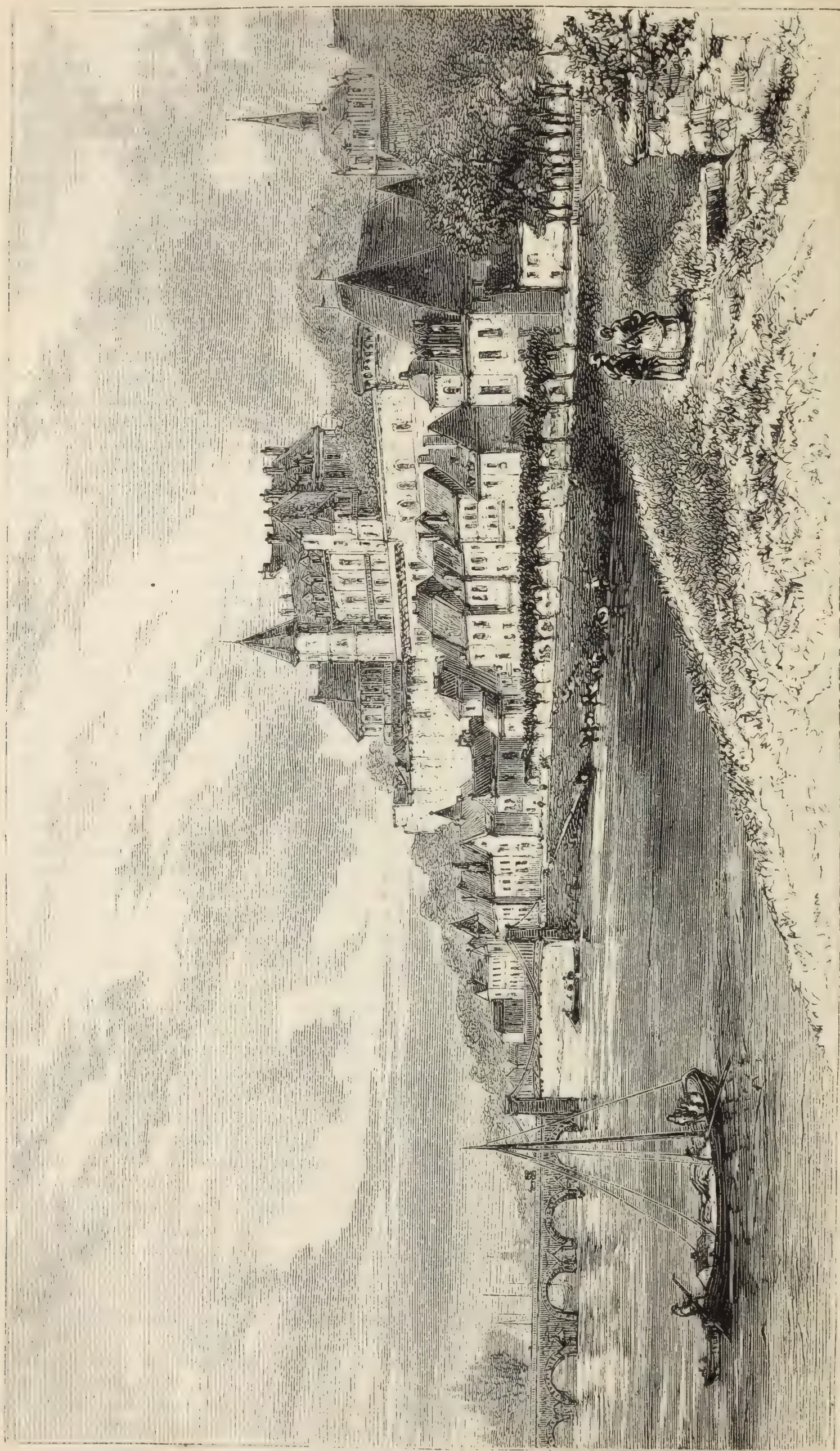
II. THE CHÂTEAU OF AMBOISE.

High above the surrounding country, on the edge of a beetling promontory, hangs the vast château of Amboise, stretching along, like a range of rocks, above the quiet town of Amboise, which nestles at its feet. You see it first from the railway which threads the valley of the Loire. As you approach the station for Amboise, at your feet lies the river, crossed by a suspension-bridge; beyond stretches the little city, with its boulevard—that characteristic feature of a French town—along the river bank; and over it all frowns a mass of mighty walls and grand, decapitated towers which might have been built by giants. There *were* giants in those days, for surely not in ours were piled those walls, a vast fortress placed at the gate of “La Touraine,” a jealous sentinel to guard the entrance to that Garden of the Hesperides.

Cæsar lodged there his Roman garrison when he warred against the Armoricans. Here the counts d’Anjou, and later the Plantagenets, jealously held their own, and sometimes that which was their neighbors’. These walls served under Charles VII. as the rampart of the national monarchy, menaced by English invasion. They have afforded protection to Catholic royalty. They have been the prison of illustrious victims of royal ingratitude, of powerful rebels, of prisoners of state, of vanquished enemies. No tales of love and joy are hinted to us by those old walls, which only tell of might, and grief, and blood. The grand tragedy of Blois, the splendid pomps of Chambord, the local color and character of Chaumont, the smiling elegance of Chenonceaux, are all wanting to those dull walls, which only speak of ages of brute strength. A dull Opher, serving one and another in turn, but always, like Opher, serving the stronger.

From these walls came the bloody doom of those 12,000 Huguenot prisoners conceived in the celebrated “Conjuration d’Amboise,” which had for its object to extricate the young King Francis II. from the clutches and influence of the Guises in A.D. 1560.

The secret of the plot was betrayed to the Duc de Guise by one of the conspirators, and



THE CHATEAU OF AMBOISE.

its leader, La Renaudie, seized and hung on a gibbet on the centre of the bridge. The remainder of the conspirators were dispersed and every where seized; the castle walls were decorated with the hanging bodies of the criminals, and the courts and streets of the town streamed with blood, until the wearied headsman, resigning his axe, consigned the remainder to other executioners, who drowned them in the Loire.

Such was the extent of the carnage that the court was driven from Amboise by the stench of the dead bodies! You read all this in the guide-book; and Amboise comes in sight, and the train stops, and you are jogging across the long bridge toward the little town.

Above and below ripples the pretty river. The banks are verdant, the views beautiful; a sunset glow, perhaps, is over every thing, and the breath of the grape flowers of spring, or the new-mown hay of summer, or the purple vintage of autumn is in the air, and you look up and see the walls of which you have just read, and ask yourself if it is only in unchristian lands where "the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone."

Away to the right a slender spire pierces the air. It surmounts the chapel of the castle, and is finished with the gilded symbol which tells of the bloody end of Him who founded the sweet religion of humanity. Here Catherine de Medicis worshiped his memory, and doubtless prayed for, and believed that she received, the baptism of a double portion of his spirit. To the left is the balcony where she stood with her three sons, afterward kings Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., and with Mary Queen of Scots witnessed, in full court costume, the execution of the Huguenots.

If you arrive at Amboise rather late in the day, there may not be time to see the castle thoroughly before the hour of closing, which is about six o'clock, when every body dines. But the vacant hour before the dinner at the homely but comfortable inn is gotten ready may be profitably spent in visiting the village church. It is interesting both from its age (having been built in the thirteenth century) and as a specimen of French Gothic restoration. English "restorations," being usually done piecemeal, as contributions are received from individuals, are apt to give rather a patchy effect to the scene of their operations. French restorations, being largely undertaken by the government, at any rate avoid this peculiarity. Perhaps the most interesting thing of its kind is preserved in this church in the curious monument, executed in terra cotta, and colored like life, representing an "entombment." The figures are of the size of life. The feet of the dead Christ are supported by Joseph of Arimathea, a grand figure, richly robed in Eastern fashion, and with a

noble, grave face; the head is supported by Joseph the carpenter; and behind, bending grief-stricken over the body of their Lord, stand the three Marys, all young and beautiful, and with a certain resemblance between them not expected from the Scripture story. This resemblance is accounted for when you learn the origin of the monument. It was erected to the memory of a chamberlain of Francis I. by his three daughters, who had been in turn mistresses of the king! and the figures are portraits: Joseph the carpenter is a portrait of the father, while the three Marys and Joseph of Arimathea are portraits of the daughters and the king himself!

From the village it is a steep ascent up to the castle, and on the way the little chapel, to which allusion has been made, is a most picturesque object. It is perched on a projecting square pedestal of rock which rises sheer from the town, from a level only a little higher than the flat river-bank, many feet into the air.

The chapel is a little bijou; and whereas the castle is bare of ornament, and has suffered by the alterations consequent on the different uses to which it has been put, the chapel is a perfect museum of intricate carving in stone, frail as lace-work, and yet as perfect now as when it came from the workman's chisel—if chisel indeed were used on any thing so delicate. The chapel is dedicated to St. Hubert, and over the door-way is carved his miraculous meeting with a stag with a cross growing from between its horns.

The walls are covered with panels adorned with foliage of the most delicate sculpture. The roof is groined, and has hanging pendants carved with grotesques, reminding one somewhat of the chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster. Singular and grotesque figures are intermingled with the foliage, and yet with a refinement of treatment that suits such a miniature church. The chapel was "restored" in the reign of Louis Philippe, when modern stained glass windows were introduced, but, it is said, much of the carving was left untouched. Old or new, it seems the perfection of workmanship of its kind, and reminds one of carvings in ivory.

The chapel is on a level with the courtyard of the castle, and the intervening space is planted with flowers and shrubbery, and forms a magnificent terrace on a level with the top of the bastions of the fortress; and you can walk along the edge of the wall of the fortifications and look over down the chimneys of the town below, and away across the valley of the Loire, painted with the shadows of drifting clouds. The view is so fine and so extended that Louis Philippe had built a great, round, ugly pavilion, which crowns the great tower to the left, and has windows all around.

It was in a *salon* attached to this pavilion

that Louis Napoleon, then President of the French republic, accorded his pardon to Abd-el-Kader, who had for many years been held a prisoner in this château. They show you the graves of those Arabs who died here before their captivity was ended.

A great disappointment awaits the tourist who expects in the interior of the château of Amboise all of the interest which its vast and frowning exterior seems to hold secret. Modern uses have called for fancied modern improvements. Partitions have been run up, walls have been knocked down, windows have been pierced, and ancient chimneys bricked up or demolished to make way for modern mantels, and whitewash and wall-paper have done the rest.

Still it is interesting to go through the rooms, as we did, under the guidance of the architect to whom the imperial government had intrusted the restoring of this ancient château to all its pristine grandeur. Most wonderful is it to learn how much time and study is spent in verifying every part, and how the scene of every action which history records as taking place here is studied, till, by comparing fact with fact, the past is made out from this present with all the accuracy, at least, of the results of comparative anatomy.

Nor is all that is ancient absent. The most interesting feature, and one that is unique, remains. This is the great south tower. It is nearly fifty feet in diameter and nearly a hundred feet high. It was anciently the main and almost the only mode of access to the château. Entered from the town below, a hundred and seventy steps lead up to the level of the court-yard. As you mount you see that the ceiling over your head is vaulted in stone, and in turn supports the steps of the stairs. Ever mounting, screw fashion, you twist around a core, in itself a respectable-sized round tower, standing in the centre of the great one. As the vault is always twisting, and the bays of the vaulting necessarily from this fact are much wider on the outside than next the core, the construction of the whole, it will be seen, was not such an easy matter.

The groins spring from corbels oddly carved with grotesques and caricatures. Monks figure here largely and in all positions, some amusing, some grotesque, and some indecent. They are represented suffering, among other things, from colic and toothache and all the ills that flesh is heir to, the sculptors having been left—as there has been such a cry to leave the “art workmen” of our day—to work out their own designs,” and having found their masters better pleased with a laugh over these grotesques than with the finest treatment of pure ornament.

At the other end of the château is another great tower, also some fifty feet in diameter,

and in this tower Louis Philippe made a winding way by which vehicles could mount from the town below through a tunnel cut in the rock. This great tower anciently bathed its feet in the Loire, the intervening strip of town and quay now existing being a modern encroachment. When the bodies of executed prisoners had hung till life was extinct from the iron railings of the balcony of this tower, by a cut of a sword they fell into the river—a burial as brief as the trial and execution which had preceded it.

It will be seen that the general plan of the château of Amboise may be briefly described as two vast round towers, connected by a long building, of which the walls are ancient, but of which the interior has been modernized. The whole stands on a fortified promontory, the entire face of which is walled up, so that the amount of masonry and sheer wall rising above the town is immense.

Leonardo da Vinci spent the last years of his life at Amboise, died there, and was buried in an ancient church attached to the castle. The church was destroyed in the revolution, and all trace of the tomb of Leonardo was lost.

When we had seen all that there was of special interest relating to the château and the excavations connected with the restorations in progress, the young architect in charge suddenly, just as we were about to take leave of him, unlocked and threw open the door of a closet, and exclaimed, “Voilà! Leonardo da Vinci!” There, on a shelf, lay a skull and a little heap of bones. It was the skull and bones of the painter of “The Last Supper.” The workmen, in excavating, had come upon his tomb, not only nearly perfect in itself, but preserving nearly perfect its inscription, recording the name and age of the great master. The government was preparing a new and more suitable tomb, in which the remains were soon to be laid with imposing ceremonies. Meantime they were kept in this closet.

In place of the skull I see the drawn curtain when it first reveals to the expectant crowd the work of years—“The Supper of the Lord.” I see the wonder and approval of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and all his court, save one—see that one, whose face all recognize as that of Judas, striving to hide it and his shame and hate. Then I see the painter, in his hour of triumph and revenge, standing beside his picture in repentant tears!

Let us lay on this vacant shrine the homage of lips from a land which, when Leonardo lived, was only an unpenetrated, just discovered, savage wild, and close the door upon these dry bones, and turn the key. Then we wander back, out again upon the terrace, and look down upon the goodly valley of the Loire, stretching afar, while our guide points out the distant wonders of the view.

THE STRICKEN HEART.

A ROMANCE OF THE ANDES.

A FRENCH traveler who, in the pursuit of his studies in natural science, and influenced also, probably, in some degree by love of novelty and adventure, recently made the journey across the continent of South America from Peru to the mouth of the Amazon, gives, in his account of the tour, a narrative of one of the incidents that occurred substantially as follows:

After traversing one of the chains, or cordilleras, of the Andes by a frightful pass, he came into a wild region, quite sparsely populated; and as, of course, in such a country there are no public facilities of any kind for the accommodation of travelers, our adventurer was obliged to trust to such chances of private hospitality as he could find for food and shelter at night. He spent one night in a small cabin-like dwelling, which, besides being the residence of the family occupying it, served the purpose of what in New England would be called a country store.

Mr. Marcoy—for that was the name of our traveler—did not find his accommodations very comfortable. In fact, he found them very uncomfortable; and in the morning, on resuming the journey, his guide, to relieve somewhat his evident dissatisfaction and discontent, promised him much better quarters for the next night. It would be, he said, not at such a miserable grocery as the last, but at the hacienda of a real lady, that they would lodge. It was a lady, however, he added, that, for some mysterious reason, lived in the most absolute retirement and seclusion. She was a native of Lima, and had come some time before to establish herself on this estate, which she inherited from her parents. She lived there, he said, in perfect solitude. She always kept herself during the day secluded in her apartments, and whenever she went out—which was only at night—she was always closely veiled. But in respect to the cause of her separating herself thus mysteriously from the world, the guide knew nothing.

Of course the traveler—especially as he was of an age and a temperament to appreciate the romance of such a story as this—began at once to feel some curiosity and interest in respect to this mystery, and he was more than usually impatient that day to arrive at his journey's end. At length, toward nightfall, the hacienda came in sight. It was a white house, with pretty green blinds of the Spanish fashion, and was pleasantly situated among trees, upon a rising ground, at a short distance from the banks of the river Occocamba, along the course of which Mr. Marcoy's journey lay.

As the traveler and his guide drove up to the house two persons, attracted perhaps

by the sound of the horses' footsteps, made their appearance at the door. They seemed to be servants. One was an elderly man, his hair already gray; the other was a somewhat gayly dressed young peasant woman, who, as the traveler imagined from her air and appearance, might be a lady's-maid. Mr. Marcoy at once inferred that she was the attendant of the mysterious resident of the hacienda. She gazed at the traveler, as he approached the door, with a pleased look of interest and curiosity. The man asked the stranger, when he saw him preparing to dismount, what he desired.

Mr. Marcoy stated his case, saying that he was a traveler passing through that part of the country, and had come to the hacienda in hopes that he could have shelter there for the night. He made his statement in a somewhat full and deliberate manner, and spoke in a pretty audible voice, and in his most agreeable tone and manner, in hopes to make a favorable impression upon the mysterious lady, in case it should happen, as he imagined might very possibly be the case, that she was concealed behind the blind of some window within hearing.

Whether he was correct in these surmises may not be very certain; but at any rate, after some farther parleying, the maid went into the house, and soon returned, saying, with an air of cordiality and pleasure, that he could stay. She also said something in an under-tone to the man, who then went at once to aid the guide in taking care of the horses.

Accordingly, after delivering his horse into his guide's hands, Mr. Marcoy followed the maid into the house. She led him into a kind of *salon*, which was plainly but comfortably furnished, and was ornamented with pictures of saints and other religious subjects, and also with images of different kinds having the same pious expression or character. The peasant girl, with pleased and somewhat curious and even almost roguish looks, welcomed him to the apartment, and invited him to take a seat upon the sofa, saying that he could remain there, unless he chose to amuse himself and while away the time, while she was preparing his repast, by walking in the garden. He decided at once that he would walk in the garden.

On entering the garden he began sauntering to and fro along the walks and among the beds of flowers, and while pretending to be observing only the sky, the mountains, and the horizon, and admiring the beauties of the surrounding scenery, he was covertly taking a survey of the building, with a view of discovering, if he could, the probable situation of the rooms of the mysterious lady. He also began to examine with a botanical eye the plants and flowers which were growing in the beds and borders, trying at the

same time to see if he could find any where traces of the horticultural performances of a lady. Finally he penetrated into a kind of inner garden, partially separated from the rest, which was overlooked by a window that was shaded by a blind, and adorned in a beautiful manner by climbing plants and vines.

He decided at once that this window must be the one which had been the object of his search. He was confirmed in this opinion by observing that the training of the plants in that part of the garden which was overlooked by this window, and the kind of supports by which the more delicate ones were sustained, indicated a lady's hand rather than that of a regular gardener.

He observed—taking care, however, not to appear to be making any such observation—that the bars of the blind were drawn down; that is, were in a position to intercept vision. He then turned his face partially away, and pretended to be entirely occupied in examining and admiring a particular plant that was growing in one of the borders. While thus engaged he thought he heard a slight movement at the blind. He occupied a position which made it certain that the lady at the window, if lady there was, could not be seen by him, while yet his own face and figure were fully presented to her observation. After a brief interval of delay, and certain apparently casual movements among the flowers, through all of which he kept his eyes averted from the window, he began slowly to turn in that direction. He immediately heard a slight movement in the blind, which seemed to him to denote a closing of the bars. He paid no apparent attention to this, but went in a quiet and unconcerned manner to a small seat which he saw in the garden, and placing it before one of the specially beautiful shrubs which had attracted his attention, he seated himself upon it, and opening his album, and taking out a pencil, he began making a drawing of the flower, imagining all the time that there were a pair of bright eyes watching him from behind the screen of the blind.

Presently, while going on with his work, he began to hum the notes of a certain air, and soon afterward began to sing the words, in a voice soft and gentle, but still loud enough to be heard by any one that might be listening. The music which he selected for this performance was a Spanish song called "The Song of the Flowers." It was as follows:

"SONG OF THE FLOWERS."

"We are the children that spring from the hidden warmth that pervades so mysteriously all the realms of nature, we are the children of the dawn and of the dew, we are the children of the earth, we are the children of the air, and above all things we are the children of heaven."

The beauty of this last expression can not be transferred to our language, as it depends upon the fact that, in the original, one and the same word denotes the *heaven* and *sky*, including in the latter meaning the influences of the sun and air.

The song goes on:

"Man sullies us by his touch, and in his very love for us effects our destruction. We cling to the earth by a thread—our root, which is our life—but we raise our arms as high as we can toward heaven [the sky], which is our home. For it is from heaven [the sky and air] that we receive our soul, and to heaven we render it again. Our soul is our fragrant perfume."

It would seem that there was something in the face and figure of the stranger, or in his gentlemanly air and bearing, or in the evidence of accomplishment and taste indicated by his drawing, or in the sentiment or the words of the song, or in the voice and skill of the singer, or perhaps in all combined, that made a favorable impression upon the concealed observer; for when, after having completed his drawing, and having remained for a moment surveying it and comparing it with the model, he said, as if speaking to himself, but in a voice sufficiently audible to enable any listener to hear, "What a pity that I do not know the Spanish name of this plant, so that I could put it here together with the botanical name!" a gentle voice from the window replied, "It is called the mudedara, Sir."

The botanical name of the plant was, it seems, the *Hibiscus mutabilis*. It is a shrub which belongs to the same genus as the althea, so well known in our gardens, which last is the *Hibiscus syriacus*. The *Hibiscus mutabilis* bears a flower which in form somewhat resembles that of the althea, but it is characterized by this remarkable peculiarity—namely, that after it opens it changes its tints from white, through various shades of rose-pink, to a purple-violet hue before it fades and dies. In climates specially favorable it passes through all these changes in the same day; and it is from these mutations in the color of the flower that the species derives its name.

But to return to our story.

"It is a pity that I do not know the Spanish name," said the artist, in a musing manner, as he surveyed his work.

"It is called the mudedara, Sir," said the voice, in reply, coming from the window. The voice was low and gentle, and the tones of it were marked with a certain sad and mournful expression.

The traveler turned at once toward the window, as if much surprised. The bars of the blind were, however, in such a position that nothing could be seen. He said:

"I thank you very much, whoever you may be." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "Please excuse me, young lady—or madam, for I do not know in which form I

ought really to address you—but would you be kind enough to inform me whether the hibiscus, or the mudedara, as you have designated it, is ever found growing wild in the valley of Occocamba? This is the first time that I have seen the plant in Peru. It is a native, I believe, of the East Indies.”

“It is a souvenir given me by a friend,” replied the voice—“a friend who is now,” she added, in a faltering manner, “no more.”

“I can well understand, then, that you attach great value to it. But it is a tropical plant in its nature, and of a tender constitution. It must not be exposed too much to the winds which blow sometimes from the cold mountains around you here.”

“And what must I do to protect it from the danger?” asked the unseen lady.

“You must take the necessary precautions to shelter it from the cold at night at certain seasons of the year, and especially from the heavy rains in winter. If my hard destiny had not compelled me to roam incessantly about the world, but had made it my lot to live here as your neighbor in this valley, it would have given me great pleasure to have aided you in the work, and we might have succeeded in preserving its life.”

“Then you think there is danger that it will die?”

“Every thing that lives is destined sooner or later to die, my young lady—or madam. Excuse me for not knowing how exactly I should address you. You have not yet done me the honor to tell me what I am to call you.”

“You may call me sister,” was the reply, after a moment’s pause.

Sister is the appellation by which in Catholic countries nuns and all other females devoted to the service of religion are customarily addressed.

This conversation seems to have confirmed the impression made upon the mind of the concealed lady by what she had at first observed of his personal appearance and bearing that the stranger was a gentleman of refinement and cultivation; and, though she still kept herself concealed, she continued to talk with him in somewhat the same strain, until they were interrupted by the maid, who came to call the stranger to supper. The maid could not refrain, however, from uttering an exclamation of surprise when she found him conversing with her mistress. When she told him that his supper was ready he at first hesitated about following her, but the concealed lady requested him to go, and he obeyed.

He found the table set for him in a very elegant manner—with silver and glass, and even napkins with borders of lace. The supper consisted of broiled chicken with rice, followed by what the English call a sweet omelet, and terminated by a cup of delicious chocolate, the surface of which was

covered with foaming cream. A finger-bowl containing water scented with mint, and the other usual accessories to the close of a genteel repast, were brought in at last, and the supper was ended. The whole scene impressed the mind of the traveler with surprise and delight, accustomed as he had been to eating the plainest and coarsest food in the wildest places, “seated on his heels,” and with his fingers only in the place of knife and fork.

After finishing his supper he felt strongly inclined to go back to the garden again in hopes of renewing his conversation with the mysterious lady, but he feared that this might perhaps not be quite discreet, and so, after lighting a cigar, he sallied forth for a walk in the environs, to breathe the evening air and enjoy the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scenery.

On his return he found the peasant maid at the door awaiting him. She said that her mistress wished to see him.

He accordingly followed her into the garden, and seated himself upon a stone bench not far from the window. Scarcely was he seated before the blind opened a little, and the lady appeared, though closely veiled.

“I thought, Sir,” she said, “that perhaps you would not be unwilling, before you go away, to do me a favor.”

He assured her that his services, heart and soul, were entirely at her disposal.

“It is the service of your pencil that I require,” said the lady.

“My pencil!” repeated the traveler.

“Yes. You have warned me that some day, at any rate, and possibly at any time, my mudedara may die. Now what I have to ask of you is that you will make me a painting of it, showing the flowers in the different aspects they assume in different parts of the day, so that when the plant dies I may have an image of it that I can preserve forever.”

The traveler was so much surprised at this request that he did not know at first what to answer.

“You hesitate,” she said.

“I ask your pardon, my sister, but I will tell you frankly how it is with me. What you ask of me is not a simple sketch, but a painting, and that is a day of my time; and my time is planned and arranged so closely that it will be with difficulty that, by traveling day and night, I can fulfill an engagement I have made for a fixed day on the other side of the continent.”

“Then,” said the lady, speaking in a sad and disappointed tone of voice, “we will think no more about it.”

Now the engagement which Mr. Marcoy considered it so important to fulfill was one which he had made with a friend whom he had taken leave of at a dinner-party on board a vessel in a harbor on the Peruvian



MAKING THE DRAWING.

coast. His friend was going around Cape Horn by sea to the mouth of the Amazon, while Mr. Marcoy himself was to cross the continent by land, over mountains, through trackless forests, and across boundless plains, and yet he had offered to lay a wager that he would arrive first. The wager had been accepted, but the amount had not been fixed,

but was left to be decided by the party at the table.

In the midst of the merriment of the party after the dinner the subject was brought up. One of the guests proposed a hundred ounces.

The value of a hundred ounces was something like two thousand dollars.

Mr. Marcoy told them they were crazy in supposing that a poor naturalist, possessed of little else than his pencils and his geological hammer, could pay any thing like a hundred ounces. When he offered to lay a wager, he said, it was with the understanding that the amount which would be fixed upon would be in some measure commensurate with the resources of an artist and a man of science. But since they were talking of a hundred ounces, he must beg to withdraw his proposition altogether.

They asked him what amount he would be willing to stake.

He very gravely suggested five francs!

This proposal was received with peals of laughter by all the company. The idea of a race of three thousand miles across a continent by land, against one of fifteen thousand around it by sea, for a stake of five francs, seemed so absurd that it was received with universal hilarity.

"Well," said Mr. Marcoy, still preserving the utmost gravity, "if you think that stake is too small, I will not object to add to it a small bundle of cigars!"

This proposal only increased the general merriment; and at length, after various other propositions and repartees had been made, it was decided that there should be no wager at all, but that the race should be run by the contestants simply for the honor of the victory.

And this was the engagement which Mr. Marcoy referred to in speaking of the urgent necessity that he was under to pursue his journey across the continent without any unnecessary delay.

But, being touched by the sad and disappointed tone in which the lady said "Then we will think no more about it," he replied, "Yes, sister, we *will* think about it. I was too hasty in my answer. Excuse and forgive me for refusing so bluntly. I will stay and make the picture, since you desire me to do so. I will begin the work to-morrow morning. And you, on your part—will you not do something for me?"

"What *can* I do for you?" asked the lady.

"I wish you to do something for me which will be very little for you, and will be very easily done, but which will give me very great pleasure—and that is that you should raise the veil which conceals you for a few moments, so that I shall not have to go away without having seen the face of one to whose generous hospitality I owe so much."

"Ah, Sir," replied the lady, "that is impossible. Except the few persons who per-

sonally attend upon me no one will ever see my face till the day when God calls me to himself. It is a solemn vow which I have taken, and no earthly consideration could induce me to break it. You can readily conceive, Sir, that for a lady to take a resolution to withdraw utterly from the world, and bury herself forever in such a solitude as this, there must have been reasons of a very imperious character. I am willing to tell you what my reasons were, to soften what might otherwise seem the ungraciousness of my refusal to comply with your request.

"The cause of my suffering was love. It was love of that kind that a woman can only feel once in her lifetime—that love which transforms two beings into one—which blends and exalts two souls into one single angelic existence. This life of intoxication and ecstasy, in which each derives from the other, as from a living fountain, the joys and excitements of passion, to be communicated again to the other in turn, endured for three years. Why could it not endure forever? God only can answer this question. Perhaps I misunderstood my nature and my duty as a woman. A woman loves either too much or else too little. In the first case she wearies her lover; in the second case she repels him. A woman's love is fated to suffer wreck on one or the other of these dangers.

"But it is useless to go particularly into details. It is enough to say that when I saw the one whom I had so loved, and for whom I had given up all that was dear to me, become indifferent, and finally abandon me, life became to me an intolerable burden. The world seemed dark and desolate. I retired to this solitude, where I have lived for four years utterly alone, with nothing but the sad recollections of the past to console my sorrows.

"You will easily understand, Sir, from this statement of my case why I can not comply with the request you have made, however friendly and kind toward me may be the feelings on your part that dictated it. You will leave this region soon, never to return to it, and my secret will remain undisclosed.

"The brief stay that you will make here will soon be ended, and the recollection of the hacienda of Lechuza, and of the unhappy woman who has come to hide her life in it forever, will pass soon from your mind. But she will herself not forget you. She will always cherish a grateful remembrance of the kind sympathy which you felt for her in her desolation and grief. And now, after this statement of my unhappy case, do you think you can consent to render me the service I have asked of you?"

"To-morrow morning," said Mr. Marcoy, "I will set myself at the work."

"May God bless you, and reward you a hundredfold for the kindness you have shown to me. And so now, with a renewed assurance of my gratitude, and with my sincere prayers that you may have a pleasant and prosperous journey, I—"

"But can not I have an opportunity of seeing and speaking to you once more before I go?"

"It would do no good," she replied. "You know now all that it is possible for me to tell you. To talk with you more about my sorrows would be only to renew the cruel sufferings that the recollection of them occasions me. So you must excuse me if I leave you now, and bid you a final farewell."

So saying, the lady closed the bars of the blind again, and, shutting the window, disappeared from view.

After pausing a moment Mr. Marcoy slowly returned into the house, wondering at the strangeness of the adventure which had befallen him. To have met with so mysterious a person, under such extraordinary circumstances, and in such a scene—to have been made to such an extent the confidant of her secret sorrows, and then to have bid her a final farewell without even the possibility of ever meeting her again, and all without having seen her face or known her name—seemed passing strange. He thought that if he should ever relate the tale, those who should hear it would find it very difficult to believe him. Of course, as he anticipated a certain degree of incredulity in those to whom the tale should be told, each reader is all the more completely at liberty to decide for himself, from internal evidence, whether this narrative is or is not historically true.

He found, on returning into the house—as he went on to relate—that the man-servant, who seemed to act as a kind of major-domo, and his guide were awaiting him. They showed him a bed which had been made up for him in the *salon*, with a small table near it, which was elegantly set out with evening refreshments. When he was left to himself he retired to rest, and soon, as he expressed it, sank into the sweet slumbers that come from a good conscience, a downy bed, and sheets white, fresh, and spotlessly pure.

He awoke early in the morning. When he was dressed he first went out to take the morning air. The dew was upon the grass and flowers, and the rising sun began to glow upon the summits of the mountains. He returned soon into the house, and selected from his port-folio the best sheet of paper which it contained, and taking his box of colors, a goblet of water, and a plate for a palette, he went out into the garden and set himself at his work.

He sketched the form and appearance of the shrub, and with a few touches marked the places for five flowers, which were to represent the five gradations of color through

which the petals pass in the course of a day, though there was, in fact, only one flower, which had opened upon the shrub that morning. That was—as usual with the flower at its first blooming—of a milk-white color. After two hours of work he had sketched the whole plant, and finished one branch with the milk-white flower upon it. Then it became necessary to wait some time for the flower to change its hue. At ten o'clock this was done. It had then become of a pale rose-color. This he represented upon another branch. At noon the flower had become of a deep rose-color; a representation of it in that guise was given upon another branch. At four o'clock another copy, of a bright carmine, was made upon a fourth branch; and at six another, of purple hue, completed the series.

When, at length, the painting had been retouched and finished, and a suitable inscription had been placed upon it, he gave it to the maid to carry to her mistress. In a few minutes the maid returned, bringing her mistress's very special thanks for the picture, which she said she greatly admired, and should preserve with the utmost care. She also brought a little sprig of a plant, which, from a certain withered appearance of the leaves naturally characteristic of it, has for its language *the stricken heart*, and gave it to the traveler from her mistress, to be kept as a souvenir of her and of his visit to her solitary retreat.

The traveler placed the souvenir between two sheets of absorbent paper, and deposited it in his port-folio.

The next morning, in good season, he resumed his journey, attended by his guide. After they left the house and had gone forward on their way till it had disappeared from view, the guide, who had been riding at some little distance behind, advanced to his master's side, his countenance expressing a peculiar animation and significance.

"Well, Miguel," said the traveler, "you look as if you had something to tell me."

"Yes, Sir," said Miguel, "and something which you will be not a little surprised to hear."

"Well, what is it?"

"You recollect that you gave the major-domo some brandy to drink last evening?"

Among the refreshments which Mr. Marcoy had found upon the table in his room the evening before was some very choice and costly brandy. He took very little of it himself, but he poured out a more generous portion both for his guide and the major-domo, with a view of putting them into good-humor. It seems that, according to Miguel's account, the drink had the effect of putting the major-domo into more than good-humor.

"I rather think," said he, "that the glass you gave him may have held more than you

thought. At any rate, after he drank it he became very talkative and silly, and wanted to tell me all his secrets. He not only told me all about himself and the maid, but also gave me the history of his mistress."

"Do you know, then, who that lady is?"

"Oh yes, as well as if I had known her ten years. She was a sister in a convent somewhere, and she fell in love with a man and eloped with him from the convent. The man was a French physician. She lived with him for three years, and then he left her."

Mr. Marcoy says that he was almost stupefied with amazement at hearing this statement.

"I'll tell you how it all happened," continued Miguel, "according to what the major-domo told me."

So Miguel went on to repeat the story, which was to this effect. He gave the original baptismal name of the lady, and also her convent name, which was Sister Maria. While she was in the convent, he said, her health began to fail, and she seemed to be sinking into a decline. They sent for a physician to prescribe for her. He came to visit her regularly for some time, and she began gradually to improve in health. At length, one night, when the body of one of the nuns, who had died the day before from the effects of a malignant disease in one of her feet, was lying in the chapel ready for the funeral, which was to take place the next day, the convent took fire. The fire was extinguished, but not till after it had burned a considerable part of the convent, including a whole range of cells, in which that of Sister Maria was situated.

All the other nuns that occupied the range of cells, it seems, made their escape, but when they came the next morning to that of Sister Maria they found a charred and half-consumed body lying in it, from which they at once inferred that Sister Maria herself had been hemmed in by the smoke and the flames, and had perished. They took up the blackened remains and conveyed them to the chapel, intending to inter both bodies together, but they found to their astonishment that the body which had been left in the chapel had disappeared. In the course of the investigations which were at once made to discover the meaning of this mystery they found that the half-burned body was not that of Sister Maria at all, but of the nun that had died. They identified it by the foot, which, notwithstanding the effects of the fire, still retained traces of the original disease.

It was finally ascertained that Sister Maria, in connection with the physician, who had become her lover, had planned an escape from the convent, and in order to conceal the fact of her flight, and thus to pre-

clude all ideas of pursuit, she had contrived to remove the dead body to her own cell, in hopes that, being found there in a state too much disfigured to be recognized, it would be supposed that it was she herself that had perished. Having secretly made this arrangement she had then set the convent on fire, and fled with her lover.

"At first," said Miguel, when he came to the end of his story, "I did not believe a word of what the major-domo had been telling me. I thought it was all the nonsense of a tipsy man. But he showed me a card which he said he found in a drawer, and which he said had upon it the name of the physician. I did not care about the card, for I could not read it, but I thought that perhaps you might like to see it, and so I noticed where he put it, and, as he and I slept in the same chamber, I watched my chance in the night and slipped the card into my pocket; and here it is."

So saying, he handed to Mr. Marcoy an old card containing the name of a physician of Lima, and the street and number where he lived.

Mr. Marcoy remembered that he had heard, some years before, the story, when in Lima, of the abduction of a nun from a convent by a young physician under circumstances precisely similar in its details to those which the major-domo had given; and he was convinced that the mysterious person to whose lonely retreat the chances of travel had brought him was no other than this unhappy nun, who had been enticed from her duty by the intoxication of love, and who was now doomed, after a brief interval of feverish and guilty pleasure, to a life which must consist of days of bitter remorse and anguish and unceasing apprehension, and nights of sorrow and tears. He pitied her most sincerely, for he regarded the impulse which is the cause of the ruin in many cases, as in this, as, after all, more of the nature of madness than crime. Indeed, he was not very far wrong in this idea. The wise man of ancient days who said that anger was a brief insanity might well have said the same of love.

Our traveler reflected sadly upon the unhappy fate of his new acquaintance, as he went on his way. But what he had learned of her guilt did not destroy his interest in her welfare, nor lessen his sympathy and pity for her in her sorrows. When he reached his home he took the little sprig—emblematical of the *stricken heart*—which he had carefully protected from injury during the journey, and mounting it with delicate care, he inclosed it in a case made of white satin, with edges trimmed with lace, to be preserved as a perpetual memorial of this strange adventure in the valleys of the Andes.

ANNE FURNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE,"
"VERONICA," ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.

IT grew overcast and began to rain. I could not go into the garden. I was so nervous and miserable as I sat with my mother and Mrs. Abram in the long dining-room—mother always preferred that room in summer, because it opened on to the garden—that I feared they would observe it. As it grew later mother said, once or twice:

"I wonder what can keep your grandfather so long! I hope he is not overtiring himself."

I told her that he had warned us not to be uneasy if he were late.

"Perhaps he has gone over to Woolling," she said. "Eliza tells me that he ordered the man to drive to Market Diggleton. That is not so very far from your uncle Cudberry's house. I should not wonder at all if he were there. I'm sorry it has turned out such a bad night. Perhaps Mrs. Cudberry may send him home in their covered vehicle. He would get wet through in the chaise."

She had no apprehension that there was any thing amiss.

Nine o'clock came; half past nine; ten; and yet neither Donald nor my grandfather appeared. Judith set herself to conjure up a variety of evils which might have overtaken them. Perhaps the chaise had been upset. Perhaps the pony had broken his leg. Perhaps grandfather had been taken ill. Perhaps Mr. Cudberry's house was being burned down, and Donald and the doctor were remaining to assist in putting out the conflagration!

"There will be no lack of water, at all events, Judith," said my mother. "Hark! how the rain is beating on the windows! But pray don't exercise your imagination any more. You make one nervous. If any thing were wrong we should soon know it. Ill news travels apace."

Then came a loud ring at the hall door, which startled us all. It proved to be the groom, who appeared at the door of the dining-room, dripping wet, with a note in his hand. It contained a few lines in pencil addressed by my grandfather to me, to the effect that Donald and grandfather were together, and quite safe and well; but that there had been an accident, and their medical assistance was needed. They might not return all night. Donald added a word or two: "Pray go to rest, darling, and make your mother and Mrs. Abram do the same."

I went into the kitchen to cross-question the groom. He had been particularly cautioned, he said, not to frighten Mrs. Furness. But he was to tell me that a gentleman had

been found in Diggleton Wood, robbed and badly hurt, and been carried into the Royal Oak inn, which was the nearest house, and the doctor and Mr. Ayrle were attending him. It was one of them London gentlemen who had been staying at Market Diggleton. He was an awfully rich gentleman, they did say, and all sorts of tales were going about as to how much money he had been robbed of. The thief hadn't been caught yet. But the police were after him. The groom was greatly excited, and would have held forth all night if I would have remained to listen to him. But I left him to regale the ears of the other servants with the unwonted feast of news he had brought home with him, and returned to urge my mother to go to bed.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Judith, solemnly. "Didn't I say there had been some accident? I've been feeling it in my bones all the evening!"

I told mother the groom's story with as much steadiness and composure as I could muster, and begged her to go quietly to bed.

It was more difficult to persuade Judith to do so. But at length she consented. The man was to sit up for his master. All the household was in a state of nervous excitement; but fortunately I could depend on Eliza to be steady and quiet with my mother, and not to weary her with wordy conjectures, and the repetition of all the rumors which seemed to be springing up magically in the very midst of our quiet household. For, by dint of talking the matter over among themselves, the servants had arrived at an extraordinary degree of circumstantiality in the narrative before the house was hushed for the night.

By an early hour next morning the news had spread all over Horsingham. Retired as were our house and our ways of life, fifty different rumors penetrated to us. It seemed as if they were carried in the air. I had passed a sleepless night, and arose soon after it was light to watch for grandfather's return. Mother was still sleeping when at length I heard the sound of wheels, and ran out trembling and eager.

Grandfather was alone. But a glance at his face showed me that there was nothing to fear for Donald. He waved his hand encouragingly as soon as he saw me. He was in a vehicle which I recognized as belonging to the Royal Oak, and was driven by Dodd's hostler.

What follows was narrated to me by my grandfather, and I give it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"I drove," he said, "to the inn at Market Diggleton. It was growing dusk when I

reached it, and was darker than usual at that hour, by reason of the sky being overcast with clouds. On demanding to speak with 'Mr. Smith,' I was told he was out. I was prepared to be told so, and said to the waiter that I knew Mr. Smith denied himself to most people, but that my business was urgent, and I positively must see him. I would take no refusal. The man knew me, and assured me that he was not deceiving me. 'Mr. Smith went to W—— this morning, Sir,' he said. 'He may be back to-night, or he may not. I can't say. If you don't believe me, you can go and look in his rooms.' He threw open the door, first of a sitting-room, and then of a bedroom, and I saw that they were empty. I asked, if Mr. Smith came back that night, at what hour he would do so, and was told at about eight. A coach that plied between W—— and Horsingham would bring him to within a mile of Market Diggleton, and he would then walk to the inn.

"I was now rather at a loss what to do. After a little deliberation I resolved to go to Dodd's house, and endeavor to speak with him. He was within, and he and his good wife gave me a hearty welcome. He had been expecting to see Mr. Ayrle, he said. Mr. Ayrle had promised to look in at the Royal Oak that afternoon, as he would be visiting some poor patients, farm laborers, not far from Diggleton's End. But he had not yet appeared. Dodd was a good deal perplexed in his mind, and by degrees, during the frequent absences of his wife, who was busy with her household affairs, he confided to me the cause of his perplexity. He had certain suspicions regarding Mr. Smith. Mr. Ayrle had laughed at him at first, but it appeared that the strength of his (Dodd's) persuasion had somewhat availed at last. For Mr. Ayrle, after warning him over and over again to be cautious, had at length consented to come and talk the matter over, and try to devise some means of getting at the truth. 'You see, Sir,' said Dodd, 'this Mr. Smith fought uncommon shy of Horsingham folks; would see none of 'em if he could help it. That didn't look like being on the square. But I had had a glimpse of him once or twice by chance. And I had heard his voice one day in the inn yard at Market Diggleton, and I'd dodged him here and there, and watched him after I began to have my suspicions, and the notion I had in my head grew stronger and stronger.' But it presently appeared that Dodd's interests in the matter conflicted with his search for truth, for he confessed to me that he wanted to sell his fields to the 'Company,' and that Mr. Smith's favor or opposition would be all-important to him in that negotiation. 'Sometimes I'm tempted to think I must be cracked to harbor such a suspicion. But then at other times it takes hold upon me so strong—'specially if I'm ly-

ing awake o' nights—that I feel as if I must rise up then and there and take steps in the matter.'"

"But to what," said I, interrupting my grandfather, "did Dodd's suspicions point?"

"You will hear, Anne," he answered, gravely, and then resumed: "Greatly to Dodd's surprise, I told him that I believed I held in my hands a clew which might lead to the discovery of the truth, but that success depended on our acting with caution; and that, above all, no hint of danger must be allowed to reach the ears of Mr. Smith. I declined to tell Dodd any particulars of my plan for the present; and he declared he was willing to trust to my wisdom in the matter. By this time it was past eight o'clock. The rain had come on, and the night was very dark. I had resolved to return to the inn at Market Diggleton before going home, being unwilling to lose the chance of seeing the man I was in search of that night. It was, of course, possible—indeed, likely—that he would remain at W—— all night; but, as I have said, I would not lose a chance. Alice tried to persuade me to let their horse be put to a covered cart they use for marketing, and to drive to Market Diggleton in that, as she declared I should be wet to the skin in my own little open chaise. But I refused, being unwilling to lose more time. I had plenty of wraps, and Donald lent me a great mackintosh cape; and, after all, I'm not reduced to being afraid of a shower of rain. So I declared myself ready to start. But all the discussion had taken up time. It had taken some time, too, although not a great deal, to get the groom to move from the comfortable kitchen of the Royal Oak, where he was being entertained with unlimited hospitality. Altogether it must have been hard upon nine o'clock before the chaise was ready. My servant had scarcely gathered the reins in his hand when a man came running breathless into the stable yard, all wet and splashed with the mire of the road. Assistance was needed at once. A man was lying badly hurt in Diggleton Wood. Maybe he was murdered. They must send a mattress and some men to help carry him. And some one with a lantern. Mr. Ayrle, the doctor, was there, and said they'd best carry him to the Royal Oak, as 'twas the nearest house. Haste, haste!"

"Alice behaved very well. She was quick and quiet, and peremptorily hushed down her two foolish serving-women, who began to cry and clap their hands hysterically. In almost as short a time as it takes to tell it you, quite a procession started from the Royal Oak, carrying a mattress and blankets to sling it by, and with Dodd himself at their head bearing a big stable lantern. I believe I was the only man left about the place. But my old legs could not keep pace with the speed the others were making. 'At least,' said

I to Alice, who, now that the necessity for action was over, was looking very faint and scared—"at least this poor fellow will be well looked after, whoever he is. Whatever could be done for him Donald would be sure to do." Then we waited, with what outward composure we might. It was really a short time, although it seemed long enough to us, before the party returned, bearing on the mattress a form covered up and sheltered from the rain as far as was practicable. Dodd still led the way with the lantern, and beside the bearers of the mattress walked Donald. Dodd had already told him of my presence at the Royal Oak, and he greeted me with outstretched hand, saying, in a low voice, "I'm afraid this is a bad business." "Is he dead?" I asked. Donald shook his head slightly. Do you guess, Anne, whose that maimed figure was that was laid on a bed under Dodd's roof, with Donald ministering to him and tending him? I see the answer in your white face. Our first business—Donald's and mine—was to ascertain the extent of the injuries he had received. I had the room cleared of all save Dodd, who assisted us, and we proceeded to make our examination. He had been robbed. The pockets of an overcoat he wore were rifled. His watch was gone, but the broken chain was still attached to his waistcoat. The robber must have done his work in fear of interruption and detection, for every thing bore marks of extreme haste. The injured man lay perfectly insensible under our hands. He had been 'garroted,' as the word is; rendered insensible by a drug, and then brutally beaten. He had received a frightful blow on the back of the head, a blow evidently given by a heavy, blunt instrument. I spare you the painful details. In removing his clothes, I found a little pocket-book, or port-folio, in an inner pocket. Your description immediately came into my mind. I opened the pocket-book and found there—your letter. The little leather case contained nothing else. I sent Dodd out of the room to ask for something of which we had need, and the moment he was gone I took from my note-book, in which it had lain, unknown to any one, for many a day, a torn greasy scrap of paper. I smoothed the letter out, and laid my torn scrap to it. As I had expected, they fitted nearly perfectly. "Look here, Donald," said I. "Do you recognize this?" It was the scrap of oily paper on which the thief who had robbed him in that very house on the night we have all such deep cause to remember had wiped his fingers. Donald knew it at once, and looked at me in speechless amazement. "There," said he at length, almost in a whisper, "Dodd was right! And the wretched man before us is no other than the disguised Methodist parson! He *must* have been then flying from detection, and doubtless made one of the horde of blackguards of all sorts and classes which the races

annually cause to swarm into Horsingham. But who could have conceived—who could have dreamed, of finding such a one in the position of this Smith?"

"That is not his only *alias*, Donald," I said. "There is yet another name he is known by in Horsingham; whether *that* be his own or not, God knows! He was once called here—Gervase Lacer."

"I then related to him, as briefly and clearly as I could, the story of your meeting with him; and told him that the circumstances of his having in his possession a letter written by you first put me on the right track for discovering his identity with the itinerant preacher. I had picked up and carefully preserved the torn scrap of your letter—I hardly knew why myself; certainly not foreseeing what it was to lead to—and had said no word about it to any one. I would you could have seen our dear Donald, child, by that bedside! After the first moment he put aside every thing but the plain duty which lay before him. There was no room for wrath or vengeance in his heart at that time. The man was lying maimed and injured before him, dependent on Donald's skill and care for life itself, and he nobly fulfilled the noble duties of his calling. I felt proud and thankful to know that my dear child's child was to be the wife of such a man?"

"God bless him!" I sobbed out. I was blinded by tears.

Grandfather then told me that, after a hurried consultation between them, he and Donald had decided to say nothing for the present to Dodd of their discovery. The greatest confusion reigned in the house. Servants were running hither and thither, carrying the wildest reports to and fro. All Alice's energy and sense barely sufficed to keep a semblance of order. Up to a very late hour groups of people kept coming into the bar, and the excitement caused a great consumption of liquor. Presently Mr. —, the London engineer who had been staying at Market Diggleton on behalf of the "Company," arrived. He was greatly shocked at the dreadful occurrence, but did not waste many words. His chief anxiety was to discover the ruffian who had committed the crime. He was very energetic, and infused something like energy even into the phlegmatic rural constable, for whom Alice had long ago expressed so profound a contempt. No money was to be spared, said Mr. —, and no trouble.

"Has suspicion fallen upon any one?" I asked.

"I don't know, child. I heard some vague rumor. I could not concern myself with that. Donald and I had hands and head fully occupied with our wretched patient."

"Is there—is there danger, grandfather? Danger to life?"

"Anne, there is danger—great danger.

The unfortunate wretch has been badly hurt. He was still insensible when I came away. He may perhaps never recover consciousness."

"Oh, it is terrible!"

"It is terrible; but—ought we to wish to prolong such a life?"

"Oh, but time—! Time to repent, to do better! Think of being hurled at one blow into the awful gulf of the hereafter!"

I was terribly agitated, and grandfather soothed me, and was tenderly patient with me as he had been in my childish days. After a while I grew calmer, and could be considerate for the dear old man who was so unselfishly considerate for others. I made him go and lie down. He was very weary. As for myself, although I had passed a sleepless night, I was utterly unable to rest. Grandfather had insisted, before going to his own room, that I should retire to mine. I consented, chiefly to avoid the pain of being questioned. The house was beginning to be astir, and I dreaded to meet Judith, and yet more to have to reply to my mother's inquiries. I had not fortitude enough to bear them as yet; for, above all things, it was necessary that mother should continue to believe that the victim of this crime was a mere stranger to us. I think that an abrupt communication of the truth might have killed her. She could never, to the end of her life, bear even a passing allusion to the old days at Water-Eardley, and those who had been associated with those days, without the keenest pain of mind.

I lay weeping and trembling on my bed. Old memories, which had seemed to be obliterated from my brain, came thronging back to me. The ghosts of departed days came and looked at me with eyes full of almost unendurable pathos. I felt an anguish of compassion for the man who lay upon his bed of pain a detected criminal—the man who had once held my hand and asked me to be his wife, and whom I, in my girlish folly and ignorance, playing with a mighty passion as a child might play with fire, had once fancied that I loved!

It was bright, broad day, and the sun was shining on the world, and the leaves and grass still sparkled with the tremulous diamonds of last night's rain, when Donald came home.

I heard him enter, and stole down to meet him. He was just entering the study when I came along the passage, and whispered his name. He turned and took my hand, and led me into the room. I could not speak, but I looked at him, and I felt my lips quivering beyond all power of mine to control.

"Darling!" he said, very solemnly, "my own dear love, it is all over. He is dead."

Then he opened his arms, and let me weep my heavy heart out on his breast.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE public excitement in Horsingham was intense. The crime itself—in its special circumstances—was an unprecedented one in our neighborhood. Horsingham had not had the honor of contributing so inthralling an item of news to the daily press for many a long year, if, indeed, it ever had done so. But in our own neighborhood one of the greatest sources of interest, and which seemed to add a hideous relish to the eagerness (always hideous enough to me) with which all particulars of the crime were sought out and discussed, was the fact that the murdered man had been the rich "City gentleman" who was so influential in the "Company" that was to make so many people's fortunes in Horsingham.

Heaven forgive me if I wrong them, but I used to think at the time that the knots of gossiping idlers who at all times and seasons, and in all manner of places, were to be found discussing the dreadful event, would fain have had yet more horrors to gloat over; and that if a financial "smash," as they termed it—in other words, the ruin of many families—could have been the result of the victim's death, their excitement would have been more pleasurable than painful. But no such thing happened, at least so far as Horsingham folks ever knew. I had to school myself to hear the event discussed in all sorts of tones by all sorts of people. Two brave, faithful men were ready and willing to screen me from the pain such discussions caused me, but they could not do so altogether. Something—much—I had to hear, which neither Donald nor grandfather could spare me. Thank Heaven, my mother was spared entirely. It was not so difficult a task as it seemed at first to shut out from her the rumors with which the town was ringing. Newspapers she never read. Our two old servants were faithful and discreet, and few strangers were ever admitted into mother's presence. Poor Judith had a dim idea—born of the true affection which made her observant of us all—that the murder had been a severer trial to me, had affected me more powerfully than it had affected others. She watched me pityingly, would timidly stroke my hair or press my hand when she thought herself unobserved, and made efforts to turn aside the conversation whenever it approached that topic, in my presence. That her efforts were generally unintelligible to third persons, and that they consequently had no effect save to cause various persons to enter into elaborate recapitulations of the most harrowing details, under the impression that she had not understood their previous statements—all this was not her fault. And I was none the less grateful for the simple attachment which prompted her attempts.

Due and well-directed inquiries elicited

information which put the police on the track of the robber who had given so tragic a fame to the peaceful thickets of Diggleton Wood. A man had been several times to the inn where Mr. Smith was staying to ask for him—a shabby, drunken, evil-looking fellow. On two occasions he had seen Mr. Smith and spoken with him, and one of the waiters had seen him counting money in his hand as he went away. Mr. Smith had given orders that the man was to be admitted whenever he came. This order had excited a good deal of surprise among the servants of the inn at the time, more especially as Mr. Smith seemed to dislike the fellow, and once a loud altercation had taken place between them. When the servants entered the room Mr. Smith had appeared to be soothing his strange visitor, who looked angry and sullen. The latter had not been seen in the neighborhood since the murder.

He was traced, by the description given of him by the inn servants, to W——, where he had again sought Mr. Smith on the very day that the crime was committed. It was supposed that he had then gained information as to the way by which his unfortunate victim would return to Market Diggleton, and had waylaid him with intent to rob him. Murder had probably not been his object at all. Many persons came forward to testify that they had seen this man wandering about the neighborhood. One person was able to say who he was. This witness was William Hodgekinson, who declared that the drunken fellow who had haunted the Market Diggleton inn could, from the description, be no other than Flower, our former groom, who (as may be remembered) had applied to Farmer Hodgekinson to get him a situation, and had been repulsed. Yet it seemed at first sight incredible that such a small, poor creature as Flower was, weakened, too, by disease and intemperance, should have been able to overpower a vigorous man like the supposed Mr. Smith. But there was irrefragable evidence to prove that Smith had been stupefied by means of chloroform.

There were no means of tracing any of the stolen property. The watch had been found the next morning not far from the scene of the crime. The robber had probably thrown it away, fearing, on second thoughts, that it might lead to his detection. What amount of ready cash the murdered man had about him was never known. He was known to carry considerable sums on his person, and was rather ostentatious in the display of his money.

From the first moment the rumor reached me I had a firm conviction that Flower was the guilty man; and my conviction was shared by my grandfather. Donald hesitated to come so absolutely to the same conclusion.

“Ah!” said my grandfather, “that is be-

cause you don't know the villain as well as Anne and I know him.”

“A man may be a villain, and yet stop short of murder.”

“I tell you there was no stopping short for such as he. I remember so well saying to poor George when he first engaged this ill-omened wretch, ‘What! he comes to you furnished with a diploma from the high school of perdition!’ Alas! I spoke more truly than I knew.”

However it be, the truth has not yet been revealed, and in all likelihood never will be. Flower was never seen in our neighborhood more. A warrant was taken out against him, and search was made, but he was never captured. Some said he had escaped to America. Others surmised that he had drowned himself. (This latter story arose simply from the fact that about that time the body of a man was found in the Thames, and remained for some time unclaimed and unrecognized.) One favorite legend was that he had got away to the Continent, and was so highly valued there for his knowledge of race-horses that a number of powerful and illustrious personages had combined, although thoroughly cognizant of the crime he had committed, to shield him from the pursuit of the English law in order to profit by his rare skill and experience.

I know that for many and many a year the thought that the guilty, undetected wretch who did the brutal deed might be wandering about the world, might be in the same country, in the same town, with myself—that I might rest my gaze upon him, and suspect nothing of the horrible weight of crime that lay upon his soul—haunted me like a hideous crime. I would wake in the night-season cold and shuddering with the horror of that thought, which seemed to have pierced my sleep like a sword. I touch as slightly as I can upon all that. Even now the remembrance of it chills and oppresses me.

I believe that, except my grandfather, Donald, and myself, no one suspected the identity of “Mr. Smith” with Gervase Lacer. If there were in Horsingham another who guessed or knew it, it may have been Matthew Kitchen. But this is a mere surmise of mine. Matthew kept his own counsel; and if he knew the secret the world was never the wiser.

In the first moment of the shock that had come upon us, I remember very well that I had a special dread of my uncle's family. What the Cudberrys would say and do I dared not contemplate, and I feared I should never be able to nerve myself sufficiently to face their pitiless comments and their insatiable curiosity. But it chanced that they displayed comparatively little interest in the topic with which the whole neighborhood was ringing, and that for two reasons: the first was that their attention was naturally

much engrossed by Clementina's marriage, now close at hand; and the second was an unexpected event, which I must chronicle in due course.

I had been especially invited to the wedding at Woolling, and had given a half promise to be present. But I now felt that such an effort was impossible to me, and Donald and my grandfather agreed in saying that it was out of the question. To my mother little explanation of my change of plan was needed. She found it quite natural that I should be unwilling to enter a scene of boisterous merriment just then; although she little knew—thank Heaven!—what deeply painful reason I had to shrink from such a gathering. But to the Cudberrys it was very difficult to make an acceptable excuse. At last my grandfather cut matters short by saying that, as my doctor, he did not mean to allow me to risk any excitement. I had been ailing and nervous of late, he declared, and might possibly spoil the mirth of the party and mar the occasion by fainting, or having to go to bed with violent headaches, or some equally disagreeable proceeding. This contingency availed.

"Lord bless 'ee, my love!" said Aunt Cudberry, "don't you come here to be fainting, or any thing of that sort. For with all I have to do, and Mrs. Hodgekinson's stern eye upon the pastry—to say nothing of my natural feelings for Clementina, poor thing!—I could not endure one grain more worry. It would turn the scale, and break the camel's back, love, and so I tell you."

Poor Clemmy and her bridegroom were really disappointed, and I was sorry to vex them. So sorry was I that I promised to go to Woolling the evening before the wedding to see the trusso, as Uncle Cudberry called his daughter's outfit, to behold the glories of the breakfast-table, laid out ready to receive the good things which cost Aunt Cudberry such toil of body and anxiety of mind, to say a kind word of good wishes to the bridal pair, and to present a little wedding gift from each member of the household at Mortlands. They were all very simple presents except Donald's, who gave a really handsome piece of plate. But I must do Clemmy the justice to say that she showed no peculiar delight in or preference for the costliest gift. She was genuinely touched and gratified at having been remembered by each one of us separately; and she sent a special message of thanks to Mrs. Abram for her offering of several pairs of knitted muffatees of fleecy wool. These articles were oppressive to look upon in the sultry summer weather; but then, as Judith observed, the winter *would* certainly come round again, and it was well to be prepared.

I had made it an express condition of my visit that no stranger should be present—not even Mrs. Hodgekinson; no one but the

Cudberry family, and, of course, William Hodgekinson, who was so soon to become my cousin. Grandfather and Donald were to come and fetch me early in the evening.

The day passed off very well. Henrietta was the only sour drop amidst the general sweetness. But no one much minded her. She did not dare to be very offensive in words when her father was present, so she was reduced to exhibiting her disdain of her future brother-in-law by expressive sniffs and shrugs, and wide stares of affected amazement whenever he lapsed into any very broad rusticity in his talk. To me she was reserved and lofty, which mood suited me very well, as it relieved me from the necessity of conversing much with her. So that altogether the day passed off very well, as I have said.

Grandfather and Donald arrived about half past five o'clock. Aunt and Uncle Cudberry received them more than graciously. Henny thawed a little on their coming, and performed a waltz with variations on the piano-forte before tea, which reduced us all to absolute speechlessness for full five minutes after it was finished. But I suppose that was no uncommon effect of Henny's performances, and, for aught I know, may have been the very one she intended to produce; for she appeared quite satisfied, and took her seat at the tea-table in very tolerable good-humor.

We had got about half-way through the meal, when wheels were heard approaching the house. Then the gate creaked, and footsteps crushed the gravel of the garden path.

"Who on earth can this be?" cried Aunt Cudberry, with one of her indescribable grimaces, and a doleful tone of voice.

As this was a question no one of us could answer, we went on with our tea, and said nothing. Presently there was a strange sound of hustling and scuffling in the hall, and a suppressed voice, which yet was distinctly audible to us, and appeared to proceed from immediately outside the sitting-room door, was heard to say, "Do as I tell you. Say it, you booby!"

Upon this the door was thrown violently open, and Daniel of the ruddy locks, entering with a plunge, as though he had been pushed from behind, announced, in a loud tone of voice, "Mr. and Mrs. Whiffles!"

There was a sudden and unnatural silence among us, and, as it were, a dead pause of expectation, until there appeared in the doorway Mr. Whiffles with Tilly Cudberry on his arm, when Aunt Cudberry immediately uttered an extraordinary sound, more like a squeak than a scream, and Uncle Cudberry sprang from his chair all with one jerk, like a Jack-in-the-box, and stood staring at them speechlessly.

Never shall I forget the apparition of the

strangely assorted couple that now advanced into the centre of the room.

Tilly was dressed in bright lilac silk, with a white bonnet, and white gloves much too long for her. She had replaced her favorite hollyhocks by a mass of white flowers—chiefly orange blossoms—which looked as though they had been collected from several milliners' shops, and not bought all at once, being heterogeneous in style and make. Her eyes were very bright and very wide open. Her face was of a fiery-red hue, by no means mitigated by the coating of powder she had spread over it with a bold and unsparing hand. Her whole aspect breathed a mixture of energy, triumph, and defiance.

Mr. Whiffles, on the other hand, was subdued, not to say abject, in appearance. His attire was new, and comprised, I should think, nearly every color of the rainbow. He wore a pair of the light yellow gloves which I remembered as a specialty of his toilet, but on this occasion the light yellow gloves were clean. His breastpin I am afraid to describe. Had the stones in it been real, I should suppose they would have been worth several thousand pounds. He carried a shining hat in one hand and a large white handkerchief in the other, and he used the handkerchief at frequent intervals in the manner of a mop all over his face. Tilly's hand rested on his arm, but, in truth, it seemed rather that she was supporting him—or, at all events, regulating his movements—for she drew him forward with an obvious tug into a commanding position, whence she could survey us all, and looking round, with elation in her eye, exclaimed, in a sonorous voice, "*Well*, ma and pa, I am now Matilda Whiffles!"

Aunt Cudberry repeated the squeak, but it now came muffled from behind her handkerchief. No one else moved an eyelash. To a disinterested observer, had any such been present, we must all have presented the appearance of being spell-bound.

"I am, in fact," pursued Tilly, with fresh emphasis, "*Mrs.* Whiffles! And this"—presenting him by pushing him slightly forward and then drawing him toward her again—"is *Mr.* Whiffles. I do hope, pa and ma, that the Cudberrys will make up their minds to receive him properly and in a becoming spirit. In point of position the Cudberrys have nothing to say; their tongues are tied on that score by the approaching alliance of a Cudberry of Woolling—*although* but the third daughter—with *Mrs.* Hodgekinson's son! But as far as that goes, pa and ma, I have long said that we must move with the times; and I feel quite friendly myself, and so does *Mr.* Whiffles, toward all the Cudberrys."

Mr. Whiffles's head shook violently from side to side, but in some half-audible murmurings he appeared to confirm his wife's statement. Still none of the rest of the par-

ty appeared able to utter a word. Henrietta had turned livid—I suppose from indignation. Clemmy and young Hodgekinson had squeezed themselves close together at one side of the table, and looked as frightened as a couple of school-children who witness the spectacle of a comrade in disgrace, and are conscious that fortune rather than merit has saved themselves from the like. Aunt Cudberry's face was completely muffled in her handkerchief, and her husband remained staring at his daughter Tilly with an utterly wooden and expressionless countenance.

"We were married *this* morning," pursued the bride, continuing to affront the discouraging silence of her parents with a dauntless energy which really was almost heroic, "at the Church of St. James and St. John, by the Reverend Morgan Jones. *Mrs.* Nixon was present, and *Mr.* Nixon gave away the bride. We start this evening by the coach for a short tour of one week, after which we return to take possession of our own house in the High Street, Horsingham. I am aware, pa and ma, that you may consider yourselves to have some cause of complaint against me for not having informed you of my engagement, and asked your consent. But the truth is, it was sudden; extremely sudden"—*Mr.* Whiffles here gave the queerest little gasping cough, and mopped his face violently—"and, besides, I thought it very likely that obstacles might be raised and opposition attempted by the Cudberrys. But *really* if I had depended on the Cudberrys, instead of acting a little for myself, I might never have got married at all! *Mr.* Whiffles's business prospects are very good; his connection is increasing, and he is patronized by the first people in the county. The house is nicely furnished and cheerful, with windows looking both ways, up *and* down the High Street. There is a private entrance; and as to a slight smell of stables, that can scarcely be an objection to a Cudberry of Woolling, whose bedroom has overlooked the farm-yard ever since she can remember! *Mr.* Whiffles is extremely steady, has obliging manners, and is wishful to conciliate. As to differences of birth and education, he is fully aware of them, but feels that a matrimonial connection with the Cudberrys will give him a position which he is quite certain to do his best to maintain."

To hear Tilly, as it were, appraising her husband like an auctioneer, as unconcernedly as though the poor man were a thousand miles away, and speaking of her father and mother and sisters and brother to their faces as the "*Cudberrys*," was a truly amazing thing. Her last sentence, however, had been too much for my uncle. He broke his silence with a tremendous oath, which made every one start as though a pistol-shot had been fired among us; and then roared out at the full pitch of his voice, "A matrimonial con-

nection with the Cudberrys! Curse his brazen impudence!"

It seemed as though the spell were snapped all of a sudden; every one began talking at once. Henny scolded, Aunt Cudberry cried, my uncle swore, William Hodgekinson remonstrated and tried to comfort Clemmy, who kept whimpering helplessly and exclaiming, "Oh, don't, please! oh, don't, please!" over and over again, without apparently knowing in the least what she was saying.

Throughout the whole scene I felt the sincerest pity for one actor in it, and that was Mr. Whiffles. His embarrassment and confusion, and his strong sense of cutting but a sorry figure, and his evident inability to hit upon any method of asserting himself and improving his position, really moved my compassion. But when Uncle Cudberry began to swear, a gleam came into Mr. Whiffles's eye. He raised his head and looked round him. When Uncle Cudberry continued to let off volley after volley of oaths—which he did in the oddest way, as though they dropped from his mouth without his will or foreknowledge, like the toads and snakes from the lips of the girl in the fairy tale—Mr. Whiffles shook off his wife's arm, and advanced with an air of resolution to his father-in-law. The change in his demeanor was so marked that it arrested uncle's attention in the full torrent of his wrath. There was a pause. Mr. Whiffles cleared his throat, twitched his head, pulled up his shirt collar, and said, in a mild, mournful voice, singularly at variance with the words he uttered: "Now look here, Mr. Cudberry of Woolling, this is all dam nonsense! It is, upon my soul, you know. What's the use of your flaring up like this, Mr. Cudberry? I didn't want to come here at all. I'd a dam sight rather not, in point of fact; but Miss Cud—I mean my wife—she would come, you know. My plan would have been to have wrote a few lines to the family announcing the—event—announcing the event, and leaving it free to the family to come and see us or to leave it alone, according as it suited their book, if I may be allowed to make use of such an expression. But now Miss Cud—I mean Mrs. Whiffles—has had her own way, and I hope she likes it. I have no wish to intrude 'ere or helsewhere, Mr. Cudberry of Woolling. I meet conciliation *with* conciliation, but I won't stand being bullied; 'specially when it ain't my fault. I didn't want to marry Miss Cud—at least, of course, I don't mean that; but what I've got to say is, that I didn't begin it."

"*Circumstances*," put in Tilly, with intense emphasis, and no whit abashed by her bridegroom's singular defense of himself—"circumstances threw us together, in the first place."

"Yes," pursued Mr. Whiffles, "circum-

stances over which I'd no control. Your daughter's old enough to know her own mind. And though your family may be as genteel as Queen Victory's, still family ain't every think. I can keep your daughter like a lady, and I intend to do it. And the long and the short of it is, that your flaring up in this way, Mr. Cudberry of Woolling, is—dam nonsense. 'Pon my soul, it is!"

This speech appeared somewhat to raise Mr. Whiffles in Uncle Cudberry's opinion. He ceased to growl and mutter, and, turning away, walked once or twice up and down the room. Donald and my grandfather, after a whispered word or two with me, drew uncle aside, and began talking to him in a low voice. Meanwhile I crossed the room to Tilly, who was standing quite isolated, and looking very flushed and flustered in her bridal finery, and gave her my hand. "You and I have no quarrel, at all events, Tilly," said I.

"Miss Furness," exclaimed Mr. Whiffles, with enthusiasm, "I am grateful to you for your kindness to Mrs. W. You are a lady from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot, Miss Furness; and I never, in the whole course of my existence, had the 'appiness to see you looking so remarkably and uncommonly well as you are looking at this moment!"

Grandfather now came up, and began talking gently and gravely to Tilly. He pointed out to her that her parents were naturally aggrieved and hurt at the manner of her marriage. "We won't say any thing about the choice you have made, because that is a point on which I think no one has a right to interfere with you at your age, and because I think and hope that your marriage may turn out to be a satisfactory one when this little breeze has blown over. But your father and mother have a right to expect some soft word from you, some expression of sorrow at having offended them. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Whiffles?"

Mr. Whiffles was all humility to my grandfather, and was ready to agree to any thing he might say. Between them, they persuaded Tilly to sue for her father's forgiveness; which she did with a good deal of rigidity, and a good many allusions to the exemplary manner in which she was sacrificing her own feelings, and to the pattern of filial piety she was setting in condescending to ask pardon at all.

By degrees Mr. Cudberry was, not softened—that is certainly not the right word—but brought to say that what couldn't be cured must be endured, and that he hoped Tilly wouldn't live to repent having made a fool of herself. To Mr. Whiffles he merely said, with a portentous look, "I'm glad to find you've some pluck about you. *You'll want it.*"

Mrs. Cudberry dried her eyes, and kissed

Tilly, and took hold of Mr. Whiffles's yellow glove, and then dropped it as if it had burned her.

"So you've been and married Miss Cudberry, have you?" said she, tearfully. "Ah dear! ah dear! Poor thing!"

It must be owned that poor Mr. Whiffles's bridal congratulations were not altogether exhilarating.

Clementina and her betrothed made friends with their new brother-in-law as far as they could; but Mr. Whiffles was ill at ease, and was evidently relieved when his wife declared that it was time to be going, or they should lose the coach. There was only one member of the party who remained utterly implacable. With Henrietta there were no terms to be made. She even, for the first time in her life, openly resisted her father's authority when he desired her to shake hands with her sister and wish her good-by.

"No, pa," said she; "never! The family *has* been degraded" (with a glance at young Hodgekinson); "but condescend *quite* to wallow in the mire I never will while I have breath!" And if wallowing in the mire meant reconciliation with her sister, she never did.

Before he left the house Mr. Whiffles came and made me a little speech, while his wife was saying farewell to her mother.

"Miss Furness, I am at a loss to express in a adequate manner my sense of your goodness, and of the honor you do me in speaking to one who, like myself, has been destitute of the advantage of ladies' society, and consequently may offend, although involuntarily. Also your revered grandfather, miss"—with a little bow in his direction—"Dr. Hewson, of Mortlands. You need never fear, Miss Furness, nor Dr. Hewson, that I shall intrude or push myself upon you. I am too conscious of the height whereon you stand. If at any time you should like a mount, Miss Furness, my stable is at your service; and if you could ride twelve horses at once, miss, like the famed Ducrow, you should have 'em. I shall ever keep my distance, being aware of my deficiencies. And I wish you, miss, and your honored ma, and your revered grandfather, every 'appiness and prosperity that earth can afford. And I hope you'll allow me to say that never, throughout the course of a rather checkered career, have I beheld you looking so remarkably and astonishingly well as you look at the present moment!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

Is my story told? Nay, not mine. But the story of Anne Furness draws near its close. Anne Ayrlie's is a happy story; too bright and unruffled in its smooth current to tempt either narrator or listener.

I was married in the spring-time, and Mortlands has been my happy home for many years. Dear grandfather lived to a great age, cheerful and benevolent to the last, and died peacefully in his sleep without a pang. My mother was taken before him; but she lived to hold my first-born child in her arms. These two have been the only gaps which death has made in our household.

As I look around me I see few changes in Horsingham. The Arkwrights are contented, although still very poor, as I doubt not they will continue to be to the end of the chapter, unless, indeed, Jane makes a fortune by her pen. Have you ever heard, reader, of a little volume of poems entitled "*Lotus Blossoms*," by J. A.? I fear not. They did not take the world by storm. And yet there is merit in them. Donald says so. Jane is very young still, and may do better. At all events, the exercise of her art (which she pursues with all the earnestness that belongs to her character) makes her very happy. Money could not do more, and might likely do much less for her. Two of her elder sisters are married, and the boy is doing well.

Alice Dodd and her husband are extremely prosperous. They are childless, but make a point of spoiling all the bairns in the neighborhood, and so stuff them with good things that a visit to the Royal Oak is looked forward to as surpassing even Christmas-day in its opportunities for getting indigestion in all the nurseries I am acquainted with. Dodd made a good deal of money by the sale of his fields to the Slate Quarry Company, which was taken in hand by some moneyed people in London and the neighborhood. It worked successfully for some time, but then the slate suddenly and unexpectedly came to an end, and some people were losers, although not, I believe, to any serious extent. Poor dear grandfather continued to prophesy up to the last that no good could come of it; but he was wrong. He was wrong, that is, if wealth be a good; for Matthew Kitchen made large profits out of the concern. He has become a really rich man. He and his wife are not much liked in the neighborhood; but that troubles them little. They are more pious than ever, and entertain all the traveling preachers of their sect with ostentatious hospitality. Matthew looks very gloomy, and has grown prematurely old. They say his son is a trouble to him; that he is selfish, reckless, and dissolute. And the gossips shake their heads, and say, "Ah! wait till the young fellow comes into that property that has been scraped together so hardly! He will make the money fly like chaff before the wind."

Sir Peter Bunny has long been dead. His wife survives, and lives with Barbara, who is the mistress of a pretty country mansion not far from my old home, and the mother

of three blue-eyed, chubby-cheeked little girls, who are so much like each other, and so near of an age, that I hardly can tell them apart, and all bear a striking resemblance to the Barbara Bunny of my school-days.

Sam Cudberry has never married. He and Henny live as old maid and old bachelor at Woolling, and quarrel and snarl all day long. They have both grown grasping and miserly, and I believe that is the only point on which they agree. I seldom see them; but I am told that Sam often lounges down to Mr. Whiffles's house, and smokes cigars at his brother-in-law's expense, inveighing all the time against the degradation to the family involved in Tilly's marriage. But Mr. Whiffles does not heed this much. He has his wife in wonderful control, and has taught her to think him a very sensible man, with a very firm will of his own. Tilly, of course, is not gentle—that could never be; but she is bustling and thrifty, does not waste her husband's substance, and has accommodated herself to a lower sphere of life than she was used to—as she still boasts—at the Cudberrys'. Her one weak point seems to be her unrequited tenderness and indulgence for her brother Sam. She connives at his appropriating her husband's cigars, drinking her husband's wine, and riding her husband's horses free of cost; for all of which he repays her with insolent ingratitude. But then, as Tilly says, "Sam is *such* a Cudberry! He has the family spirit, if ever any one had!" And in this she takes a pride in some inscrutable way.

Clémentina is quite spoiled by overindulgence. Her health has been rather delicate, and her mother-in-law pets her and nurses her all day long. It seems strange to me to think of, with my remembrance of that awful Mrs. Hodgekinson who was so implacably severe at the Woolling ball, long, long ago.

Yesterday my eldest child came to me with a book in her hand. She had found it hidden away at the bottom of a chest in a garret where all sorts of lumber are piled. Lucy—that is the little girl's name—is an insatiable devourer of books. And what should this turn out to be but my own old, thumb-ed, well-beloved copy of "Robinson Crusoe!" I told Donald of it when he came home in the evening, and showed him the dear old volume. We went into the garden after the little ones were in bed, and picked out all the old scenes of our childish plays together. They were little changed. We neither of us desired to make many alterations in the dear Mortlands garden.

"Those were happy times, Anne," said Donald, holding my hand in his, and contemplating the spot where he had discovered the north pole.

"They were happy times, dear; but these are happier."

"Are they so, my own wife?"

"Yes, dearest."

"And yet troubles come now. I would I could shield you from any sorrow. And in truth our cares are slight and few; but still troubles will come, even to my Anne."

"There is but one trouble that can ever have power to hurt me as past troubles have hurt; and may God avert it! There is no care I can not defy, no sorrow that can blot all the sunshine from my life—so long as I have you!"

THE END.

GEORGE TICKNOR'S SPANISH COLLECTION.

THERE is a story of a certain cultivated and wealthy bookworm whose regard for the fraternity of letters was so practical that he always welcomed to his home learned men, even though the proverbial "garret" might be the only abode to which in return they could invite him. One day a vagabond adventurer presented himself at the hospitable door, and sent up word by the porter that he was a "poor scholar" in distress, needing a meal. The richer scholar gave orders for his good entertainment, adding the message that he was now busy, but would see and converse with the "poor scholar" after his repast was finished. Soon the host, anticipating a rich feast of reason, hurries to the dining-room, and cordially greets his guest. "In what department, Sir, of literature have you been most at home?" "I don't know." "What authors do you principally read?" "Read, is it? Indeed, but I can't read, Sir, at all: and didn't I send up your honor the word that I'm a *poor scholar*? and indeed it's the truth, for it's next to no schooling that ever I had."

After this interview poor scholars were more carefully scrutinized at the door of that house.

Public libraries are like the generous host in their liberality to studious readers. Within these sumptuous halls of science, literature, and art such readers ever find an abundant banquet. Though other doors may be closed to them, and other tables barred, they meet here a hearty and a constant welcome. Treasures of learning, too costly for even the most wealthy to possess and hoard, are freely set before them. In their acquaintance with the languages of the learned world they hold the keys of these treasures, and they enter in and enjoy their abundance.

One of the most accessible and, in its rapid accumulations, most useful among these store-houses of intellectual wealth is the Boston Public Library. Founded as lately as the year 1852 by the liberality of a few of the citizens of Boston, it is already celebrated for its completeness in many departments of science and literature. The faith-

ful superintendent, Mr. Justin Winsor, his capable coadjutor, Mr. William A. Wheeler, and the other officers of this library deserve more than a passing mention for their ability and courtesy; and many pages would be filled were the pen to describe even imperfectly the contents of its numerous well-arranged alcoves.

One of these, or rather the range of shelves in the principal hall that is found directly above the vestibule, contains the celebrated collection of Spanish books and works relating to Spanish literature collected by the late George Ticknor, Esq., of Boston.

Mr. Ticknor, now known to fame as "the historian of Spanish literature," was an indefatigable student, and his master-piece bears upon every page the traces of his minute and exhaustive research. No one who studies his "History of Spanish Literature" can fail to admire the enthusiasm which led him to explore the treasuries of his chosen study, and the industry and zeal with which he possessed himself of their contents. In England he assiduously visited the library of the British Museum, that of Holland House, and nine others that were opened to him with a kindness which he said sometimes made him feel as if he might use them as he did his own.

So on the Continent. In Germany, in Italy, and in France he patiently delves: at Paris in the Imperial Library, and in those of the Arsenal and St. Geneviève; in the royal libraries of Berlin and Dresden, the Imperial Library at Vienna, St. Mark's at Venice, the Ambrosian and the Institute's at Milan; the public libraries of Modena, Parma, and Bologna; the Magliabecchi and the Grand Duke's at Florence, the Sapienza at Rome, and the Vatican Library, to consult which he was granted unusual facilities.

But, above all, in Spain itself Mr. Ticknor, with the keen scent of the unwearied scholar, prosecuted his researches as at the fountain-head. Here he examined the Royal Library at Madrid, which dates from 1711. He visited the Escorial, in his language, "dark as it always was, and now decaying, but where, from the days of Mendoza, the statesman, historian, and poet, precious treasures have been hidden away." He explored also the library of Seville, the private collections of the house of Ossuna, of the Marques de Pidal, and many others.

Not content, however, with such hasty visits as a traveler must pay to these precious piles of ancient volumes, he soon commenced the formation of a library of Spanish books for himself, and, to the honor of Yankee perseverance and Boston scholarship, he succeeded in gathering before his death one of the most celebrated collections in this department in the world. This he began to form in Madrid in 1817, and very nearly completed in 1838. Since ordinary

book collectors were unable to meet his orders, he employed priests, professors, and persons of literary pursuits to secure for him rare works. For a series of years Professor Gayangos, who translated his "History of Spanish Literature" into the Spanish language, acted as his agent in Spain. He did not, however, limit his purchases to that country, but in all the principal book marts of the world he was so well known as a purchaser that complaint was made against him for raising the price of Spanish books every where. In testimony of the success of this American scholar and benefactor in his chosen task, a brief extract from the report of the Boston City Council upon his bequest may be quoted: "Of the value of the collection thus made, without reference to cost, it is perhaps enough to say that no single library in Spain possesses all the books it contains. The only collections of equal value are the great Spanish library in the British Museum and the private collection of Lord Holland."

Previously to receiving this most valuable group of volumes the Boston Public Library was comparatively meagre in the department of Spanish books, and this partly by design, since the trustees were aware that, in the course of time, Mr. Ticknor, one of the original board, and long their honored president, would bequeath to them his carefully selected collection. The terms of his bequest are simple and liberal. They include the free gift to the Boston Public Library of all his Spanish books and manuscripts, together with the sum of four thousand dollars in cash, on condition:

1. That the city of Boston expends every five years, during twenty-five years, not less than one thousand dollars for the purchase of books in the Spanish and Portuguese languages and literature. Only books of permanent value must be purchased.
2. The books are not to be removed from the rooms of the Library, but are to be accessible there.
3. After twenty-five years the income of Mr. Ticknor's bequest of four thousand dollars shall be used annually for the increase of this collection, or for the purchase of books in such other languages as may be deemed expedient.
4. The books are not to be sold, exchanged, or given away, but are to be kept together.
5. Should the fund be diminished by any cause, one-half the annual interest is to be reserved with it until the amount of four thousand dollars is again made good.
6. If the city of Boston does not accept these conditions, or fails to fulfill them, the collection goes to Harvard College.

Besides these conditions, Mr. Ticknor left most valuable memoranda to aid in the future purchase of books, and, as in the third condition, with great generosity and foresight, made the provision that if, after an experiment of twenty-five years, it should not seem best to increase the Spanish collection, his funds may be appropriated to the purchase of "any good and solid books of permanent value, in any language and on any subject."

When Mr. Ticknor's books were accepted by the City Council of Boston and removed to the Library, in April last, the number of them was found to be three thousand seven hundred and sixty printed volumes, fourteen bound manuscript volumes, and five hundred and ninety-eight pamphlets, besides many unbound manuscripts.

The task, by no means a slight one, of arranging and classifying this collection is now completed, and the books are divided into sections, representing Spanish history, biography, geography, and the various departments of literature. The catalogue is in course of preparation, and it is expected that it will be ready within a year. It fell to the writer to pass recently several days making researches among these precious volumes, and although they were not yet ready for public use, he was able to consult them to advantage by the kindness of the superintendent and assistant-superintendent of the Public Library, and the courtesy of Mr. J. L. Whitney of the catalogue department.

One takes in at a glance the fact that these books have been very carefully handled, and that they were the pets of their collector. Many of them contain important annotations on the fly-leaves and margins from Mr. Ticknor's pen, and, besides, there are numerous scraps laid within the volumes, which will be carefully preserved and fastened upon them, bearing references and notes of great literary value. There are many Elzevir editions of ancient authors, and rich old copies of the early dramatists and poets bound in calf and vellum. Here are numerous copies of the celebrated poem of "The Cid." Here also you may find Mr. Ticknor's copied extracts from the Escorial manuscript of the famous and venerable Jew, the "Rabbi Don Santob."

See how shrewdly in giving advice to the dissolute Peter the Cruel, on his accession to the throne, he warns the monarch not to despise his words because they come from a humble source :

"Por nacer en el espino,
La rosa ya non siento,
Que perde; ni el buen vino,
Por salir del sarmiento.

"Non vole el azor menos,
Porque en vil nido siga;
Nin los ejemplos buenos,
Porque Judio los diga."

"Because upon a thorn it grows,
The rose is not less fair;
And wine that from the vine-stock flows
Still flows untainted there.

"The goshawk, too, will proudly soar,
Although his nest sits low;
And gentle teachings have their power,
Though 'tis the Jew says so."

Another of his quaint poems may serve as an excuse for a modern fashion :

"My hoary locks I dye with care,
Not that I hate their hue,
Nor yet because I wish to seem
More youthful than is true.

"But 'tis because the words I dread
Of men who speak me fair,
And ask within my whitened head
For wit that is not there."

On other shelves you may find the old "Royal Chronicles," and delve among them without stint, or spend many an hour amidst the "Religious Romances of Chivalry," or look through copy after copy of the famous dramatic story of "The Celestina." The "Provençal Literature" is in another portion, fully illustrated throughout its series of authors. Cervantes and Lope de Vega are amply represented by numerous copies of each *chef-d'œuvre*; and an editor can now easily collate a revision of "Don Quixote" without going beyond Boston. The immortal Pedro Calderon de la Barca has on these shelves so many beautiful volumes to perpetuate his renown that, were he to meet their former owner in the land of spirits, he might appropriately address him with the poetic phrase that he puts into the lips of one of his heroes: "I saw and I loved thee so nearly together that I do not know if I saw thee before I loved thee, or loved thee before I saw thee."

Among the rarer curiosities of this unique collection are many valuable books that have been condemned by the judges of the Inquisition, some of which, if we may so speak, have themselves suffered its tortures, bearing visible marks of the cuttings and burnings and expurgations to which its agents subjected them. One of these is the "Varia Opuscula" of Mariana, a voluminous Jesuit writer. This book is referred to in Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature," duodecimo edition, vol. iii., p. 179. It was published, not in Spain, but at Cologne, in 1569. It consists of seven Latin treatises on various subjects of theology and criticism. Most of these met with no animadversions; but one, No. VI., "De Morte et Immortalitate," concerning mortality and immortality, was seized upon for theological censure. Another, No. IV., "De Mutatione Monetæ," concerning the debasing of the currency, was assailed on political grounds. The Inquisition took cognizance of both, and the author, then aged seventy-three years, was confined and tortured. The worthy heads of the Inquisition have cut in pieces the copy in Mr. Ticknor's collection, and, after removing the fourth treatise, have bound it again together. The title-page is quite a monument of their skill in patching and piecing. They have cut out of it the title of the fourth treatise, and then prefixed a capital I to the next number, V., making it thus IV. From VI. and VII. the erasure of the final letter changes them to V. and VI. There is a little stain on the left side of this page, where something, now gone, was once pasted, and Mr. Ticknor has written over it, "Here, I suppose, was the certificate of expurgation."

Other portions of this persecuted tome, that could not be easily cut out, have been blackened and blotted with unsightly daubs of ink. I took pains by holding up the leaves to the sunlight to discover what had so moved the ire of the Inquisitorial authorities. I found on page 103, second column, Scripture quotations from Hebrew and Greek codices, on page 49 statements as to the inspiration of the apostles, on page 104 arguments of St. Paul, on page 105 arguments of St. John and of Augustine, and on page 106 statements of Bible truth from Jerome. These passages were so badly defaced that the Inquisition expected no one would ever be influenced by their teachings.

In the Ticknor collection may also be seen four of the official accounts of general *autos-da-fé*, or public accusations and burnings under the direction of the Inquisition. The "Relacions del Autos-da-Fé" were regularly drawn up official reports of those awful sacrifices, and were generally printed, though not always. Several of them exist in the Bodleian Library. Mr. Ticknor's are those of the *auto* at Logroño, November 7 and 8, 1610, and of the *autos* of 1720, 1721, and 1756, the two former at Granada, the latter at Madrid. Upon a fly-leaf Mr. Ticknor writes, "These are the official accounts of three *autos-da-fé* that happened in 1720 and 1721 at Granada, and in 1756 at Madrid: the only accounts of the sort that I have ever seen." It might be interesting, were space allowed, to trace the sad contents of these interesting volumes, and to bring to the light the cruel mysteries they contain. But we must pass them by, as also the many curious ancient inscriptions that are found in rare folios, the treatises of Quevedo on the "seven liberal sciences and the four cardinal virtues," and other celebrated authors. Enough specimens have been referred to to show the obligations under which our students lie to Mr. George Ticknor. May our useful public libraries enjoy the wealth of many such benefactors in all the sister branches of ancient and modern literature

THE CALVARY OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

I.

THERE is on the coast of Normandy the very charming fishing village of Cabrin. There are many fishing villages dotted along the coast between Honfleur and the mouth of the river Vire; but some of these have grown into fashion, and others are too squalid to be called charming. Cabrin is already beginning to lose some of its charm. Parisians have discovered that the bathing is even better than at Trouville, and in the autumn months, instead of the pretty fisher-girls, in their quaint striped petticoats, high-heeled

dames, with parasols and many-colored costumes, walk up and down the plaza, or sit under a pink and white awning knitting and flirting in the shade.

But much of Cabrin keeps its old charm—that special charm of freshness which much contact with the outer world is sure to destroy both in persons and places. How strange it is that we take such pains to destroy all we value! In this age the old recipe of "a little wholesome neglect" seems forgotten.

Madame Robin's cottage has probably been standing since the days of Duke William. It has two stories, and a shingled roof which time has twisted up and down, and in its hollows shows a mass of brilliant color—yellow stone-crops and huge green houseleeks. Here and there vine branches strain up to the eaves and reach them. Madame Robin has had these trained round the upper windows; for she does not allow so much as a leaf to display itself on the bare brown stems that make a map of the whitewashed walls below. Dear me! no: out-door grapes are of no market value compared with the golden, downy-cheeked apricots, and the wealth of tawny, green, and crimson plums that lie basking there. It is not a mere straight wall, either: the parlor, with a bedroom atop, comes forward boldly from the rest of the house, and so leaves a snug corner on each side. The fragrance of mignonette comes from these corners, and overpowers the orange, star-like marigolds behind; rich dark red cloves hold their heads up over these, as if they found them unpleasant neighbors; and a bit of the wall below the apricots is covered with jasmine, gleaming out like silver among the dark green of its leaves. There is an entrance to the cottage on the left of this projecting bit—a door-way with osiers arched over it to form a porch. The lovely leaves and tendrils of an immense gourd lie lazily over this—so lazily that it seems as if they are basking in the sunshine—while the turban-like fruit, peeping out in scarlet and yellow gleams at scarce intervals, ripens.

Madame Robin sits in a high-backed wicker chair just outside this porch. She never sits beneath the gourd when the turbans have grown any size, though her factotum, Sophie Migneaud, ridicules her, and says that even if a gourd did fall on her head her skull would prove the toughest of the two.

"Sophie is almost always right," says Madame Robin; "but I can't trust my head to an almost: she may be wrong for once; so I sit outside."

She sits outside now, with her carpet shoes planted firmly on the slate-colored path, shredding lettuces into the wire basket on her knees. She is hot, for the sun shines full on her round, fat, red face, until he leaves

his reflection there. Presently she leaves off shredding, pushes a cap string over each shoulder, and says, "Pouf!"

"Aha!" Such a shrill, piping voice that, though she is used to it, fat Madame Robin gives a start that overturns the wire basket and scatters the green shreds around. "Did I not tell thee it would be too much in the sun to sit there, my friend? The salad and thou will be baked together. Allons done! what art thou about?"

Almost with the last word there came suddenly around the corner of the cottage a tiny old woman, with a face like that of a brown monkey; the small black restless eyes and skinny claw-like hands were in a perpetual quiver of motion; a dark brown gown fitted her closely, and a brown gauze cap came forward so as almost to touch the black velvet band across her wrinkled brown forehead. She pointed to the scattered lettuce leaves and laughed.

Madame Robin looked uneasy.

"Pick up the salad, Sophie. Thou knowest that I sit here to wait for the child. She may come any minute."

Madame Migneaud put her head on one side and smiled—at least the wrinkles round her mouth deepened, and her small black restless beads of eyes winked repeatedly. Her old friend and patroness was a perpetual amusement to Sophie Migneaud. "It is natural that she should this day try to appear dignified and wise," said her sarcastic companion, "when she is going to commit so great a folly. Why need she take Louise home to live with her? The girl was disinherited because of the disobedience of her parents. It is always a mistake to upset plans. My Emile would make a much better heir to Madame Robin than her granddaughter will; or, as I said a month ago, let Louise be at once promised to Emile, and then the affair is arranged."

All this to herself as she picked up the salad with her nimble claws of hands. Her quick ears heard the wheels of the diligence before the sound reached Madame Robin. Sophie Migneaud had resolved not to say any more on her nephew's behalf. She would let him speak for himself; but in the great dread that came upon her, the dread that even now, in this short journey from St. Roque, Louise's pretty face might have gained her a lover—a lover, too, who might prove acceptable to Madame Robin as the husband of her granddaughter—the brown face twitched till it looked uglier than ever. She determined to make one more appeal.

"My friend"—she clutched at madame's ample black sleeve with her skinny fingers—"I may, then, present Emile to Louise as the husband thou hast chosen?"

She spoke just too late to get an answer. The grandmother heard the approach of the diligence, and scrambled to her feet; she was

already waddling down to the gate, with the reddest and happiest face imaginable.

Next minute she had flung both arms round Louise, of whom Madame Migneaud could just make out a flounced white skirt with black edgings, and a straw hat lying on the grandmother's ample shoulder.

The grimace on Madame Migneaud's face was not pleasant to look at.

"Bah!" she said at last, and she looked smoother as she said it. "What a coward I am! I am a match for any one. Is it, then, likely that an imbecile old woman and a silly, simpering school-girl can thwart my will? They shall pay for it if they try. Chattering fool!"

This was comment on the shower of tender, petting names which Madame Robin was lavishing on the young girl. Louise hugged her grandmother in return; but she got free at last, and ran up to Madame Migneaud.

A tall, sunburned girl, with a saucy nose and a wide mouth, a few dark freckles on her clear skin, and bright, laughing, dark eyes, she came laughing to the old woman, holding out both hands.

"Eh bien, Sophie, here I am again, come to torment thee; and this time I am not going away, and I am too big to be whipped or locked up; so we must be friends, thou seest." She kissed the old wrinkled face, but there was no answering smile there.

II.

"Sophie!"—Madame Robin had gone back to her garden chair, and called out to the old woman, who had taken Louise to her bedroom—"I forgot. We must have an omelet and a cake for supper. Monsieur Vermont is coming."

The little black eyes looked fierce and glittering. "Monsieur Vermont coming, and to supper! Ma foi, there has been already trouble enough in getting ready for Louise; and when I asked that Emile might come and see me, thou hast said it was not possible, thou must have Louise all to thyself. Hein!" Madame Migneaud came close up to her employer, and looked compellingly down in the unmeaning broad face.

Madame Robin felt a little frightened, but she had wits enough to know that Sophie's wrath could be turned aside by flattery.

"Ah ça!" she laughed. "A staid old bachelor like Monsieur Vermont will not come between me and my child; he will not so much as look at Louise; but with a fine, tall youth like Emile it might be different." And then she once more struggled out of her chair and rolled into the house.

"Monsieur has certainly a gray beard, and he must be forty at the least," said Sophie, thoughtfully. "Well, if Louise were to marry him, she would not want her grandmother's money—it would be for me and my

Emile. But then Emile has set his heart on Louise, and what the boy wants he shall have."

Louise was not in a mood to sit quietly beside her grandmother. She was so very full of happiness that the blood moved like quicksilver in her veins. She ran all over the house, praising every thing, and then she explored every nook of the garden, counted the peaches and gourds and nectarines, and vowed they had never looked so promising; finally she darted like a sunbeam into the little dark kitchen, and startled Madame Migneaud among her stewpans.

"Chut! Thou must be more peaceful, child. We might as well have a gale of wind in the house."

At which Louise smiled, nodded, and then, snatching at both of the brown arms, she made the old woman's elbows meet behind her back, and ran away to the parlor, screaming with laughter.

She threw her arms round her grandmother, kissed her on both cheeks over and over again, and at last sat down on a stool at her feet.

"Bonne maman"—she looked up in the old woman's face—"why dost thou have that grave, solemn old landlord to supper the first day I come home? He is duller than our professor, more severe, though not quite so ugly—at least he was in the winter."

"Ugly! ma foi! Monsieur Vermont is a very good-looking man. He wrote to ask if he could speak to me on business to-night; but he is nothing to thee, my child."

Louise pouted a little.

"Sophie wanted me to ask Emile, but I would not."

Louise jumped up and hugged her grandmother. "Thou art an angel, bonne maman! I detest Emile; he is so fat and stupid, and he has such round blue eyes and such shining red cheeks, and I long to box his great ears when he looks at me."

"Chut! young girls must not talk in such a way when they have left school. Thou must like every one a little, my child."

"Only a little?" The girl's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Shall I love thee only a little then, bonne maman? and when I marry, shall I love my husband a little too?"

"A little love that lasts is better in marriage than much which changes," the old woman sighed; "but, my child, what dost thou know of love? No young girl should even think of it till she marries, and then her husband is her teacher."

Louise looked dull—sad, even; all the gladness left her eyes.

"I know nothing of love, except that I love thee"—she kissed the old woman's hand—"but I feel it, and I am sure I must love my husband before I marry him."

"Bah! bah! bah!" Madame Robin looked

disturbed. "I don't know what the good sisters have been about that such ideas get into thy head."

"Bonne maman"—there was a sweet earnestness in the girl's face, more charming even than her mischief—"the ideas were there of themselves."

Monsieur Vermont came punctually at eight o'clock. Madame Migneaud declared herself tired to death; so Louise waited on the supper-table.

Monsieur Vermont looked at her and thanked her, but he talked entirely to Madame Robin.

When Louise went up stairs to her little bedroom she was not joyful, or even happy.

It was a bare little room, the walls white-washed; there was not a bit of carpet on the deal floor; a bedstead, an armoire, which served as table, a wash-stand, and a chair made all the furniture; the only ornament was a black crucifix beside the bed. Outside the window, on the ledge, Madame Robin had placed two pots of scarlet geranium—"to keep the child bright," she said.

The girl looked round her. She sighed.

"I wonder if it is because the sunshine has gone"—she sighed again—"but it seems as if it would be more dull here than at the convent. As to Monsieur Vermont, he is a stone. He could not have taken less notice of me if I really had been the servant of grandmamma. If he comes here often, I shall be rude to him. I said saucy things on purpose, but he never even smiled. He makes me feel wicked. I am silly to think of him at all."

She began to brush her hair impatiently, but she could not shut Monsieur Vermont from her thoughts. He looked so clever, and yet he was so silent; he was so courteous, and yet so horribly, impassibly grave; and though he had not spoken, she fancied he had listened to all her nonsense.

"He is a puzzle, and a very provoking one," she said. Her face brightened. "Well, there will be some amusement in trying to make him out."

III.

The room was full of light next morning when Louise opened her eyes. She had no time to indulge the lazy, pleasant, vague sensation of wondering where she was, for in an instant she was conscious that she had not awakened naturally: some one was knocking at the door—steady, dull blows repeated at regular intervals.

Louise was going to say "Come in," and then she remembered that neither Sophie nor her grandmamma would have used this ceremony. She got up, wrapped a shawl round her, and said, "Who is it?"

"It is me, Emile Bibot, and I have the honor to tell Ma'm'selle Louise that her

grandmamma is ill—but very ill indeed. My aunt can not leave Madame Robin, and my aunt has told me to say that she requires the assistance of ma'm'selle. Will Ma'm'selle Louise allow me to express my sympathy in her sorrow, and my devoted wish to do for her all that lies in my power?"

Even through the door the sentence sounded absurd; it was said so like a lesson.

"Thank you; please go away—that's all you can do just now."

"Oh, how detestable he is!" thought Louise; "even without seeing him I feel inclined to laugh at him."

She went to her grandmother's room. She had no experience of illness, and she went in as usual; but she stopped, frightened. Madame Robin lay very still and white; her eyes were closed.

Madame Migneaud stepped forward before the girl could speak, and led her outside the door.

"I do not want thee here," she said, "but down stairs. I have sent for the girl Constance, and she will do as she is bid; but I must stay here. It is possible she"—she jerked her head toward the door—"she will not recover: it is paralysis."

Pale and scared, Louise went down into the parlor. There she found tall, blushing, awkward Emile.

"Ma'm'selle, I assure you of my sympathy, of my devotion. Will not ma'm'selle tell me what I can do to prove it?" He spoke as if his mouth was filled with gooseberries; he had already upset two chairs in bowing to Louise.

"Please go away, then; I want to be by myself," she said.

Emile got redder still, but he did not move.

"On the contrary, my duty is to stay with Ma'm'selle Louise."

She turned away to the window; she was too sorrowful to argue. It seemed to her as if she had never known till now how much she loved her grandmother. "And she may die without ever speaking to me again!"

Along the window ledge was a fringe of fuchsias and nasturtiums; these sent trailing yellow wreaths, backed by the exquisite gray-green of their leaves, on to the wall below. But Louise did not see them. She leaned her elbows on the fringed white cushion, and hid her face in her hands.

Her parents had died when she was twelve years old, and she had been placed with the sisters of the Convent du bon Sauveur, in St. Roque. She had been well and kindly treated, but she had always been longing for the special love she had lost in her parents. She was frank and loving, but she did not love easily.

She stood crying quietly, resting both arms on the cushioned window-seat, but she was not lamenting her own fate as a desolate

orphan, she was thinking how cold a return she had made for her grandmother's lavish affection.

Madame Migneaud had told her nephew to make good use of his time with Louise, but Emile's love made him timid, and when he saw Louise crying his hair rose on his forehead with fright.

"She may faint!"—he grew pale, and rubbed his clammy hands together—"or she may have an attack of the nerves. What do I know, and how could I tell what to do with her? and if I did not do just the right thing, she would think me an idiot! Ciel! It is insupportable."

He grew faint as Louise's sobs grew deeper; at last he could bear no more. He stooped cautiously, drew off his boots, and slipped out of the room. At the cottage door, to his discomfiture, he met Monsieur Vermont.

"I hear the doctor has been sent for. Who is ill in the house?" His quiet voice brought back Emile's calmness, for it was very new to the self-complacent youth to be disturbed, as he had now been by the idea of having to assist at a fainting-fit.

"Bon jour, monsieur," he said. "It is Madame Robin; but my aunt is with her: you need not fear."

Monsieur said, "Thank you," and then stood aside to let Emile pass out; but the youth blocked up the door-way.

"I wish to speak to Mademoiselle Louise." Monsieur Vermont spoke as quietly as ever, but he moved forward.

"Oh, certainly"—Emile's round colorless eyes twinkled till they looked like his aunt's—"certainly; I shall have the pleasure of taking monsieur to see Mademoiselle Louise." He turned and led the way.

Monsieur Vermont was not so tall as Emile Bibot, but he was better built. He put his hand on the youth's shoulder and pushed him aside.

"I need not trouble you," he said. "I want to see this young lady alone."

So many words came spluttering out of Emile's open mouth that the sound was like the gobble of a turkey-cock; but Monsieur Vermont went straight to the parlor, opened the door, and closed it after him.

"I'll go and tell Aunt Sophie, I will," spluttered Emile. "How dare he shut himself up alone with my future wife? Allons! I will make the aunt send him away."

Louise turned round from the window. She looked surprised when she saw her visitor.

"Mademoiselle"—he spoke in such a soothing voice that the girl's tears began again—"I am much grieved at this sad news." He waited, but she did not speak.

"Can I be of use to you? I think your grandmother would wish you to consider me a friend, and to ask me for all you want. I

am the oldest acquaintance she has in Cabrin."

"You are very kind," Louise began, in a formal way, and then stopped. "Oh, monsieur, what I want is, to know if my grandmother will get well, and to be with her." She was clasping her hands now, and looking in his face with eyes full of entreaty.

"Have you ever nursed a sick person?" he said.

"No; oh no! I could not be of use, but I could see her, and she could see me."

Monsieur Vermont looked grave. It seemed to Louise that he spoke more quietly than ever.

"I will speak to Madame Migneaud." He went up stairs, but when he came down again he looked sad as well as grave.

"Well?" she said, impetuously.

"I am afraid you must be patient, and you must not go into your grandmother's room. She is rousing now, and any sudden excitement would be dangerous. I think she has a skillful nurse, and you may certainly trust our good doctor."

"But will she recover, monsieur?"

She bent her eyes so searchingly on his that he grew troubled.

"I hope so. She has had very good health till now, and that is in her favor."

He gave the girl as much comfort as he could, and then he went away.

IV.

A week passed. Emile Bibot was always at his post, making himself more and more necessary to Louise: this was the light in which he viewed his own attentions. He was persuaded that her ungraciousness was the result of her extreme modesty. His old aunt confirmed him in this idea when she sometimes left the sick-room.

"Bah! bah!" she said; "thou oughtest to know by this time that when a woman says no she means yes."

At this Emile went back to his wooing, but he began to be puzzled. He tried to believe his aunt, but it seemed to him that every time he approached Louise her face showed stronger dislike. The days went by dull and leaden. Louise thought that the flowers had lost their scent, the fruit its downy glow and color; perhaps her eyes had grown dim with constant tears. These days would have been too wretched to live through without the visits of Monsieur Vermont.

He seemed to know by instinct when she was alone. He did not talk much; he only staid a few minutes; but she grew to long for these with a feverish expectation. "There is such comfort in his smile!" she said. She was still forbidden to see her grandmother; but on the morning of the seventh day she at last met the doctor as he came down stairs.

"Ah, mademoiselle, I have good news." He spoke in answer to Louise's eyes, for the girl kept silence. "I shall not come again unless I am sent for, mademoiselle: my patient is better."

"But may I go to her?"

Dr. Bernard hesitated. He was skillful, but he was very prejudiced against interference.

"Well, she is but weak. If you had been there from the first, it would have been different. I think you must be guided by Madame Migneaud."

Monsieur Vermont came that evening. He was rejoiced to hear the doctor's opinion.

"I am the more glad," he said, "because I am come to say good-by. I have business which calls me to Paris, and I should have been uneasy to leave my old friend so ill."

"You are going?" said Louise. Her voice was hard and choked. She was keeping a sob out of it.

"Yes; I go to-morrow. Will you come to the gate with me?"

He walked on slowly without speaking. It seemed to Louise as if her heart grew fuller every minute. "And he speaks so coldly! He cares no more for me than he did that first evening. But he has been so good!"

"Good-by." They were at the gate now. He smiled and held out his hand.

The girl's heart gave a great leap. She pressed his hand between both hers.

"I don't know how to thank you"—she looked up sadly in his face—"you have been so good to me."

His features suddenly stiffened. He drew his hand away. "Adieu, mademoiselle!" and he passed quickly through the gate.

"What have I done?" She blushed deeply. "I suppose he thinks me too forward."

She turned to go back to the cottage.

Madame Migneaud stood at the parlor window.

There was a grin on the sly old face; she looked more monkey-like than ever.

"So monsieur is off to his fair widow, is he? I wonder if he brings her back this time with him."

Louise felt giddy, as if a prop on which she was leaning had suddenly snapped.

"What do you mean, Sophie?"

"What I say. The business Monsieur Vermont has in Paris is to see a lady—Madame D'Albi—who is going to be his wife: that is all I mean. Now, if you will sit quite still, you may go to your grandmother."

Louise slunk away. She was cowed; full of shame and dismay; she felt like a thief. What had she been doing? Counting on Monsieur Vermont's sympathy and friendship, when he could have no feeling for her but pity. Of course every thing else belonged to Madame D'Albi. "And I held his hand in both mine," said the girl, with a hot

rush of shame to her forehead. "Oh! what can he think of me?"

She opened the door of her grandmother's bedroom and went in.

The pale, still face lying there with closed eyelids calmed her.

V.

Monsieur Vermont had been gone five days.

Sophie Migneaud affirmed that he would not return for a month, and Louise listened with a kind of sullen despair. She saw her grandmother every day now, but she was never left alone with her unless Madame Robin was sleeping. More than once Louise tried for mastery over Madame Migneaud, but she was too helpless to gain her point. She knew she could not manage the patient by herself, and so long as Sophie came into the room she would be mistress there.

On the night of this fifth day Louise had gone to bed more cheerfully. Emile had been absent all day. It was a relief to be freed from his silly talk and foolish, staring eyes. During the last few days he had grown more constant and familiar in his attentions, and Louise had tried in vain to offend him.

"I believe if I even struck him he would persist in being pleased and in persecuting me with his odious attentions. Oh, how I do hate him!"

She sat at her window looking out over the garden. It lay flooded in moonlight, which shone like hoar-frost on the little grass-plot, and the broad leaves of a pumpkin trained against the fence. Two dark lines fell across this brightness—the shadows of the poplars in the road beyond. It seemed to Louise as if her life had grown into a hard, dark line: her grandmother an insensible invalid, and her only companion a man whom she disliked and despised.

She started and turned suddenly round; the room looked inky black after the light on which she had been gazing, but she was sensible of a soft, creeping tread getting nearer and nearer.

"What is it?" she shrieked, in her terror; and then she saw Sophie's grinning, ugly face close to her own.

"Chut! for shame! How canst thou be such a child? I have come to fetch thee, Louise; thy grandmother is dying, and she has asked for thee."

The ague-like terror which had seized the girl returned; she caught at Sophie's arm as she followed her. Madame Migneaud went on silently to the sick-room.

Louise was startled to find this full of light. Madame Robin sat up in bed propped by pillows; her eyes were open, and there was a flush on her face. The girl Constance stood at the end of the room, her round eyes full of wonder, and near Madame Robin

was Emile Bibot. His back was toward the door, but Madame Migneaud led Louise up beside him.

The girl went on till she was close to her grandmother. She thought death would be different from this. She had never seen it, but she had pictured it as something terrible and awful. She bent down and kissed the old woman's flushed cheek.

"Who is it?" Madame Robin's voice sounded hoarse, and her words came indistinctly.

"It is Louise. Thou hast something to say to her, old friend." Madame Migneaud pushed Louise aside, and bent closely over the sick woman. She said something else, which Louise could not hear; but she heard her grandmother's answer:

"Yes, yes; it shall be so;" and she saw the dull eyes fixed intently on her.

Hitherto all had seemed to the girl like a strange dream, in which she was taking a part against her will; but what came now was stranger still.

"Give her your hand," whispered the old Migneaud. And as Louise obeyed she felt the sick woman's clammy fingers closing round hers, and then both hands were in the clasp of Emile Bibot. It seemed as if he extricated her hand from her grandmother's, and kept it fast in his. But those dull eyes never left hers; they seemed to fascinate and hold her powerless. Again Madame Migneaud's head bent closely over the sick woman.

"Promise," said the broken voice of the dying woman; and the eyes seemed to enforce the word.

"I promise." And then Emile's fingers pressed hers yet more tightly; and with a sharp, sudden cry Louise broke the spell that held her.

"No! no!" she called out loudly, in her terror; "I did not mean it; I promise nothing."

"You are too late." Emile pointed to Madame Robin. Her eyes were closed, and her face looked set. "You can not break a promise made to a dying woman."

"She is not dying! She will live!" Louise flung herself forward; but Emile dragged her from the bed.

"Silence!"—Madame Migneaud's voice was solemn now—"she is dead."

VI.

When Louise awoke she found herself lying, dressed, outside her own bed. A coverlet and some shawls had been thrown over her. She could not remember how she came there. And as she lay, trying to recall the strange, unreal scene she had acted in, it seemed to her that after Madame Migneaud's last words she must have lost her senses. She could not remember any thing.

She was tired and unrefreshed. She bathed

her aching eyes, and then she listened. "Surely it must be very early." She could not hear a sound in the house; and the girl Constance always came at six o'clock, and stumped about in her sabots over the tiled kitchen floor.

The silence seemed strangely awful. There was not even a bird twittering under the eaves; only in the far-off distance the low booming of the waves on the sea-shore.

With a deadly sickness at her heart, it came to Louise that she was indeed alone for evermore—alone, too, in the power of Sophie Migneaud and of Emile; and with this came a distinct remembrance of her promise, and a wild terror seized her.

"Oh, who can save me?" Her only friend was far away. She sighed: "Away! yes, he is too happy where he is to think of me at all."

She stood thinking, or trying to think—for terror was growing too strong for thought to be connected. She must run away at once out of that dreadful house before she was a prisoner in it. It seemed to her just then that Madame Migneaud had power to make her do any thing. How else had she spoken those words last night? She caught up her shawl; she was looking for her hat, when a slight sound roused her.

In fresh terror she drew her shawl over her head, and crept softly out of her room. There was, indeed, the silence of death in the house. A shuddering sob burst from Louise. Spite of her fear, it was very hard to forsake her grandmother. But she hurried on down the stairs, out of the door—which was always left unbarred that Constance might get in easily—at last through the gate. Which way now? The one road led into Cabrin, the other to St. Roque.

"The good sisters will shelter me," she said; and she ran off as if Emile were pursuing her.

She was out of breath at last, and she paused to rest. She had left the cottage and all trace of Cabrin far behind. Before her stretched the road, like a shining yellow ribbon, with dusty banks on either side. Some way ahead on the right the bank rose in height till it looked down on the road below—a steep knoll, from which rose a towering crucifix.

"I shall feel safer beside that," she said.

By the time Louise reached the Calvary she was quite exhausted. She knelt reverently toward the Calvary, and then a new thought came.

"Why do I go to St. Roque?" she said. "The good sisters think much of a pilgrimage to St. Sebastian. The dear, suffering Jesus will be more pitiful than even the good sisters."

She clambered up the steep bank to the paved ledge atop, and then mounted the flight of stone steps to the Calvary. The

steps were worn and uneven with the tread of heavy-hearted souls, who brought their griefs to the Calvary of St. Sebastian.

VII.

While she knelt Louise's heart grew hushed, as if a cool hand were laid on the burning, throbbing pain there. Her wild terror calmed. Why had she so despaired? Sophie and Emile could not make her marry against her will. She need only be firm and patient.

She heard footsteps passing along the paved ledge. She looked quickly over her shoulder. Her shawl fell back. It was Monsieur Vermont, and he saw her.

Monsieur Vermont was beside her holding her hand in his, his face full of eager question, and yet Louise was stricken with a sudden dumbness.

It seemed to the girl that Madame D'Albi stood between her and her friend. What interest could he feel in her now? Ah! what interest had he ever felt in her? But Monsieur Vermont's direct question roused her:

"Why are you here, and at this time, my child?" He held her hand fast, though she tried to draw it away. The wild look in her eyes startled him.

"I—I came away—" She hesitated. "Grandmamma died last night, and I must go back to the convent."

"Why should you go back?" He spoke sternly. It was the best means he could have taken to call back her scattered wits.

"I can not—" She stopped, and blushed painfully.

"Tell me why not; or is it because of your engagement to Monsieur Bibot?"

"I am not engaged." Louise drew her hand away in proud anger. "Listen, monsieur, and tell me if this is a promise. I detest Emile, and he has always known that I detest him; but last night Sophie came and fetched me to my grandmother, who was dying. Oh, monsieur, I did not think it was so near. Somehow my hand was put in Emile's hand, and I said, 'I promise;' but next moment I denied it, and then she died, and I don't remember any thing more."

Monsieur Vermont's face had grown sterner yet, and Louise stood trembling before him.

At last she could not bear the suspense. "Do not tell me it is a promise, and that it is sin to break it. I must be sinful, then, for I will never marry Emile."

She looked up full of fear, but the sternness had left his face. A bright smile shone over it.

"I believe this has been a trick," he said; "and I think Madame Robin may be living still. Calm yourself, my Louise; you are not bound by such a promise. And Emile can not have you, for I want you myself."

"You—but—you are promised;" and then she hid her face in her hands.

"I suppose Madame Migneaud told you so; but you have more trust in me than in Sophie Migneaud, my child."

He drew her hands gently away from her face, and kissed her blushing forehead.

It was as Monsieur Vermont had suspected. When the doctor saw Madame Robin he declared that she had been thrown into a deep sleep by an overdose of the opiates which Madame Migneaud had been intrusted with for exceptional use, and thus the little scene which had so terrified Louise had been contrived to work upon her feelings. Madame Migneaud and her nephew had to leave Cabrin in hot haste; for it began to be hinted that but for Monsieur Vermont's timely return Madame Robin might not, after all, have recovered.

She is alive and well now, but she has forsaken the little whitewashed cottage, and lives with her grandchild in a large and pleasant château farther inland. She still sits out in the sunshine. She is very happy here, and takes the salad under her special care; and she spoils Monsieur Vermont's and Louise's children to her heart's content.

GREAT CITIES, AND THEIR FATE.

THE rise and decay of great cities must always form an interesting element in human history. There is a startling similarity in their annals and their fate. A few frail and humble habitations are planted on the favorable site; the advantages of nature or the demands of trade attract mankind; a thousand happy homes rise amidst the wilderness; the joys, the hopes, the sorrows, and the cares of domestic life flow on alike, whether on the shores of the Euphrates or in the valley of the Mississippi. Factories spring up along the crowded streets; the artisan and the merchant seek their daily toil; parents train their children with assiduous care, and generations labor for themselves and for posterity. War, pestilence, and famine fall upon the crowded haunt; but years of prosperity succeed. The city expands with redoubled energy; its vices and its virtues rise to enormous proportions. Perhaps, like hundred-gated Thebes, it fades away in its corruption, or, like Rome or Paris, terrifies mankind by unheard-of crimes.

The river is usually the parent of the city. It is impossible to disconnect Rome from its Tiber, or Babylon from the Euphrates. The mysterious Nile, father of rivers, gave birth to a throng of cities whose enormous ruins still cast gigantic shadows over its swelling stream; Cairo and Alexandria yet live to recall the memories of their founders. The Rhine, the Danube, and the Elbe, have scarcely been less prolific. The mourning Seine

and the muddy Thames have built up the great centres of European life. Every river, indeed, has its city, and whether flowing huge and ponderous, a Nile or a Mississippi, or trickling from Alpine glaciers or arctic frosts, sustains and gladdens its busy hives. Yet often the insane passions of men defeat the genial influence of nature; the city dies out by the parent stream; the toil of ages is lost in a sudden madness; and the river glides on forever, solemn and unchanging, by the deserted waste it had once nourished into life.

Cities have usually been the prey and the victims of eminent conquerors. The distant paths of history are illuminated by the flames of Rome in its glory, fired by the torch of Alaric, or resounding with the shouts of the Vandals and the sack of Genseric; of Tyre, the product of mercantile enterprise and manufacturing toil, wasted by the destructive energy of Alexander; of Carthage, crushed by its envious rival; of Babylon, sinking more slowly into utter desolation; of countless Greek cities, the fairest creations of human industry, swept from the earth by the remorseless tide of war and conquest; of the dying embers of Corinth or the flaming ruins of Jerusalem. But scarcely in the annals of fallen cities can there be found a parallel to the singular atrocity of our own age, and the fate of Paris, just rescued, half burned and desolated by its own people, must ever remain a solitary example of human malignity. No Greek ever applied the torch to the shrines of the Acropolis; no Roman, in the utmost rage of sedition, but would have spared the Capitol and the Forum.

In some particulars the ancient city builders seem to have excelled the modern, and the convenience and grandeur of Babylon deserve a careful study. On a broad and fertile plain, around the banks of the Euphrates, the Semitic race founded its earliest centre of opulence and toil. Delicate in form, active in intellect, lithe, agile, and full of commercial ardor, the Semitic family, embracing the Assyrians, the Phœnicians, the Hebrews, and the Arabs, have been remarkable in every age for their taste and skill in manufactures, and their keen perception of the opportunities of trade. Babylon grew by its commercial vigor. A broad and rapid river joined it to the Persian Gulf. Wide and well-built highways, provided for the accommodation of the merchant, extended toward the Mediterranean.¹ A canal, or a series of canals, united the Euphrates to the Tigris; an endless range of embankments and water-courses irrigated the immense plain around it, and filled with ceaseless fertility a wide domain that, but for the industry of man, must have remained a parched

¹ Layard, *Nineveh and Babylon*, 535, describes the site and collects details of the history. See Rich, who visited it fifty years ago, *Babylon*, p. 103.

and arid waste. The thick vegetation, the endless shade, the abundant flow of cooling streams, softened the rigor of its burning climate, and welcomed the strangers from the east and west to a region of perpetual luxuriance. Along the broad highways that stretched over the blooming country were placed houses of refreshment for the entertainment of travelers, and castles for their protection; and as the Greek student or the Hindoo trader approached the magnificent capital he was fed on costly food, lodged in fair apartments, and beheld around him the highest fruits of ancient civilization.

The form of the city was well suited to its torrid clime. It was a square, fifty miles in circumference. Its streets, broad and straight, were thickly lined with houses three or four stories in height; the Euphrates, swift and impatient, confined by well-built docks of brick, rushed through its midst; a bridge of stone, the famous labor of a female architect and empress, spanned the stream and gave easy access to the countless throngs that had once been obliged to cross in boats.¹ Yet it is scarcely probable that the whole of the immense area of Babylon, spreading for ten miles on every side, was given up to trade; it is certain, indeed, that a large portion of its interior was laid out in parks and gardens. The palaces of the kings were surrounded by trees and flowers. Gardens were suspended in the air. The groups of houses were, perhaps, separated by intervals of verdure, and it was asserted, with some exaggeration, that the people of Babylon might be fed from the fruits of their own territory within the walls; nor is it probable that any modern city has contained within its precincts such an abundant flow of never-failing streams and such liberal means of recreation as had been provided by the foresight of its warlike queen.

Shops, bazars, and warehouses must have lined its populous streets, filled with those rare articles of taste and use that made the artisans of Babylon renowned in every land. Its ingenious and inventive manufacturers occupied the markets of the ancient world. Babylonian muslins or silks, wrought with graceful designs of flowers or fruits, were exported to the distant cities of the West. Its goldsmiths and jewelers have left unequaled specimens of their art, that may still be seen in modern collections.² The looms of Babylon were never idle, and its dusky people, clad in long flowing tunics and white woolen capes, with turbans, staffs, and seals, and richly perfumed, amidst their various recreations practiced an incessant industry. Babylonian merchants controlled the trade of Europe and Asia, and Babylonian architects filled their city with enormous but fragile buildings, adorned with rich color-

ing, glittering with golden ornaments, and rising in stately majesty above their groves and gardens.

The first object that met the eye of the traveler was the tower of Belus.¹ It rose at least six hundred feet above the plain—a hundred feet higher than the globe of St. Peter's, the loftiest of modern spires. An easy ascent on the outside of its eight compartments conducted the observer to the top. A graceful temple crowned its summit, in which no image was seen, but only a couch and a table of gold; but from its walls must have opened a wide prospect of the prosperous city beneath; of the rich fields of Babylonia, ever teeming with endless crops of wheat; the groves of palms; the glittering Euphrates, winding toward the sea, laden with its incessant fleets; and perhaps the fatal splendor of a Semitic army with helm, shield, and spear, marching to the sack of Jerusalem or the conquest of Egypt.

Of the various wonders of Babylon, the product of the labors of its engineers or architects, we have no leisure to speak, yet the chief pride of the impulsive population was its impregnable walls. Nature had left the city easy of access on every side; the ingenuity of man had covered it with fortifications. The Babylonians mocked at the futile efforts of their foes. A deep moat surrounded the city. Walls more than three hundred feet high covered each of the sides. They were seventy-five feet wide, formed of unburned brick; houses were built on the spacious top: yet between them ran a street so wide that a chariot of four horses might drive or turn upon it at will. An inner wall of not inferior strength provided a new defense. Massive gates of bronze secured every opening. The city was more impregnable to ancient tactics than the finest work of Vauban to his contemporaries—than the redoubts of Paris to modern cannon. Twice only was Babylon taken; once by surprise, and once by treachery.² Nor was any ancient engineer ever able to dry its enormous ditch, to sap its gigantic walls, taller than most European spires, to crush in its solid gates, or penetrate its exterior defenses. The mighty fortress ruled for centuries over the plains of the Euphrates and the Tigris; the fame of its strength filled the world; it was celebrated in the annals of Greece and the chronicles of the Middle Ages; and in the fanciful days of chivalry and of barbarism every knightly castle seems to have been modeled upon the plan of the Assyrian stronghold, and possessed on an insignificant scale its ditch, its double walls, its interior keep, and its protecting towers.

Yet, compared with the enormous stone-

¹ Herodotus, i. 178.

² Layard, 537.

¹ Herodotus saw and described the scene. A heap of bricks and rubbish now marks the site of the tower.

² Cyrus took it by surprise. Darius leveled the walls. Herodotus, i. 191; iii. 159.

work of Egypt or the Cyclopean fortress of Mycenæ, Babylon seems to have been singularly fragile. It was a mass of sun-dried bricks.¹ Clay, bound together by chopped straw and asphaltum, was almost the sole material employed by its architects. Palaces and temples, its lofty houses and its towering walls, were all composed of crumbling earth; and when at length decay settled upon the mighty capital, and its deserted buildings were abandoned to the ravages of time, it melted away like a baseless vision, and faded into a heap of dust. Except a hill of broken bricks, no trace remains of the tower of Belus. The Euphrates has broken its neglected embankments, and converted the site of Babylon into a desolate marsh. Wild beasts make their dens in the crevices of the pile of ruins. Bats and owls cling to the arid caverns. The fair plains of Babylonia, once clad in boundless harvests of Mesopotamian wheat, rich with endless groves of palm, are sown alone with brambles. The canals, the broad highways, and the spacious inns are gone. The gifted Semitic race, who wrought the flowered muslins, and cut the precious gems of Babylon, are mingled with the dust. All is solitude. The scornful Euphrates sweeps at will over the fields it was once condemned to fertilize, and mocks at the faded glories of Cyrus or Semiramis, of Darius and Alexander,² so low has Babylon fallen!

Its renown was altogether material: no poets, historians, musicians, artists, sprang up amidst its crowded throngs. A single Burns or a Babylonian Pindar might have saved it from contempt; and but for the pen of a cultivated Greek its mighty towers and its gigantic walls would have risen and sunk undistinguished upon the Assyrian plain; but for the warning cry of Hebrew prophecy the name of Babylon would never have become the symbol of civic corruption, or its fate the lesson of all ages.

Two sister cities, fallen and deserted, lie hidden amidst the Syrian waste. Baalbec, city of the sun, still attracts the curious traveler. Here, too, on the declivities of the western Anti-Libanus, the merchants of Egypt and Tyre came to purchase the products of the East, and the mighty Baal, the sun-god of Syria, was adored by countless throngs. The rich ruins of Baalbec, the matchless luxury of its costly temples, have often been described. Its silent seat is eloquent with the memories of Greek or Roman glory. But still more memorable, in a fair oasis of the Syrian desert, rise the lonely ruins of Palmyra. Founded or enlarged by

Solomon, the city of palms grew into rare beauty and opulence. Except for its narrow island of fertility watered by perpetual springs, on all sides spreads around it a savage and inhospitable desert. One would scarcely look for a scene of rare elegance and crowded industry on a spot where no road nor river could penetrate, and only the weary caravan paused in its slow march from Syria to the distant East. Yet such is the vigor of commerce that beneath the lonely palm-trees sprang up a magnificent city. The merchants of Tadmor wasted their gains in surrounding themselves with costly buildings, whose stately columns still rise over the desert, the product of a lavish outlay and a decaying taste. The richest and least simple styles of architecture could alone satisfy the Syrian traders. They delighted in Corinthian capitals and boundless decoration, nor is it impossible to reconstruct in fancy the rich and luxurious city, filled with a busy yet tasteful people, glad to amuse their leisure with the charms of letters, of painting, and of architecture, and living isolated amidst the desert. Palm-trees once more wave over the lonely oasis; the merchants of Palmyra slumber beneath its ruins. The city might have been lost to history forever had not the indiscretion of a remarkable woman saved it from oblivion. From Palmyra the dark-eyed Queen Zenobia, beautiful, talented, cruel, hoped to preserve the fragments of her Syrian kingdom, and baffle amidst its deserts the armies of Aurelian. Beneath its costly porticoes her friend, the philosopher Longinus, may have lectured on the sublime, and founded the modern science of criticism. The oasis resisted for a time the vigor of Aurelian.¹ The walls of the city were thronged with brave defenders. It is scarcely possible that the prudent merchants of Palmyra can have shared the ambitious hopes of the queen, but she had forced them to fight for their possessions and their lives. She animated their courage. She is next seen flying swiftly over the desert; she is captured; Longinus perishes—probably her victim. Palmyra sinks into decay, and the feeble Cleopatra lives to adorn a Roman triumph. The city of palms has become the monument of the great critic, and his brief and fragmentary treatise is now more valued by the world of art than many Palmyras.

The banks of the Nile are a picture of the unknown past. Its ruins are the most magnificent of all the remains of antiquity. While Babylon and Nineveh have crumbled into dust, Thebes and Memphis² still assert their pre-eminence, and the shores of the father of rivers are lined with a solemn array of gigantic palaces, temples, statues, and

¹ The bricks were glazed with a "rich enamel." Layard, 529.

² Recently the river has ceased to inundate the plain, and the fields of Babylonia once more invite the immigrant. Smithsonian Rep., 1869, p. 412.

¹ Gibbon's vigorous description may be consulted.

² Memphis is chiefly buried in the sand; its Sphinx and the Pyramids alone remain.

porticoes, the oldest of the works of man. To Thebes or Memphis Rome was a recent settlement, and Athens a modern town. The dim and hoary days of chivalry, the Roman conquests, the ravages of Alexander, the travels of Herodotus, are late events compared with that solemn distance of time when the Egyptians carved the palaces of Luxor or heard the first note of Memnon. When Europe was a wilderness, when savage tribes roamed over the seven hills and the Acropolis, when perhaps a pigmy race inhabited the caves of Kent or Guienne, and the mammoth lingered in the German forests, twenty thousand cities are said to have adorned the valley of the Nile.¹ Tradition has exaggerated its prosperity, yet it is certain that in a remote period, while all the world was barbarous, sculptors, painters, architects, and engineers were urging on those wonderful works that indicate the grandeur of Egyptian thought.

Nothing satisfied the Egyptian fancy that was not gigantic and superhuman. His temples are cities, his tombs the Pyramids. Granite, marble, and the least malleable substances have been wrought by his accurate chisel into enormous statues, whose sublime countenances still look down upon the fading race of man. An army of colossi watch over the swelling river; a forest of gigantic columns rises from the Theban plain. Many miles of exquisite paintings adorn the tombs of the kings, and a library of strange characters is written out upon endless pages of stone. The Obelisk, lifted from its quarry, is borne by some mysterious device over a long and weary journey, until it rests upon its indestructible base; the Sphinx, immovable, smiles over the solemn sands. What modern energy would shrink from as a hopeless task, the Egyptians performed with ease. The roofs of his gate-ways are monstrous blocks of stone suspended high in mid-air; the marble or granite pillars on which they rest are solid shafts ten feet in diameter, and sometimes seventy feet high. Memnon rises nearly sixty feet above its base; and the gigantic dreams of the Egyptian artists seem to have been executed with almost superhuman toils.

Upon the banks of the Nile opens the most imposing of earthly scenes. The unchanging river glides between the ruins of Thebes.² On either shore rise the grandest of the works of man. From a rocky height on the brink of the desert the observer looks down upon the king of cities, and surveys upon the arid plain, fringed with green, a memorable landscape. The fair villas, that once, encircled by their gardens and fed by cooling streams, filled up the broad expanse, are

gone. The comfortable homes of the Thebans, that shine in their rich paintings, have faded like those of Babylon; yet the historical monuments of the great city are all there. Fairest among a throng of ruins, the stately Memnonium glows in the bright Egyptian air. The two Colossi, chief of statues, sit below. In the arid field sleep the enormous fragments of the granite figure of Rameses the Great—the grandest production of human artist. Its cheeks alone have been the quarry for many an Arabian millstone. Its red and stalwart form arose seventy feet above the earth. A temple-palace, with countless halls and endless sculptures, the scorpion clinging to its ruined walls; another, whose hundred gate-ways are supposed to have given rise to the poetic epithet of Thebes; the throng of Osiridè supporting the Memnonium, and stretching out the flail of judgment; the waste of porticoes, gates, and columns, might alone attest the unequaled grandeur of the parent of cities. A single temple at Thebes outshines the immortal glory of the Colosseum, and would have engrossed twice the surface of the Acropolis.¹

But across the river, in the dim distance, is seen the lustrous gem of Egyptian architecture, the palace-shrine of Karnak.² Its only rival, Luxor, sits almost by its side. Yet to Karnak is ascribed the pre-eminence over all earthly shrines. It is the most majestic, the grandest; it was the first. Before Homer sang or Moses prayed, Karnak arose. Isolated in the midst of a barbarous or a desert world, the first inventors of the arts, the Egyptians lavished on the Theban temple all the fresh conceptions of the architect, all the rich coloring of the painter. Corridors of sphinxes; obelisks of polished granite; columns seventy feet high, enriched in every part by the rarest labors of the chisel; countenances sad with mystery; flowers, fruits, and ponderous capitals; a throng of gate-ways looking down upon the river; a succession of gloomy aisles; a court more majestic than the heart of the Colosseum; a series of sculptures before which the grotesque decorations of the modern cathedral grow faint and insignificant; the mighty roof of stone; the gods, the heroes, and the kings—employ a surface upon which St. Peter's might be lost and St. Paul's serve as a single chapel. What boundless grandeur, what rare and varied effect, what solemn aisles, what dim religious light, what holy awe, fill the lonely vista of Karnak generations have labored to describe, and still an endless novelty hallows the temple of the sun!

At Thebes civic society almost began. Its

¹ Herodotus, ii. 177. In the reign of Amasis. Wilkinson, i. 180. Sharpe, Hist. Egypt.

² Lepsius, p. 281. Thebes was in its splendor about 1700 B.C.

¹ Wathen, Arts, etc., of Egypt, has excellent views of important points, p. 113, 122. The two Colossi at Thebes are fifty-three feet high.

² Briefe aus Ägypt, p. 103. In dem Juwel aller ägyptischen Prachtgebäude. Karnak is thought the grandest of all. See Smith, Nile, p. 249.

people lived in comparative quiet. The warrior caste ruled over its submissive inferiors, and the despotic kings wasted the lives of the teeming population in useless and fearful toils. Yet frequent festivals seem to have broken the dull monotony of Egyptian life. Often a general illumination lit up the sluggish river—lamps glowed in myriads of boats, every house was lighted, the temples shone with mysterious radiance, and the islands and the shores from Philæ to Memphis sparkled with votive lights that burned throughout the night. At the feast of Bubastis the Nile was covered with a procession of barges moving toward the sacred city. They were filled with men playing upon flutes, and women upon castanets. As they passed each familiar town they shouted, they sang, and the festival closed with a sacrificial banquet, at which, we are assured, more wine was consumed than throughout all the rest of the year.¹ Feasts, banquets, and revelry amused the leisure of the citizens of Thebes. Yet one strange luxury, we are told by the father of history, was customary at the entertainments of the wealthy. A small coffin was brought in at the close, containing the exact image of a dead body, and the guests were exhorted to drink and be cheerful, for life was soon over. Liberty of conscience seems to have prevailed. Some Egyptians worshiped the crocodile, others devoured him. The priestly caste admitted some divergence. Politeness was cultivated at Thebes. The young treated the old with constant respect; the citizens saluted each other when they met in the streets. Their dress was a linen tunic and a woolen cape. Neatness was an Egyptian trait, and their peculiar superstitions amused the satirists of antiquity. When a cat died in any house, all the family shaved their eyebrows; the sacred animal was embalmed and carried to the city of Bubastis. The priests of Isis abstained from wine and all animal food.² The inferior orders of life were looked upon with a tenderness that might have satisfied Francis of Assisi. Justice was spoken of and hospitality practiced in many a fair villa on the banks of the Nile.

Yet in the civic society of Thebes the idea of freedom seems to have had no place. Hereditary rulers and hereditary bondsmen sleep side by side in its tombs. From the sluggish atmosphere of Egyptian caste to the fresh impulses and liberal thought of Greece is a stride so vast as to astonish the observer, although fifteen centuries may have intervened between the founding of Karnak and the completion of the Parthenon. From Egypt the slow step of civilization passed on to Greece. A frontier station on the borders of barbarous Europe, Athens began its

wonderful career. The dull, material splendors of Babylon and Thebes were replaced by the immortal elegance of Attic genius. The city was at first, perhaps, a cluster of huts. It grew by rapid accretions. The various phases of political thought passed over it. A despotism was followed by a monarchy, the monarchy by the most progressive of republics; and the streets of Athens were filled by an acute and vigorous people, whose sentiments and whose occupations are almost repeated in the rising cities of Colorado or Nebraska.¹ All was enterprise and ceaseless movement. The traders of Athens planned adventurous voyages to the Euxine, and made great fortunes in the Crimea. Great companies were formed to colonize the West. The politicians of the progressive city taught human equality and personal independence. Pericles, in graceful strength, scoffed at the castes of Babylon and Thebes, and proclaimed a new era. Every man, he cried, at Athens is free; the humblest may aspire to the chief offices of the state. He forgot the foreigner and the slave; yet his assertion was a partial truth; and the fertile speculations of the Attic politicians have slowly sapped the vigor of feudalism, and covered with contempt that barbaric tyranny beneath which they had long slumbered half forgotten.

The conceptions of Pericles would have seemed base and ignoble at the court of Elizabeth; in the chambers of the Escorial they would have brought him to the stake; at the Versailles of Louis the Great they must have been neglected for the sonorous insincerity of Bossuet. They might be repeated in the cities of every modern republic; they would reflect the opinions of the party of progress; they are the protest of human nature against persecuting popes or selfish kings.

From the rude huts of the Acropolis grew up that fair and brilliant city, where learning and commerce advanced with not unequal pace, and where philosophy and genius were the offspring of freedom. Thebes aspired to gigantic grandeur, Athens to ever-living beauty. Egypt strove to produce huge fabrics that would defy the hand of time, Athens to create shapes of loveliness that earth should never forget. The giant grandeur of Karnak was softened into the deathless graces of the Parthenon. Colossi and sphinxes were exchanged for the intellectual forms of Praxiteles, the natural charms of Phidias. The Greek city has governed the taste of mankind, and later ages have learned to prefer the shattered columns of the temple of Pallas, or the faded sculptures of its artists, to the grand panorama of the Nile.² The moral pictures of Athens are no less immortal than its architecture: an orator per-

¹ Herodotus, ii. 60, 62.

² Charicles and Theogenes, lib. iii. The ancient novel has various particulars of Egyptian life.

¹ Athens was a Western town, a new station in the wilderness.

² The Parthenon remained nearly perfect until 1687, when it was shattered by Christian bombs.

ishing with the liberties of his native land, which had long been sustained by his eloquent tongue; an Aristides boasting an unspotted fame; a Phocion living and dying for his country; a Lyeurgus, the treasurer of Athens, whose accounts, so often audited, showed the perfection of official integrity; an Aristotle, a Plato, or a Socrates; a people forever lamenting, in their decay, the freedom that had given them honesty, courage, and self-respect.

The public buildings of Athens are all historical. The temples of Pericles, the gardens of Cimon, the walls, the porticoes, the Pnyx, and the Agora fill the imagination and awake the enthusiasm of freemen. The port, with its magnificent docks and piers, invited the trade of three continents. The mines, colonies, and distant trading posts, the manufactures and arts of the busy city, employed a prosperous population. But its houses were mean, its water came from brackish wells; no sewers nor aqueducts preserved the purity of its air, no broad highways penetrated to the interior; the rules of health were neglected, and the advantages of nature sacrificed to a stern economy. Exposed to powerful foes and constant dangers, exhausting the energy of its people in a fierce struggle for supremacy, it is wonderful that Athens so long survived, and was so long free. Spartan, Macedonian, Roman, barbarian, swept over the fair city. The home of early democracy sank into ruin, and at length, in the seventh century, it was deserted and desolate, and only bands of robbers from the neighboring mountains visited the silent streets where Demosthenes had spoken and Socrates taught.¹

We pass over the glories and the fall of Jerusalem, so familiar and so touching, to visit briefly the great commercial centre of antiquity. Seated far out amidst the western wilderness of Africa, Carthage in the course of four centuries became the most populous and magnificent of contemporary cities. Its population was probably greater than that of Rome; its walls, or rather its limits, were twenty-three miles in circumference; its commerce surpassed that of any other nation, and its great fleet of war vessels gave it an undisputed command of the Western seas. Tarentum, Etruria, and Syracuse, once its formidable rivals, had now lost their naval importance. Their ports were deserted, their fleets decayed; while the Carthaginian admirals patrolled the Mediterranean with their vast armaments, and even ventured, with a courage rare in that early age, to explore and colonize the dangerous coasts of the Atlantic.²

From its commerce, indeed, Carthage had

won its greatness. Its hardy sailors and adventurous captains left scarcely any portion of the known world unexplored. They coasted along the African shore until they reached the Gulf of Guinea; they sailed northward to the coasts of Britain and the amber marts of the Baltic; and wherever they landed they established a successful trade with the natives, and gained wealth and employment for their prosperous city.

Carthage itself, in its early origin, was probably a trading post founded for the convenience of Tyrian merchants.¹ It was built upon a peninsula projecting into the Mediterranean at the foot of the bay that lies between Cape Blanco and Cape Bon. A neck of land, about three miles in width, joined it to Africa, and on all other sides it was surrounded by the sea. To defend it, therefore, from an attack by land was easy, yet the Carthaginians were not satisfied with the common means of defense.² They built across the isthmus three walls of solid and careful construction. Each wall was forty-five feet high and thirty wide. At regular intervals towers were erected, rising in two stories above the top of the wall; the foundations were thirty feet deep. By a novel provision the walls and towers were formed into a kind of barracks. The foundations were vaulted, and each of the three walls, being hollow, was divided into chambers or lodgings for twenty thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, besides affording stabling for four thousand horses and three hundred elephants. The vaults were filled with provisions and the implements of war, and thus the walls of Carthage were both magazines of arms and lodging-houses for the soldier. A ditch ran across the isthmus; a single wall defended the city along the sea.

The Byrsa, or citadel, stood upon a lofty hill;³ a throng of temples, rich with the varied traits of Greek and Tyrian architecture, crowned every eminence; the streets were lined with massive houses three or four stories high; the wealth of the world was lavished in decorating the homes of the Punic traders. But the most remarkable of all their labors was the Cothon, the famous port of Carthage. Beneath the waves of the desolate shore may still be seen the stone piers, jetties, sea-walls, and various costly appliances by which the skillful merchants invited the commerce of the world. On the eastern side of the peninsula two long walls or piers reaching into the sea inclosed a double harbor.⁴ The outer port was used

¹ Bötticher, *Ges. der Carthager*, p. 41.

¹ Hettner, *Athens*, p. 21-27. Perhaps some feeble native population remained.

² The famous voyages of Hanno to the land of the gorillas, of Himilco to the coast of Britain, are the first steps in the annals of discovery.

² Appian, viii. 95. The researches of Davis, Perry, and Beulé have defined the position of Carthage with some certainty.

³ The site of the Byrsa is still disputed. See Davis, *Carthage and her Remains*, 102 *et seq.*

⁴ Dureau de la Malle, *Res.*, p. 15. Appian, viii. 96.

for commercial purposes. Around it were placed lodging-houses for sailors, and probably warehouses for the reception of goods. The inner harbor, a smaller basin, was the navy-yard of Carthage. In its midst was an island which had been converted into a ship-yard as well as a naval dépôt. Around the island ran on all sides a range of huge docks or quays, containing ship-houses, in which the war galleys were placed when not in use. These covered rooms, intended to protect the vessels from the weather, were each supported in front by two Ionic columns of marble, and thus formed a magnificent colonnade around the island. A second and similar row of columns rose in regular order above the first, forming the front of a series of workshops, store-houses, and other receptacles provided for the building or repair of the ships. In the centre of the island, crowning the range of marble galleries, stood the palace of the chief admiral—a building, no doubt, in keeping with the rest of this costly naval yard. From his elevated post in the midst of his fleet the admiral issued his orders by the sound of a trumpet, controlled the movements of the vessels and their commanders, and kept a vigilant watch over the countless galleys that entered the outer harbor from the various ports of the Mediterranean.¹

Not only the island in its midst, but the whole circumference of the naval harbor, was lined with a similar series of marble columns, two stories in height, containing a row of ship-houses, with the workshops for ship-building above; and it is estimated that two hundred and twenty vessels could be contained at once in these various receptacles. We may easily, therefore, conceive the splendor and convenience of the Carthaginian port.² Its regularity and neatness; its magnificent colonnade, resembling the front of an enormous temple, and decorated by the art of the most skillful workmen; the island surmounted by its range of palaces; the countless vessels; the throngs of practiced sailors; the eminent commanders, tried in many a successful contest with the Etruscan or the Greek—must have given to the observer a distinct conception of the wealth and power of Carthage. But the jealous Carthaginians seldom permitted a stranger to enter their naval harbor. High walls separated it from the mercantile port; heavy gates closed its narrow entrance; and while the admiral from his lofty castle observed all that passed in the outer harbor, and could even distinguish vessels approaching far out at sea, the merchant, as he entered,

saw only a lofty wall, a range of warehouses, and the stately city rising beyond.

Carthage, more than any of its ancient rivals, resembled a modern metropolis. It was governed by its wealthy merchants, and they are admitted by the acute Aristotle to have governed well. Its enormous revenues arose chiefly from its customs. Its tariff supported its vast outlay, and satisfied the demands of avaricious Rome.¹ Its bills of exchange—small strips of leather stamped with its seal—passed current through all the marts of trade. The Carthaginian merchants, Polybius relates, accumulated their great fortunes by purchasing in the cheapest markets and selling in the dearest. Yet the love of gain was the reproach and, at length, the ruin of the great metropolis. Nothing, it was said, that is profitable is dishonorable at Carthage. Its chief offices were sold to the highest bidder. Its moral vigor sank beneath the corrupt example of the wealthier class. In a vain effort to crush the rising power of Rome, the Carthaginian merchants discovered that honor, integrity, and patriotism were stronger than hoards of gold; and the great city perished in the contest with the stern republicans, who yet remembered and cultivated the austere virtues of their ancestors.

Scarcely a trace of the fallen city can be seen on its ancient seat. The famous port lies hidden beneath the waves and the sands. A range of countless tombs carved in the rock indicates the last resting-place of the Mago and the Hannos. Careful observers profess to have discovered the foundations of the Byrsa, and some trace of that solemn shrine of Moloch where the Punic mothers, victims of a horrible superstition, were forced to cast their infants, with an assumed smile, into the fiery furnace of the Syrian god. An aqueduct of huge proportions, sixty miles in length, still spans the African plain.² Its arches are often eighty feet high; a man can walk erect through its water-course; its stream still flows—perhaps the same that more than twenty centuries ago filled the vast cisterns of Carthage, and covered with rich and varied foliage the gardens of the Megara and the stately villas that lined the Punic sea. But commerce refuses to revisit its early home, and the gold of the Punic traders, for which they sold their honor, has perished with them.

Rome, in its fortunate period, represents the highest form of civic architecture—its broad streets and highways, its aqueducts and drainage, the splendors of its Forum and the convenience of its baths, long excited the wonder and the envy of the barbarous capitals of Europe. When its population was

The docks and piers of Carthage may afford some useful suggestions to the harbor-builders of our own time.

¹ De la Malle, p. 16. Appian, viii. 96.

² Perry, Carthage, p. 439, note, traces the Cothon and the piers beneath the waves.

¹ Hannibal paid the Roman indemnity from the port dues.

² Davis thinks the aqueduct Punic, p. 363; others think it a Roman work. It has lately been repaired.

still small an Etruscan king built the vast Cloaca, whose broad channel still drains the Forum and the ancient city.¹ Among the first labors of the early republic was a costly aqueduct and a road whose singular excellence has never been surpassed. The progress of the nation was marked by a constant accession to the conveniences of the city; consuls, dictators, or emperors united in perfecting their capital; the roads spread out into a wonderful net-work of communication that made a smooth and easy journey from London to Jerusalem; rivers of water poured through fourteen channels into the fountains and palaces of Rome. The practical Romans studied the useful; they imitated the highways of Babylon and the harbors of Egypt; the people claimed the attention of their rulers, and, to gratify the people, Rome was made the most convenient of cities. Sphinxes, obelisks, and pyramids had been the amusement of kings; parks and gardens, fountains and baths, the fearful Colosseum and the corrupting theatre, were created to pacify the multitude that had not yet forgotten that its ancestors were free.

The Roman road is still one of the unequaled wonders of the past. The Greek traveler who landed at Brundisium saw before him "the queen of highways." A broad street, paved with stone, wide enough for two chariots to ride abreast, opened a straight path, more than two hundred miles in length, to Capua. On each side ran a raised foot-path.² The pavement was so smooth as scarcely to disturb the traveler's repose. Mile-stones marked the distances, and public offices and stations rose constantly upon the view. Taverns, with conspicuous signs of beast or bird, offered cheap refreshment to the poorer classes; the noble or the wealthy usually carried their provisions with them, or sought the hospitality of some friend whose villa lay hidden in its groves along the public way. An incessant throng of wagons and litters, of foot-passengers and vagrants, of soldiers marching to their distant stations and high officials followed by a train of attendants, filled the broad pavement;³ yet its firm foundations survived the travel of ages, and the Roman road may still be traced in the wilds of Scotland and the plains of Gaul. From Capua the Appian Way passed on to Rome. It cut through hills and bridged ravines; it was kept in perfect repair; it became the model of a chain of communication that bound the subject prov-

inces to the capital; and until the recent railway outstripped the ancient method, no modern engineer had equaled the invention of the Roman censor.¹

From Petrarch to Irving, from Hampden to Politian, republicans have ever studied with natural interest those imposing ruins amidst which Roman freedom lies buried, and have listened with hope to the debates of the Forum and the eloquence of a Gracchus. Rome became the central seat of Western progress. Its broad highways carried the immortal idea into the wilderness of Europe. The examples of the Catos and Fabricius, the eloquent visions of Cicero and Tacitus, have survived the fall of feudalism, and are more lasting than the Colosseum; and the fate of Roman freedom is the most important study of mankind. The labors of countless enthusiasts have made it easy to reconstruct the splendors of the fallen city. The Capitoline temple, roofed with gold and rich with varied sculpture, looks southward from its sacred hill; below spreads the narrow Forum, encircled by all the glories of a decaying architecture; the Palatine is covered with a palace whose endless decorations exhausted the riches of the world. Baths, lustrous with marble of rare tints and statues torn from the fallen shrines of Greece, invite their luxurious throngs; the Pantheon lifts its majestic dome; the Colosseum opens its boundless range of seats; the chariots rush along the Circus Maximus; shops, gleaming with priceless luxuries, are filled with wealthy purchasers; the fountains play amidst their blooming gardens; and mankind is dazzled by the fatal magnificence of Rome. Freedom died amidst its splendid scenery, and was buried in its gorgeous tomb.

It is easy for the modern republican to imagine a picture grander than any thing imperial Rome could show. A modest school-house in some tranquil village—with shade, neatness, quiet; teaching industry to the children of the poor, moderation to the children of the rich; defining human equality, and educating its supporters—is the emblem of a mightier power than the palace of the Cæsars, and the link in an immortal chain. But Rome could not forever outlive its freedom. It gave birth to a noble but imperfect conception, and then perished. In the midst of its corrupt splendors its people trembled before some mysterious but impending woe. Satirists, historians, and poets anticipated the ruin of their guilty city, and vainly sought to foretell the source from whence was to come the fatal blow.

¹ A million of dollars was once required for the repairs of the sewers. The cost exceeds any modern outlay.

² Dr. Forbiger, *Hellas und Rom*, i. 2, describes the journey from Brundisium. His narrative is a purer picture than Becker's. We need not suppose every young Roman a Gallus.

³ *Hellas und Rom*, i. 4. The beds of the inns were stuffed with reeds instead of down (Pliny, xvi. 36), the food plain; see p. 42, note.

¹ In security to life the ancient road has a plain advantage over the more rapid but careless method of travel of the modern. Our engineers skirt the brink of a precipice or the bed of a rapid stream with nothing to separate from the abyss or the waters but a feeble rail.

At length the German race from its teeming forests overflowed the Alps, and Alaric stood before the gates of Rome.¹ The night attack, the terror of the helpless citizens, the barbarians rushing onward by the flames of the finest quarters, the sack of the richest palaces, the countless slaves, the boundless plunder, the sudden ruin of the metropolis of mankind, so often told with vigorous accuracy, still awaken a mournful interest. The yet more effective ravages of the Vandal chief left Rome a desolate waste;² senators and nobles, priests and people, were toiling as slaves in the hot plains of Africa, were sold in barbarous villages, or perished in miserable bondage. The immense aqueducts still poured their rivers into the fallen city; the fountains played, the gardens bloomed; the hand of the barbarian had spared the Pantheon, the Colosseum, and the throng of baths and temples; but the scanty population wandered dejected amidst the magnificent solitude, and from the close of the fifth century a slow decay consumed the lingering grandeur of Rome.

Upon this mournful but instructive spectacle the barbarous capitals of the Middle Ages gazed with idle curiosity. Charlemagne alone attempted to revive the conveniences of the fallen city in the palaces, baths, and schools of Aix-la-Chapelle. But with his death the arts decayed, and even the memory of the Roman inventions seemed to pass away. The cities that grew up on the banks of the Rhine, the Seine, or the Thames were collections of miserable hovels clustered around a gloomy castle or a cathedral whose useless and barbarous splendors had exhausted the earnings of an impoverished people. Instead of broad and well-paved streets lined with stately houses, London and Paris possessed only a maze of filthy lanes haunted by perpetual pestilence and fever, and ranges of wooden buildings blackened by the smoke of a chimneyless fire, and foul with the odors of an undrained city. In England the necessary fire was kindled in an excavation in the floor of the chief room, and was extinguished, at the sound of the curfew-bell, by drawing over it a wooden cover. Aqueducts, baths, and fountains were forgotten; the conception of personal cleanliness and refinement was lost. Neatness was never one of the chivalric virtues, and the castles of the barbarous knights often resembled the lairs of wild beasts.³

Yet still, through all this period of barbarism, the ruins of Rome might have instruct-

ed the feudal chiefs. Some of the aqueducts still fed the fountains of the Forum; the great Cloaca was yet perfect; the Roman roads, slowly decaying, afforded an easy means of communication; the streets of Rome were broad, well paved, and accessible. But the savage Europeans were content to admire without imitating the wonders of the past; and when knowledge began to soften the warlike taste of knights and kings, they wasted their revenues in costly palaces and luxurious gardens, but left their capitals without an aqueduct¹ or a sewer. It is only in a recent period that the European cities have learned to adopt the measures of health or of safety so early in use at Rome, that the welfare of the people has been cared for, and the Cloaca of Tarquin and the inventions of Appius are slowly revived in London and Paris.

In the sixth century Rome was left almost as desolate as Babylon or Palmyra. At one moment only five hundred, at another not a single inhabitant, is said to have been left amidst its majestic ruins.² Time and decay had not yet destroyed its grandeur. There were the triumphal arches and the obelisks; the matchless Capitol; the broad highways,³ once thronged by the conquerors of mankind; the palaces shorn of their decorations; the endless ranges of baths and porticoes; the silent Forum; the magnificent waste of the Campus Martius, where generations of free citizens had exercised their right of suffrage; and the lofty halls that had once resounded with the eloquence of Cicero and the vigorous appeals of the friends of human progress. Slowly a feeble population returned to inhabit the fallen city. The labor of destruction now began. The popes consumed the marble and the stone of the ancient buildings in constructing churches or palaces;⁴ the fairest statues and the noblest columns were melted into lime; the Colosseum was transformed into a fortress; the tomb of Hadrian into a citadel. Yet many centuries were required to complete the ruin of Rome, and around its lingering fragments the ardent antiquarian may still revive the picture of the lost metropolis.

In the mean time a rich and novel style of city building was exhibited by the industrious Saracens. Rome, Thebes, and Carthage were succeeded by Bagdad, Cairo, and Cordova, and for several centuries the Semitic Arabs revived the glories of Phœnicia and Assyria. Toward the close of the eighth century the house of Abbas founded on the banks

¹ Gregorovius, *Rom im Mittelalter*, begins his narrative of the fall of Rome with the year 410, but it is probable that the decline of the city had already commenced. The temples were closed, the images broken. Claudian, VI. Com., 35-53. See Gibbon, c. 36.

² Procopius, *De Bell. Vand.*, i. 2-5.

³ The floors were strewn with the fragments of feasts, and with rushes for carpets, etc.

¹ In the reign of Henry VII. Princess Katherine could not drink English water. It was thought dangerous for her. State Papers, Simancas, Hen. VII.

² Procopius, *Bell. Goth.*, iii. 20-22. Marcellon, *Chron.*

³ Nero made the streets of his new city very wide, and lined them with porticoes, *Ticinus, Ann.*, 15; the oldest streets were narrow.

⁴ Gregorovius, *Rom im Mittelalter*.

of the Tigris the metropolis of the Mohammedan faith. Bagdad arose in the midst of a scene filled with the fame of ruined cities. Not far off was Babylon, still faintly traced out on its desolate plain, the stone pictures of Nineveh; and the palaces of Seleucia; closer still were the lofty towers of Meydeh. The fallen cities, it is said, were rifled to complete the grandeur of the sacred capital; the Saracen preyed upon the last labors of the Assyrians, and the wealth of the Moslem world and of the conquered Christians was employed in providing a proper home for the vicegerent of Heaven. Mohammedan writers labor with vain epithets to paint the splendor of Bagdad when, under the vigorous rule of Haroun-al-Raschid and his vizier, Jaffier, it suddenly outstripped in prosperity and holiness all earthly cities. It was the central shrine of the Moslem faith. The Commander of the Faithful ruled over its people. The power of Haroun was felt in distant Spain and on the banks of the Indus; the Tigris once more labored beneath the commerce of mankind; the merchants of Egypt and of India met in the bazars of Bagdad; the Christian and the fire-worshipper, the Brahmin and the Jew, filled its prosperous streets.¹

It is not probable, therefore, that the Arab accounts are greatly exaggerated. Bagdad possessed a powerful citadel, a circle of lofty walls, a royal palace on the Tigris whose endless halls were adorned with all the graces of Saracenic architecture, and mosques of unequaled splendor. It was the most populous city of an age when Rome was a half-deserted ruin, when London and Paris were barbarous towns, and Charlemagne was vainly striving to make his capital, in the wilderness of Flanders, a centre of Western progress. The humane spirit of early Mohammedanism had filled Bagdad with hospitals, dispensaries, and edifices of public charity. The private houses of its wealthy merchants were adorned with marble and gold. The graceful court was filled with fountains; rich hangings of silk and velvet covered the lofty walls. Divans of satin and tables of costly workmanship, the richest fruits and flowers, and the rarest wines and viands, set off those costly banquets at which the degenerate descendants of Mohammed delighted to violate every principle of their austere law.

But still more remarkable was the intellectual position of the Eastern capital. The renown of Babylon or Nineveh had been altogether material; the children of the desert surrounded themselves with all the refinements of literature and the arts. The wealthy Arabs were educated in poetry, music, and the languages; common schools were pro-

vided, at which the humblest citizen might learn to read and write with accuracy the favorite precepts of the Koran. Colleges, taught by professors of eminent attainments, drew in throngs of students. Libraries, enriched by the spoils of Greek and Roman thought, teeming with countless volumes, awoke a boundless ardor for letters. The Arab annals¹ abound with notices of famous scholars, renowned in every land where the Arabic was spoken; of poets, historians, and men of science who had charmed the advancing intellect of the children of the Arabian sands. The caliphs of Bagdad were as eager to discover a lost manuscript or to enlarge their well-stored libraries as Cosmo or Lorenzo; the Petrarchs and Boccaccios of the Mohammedan capital were rewarded with useful bounty, and were the friends of princes and emirs. Bagdad became the centre of a vigorous mental progress whose impulse was at length felt in all the barbarous capitals of Christendom.

Haroun-al-Raschid was the most famous and the most powerful of all earthly potentates; the feeble emperors of Constantinople trembled before his swift vengeance, and Charlemagne, the master of Europe, was glad to be called his friend.² Yet the Commander of the Faithful had all the vices of a despot. Every night he abandoned himself to indulgence in wine, and his mad frolics and unsparing cruelty filled Bagdad with terror or disgust. Jaffier, the friend of his youth, the favorite hero of the Arabian tale, and Mesrour, the chief of eunuchs, were the companions of his orgies and the instruments of his pleasures; but tradition has thrown a softening shade of humor and of generosity over the wild and cruel freaks that marked their nightly wanderings through the streets of the sleeping city.³ It is difficult to believe that the gracious caliph who pardoned Zobeide, restored the three Calenders to their thrones, spared Sheik Ibrahim, or rewarded the poor fisherman was not always magnanimous and just. But history has preserved the sterner traits of his character. His cruelty grew with his age; he fled from the murmurs of polished Bagdad. No one who has followed through the gay fictions of the "Thousand Nights" the pleasant adventures of Haroun and the prudent Jaffier but will rank with Nero and Caligula the suspicious tyrant who could not spare even his friend. The caliph learned to hate or fear his vizier: one night he drank deeper than usual; he summoned Mesrour, and said, "Go and bring me the head of Jaffier." Mesrour, astonished, yet hastened to obey. He found Jaffier in his chamber, and told him his purpose. The

¹ Benjamin of Tudela in the twelfth century celebrates the splendors of Bagdad, i. 98. Marco Polo notices its manufactures of rich stuffs and gold brocade in the thirteenth.

² Abulfeda, xi. p. 51-75.

³ The intercourse of Haroun and Charlemagne must have made the Europeans acquainted with the arts and civilization of the Arabs.

³ Price, Hist. Moham. Empire, ii. 42 et seq.

vizier persuaded him to return to the caliph to ask him if he had not spoken in jest. "I will hear nothing," cried the Commander of the Faithful, in his mad debauch, "until you bring me the head of Jaffier." He was obeyed, and Mesrour laid the ghastly trophy at Haroun's feet.¹ A succession of infallible caliphs, as corrupt and cruel as their contemporaries and rivals, the infallible popes at Rome, destroyed the prosperity of Bagdad, and prepared the ruin of the caliphate. But the example of the Eastern capital was imitated in all the tropic lands of the Arabs, and from the Indus to the Tagus sprang up a chain of Moslem cities, gay with groves and fountains, filled with industry and intellect, and adorned with that light but enduring style of architecture that had supplanted Theban grandeur and Grecian taste. In India, the palaces of Delhi and the tombs of Shah Jehan are among the most beautiful of the remains of civic embellishment.² Strewn over the northern shores of Africa are the traces of the ceaseless industry of the Mohammedan architects. Spain abounds with Moorish remains. The Alcazar of Seville and the mosque of Cordova still preserve their orange groves and glittering fountains, their forests of delicate columns and their painted courts. Nearly four centuries of neglect and decay have rolled almost in vain over the matchless charms of the Alhambra; its stuccoed walls and delicate shafts still rise on a lofty eminence above the city of Granada;³ the singular beauties of the Court of the Lions, whose fountains still glitter in the moonlight, have been made immortal by the appropriate style of Irving.

Such were some of the traits of ancient civic architecture. Of the moral characteristics of the early cities we should be glad to know more; how the quiet course of domestic life glided on beneath the walls of Karnak and the tower of Belus; what virtues were prized; what joys or sorrows disturbed the current of existence. How far the modern city excels the ancient in good order or tranquillity is difficult to determine. Yet some indications of moral progress may be discovered. The corruption of Babylon and Thebes was followed, after the lapse of centuries, by the higher culture of Greece. Athens taught humanity. No gladiatorial shows nor human sacrifices were permitted by its progressive people. Demosthenes boasted that his life had been passed in the service of his native city, and in a constant effort to win the esteem of his fellow-citizens; Pericles, that no Athenian had ever suffered by his fault. Benevolence and

charity were cultivated in all the Greek cities. The name of Gillias of Agrigentum is preserved, whose immense fortune was wholly employed in aiding the indigent and providing for the welfare of others: the Coutts or Peabody of antiquity.¹

Integrity was prized as the chief of civic virtues. To make profit from a public office was an unpardonable crime. Pericles boasted that he had never increased his moderate inheritance by a single drachma through all his long tenure of office. Aristides was known as the Uncorrupt. In the purer days of Rome the great lived in poverty, and Fabricius cooked his own simple fare. Cato was so careful of his honor that he weighed and accounted for all the gold he brought from the East. Regulus, rather than violate an oath, went back cheerfully to slavery and death, leaving his family dependent on charity. Of all the plunder of wealthy Carthage he took nothing. Horace has painted, in the grandest of his lyrics, the man of conscious integrity, who, intent on some noble aim, defies the rage of tyrants or the clamors of the people. Juvenal and Tacitus, in deathless satires, hold up to a degenerate age the rigor of ancient honesty. Lycurgus was for twelve years the controller of Athens in its last decline. Millions of revenue passed through his hands, yet every fourth year his accounts were audited, and were found to be rigidly correct. At length, when he was dying, he demanded a new examination. The auditors reviewed his long career; his accounts were again declared to be perfectly accurate; they were engraved on marble tablets, and the Athenian controller died happy in the approval of his own conscience and of his native city.² Fragments of the marble tablets, it is said, have been discovered at Athens, and might prove instructive models for modern financiers.

Our review of the inventions of the past leads us naturally to inquire whether an eclectic city might not be constructed that should combine the conveniences of the fallen capitals without their defects, and which might prove as lasting as Thebes, as well supplied with parks and gardens as Babylon. Utopias abound. It was a favorite speculation with the acute Greeks to invent a civic community whose architecture should afford comfortable homes for all its people, and whose laws might secure universal content. The art of city-building is of slow growth. Rome profited by the improvement of ages; Carthage imitated the commercial inventions of Tyre; and it is possible that in the wilds of Montana or on the banks of the Gila

¹ Haroun died 809. Jaffier was beheaded 803. Abulfeda, ii. 81.

² Ferguson, Arch., i. 416.

³ Lady Tennyson, Spain, p. 63-66, describes the Court of Lions, the lace-like tracery, the fragile columns, and pigmy lions.

¹ Ergo quod Gillias possidebat omnium quasi commune patrimonium erat. Valerius Max., iv. 8, Ex. 2. The idea of liberality was at least familiar to Romans and Greeks.

² Thirlwall, Hist. Greece, vii. Boeckh., Pub. Econ. Athens, i. p. 183, 269.

the eclectic city may yet arise. The delicate and fanciful architecture of the Saracens, the massive strength of the Egyptian, the simple grace of Athens, might be employed in building homes rather than palaces or temples. The people of another century may construct, upon the principle of co-operation, edifices for a common residence that shall combine the advantages and the luxuries once appropriated to the selfish gratification of kings and nobles. A republican simplicity, we may trust, will rest upon the city of the future. The barbaric extravagance of feudal courts, the fatal splendors of a Paris, may well awaken the disgust of freemen; and it was a happy expedient of a civic legislator of Greece to clothe his convicts in purple and precious stones, and to teach the children of his schools to reject any decorations but those of modesty, neatness, and good sense.

The rivers, the lakes, the cities of the New World have no equals in the Old. A fair and temperate climate, a healthful air, are the sure pledges of moral and mental progress. No one would venture to compare the plague-stricken Nile or the tepid Euphrates with the Hudson or the Delaware, the finest ports of the Mediterranean with the healthful water-courses from Ontario to Superior. If honesty and public virtue can be made the ruling traits of our cities; if we cease to yield to the rising tide of foreign ignorance and brutality that seems ready to overwhelm us; if the politics and morals of the most degraded portions of Europe can be purified before they govern us; if we no longer select our civic rulers from Tipperary, or our spiritual masters from the vicious cohorts of the pope—we may safely affirm that the commercial centres of the New World will win a lasting prosperity from their shining rivers and their tranquil lakes.

THE EXPERIENCE OF FELIX PANTON.

I ESTEEM myself an overprudent man, as a rule; skeptical, too, and not easily won into a misplaced confidence; yet I have at odd times, I feel bound to confess, been grievously taken in. Once in manner and form following—to wit: weakly yielding to the prevailing mania for getting something for nothing, I invested a small sum (yet all too much) at a sale of "unclaimed baggage," by a certain express company. Now this company, like unto its fellows, having reduced this branch of commerce to an exact science, prevailed mightily against those ardent and simple-minded ones who did briskly bid against fate in hope of a prize. I fared not better than my compeers. My venture was a flat failure financially, but I have thought to soothe my disappointment by giving to the world the secondary consequence thereof, which is the subjoined nar-

rative. My purchase was a small box, cunningly wrought out of a nameless wood, very shiny, interesting, and altogether plausible in its appearance. I thought surely it was a valuable waif from somebody's baggage, but on opening it I found it filled with odd remnants of household trash, such as are usually found on the shelf in the closet under the stairs. There were some dull letters, two worn rings, a crooked shirt stud, an old, banged, silver thimble, etc., etc.; but the relic of interest was a small pocket diary, with "Felix Panton" written on the fly-leaf. This latter, upon perusal, appeared to me to have a refreshing flavor of romance in and about it. I have, therefore, strung the incidents together, of course not without some amplification and addition to the meagre text. I preserve the first person as I find it in the original, because I do not wish to be responsible for any of Felix Panton's nonsense, though this course compels me to resign the glory accruing from my own additions. Should this history meet Mr. Panton's eye, I hope he will be pleased and satisfied with it. I assure him it is essentially correct, according to his diary, and I trust he will not fly into a dudgeon and send notes to the papers if I happen to make a trifling mistake in geography or chronology in filling up the gaps in his narrative.

The date of the first entry is St. Louis, October 1, 1860, and the following is the substance of the things set forth from day to day:

Three weeks ago I, Felix Panton, left my home in Baltimore, with a fair education, a slender purse, and no experience, inflamed with a mighty zeal to strike for self-support, at least, and, peradventure, fortune. At first I was easy and rather defiant, having a crude but vigorous belief in destiny, and deeming success a prerogative of my birth; then I was startled to find an infinite host far more clamorous and aggressive than I, one of whom always stepped in before me whenever by chance I discovered a possible opening. And so, still westward faring, I wandered from one city to another, my purse shrinking with fearful rapidity, distress and doubt beginning to tug at my heart, making continual discoveries in the realm of human nature, and meeting continual disappointments, and at last arrived in St. Louis, and lodged in the hall room in the third story of a boarding-house. I was rapidly verging toward absolute bankruptcy. I occupied my few remaining solvent days in a last resolute but, in my circumstances, perfectly hopeless search for employment.

To me all the world was divided into two great classes, the Ins and the Outs, and, ah me! how strongly marked was the division line between them! I wandered vacantly along the streets—one of the seedy

host of the Outs, with nothing to do, scarcely fit for any service could I find a situation—with a despondent, crushing, cringing sense of helplessness clinging to me. I marked this one and that of the Outs, and wondered, poor devil! what he would do when pressed a little harder. I knew him the moment I saw him. A poor man with a small stipend may have a seedy coat or a patched boot, but he has not the air of desertion and extremity peculiar to the regular Out. He has a nucleus of possessions somewhere—is not afraid of being turned into the street—I know it; his step shows it. Not so the Out. *His* boots may be fine, but the soles are very thin, and his great toe is pushing remorselessly through the thin, worn cap of leather that now conceals it from the public gaze. In a week if it is dry, in three days if it is wet—this he feels in his soul—a little hole will make its appearance, and enlarge with frightful rapidity. A hole in his boot will demoralize any man. It is galling to the well-to-do; to the Out it is simply crushing, because for him there is no escape from the infamy of an unmasked great toe. His coat, too, look you, hangs upon him in a state of limp and apologetical decay. “No income!” is placarded all over the wretch. I analyze him, pity him, escape from him. He is too familiar, too much like myself.

But whist! There comes a full, dapper fellow, with a bouncing step, the very atmosphere about him flaunting “regular salary” in my face. His new hat and solid boots, and napped and nobby clothes, which wrinkle about him with a crisp, luscious appearance of newness, comfort, and plenty, all proclaim him one of the Ins. Two weeks ago he may have been one of the Outs, as doleful as myself, studying with languid curiosity the varying aspects of the different members of his own species. But already his tortures are forgotten, the line is obliterated; *he* does not now wonder who are the Ins and who the Outs. He is busy, is employed and paid, and is happy; at least he seems so to me.

I returned sadly to my boarding-house, enjoying by the way as much as possible of that beautiful soft day in the late September. Those days in the latitude of St. Louis, to those who are busy and happy and hopeful, are they not halcyon? But as for me, I now saw but a small space between myself and want. “There is no hope for me here in St. Louis,” I resolved, “at least none that I can see, and I must leave the place.” After revolving many desperate schemes, I finally rested on the resolution to go into the country and teach school. “I will start tomorrow, and not stop till I have found a school, or, failing that, a situation in some kind-hearted farmer’s corn field.” Fortified by this resolution, which seemed to me al-

most like a hopeful discovery, I slept that night right peacefully. The next morning I stepped into a bus in front of the Planters’ House, which (the bus, not the hotel) rattled, with many a bump, down a narrow French street, debouched upon the levee with a flourish, rushed with a clatter and a tremendous thump on one of the boats of the Wiggins Ferry Company. We struggled up the levee at East St. Louis—a place forever doomed to be scaked and drowned in a flood and cloud of dust, which covers the wharf and streets inches deep. The feet of the horses strike into it with an explosive thud, and the black, dense, floury stuff bursts in spurts from under their hoofs. The engine pulled out over the bridge and causeway and trestle, and shortly brought me to the terminus of the very brief railway extending from East St. Louis to Belleville, Illinois. The public schools here had opened weeks before, and every situation was full. What next? Manifestly nothing but a bold plunge into the Boeotian region to the southward of Belleville, in search of an odd district where accident had delayed the completion of winter arrangements. At number one they had already engaged a teacher, but they thought at number two, which was away over yonder, approachable only over many hills and through many crooked lanes, there was still a vacancy. But number two had secured a teacher yesterday. I was referred to number three, which had been similarly snapped up, and number four, and all the rest, till at last I found my hopes realized in number seventeen. They had determined to tear down the old school-house and build a new one, but the project fell through because the neighbor who was to furnish the brick did not burn his kiln. So, at a late day, it was determined to have a winter school, and, happily, I arrived just in the nick of time. Where there was so little choice, it was a matter of small difficulty to strike a bargain. Alf Burnet, a solid, broad-shouldered man, with a square jaw, a keen eye, and face not unkind, conducted the negotiations on the part of the directors, and, because there was no other eligible place, took me into his house as a boarder, and furnished me a small room for my own use.

This was quite a luxury for the pedagogue of that district, who had heretofore been accustomed to “board around.” Number seventeen was an unsuspected corner of the earth away down in Randolph County, and lay partly on the bluff which fronted the Mississippi River, and partly in the great “American Bottom,” which stretches from the bluff to the river, some eight miles distant. Near the geographical centre of the district, where the hills were most crumpled, previous to their abrupt termination in the bluff, equally accessible—rather, equally inaccessible—to the people in the bottom and

the people on the hills, sat the wind-blown skeleton of logs which was to serve once more the purpose of a school-house. Low, old, squat, like a monster toad, it clung to the hill-side, looking out from among its overshadowing oaks toward the distant Mississippi hills, at whose base lay the ancient, quaint, sleepy, French-German village of St. Genevieve. On the hither side of the Mississippi, concealed from view by a curve of the bluff, was the still more ancient, quaint, and Frenchy village of Prairie du Rocher, which was my post-office.

I discharged my duties as pedagogue with tolerable satisfaction to my exacting constituents, but with a growing conviction that I was out of my sphere, and with many vows never to return to the vocation when once relieved from this engagement. However, I had my pleasures. Every Saturday brought me a glorious ride on Bug, or an exciting hunt on the "Common." The "Common" was a tract ten miles square, an old French grant to the village of Prairie du Rocher, the title being inalienable in the village. As it could not be sold, it remained unoccupied, and the natural result was to make of it a sort of game preserve, wherein the wild-cats and wolves found shelter, and maintained a vigorous existence long after they had been expelled from the surrounding farms. "Bug" was Burnet's mettlesome, fleet roan mare—a clean-limbed, fine-bred creature, possessed of all equine virtues and graces. His squirrel rifle was equally excellent and pretty. The stock was nicely inlaid with silver, and the long steel barrel balanced beautifully when brought to an off-hand rest. Only it behaved curiously at first—had a stubborn propensity to wobble and go off prematurely. The squirrels in that neighborhood were used to having their heads shot off without any botch-work or foolishness, and consequently my advent among them raised a great commotion, inasmuch as they never knew whether my plan was to aim at the head or the tail or the whole broadside. I was as like to hit one as the other, and almost as likely to hit a totally different squirrel as the one I was aiming at. However, industrious practice brought proficiency, and I shortly grew so expert that when I drew a bead my quarry was really exposed to deadly harm.

One blustery Saturday in November I had wandered for several hours on the Common without bagging any thing better than a simple-minded rabbit that sat blinking at me from the depths of a blackberry thicket. At last I came to a favorite pond or lakelet which lay at the bottom of a deep circular depression. Hitherto its sedgy edges had seldom failed to furnish a shot. Sometimes it was a little bunch of teal floating demurely in a nook, sometimes a fox stealing smartly along in search of feathered game, and

now and then a wolf or a deer rewarded a long and patient moonlight vigil. Creeping softly through the dense, dry grass, I peeped from the brow of the ridge down upon the still, glassy pool, and found it occupied by a solitary tenant. A plump, heavy mallard floated near the opposite side, his gorgeous green head tucked partly under his wing, alone, asleep. I esteemed the game mine already, and saw him, in fancy, emerging from the oven, a brown, garnished roast, the most excellent and savory of ducks. I was deliberately bringing my rifle to bear, when, piff! came a puff of smoke and the whistling crack of a rifle from behind a bush not far from the opposite margin of the pond. There was a splutter for a moment, and then I saw my expected roast floating, as dead ducks will do, with his full satin breast and broad feet in the air. I lay still, being anxious to see who had so cleverly forestalled me. The marksman, who was a girl, and looked to be nineteen—maybe twenty—sprang from her cover and ran eagerly to the edge of the pond. She placed one foot—a neat one, I thought—cased in a substantial hunting boot, on a root which jutted out over the water, and reaching forward with the ramrod of her gun, twisted the end of it among the feathers and dextrously flung her game upon the bank. It was a pretty shot (the duck's head was nearly off), and a nice take, and she knew it and was proud of it. She stroked his glossy feathers, weighed him, held him up before her, then threw him down to reload. Her dress appeared to me to be singularly suitable and comfortable, and had an air of refinement which I was not used to see in the Burnet neighborhood. It was a suit of heavy cloth, without any absurd attachments to cumber her progress or tangle in the brush. The skirt fell a little below her ankle, and the whole neat attire clung gracefully about a person as compact, as elegant, and genuine as itself. Here is a fine huntress indeed, thought I, who is neither a squaw nor an Amazon, but a sweet-faced, handsome girl, who can fire a rifle without blenching, and, better still, hit her mark; can carry her gun and equipments without fatigue, and load as deftly as any marksman. She picked up her game without any appearance of squeamishness, swung it around her head in a little burst of triumph, then took up her line of march as promptly as a laden honey-bee.

The spirit of wonder and romance was deeply moved within me, and, without hesitation or compunction, I followed her, in constant dread of losing sight of her, and in equal dread of being detected in my pursuit. It seemed an interminable chase, but after passing on and on, out of the Common and into a thick wood, we came suddenly to an opening in the forest, in which was a low, old house, almost smothered by the rich, dark

cedars packed closely about it. Through a wide lane among the trees appeared the fenced and planted fields of an old farm. Undoubtedly here was the home of the wild huntress, who was not too wild to carol like one of her neighbors, the birds, as she hastened along the walk to the house. This was all I could learn then; so I turned upon my path and sought my own home.

Alf Burnet knows her as soon as she and her home are described. Her name is Isabel Swift. She is a ripe school-girl, just returned from the old convent at Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Her penchant for hunting is the only romance she indulges in. (How *could* she indulge in any other in such a place?) Her father is Wilder Swift, a hard old wretch, who gets all he can (and that's no trifle), and resolutely keeps all he gets. Now there is naught romantic in all this. Burnet has no idea of romance in connection with his neighbors. Yet, for all its every-day sound, I build castles in Spain, see visions, dream dreams. I plod to and from my school, plow with my feet through the feathery beds of fresh-fallen leaves, and hunt every Saturday with an added zest. But I do not meet Isabel Swift nor hear her rifle again, though I haunt the Common, and often hover near the glade watching for an apparition among the cedars. Why did I not seek her directly—*find* an expedient to introduce myself to her attention? I don't know. I suppose I was not consciously in love, and my views were too hazy to ponder expedients; besides, my too much modesty and diffidence restrained me. A pretty and accomplished girl was my adoration; but until I became accustomed to the sweet glory of her presence I was always covered with confusion. All of a campaign that could be carried on out of her sight I could conduct with sufficient audacity; but when brought face to face with the divinity I was immediately thrown into the sad state of the distinguished Bob Acres, of funny memory. Moreover, if there were two people in all that region who disliked each other with more intense cordiality than any other two, they were Alf Burnet and Wilder Swift. Burnet was, in some sense, my patron—the worst possible recommendation to the favor of old Mr. Swift. Added to this, the latter had a special and notorious aversion to school-teachers, whom he was pleased to denounce with profane unction on every occasion. So, instead of making a direct assault on the hill of difficulty, I waited, confident in my theory of accidents and the inevitable.

One Saturday, as there was no one to send for the mail, I saddled Bug and cantered down the bluff toward Prairie du Rocher. It was a clear, bright morning, and the rays of the sun, reflecting from the crags of the bluff, cast a warm glamour over the road at its base. I had passed over this road many

times, but never without a creeping propensity to shudder. Every queer old tenement huddled against the rocks had a history. You could see it written all over them, though you had never heard detailed any of the ugly legends associated with them. A nondescript race of half-breeds built them, and their descendants yet clung to them. Double log-houses, with a portentous sag in the middle; stone steps, decaying and literally mellow with age; an old, old gate, that had outlived its usefulness as well as the fence on either side of it, and now clung, in feeble despair, by one leather hinge to a slanting post; the occasional huge pear-tree, planted a hundred years before—once, doubtless, in an orchard, but now standing alone in the road; a small field, with some half dozen shells and remnants of ancient apple-trees; recent pelts tacked up on doors—all combined to give the locality a weird appearance, suggestive of queer deeds and lurking spooks. If there is one place "where spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves," surely it is along that silent road by the bluff which bounds the American Bottom.

Neither of us being in a hurry, we were jogging along, Bug and I, right leisurely, with our heads down, revolving—I my prospects of getting a letter from home, and Bug doubtless the approaching season of green pastures. All at once I heard hoof-beats on the road behind me, and in a second more Isabel Swift galloped by. On the instant Bug's shuffling gait was abandoned. Her fine eye gleamed; her limbs trembled; she tugged at the bit, eager for a send-off after the presumptuous sorrel. In this country, where the saddle is not yet discarded by either sex, you will seldom offend by accepting an attempt to pass you on the road as a challenge to a race. In this case I was not certain, as the lady had not appeared to notice me; but, at the risk of committing an impertinence, I suffered Bug's strong will to govern, and with a sharp clout on the neck with my soft hat, gave her the rein. No need of whip or spur for my mare. Her pretty ears lap back on her neck, and she is off like a bolt from a catapult, quickly closing up the gap between us. As we draw alongside my rival, who is well mounted, I can see that, whatever may have been her intention in passing me, she does not now propose to relinquish the race without a contest. Apparently she feels the weight of a moral responsibility resting on her to win. She is not in a fever of excitement, but her lips are firmly set, and she leans forward, encouraging her horse and plying the whip against his flank with sharp, vicious strokes. Whew! What a fine frenzy filled my veins in that wild race! There was piquancy in the situation: my rival a beautiful stranger, known, yet unknown, finely mounted, as fearless and safe in her seat as a Coman-

che, and we two rushing like a storm along that lonely road, under the shadow of the overhanging cliff. My sympathies were divided between Bug, Isabel, and myself. I know not which had the largest share, but think it was Bug. In every way-side brush heretofore she had borne me bravely to the front, always victorious. The high-strung, intelligent creature would feel almost a human grief, I knew, if beaten here. For a long distance the sorrel held his nose even with her shoulder; then we drew ahead half a length, a length, two lengths. In this order we approached a long, narrow bridge over a deep ravine. A loose board flew from its place under the heels of my mare, and she fell, lunging forward, and crowding two or three other planks out of place, leaving a gap several feet wide in the floor, and both of us lying directly across the narrow passage-way. Isabel's horse struck the bridge as we fell, and I caught a glimpse of her face as she came on. A wave of pallor rushed over it, but a resolute gleam from her wide gray eyes showed she was not frightened out of her self-possession. She did just the thing she ought to have done. Instead of weakly attempting to check herself, she rained half a dozen fierce blows on her horse, and in a sharp voice, too intense for a scream, cried, "Jump, Dallas! jump!" The big fellow launched himself into the air, clearing the chasm and Bug and Felix Panton, and striking the bridge on the other side of us with a thundering bang, which made the old structure creak and shudder from end to end. In another moment my mare and I regained our feet and followed her, limping, off the bridge. A sharp twist of the ankle was my only injury. Bug fared worse, having received several bad cuts, but was sound in all her bones, and able to carry me home. Poor Bug! What a wistful, woful look she gave me as I patted her neck and rubbed her nose in a sorrowful sort of congratulation!

"It might have been worse, Bug," said I, as I mounted again. And then to Miss Swift, who had turned and was waiting for me, "Might it not?"

"Yes, indeed!" she answered, with an intense earnestness that made the simple declaration seem deliciously sympathetic to me. "What a wretched old bridge, and what a horrid pit we have just escaped! Ugh! it makes me shudder. Your horse is bleeding, I see. Are you much hurt yourself?"

"No," I answered, rather vacantly.

"I am so sorry," she continued. "I did not intend to challenge you to a race. Father was taken suddenly ill this morning, and I am going for Dr. Lee."

"I beg your pardon," I exclaimed, with a confusing sense of having made an ass of myself. "Another time I will not trust to Bug's judgment. She thought you were defying her, and I fell in with her opinion."

"There is no need of apology for her, the darling! What a splendid goer! I wish I could console her and bind up her wounds; but as I can not help either of you, and my errand is urgent, I will hurry on."

Her earnest features relaxed into a half smile, and, with a frosty little bow, she turned and soon disappeared along the road as it turned a little from the bluff, and wound in and out among the sycamores. With my mail and a much swollen ankle I reached home *via* the short-cut across the Common.

Now here was an adventure which should have opened the door to a better acquaintance, had I possessed the adroitness to avail myself of it; but, as it was, it brought me no nearer my object, if I had any, than before. True, in thinking of Isabel I made of her an ideal—a splendid, thorough woman—and of my ideal it was right pleasant to dream; yet I never ventured further than a bow when we met on the road or at church; and while I realized that it would be delightful to occupy the position of a favored friend, rather avoided every opportunity to make myself such. But again persistent destiny justified my reliance upon her by coming to my aid, assisted, perhaps, by just a thought of volition. I found myself one Saturday near the glade wherein stood farmer Swift's house. From my cover among the trees I saw Swift himself on the porch frantically endeavoring to load an old rifle. The wadded ball had stopped midway in the barrel. He drove the ramrod against the house; it bent like a whip, but did not budge the bullet. Then he seized the rod in his teeth, like a mastiff, and attempted to extract it. No go. Then he ran to the end of the porch and looked. I looked in the same direction, and saw a monstrous hawk, perched on a lofty dead limb, calmly surveying the most interesting scene in nature, to him—viz., Swift's poultry-yard. I crept stealthily within long range, drew a bead on the robber, and brought him down. It was a good shot—amazingly good for me. Hawks at that distance are not easy to hit. Swift knew this by experience, and his great exasperation against this particular bird added zest to his admiration. Many a plump pullet had he seen rising over the tree-tops, mangled and soiled, in the claws of this bloody thief. Many ineffectual imprecations and bullets had he sent after him. Never heretofore had I done any thing that appeared to please or mollify Mr. Swift, and I suppose I shall never do any thing hereafter that he will heartily concur in; but this one act he approved wholly. He picked up the bird by one wing, the other one trailing on the ground, and asked me to go into the house to measure his length from tip to tip.

"There he is, Dot," he cried, exultingly, throwing him down on the porch; "do you want his claws?" Dot, otherwise Isabel,

said she did, and procuring a knife, quickly amputated his talons. With unusual condescension for him, Mr. Swift gave me a formal introduction to his daughter, and I very willingly accepted his invitation to put down my gun and come in. Here, at home, I saw little of the dashing huntress and equestrienne: only a finished, quiet young lady, perfectly well-bred, yet unusually open and direct in her address. Compared with my crude awkwardness, her bearing seemed to me to be perfect. She forbore the usual platitudes, talked and laughed about our race, inquired earnestly whether Bug had recovered entirely, showed a pretty, startled flush when I told her how she had anticipated me at the pond, opened the piano and played for me as soon as asked, and, in short, made me feel very much at home and almost satisfied with myself. And when I went away she invited me to call again with so much earnestness that I concluded I might not be unwelcome, and, during the few remaining weeks of my school, found myself often in that pleasant parlor, curtained from the night outside, reading with her one of her small but choice selection of books. It was an exquisite pleasure, rare and new, to have those soft eyes beaming on me as I read.

Of course. But I have not time to copy all Mr. Panton has written at this date. Every body can see he is unfathomably in love, and has been for a long time. I skip to the place where he comes to the point.

I finished the poem (one of Allan Ramsay's sweet ballads), laid down the book, and fixed my eyes on the lovely face beside me. I could have laid my hand on her head, and yet how very far away from me she seemed! The sudden silence caught her attention, and she looked up. She must have seen the deep gleam of passion in my eyes, for she rose with a slight start and stood by the fire. Having betrayed myself already, it was now no time to retreat. I rose and followed her, almost choking with anxiety and emotion. I told her that I had learned to love her very dearly, and asked her if she had not something better than her friendship to give me. In my eagerness I grasped her hand, but she drew it away quickly, and stood with her face turned from me while a wave of crimson mounted to her neck and forehead. Then turning she came slowly up to me, put her arm about my neck, and I felt her heart throbbing against my bosom as I kissed her lips.

I was exultant, and yet I almost despised myself. With the daring of ignorance, which will often rush where the loftiest courage with knowledge will not venture, I had won an unhopèd-for prize—won every thing, and given, though all I had, yet compared with my great gain, almost nothing. I never be-

fore felt so humbly conscious of my own nothingness as when I walked back to Alf Burnet's through the moonlight of that night, nor so profoundly sensitive of the blessedness of a good, pure woman's love.

Here the diary ends—that is, all of it that is legible. There are a few remnants of leaves, but I can make nothing of them. Doubtless young Panton, who seems to have been a sturdy, sensible fellow, made it all right with old Mr. Swift in course of time—an opinion which is supplemented and fortified by some of the letters in the box. One of these, dated "Chester, Illinois, May 10, 1864," and addressed to "Captain Felix Panton, Nashville, Tennessee," begins, "My darling Hub," and is subscribed in a splendid, firm, woman's hand, "Your loving wife, Isabel Swift Panton." It is a mere note, the substance of which is unintelligible to me, not being connected with any thing in the diary. I notice that young wives use their maiden names in their signatures for a year or eighteen months after they are married, and then drop them. My opinion, therefore, is that our friends were married some time within a year previous to the date of that note, after an engagement of at least two years, during which time Felix had entered the army, and behaved well enough to rise to the rank of captain. I haven't the least doubt that they are living happily together to this day.

A PASSION-PLAY PILGRIMAGE.

ST. JOHN'S DAY is a favorite festival in Bavaria, and it is especially an occasion for picnics and excursions. This year it fell upon a Saturday, and the opening performance of the Passions-Spiel at Oberammergau having been announced for that day, the prospect of a two days' holiday drew a large crowd out of Munich into the highlands. The now famous village is about seventy-five English miles from Munich, and the little tour can now be made with what may be called, so far as the play is concerned, fatal facility. One Herr Moesl acts as agent in the capital, and, for somewhat less than £1 sterling, places in your hand certain tickets which cover the round journey, securing you lodging at Oberammergau and a reserved seat at the play. Mein Herr is, in fact, the cook of the Passion-Play excursionists, accompanying his patrons personally to see that his contracts are carefully fulfilled. A day must be taken to reach the village—some twenty miles of railway, as much again by steamboat, and the rest by diligence—and a more charming tour it were impossible to conceive. Our first-class and second-class carriages on leaving Munich were crowded with English and American sight-seers; the clerical dress was conspicuous among them.

It suited my purpose better to enter with the Bavarians a neat third-class compartment, which contained nearly fifty persons. Among these I pretty soon found the merry-makers largely preponderated. I sought to find some in whom there survived the pious spirit which once drew pilgrims to the sacred spot in the highlands, but the nearest approach to it was a poor priest in threadbare garb, whose lips moved perpetually in voiceless prayer for one half of the way, those same lips being normally compressed on the rim of a beer-mug for the remaining half.

A very few minutes out of Munich bring us to the region where religious myths still preserve some of the sanctity of their origin. At Planeck, close to a grove of trees, stands a pretty little chapel, built near a holy oak, which holds a miraculous image of the Virgin and Child, before which the children of the neighborhood perform their devotions on every festival day. For, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, Franz Thalmayer, a little boy, son of the village tailor, bought of a wandering seller of clay images a span-long figure of the Virgin and Child, paying therefor a *landmünze* (two and a half kreutzers), which image he set up in the hollow of an oak-tree. Daily did the boy go into the oak grove to pay his devotions to this image, and ere long other children of the neighborhood began to do the same. The oak was covered with moss and far gone in decay when Franz placed his holy image there; but now, wonderful to relate, it renewed its youth, the parts about the hollow which enshrined the figure especially growing around and over it with such rapidity that the wood and bark had to be cut away in order that the heads might be seen. The oak is still green, and near its foot is a shelter with seats and table for the use of pilgrims, not now so indifferent to cakes and ale as they used to be; and there is also a pretty little chapel, called "Maria Eich," which was erected in 1762 by the proprietors of the neighborhood, John Baptist and Johanna von Ruffini. Special festivals are held here in the open air, when the weather is good, on the second Sunday after Easter and the twelfth after Whitsuntide, besides the regular festival of the Virgin. All along our way are little villages, unknown to gazetteers, but redolent of romance, and framed in beautiful landscapes—Mühlthal (in a vale lovely as a dream), Ganting, and others. At Ganting lived, grew blind, and near ten years ago died, aged ninety-four, Baron Hallberg-Broich, the charming traveler and writer, his pleasant château passing to Baron Kunsberg, who married the daughter of the venerable author, who was known as the Hermit of Ganting. Near his house one can see the remains of an old Roman station and fort. But this village, which has not five hundred inhabitants, is associated with a le-

gend which has been as prolific of pretty stories as any in the lore of Germany. For here it was that King Pepin was wont to hunt in the old days when Bertha span. Dr. G. H. Wolf found in the old cloister of St. Stephen, near Freising, an ancient MS., recording how Pepin, King of France, asked the hand of Bertha, the beautiful daughter of the King of Britain, and sent (anno 740) to bring her to his palace at Freising his retainers, with the lord steward of his household at their head; how the said lord steward, anxious that the king should wed his own daughter instead of Bertha, resolved on her death; how he gave her to certain trusty servants of his to be slain in Ganting forest; how the servants pitied her, and left her alive in the wood. One day when the king—who had been deceived by some story trumped up about the disappearance of Bertha—had become weary of the hunt, he passed the night at the old Reismühle, still pointed out hard by Ganting, and there he was startled at being waited on by a maid-servant more beautiful than any being he had ever beheld. On speaking to her she told him she was the daughter of the King of England, Bertha by name, and that she had been cruelly abandoned in the forest, where she had worked as a servant seven years. Pepin at once married her, and she bore him that boy who afterward became Charlemagne.

This was the same Bertha who was called "Bertha with the large foot," and who was celebrated in the old poem which Mr. Paulin Paris discovered in 1822, "Berte aus graus pies." It is difficult to say whether the German and Italian proverbs about thriftiness—"In der guten alten Zeit, wo die Königin Bertha spann," "Berta non fila piu"—refer to this royal servant-maid, or to her daughter, the mother of Roland, or to the queen of Hugo, in Italy, all of whom were celebrated for industry, and one or the other of whom appears on old coins seated on the throne with a distaff in her hand. Is it too cynical or too skeptical for the writer hereof to suggest that these Berthas, one and all, have probably been successively invested with the symbols of the ancient mother of German mythology, Frau Bertha, whose chief emblem was the distaff, and that, for all these legends and proverbs, they may have been neither more nor less thrifty than other princesses of the period?

At Leutstettin one may see the little church which holds a picture of three holy sisters—Ainbeth, Fürbeth, and Gewirbeth—near an altar upon which rests a representation of Christ and the Twelve Apostles most skillfully carved by them from a single piece of wood in an ancient time not fixed. It suggests how early was the enthusiasm of this region for those wood carvings for which Oberammergau is now so celebrated.

And a quarter of an hour will bring you to St. Petersbrunn, whose mineral waters are still associated with sacred legends of healing. A beautiful chapel stands near on the spot where the genius of the fountain was perhaps invoked in ancient times. Then we come to the beautiful Starnberg Lake, which the inhabitants of the region still prefer to call the Wurm-See, a name which they connect with a gigantic worm, or dragon, or serpent, which in ancient times used the lake as its private residence, destroying all who came near, but which was slain by some spiritual relative of St. George.

Starnberg is for the most a fine modern sea-side town, built about an older village which nestled near the old castle which in 1541 Duke William III. built on the site of an earlier structure. Beautiful villas range along the shore of the lake, and crown every height. Charming little chapels, representing every variety of architecture—though with a general leaning toward the Italian styles—lurk and hide in every wood. It seemed as if every Munich gentleman who built a summer residence on the lake regarded it as essential to have a little church on his grounds, if it were only for show, for sometimes they seemed too small to hold even a small family, making allowance for the Holy Family supposed to be permanently in them. I confess that the modern character of the houses in Starnberg rather shocked the antiquarian temper with which I had invested my mind when setting out to visit the Passion Play, and I took more interest in listening to a narrative concerning a beautiful little island not far off, called the "Island of Roses." This island was anciently the seat of a pagan temple, subsequently of a very holy church, and had once been sought by many pilgrims for reasons now somewhat obscure. The waters around it are like crystal, and the fishermen of the neighborhood claim that they can predict the weather from its movements and its appearance. In the depth of these clear waters there are to be observed strange knobs and blocks of carved stone, some of them apparently the remnants of some really fine building, and the fact was mentioned in an interesting paper by Professor Von Siebold, read before the Royal Academy of Science in Munich in 1864. On the island are the ruins, now almost converted to trees and flowers, of an old church, which records show to have been yet standing in 1760, when it had but one little window, opening to the north. It was then quite roofless, and had been built precisely upon the site of a more ancient ruin. Formerly, that is, there lived on this island a fisherman with his family, who had inherited the island from an ancestry that had dwelt there through two hundred years. These last ones dwelt there in complete happiness and in Arcadian simplicity, with their

miniature meadow, garden, and orchard around them. It was deemed a famous thing among the cultivated Munich people to secure lodgings in their pretty cottage during the hot season, and enjoy their fruit, and the delicious salmon, trout, and other fishes with which the Wurm-See abounds. But alas! one day—to wit, June 29, 1849—when poor Kugelmüller and his wife had gone to church to honor the festival of Sts. Peter and Paul, they returned to find their happy home a heap of ashes! The poor islanders went to the neighboring village, and King Max, hearing of the incident, offered them a fair price for the island, which thus passed out of their hands. And now a fine mansion is there, and the island a flower garden.

The fish of this lake are certainly very fine, especially the salmon, which is regarded as a different viand at three different stages of its existence; and called in its youth Züngel, after one year Niedling, and later (when it is apt to weigh seven or eight pounds) Bodenrenke. They have a way of dressing it and trout with vinegar and oil in cooking which makes them delicious. The fishermen live in a sort of communistic way in Starnberg, and there prevail among them many of those customs which used to be well known at Bridport and other points on the southern coast of England, but are now almost obsolete. They fish together (each paying a tax of thirty-four kreutzers and three pennies See-tax), and on a certain day of the year meet and, after religious service, divide their gains. The fishing of the lake is estimated at about 2000 florins per annum, which is equal to as many pounds in real value. By speaking early one manages to get a breakfast of fish on the pleasant little boat by which we sail to the other end of the lake, and the cooking of the same will occupy just the time that one is observing the beautiful and historic villas which adorn the lake shores. They are the villas not only of princes, princesses, and barons, but also of artists and literary men. The Wurm-See is about twelve miles long, and its greatest width is four miles; but along the most beautiful part it is narrower, and the villas and gardens on each side may be seen with great distinctness. The very first house that we observe is a small cottage close to the water, called the Villa Prestele. It was built by Mr. Carl Prestele, a merchant of Munich, an intimate friend of Richard Wagner, the composer, who has often been his guest at this lake-side residence, in which he produced "The Meistersinger." Almost adjoining it, and also close to the water, is the Villa Ainmüller, which was until his recent death the house of Maximilian Ainmüller, the artist of stained glass, who has made the celebrity of the Munich factory, of which he was superintendent. Gleaming



THE WURM-SEE, NEAR MUNICH.

from an embowered hill we see the villa of Prince Carl of Bavaria. But perhaps the most beautiful of these exquisite summer-houses is the Villa Mayer von Mayerfels, on whose charming grounds we discover a Gothic chapel of perfect architecture, and on the extreme left, near the water, a miniature church, built entirely of tree bark. Farther on yet is seen the more substantial and venerable Château Possenhofen, its woody park inclosed with a low castellated wall. Here were born the ex-Queen of Naples and the present Empress of Austria, and here now resides Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. But meanwhile, on the opposite side of the lake, we have been observing the stately towers of the old summer residence of the kings and queens of Bavaria, where also the present king passes much of his time. It is at the foot of a beautiful hill, around whose base a leafy glen stretches, wherein Lola Montez found her paradise. Chasing every butterfly that shimmered on her wayward path—whether it were a bright-winged insect, an alluring pleasure, or a doting king—disporting herself in the crystal waves, or darting over

them in her slender boat; dashing through the forest on the wild steed that seemed to embody all the sparkling wickedness of his rider—the child of a destiny wild and sad found here the momentary fulfillment of her fairest dream, until the fairy gifts all turned to dust, and left her an outcast. The miserable attic in New York where a haggard, friendless adventuress gasps and dies was, after all, the grinning death's-head hid beneath the bloomy beauty of Luftschloss-Berg.

Meanwhile lovely hamlets here and there are traceable on the hill-sides, as if they had been put there by the score of artists who dwell in the neighborhood for purely decorative purposes. I find an entertaining member of that fraternity on his way to the Passions-Spiel, who tells me about the hamlets: how an old and colossal beech-tree gave its name to little Assenbuch—a tree that had a stairway to the top, and a balcony to look from, and which was believed to have been planted by some saint in the early days of that region; and Aufkirchen, seat of an ancient Augustinian hospitem, with its little Oriental steeple, the way lead-

ing up to which from the margin of the water has fourteen representations of the Way of the Cross, according to those of Albert Dürer at Nuremberg. They were placed there by the piety of the Russian princess Mary Narischkin, who died in Munich about seventeen years ago, and who had a veneration for a particular picture of the Virgin Mary in the church. Near this village the noble landscape artist, Carl Nottman, passed most of his time, with out-look full on a glorious Alpine range; and on the spot where he loved to sit and paint the See and the Alp his countenance in marble still gazes upon them. His brother artists built this beautiful monument the year after his death in 1850. One of the finest situations is the height near Ambach, where the pleasant home of Hackländer, the author, may be seen, and where there is a quaint little church perched on a hill-top, which looks like some white angel watching from above over the dwellers beneath. And all the time I have been but dwelling on the foreground of the picture before us—for all the time an immense range of snowy Alpine summits has been shining on our entire front horizon.

From the moderate height of Blomberg on our left the highland curves in a long sweep, whose highest point is the Benediktenward, near 6000 feet, then stoops a little to leap up into the noble pillars that stretch away to the south—Dreithorspitze, Teufelsgrat, Hochwanner, Hohe Blassen, Alpspitze, Hölthal, all over eight thousand feet high, culminating in the mighty crest of the Zugspitze (9069 feet), where it breaks, the undercurve of this vast mountain-billow being a sweep downward of at least five thousand feet. The whole effect is as if some storm-driven sea, whose waves reached the sky, had been bidden by the gods to stand fast forever, and the foam of their wild crests to survive in the far-flashing snow. All this range of mountains is beautifully reflected in perfect outline in the clear lake, even with the tiny villages at their feet or nestling on their sides; and there were no end to the enchantment did not our little bell sound, and the boatman come, rope in hand, to remind you, who are so sure to be in his way with his "Bitte, mein Herr," that you have reached Seeshaupt.

The country around Seeshaupt evidently looks upon the Oberammergau affair as a good thing, and desires to make a good thing out of it. Besides the half dozen long stages—each holding sixteen—which Herr Moesl has provided for those who have placed their fortunes in his hands, there are hanging around queer old wagons of such degrees and varieties of shape that the explanation of them would require a Darwin of vehicular evolution. The horses and drivers seem part of them, and each turn-out suggests a habitat of its own. Having brought these carriages to the wharf, the securing of unprovided parties to employ them to go the thirty-five or forty miles of mountain road is relegated to brisk competition. Each private vehicle will demand ten times as much as we who have through tickets have to pay; and it had an ugly look that our regular teams started off with two or three places unoccupied, compelling a couple of Englishmen and several other foreigners to engage the costly private ones.

The way lies through enchanted land. While almost above us hang the peaks of snow, the fields through which we pass are fairly carpeted with flowers. Knightspur, chamomile, buttercup, everlasting, pimpernel, bluebell, poppy, and the blue corn-flower standing amidst the flax—the flower in which the kindly field fairy best loves to disguise herself—paint the fields with wondrous hues; and the peasant youths, who use green in their dresses almost as a uniform, decorate their hats and jackets with these wild flowers until they seem to be bits of the landscape moving along the road.

The relation between the country folk of this region and their religion is represented in the resemblance of their churches to the

cottages surrounding them. As we go farther toward the Tyrol the churches do, indeed, have perched upon their steeples the round and pointed spire of the mosque; but this is an unrelated appendage to the normal architecture of the church, which is simply a square cottage, with another just like it, narrow, and elongated into a tower. The church is simply the common home of the people, built larger than the private residence, and with a tower for a directing landmark, but in every way suggestive of the every-day life of the peasantry. On its walls there are often elaborate frescoes of sacred forms, and these are found even in greater number and extent on the fronts of the cottages. Inside of some of the churches, which I had time to enter when we paused in villages, there was no spot which was not covered with cheap and tawdry ornamentation. In the corner there was sometimes a little representation with clay figures of the birth of Christ, and the homage of the Magi, or of the Three Kings. On the church towers there are usually large dials, but no clocks. Now and then one saw strange drawings over the house doors—figures of women, circles, inscriptions—much less suggestive of Christian subjects than of those charms and runes which Maunhardt shows to have been placed over the abodes of men in pre-Christian times as a protection against demons. Near a large and highly colored crucifix on the road-side stood a heavy and ancient stone cross, Greek and formée, and with no figure upon it. One road-side *pietà* was scrawled over with names as thickly as the walls of Shakspeare's house.

We halted in the village of Habach, whose houses are much like those of Swiss villages, and have cherry-trees trained against their front walls. It was about twelve o'clock when we alighted at that old hostelry. In its chief room the servants of the establishment were just finishing their dinner. There were four men and several women; and when they had concluded their meal they all arose simultaneously, and, marching in procession out into the centre of the room, some yards from where they had been eating, they began to chant, or rather to whine, their thanksgiving. With monotonous unison, never varying from the note first struck, they sang their grace for about two minutes, and during it they looked on us with a curiosity equal to our own, two of the women even laughing the while. On the wall of the tap-room—where the most ingeniously bad beer was dispensed to us—was a picture of Christ on the cross, at the foot of which were represented three persons enveloped in flames, their arms piously crossed on their breasts. Above the cross was the inscription, "Gelobt sei Jesus X^t."

As we approached the village of Murnau, where we were to dine, there was an inti-

mation that we should find enough to drink, at least, given in the appearance of four colossal beer-casks on a hill-side, where they had been placed, as was explained to me, in order that the beer in them might have the benefit of the sun and air. The walls of our dining-room at Murnau were covered with the emblems and ornaments of the chase. I counted no fewer than 250 pairs of horns—stag, roe, chamois—and the hat-pegs were does' feet. On the same walls were stuffed specimens of more than twenty varieties of wild birds. I confess that as I sat down to dinner these peculiarities of the room engendered in me a vision of venison; but the courses were: 1, soup made of calves' liver cut up into little pellets; 2, boiled veal; 3, kalbsbrat with salad; 4, fish (with a mysterious vealy taste). However, this *carni-veal* only cost as much as twenty cents.

After dinner I took a walk to the summit of a hill near by, called the Four Lindens. These trees are evidently quite old, and they are planted at the corners of an exact square, some twenty feet apart. Between them, in the centre, is a large crucifix, the figure upon which is of life size, and its wounds painted with ghastly effect. The view commanded by this summit is of great beauty, and I was not surprised to hear that Murnau is always under embarrassment to accommodate the strangers who flock there, especially in summer. All around the hill the children of the village were playing, and beautiful children they are. Lord! to think that these little girls will, under the pitiless wand of toil, be transformed into just such yellow and ugly women as these which I see along the road, sometimes walking with heavy burdens by the side of men carrying nothing at all!

Again we set out on our journey, and after winding near some green meadows, we fairly penetrate the mountains. Our way lies for a time beneath a Gothic roof of slender firs, through which the sunshine falls as a spray. Deeper and deeper become the shadows of the premature twilight cast by the mountains around us. The music of cataracts begins to sound upon our ears, occasionally blending its tenor, treble, and bass into wild and fitful chords. A dwarfish musician, whom we meet in a very lonely spot, only needed a pipe instead of his wheezy accordion to pass for the rude Pan of that weird solitude. His feeble music is lost in the roar of cascades; but we give him some trifling coins, and his gentle "Grazia" reminds us that we are nearing the silvery gate-ways of the South. Farther on, as we are all climbing on foot a long hill, we pause, one after the other, to observe a small wooden cross of the kind which always marks the spot where some event has occurred. On a tablet at the head of this one is the record:

"On the 13th October, 1866, the upright Alois Pfausler, of Oberammergau, suddenly died on this spot. R. I. P."

On the same tablet was a rough picture of the coach from which the dying man was removed, and of his form on the ground with friends around it. Above is the Virgin and Child; beneath a wire with beads, one of which passed along means a prayer for the repose of poor Pfausler's soul. So much the Catholics of our party award; and those of us who did not pass a bead were, I think, separated as goats from sheep in the minds of the priests accompanying us.

Each hamlet through which we pass has its Maienbaum—a long pole a hundred feet high, with alternate blue and white stripes coiling around it. This May-tree or May-pole is intersected by seven, or sometimes nine, bars, beginning about ten feet from the ground, and running to the top, which is adorned with streamers. On these transverse bars there are various emblems and figures whose significance is mysterious. Thus in the Maienbaum of Murnau there are on the lower bar a small tree, and a nail with circular knob; on the next a small house; higher still a horseshoe and a wheel on one side, a hammer crossed by pincers and a broom on the other; then come a plane, a cup, and a cock; an inverted pyramid, a circle pierced by a line, and a heart; on the topmost bar a pot, a bee-hive, a ladder, and a cross. The archæology of the May-tree has hardly yet been adequately comprehended even by the German mythologists, though it is stoutly maintained to be a relic of tree-and-serpent worship, the stripe coiling around it recalling (I suppose) the serpent, as that of the barber's pole recalls the Æsculapian serpent of the leech's sign.

Whether this be the remote origin of the May-pole or not, we know that for a long time it was a phallic object, and that its decorations were symbols of the gods and goddesses. The pagan symbols were eventually either replaced by those of Christianity or given a Christian significance—as where the hammer of Thor was at one time cunningly fashioned into the shape of a cross, or else designated as the hammer with which Jesus was nailed to the cross. It is probable, too, that in early times that idea of the successive "stations of the cross" invested the May-tree. In that of Murnau the tree on the lower bar bears a resemblance to the conventional olive of church pictures, and between it and the cross on the topmost bar we have the cock, the cup, and the sacred heart—all connected with the Passion of Christ. The horseshoe and the broom plainly date from the associations of Walpurgis-night, the time of the May-pole festivities, when the witches ride on brooms, and are held at bay by the horse-

shoe. A very accomplished lady—a daughter of the late artist Ainmüller, and wife of the American artist David Neal—told me that, during a spring which she passed in one of the highland villages, she was informed that some of the figures on the Maienbaum were placed there by the village mechanics to commemorate their achievements in having climbed to the points where those figures appeared. The carpenter, having reached a certain high limb, would set a plane there; for the tree, whatever its history, has now become the centre and means of annual village sports. The young men collect around it on May-day, and each tries to climb it—a feat which in itself is not very easy, and which is rendered more difficult by the fact that each tries to get up first and to pull down competitors. When the first bar is reached it requires a good hold with the knees to reach the next, especially with others tugging at one's heels; and if any one slips back he carries all beneath him to the ground. It should be mentioned that considerable purses of money are placed at various points on the pole to reward those who first reach them. On the top bar there is sometimes as much as twenty florins. This, however, would account for only a few of the things hung on the bars. On May-day the tree is festooned with green branches by the innkeeper, near whose door it is generally found, and whose special task it is to keep the pole in good repair, in consideration of the custom it brings to his establishment. Every festivity, religious or other, in Bavaria is associated with the anciently sacred trees. When a new house is completed, and the last nail driven into it, the workmen who have been engaged upon it immediately stick a young birch or fir sapling in the roof above it; and during the first day in which it stands there they are at liberty to eat and drink without restraint at the expense of the proprietor of the new house.

The last point at which we halt before reaching Oberammergau is Ettal. The word Ettal is said to be an abbreviation of Ethico and Thale—that is, the vale of Ethicus, a once famous hermit, who dwelt there about the year 800. According to the legend of the cloister, which one buys for three kreutzers at a booth near its gate, the edifice owes its foundation (A.D. 1330) to the Kaiser Ludwig IV. This potentate had gone to Rome, and been crowned kaiser in St. Peter's; but Robert, King of Naples, his jealous rival and enemy, gave him and his country no rest. One day, when in Italy, the pious kaiser was in a chapel consecrating himself to God and Mary, and invoking their aid amidst the turmoils around him. Suddenly a venerable monk stood before him, bearing in his hand a little image of

the Virgin and Child a foot high, most beautiful to behold. "No one," according to the chronicle, "could behold it without saying, 'Yes, so must the Mother of God have looked when she ascended from the earth.'" The monk told the monarch that if he would, in the most beautiful vale of his country, found a cloister for the order of St. Benedict, and therein set up this image for public homage, he would again see his country united, peaceful, and happy. The kaiser took the image into his hands, but when he looked the next instant for the monk, the latter had vanished. Ludwig then began his journey homeward, bearing the image which the monk had given him, but not knowing in the least what vale he should select for the cloister he was to build. However, as he passed through the villages along the Ammer, he raised up the sacred image for the contemplation of the devout; and when he reached the pleasant vale where the hermit Ethicus had dwelt 500 years before—it may be in that very "Witch Den" which our driver points out, through whose damp darkness the bleeding Christ is now visible, as every where else—a sign was given him. Near a large fir-tree which stood beside the road Kaiser Ludwig's horse fell forward on his knees three times. The monarch recognized in this incident a sign that there should be located the new Benedictine cloister, and there he laid the corner-stone of the edifice himself, taking care that the centre of it should be the point where the fir-tree had stood. Gradually, in subsequent reigns, the great cloister and church were completed, and it harbored a large number of Benedictines.

As we were approaching Ettal we heard the music of its magnificent organ sounding along the forest aisles. The music never ceased; and as we passed out of sight a sweet *Kyrie Eleison* from Beethoven floated with us. Between Ettal and Oberammergau—only a few miles distant—the stream of foot-travelers became continuous; and when we reached the village the stream had widened to a sea. Our stages dashed through the street, threatening at every moment to crush somebody; and at length (about half past five) we alighted at a dismal inn. Our first care was to search out and claim the several lodgings which had been assigned to us. Mine was with the Langs, whose daughter represented Mary Magdalene in the play. The family met me with a kindly welcome, more as if I were some expected relative than one for whose entertainment they were to be paid; and nothing could exceed the care they took for my comfort. The room was large and tidy, and its walls covered with colored prints of New Testament scenes. Unhappily that large feather-bed which the Germans use in all seasons

as a bed-covering—generally the only one—reaches an astounding thickness (two feet at least) at Oberammergau. The winters are severe, and the summer so hot while it lasts that the Ammergauers probably regard bed-clothes as then unnecessary; but certain it is that to sleep there on St. John's Eve, 1871, meant a chill or a fever, according to one's preference to sleep without covering, or perspire under a mountain of feathers. My advice to those who at the same transitional period of the year shall come to sleep in Oberammergau is to remove the huge quilt, substitute therefor their clothes, the window-curtains, a bit of the carpet, and perhaps the shovel or boot-jack, and invoke Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John to bless the bed they lie upon.

But it is late before we get to bed on the eve of the Passion Play. The village and its motley crowd are to be observed. The first thing that strikes me is the elaborate frescoing of the houses. There are, perhaps, five hundred dwellings in the village, all of them unpretending in dimensions, but hardly one of them is without a brilliant fresco in front. Sometimes the whole front wall of the house is covered from ground to tiles with these bright-hued pictures; and however humble may be the architecture of the dwelling, its sacred ornamentation is generally the work of a real artist. Some of these frescoes are passing strange. One of them actually representing Jesus himself, in the attitude of Mary, carrying in his arms a light-crowned babe. Another recorded some legend which I could not make out. There was a Madonna image, of the Ettal description, hovering over a cloister. This cloister in turn hovered just over the waves of a lake, above which it was sustained by angels at its corners. On the shore, in front, was a bishop with crook, and not far off a friar holding a lily in his hand. These phenomena had excited the interest of the fishes, thirteen of which were visible in the water gazing up at the angels. At the bottom of this picture the artist's name was signed—"F. Zwink, 1783."

Strolling beyond the confines of the village, I heard strains of distant music—the music of voices. It proceeded from a high mountain peak which towers and seems even to overhang the village. This mountain peak has been a landmark for our eyes during all our journey since noon. One would have said no spur of the Bavarian Alps was more inaccessible; but as we approached it we could discern three crosses uplifted upon the steep height—crosses which seemed yard high, but the central one of which was forty feet high. And now, at the close of the day, a *männerchor* had climbed up there to sing chorales, which could be faintly heard at some quiet points lower down. The voices were very sweet, nay spiritual, as if falling

from the sky. To pass through the noisy main street of the village after listening to that far-off choir was to realize the difference between the Ammergauers and the majority of their visitors. There was a perpetual chatter in all the languages of Europe, and some of the groups could hardly be called orderly. The quantity of beer drank surpasses all estimates of imagination, and from the aerial chant on the mountain one plunged into an atmosphere filled with boozy songs. It was odd to hear, now and then, scraps of conversation in which sacred and profane things were blended. "Last night I was drinking beer with Simon Petrus, and he told me," etc., exclaims one; while another mentions that some Scriptural character—if I remember rightly, Pontius Pilate—has lately been troubled with rheumatism. One easily falls into the custom of the village of calling these personages by their sacred instead of their real names, and I caught myself mentioning to an Englishman my belief that Mary Magdalene made the excellent coffee I had for breakfast. On the morning of the day of the Play I was awakened at four o'clock by the voice of singing. Determined that no day-beam of my time at Oberammergau should be squandered, I hurried out at that early hour, and witnessed a curious scene. From every road and by-way the peasantry were pouring into the village, all dressed in their gayest costumes, assisted by ample wreaths of green leaves and flowers. Some were singing as they moved along, others had formed themselves into groups, and stood singing hymns. Not a few were shouting roisterers. The girls wore manifold colors, but the young men were more gayly plumed, and their jackets were fairly spangled with bright buttons made like silver coins. As many various costumes as could have been seen on the streets of Jerusalem two thousand years ago were to be seen in this little New Jerusalem of the mountains. At the inclosure of the theatre long strings of waiting people were standing already at the various entrances. Multitudes crowded about the many booths where sausages and holy pictures, prayer-books and dream-books, were sold indiscriminately. All the wild and diabolical lore of the mountains has been wrought into cheap stories, plentifully illustrated with sensational wood-cuts, which are sold for six kreutzers each.

At about six o'clock a brass band paraded the streets performing lively airs, and it was followed by a regular procession of men and women in sombre uniform, as well as by a swarm of children and sight-seers. After passing to and fro, as if wishing to collect the people together, the band led the way to the church, where their music ceased and the organ began. Then another droll scene. Many of those who were to perform in the Passion Play, especially the children, made

their appearance on the streets in the costume of Jerusalem, and the village assumed for a time the aspect of a grand masquerade. These characters soon disappeared in the church, where they went to prepare themselves, by pious exercises, for their sacred theatrical duties. Mass was sung, and some good music performed. The little church was much crowded, and it contained the usual mass of tawdry ornaments, pictorial daubs, and holy dolls. The most interesting feature of it to me was the presence of nine young birch-trees fastened to the wall (inside), from ten to fifteen feet apart, and reaching from the floor to the ceiling. In ancient times the birch gained its sanctity, and probably because of its gracefulness and the delicacy of its leaves. What sacredness it had as a favorite tree of the gods in pagan Germany survives now in the forests of Bohemia, where its root is carried about to secure the bearer against wounds, or to cure sterility; in Brandenburg, where it is supposed to exterminate caterpillars; in the Oberland, where it is the only esteemed lightning-rod; in Oldenburg, where bunches of it are called "witch-nests," and considered charms against the evil-eye. With these antecedents the birch has come down to the Ammergau of to-day. In its little church, and in its theatre of the Passion, we sat beneath the shade of the sacred grove amidst which our ancestors worshiped. There are, I have heard, some corners in these mountains where the peasant who has a fever goes to a young birch, and shaking it, says, "Tree, a fever plagues me; God grant it pass from me to thee!" In other districts one subject to cramp takes a broom made of birch switches into his bed. One can hardly suppose that in any region where the school-master has been there would be this reverence for the birch. It is not difficult to see why ancient superstitions are always found surviving longest in mountain districts. The shut-in physical horizon corresponds with an equally narrowed mental horizon, and railways avoid mountain districts. One has only to seek it long enough amidst the mountains to come face to face at length with the Stone Age.

The birch not only surrounds the inclosure of the Passions-Spiel, but is the only tree whose boughs are cast before the Christ on his entry into Jerusalem. Its presence is one among various features which suggest the origin of the play in customs far anterior to the records of the village. The story has been often told of how, nearly two and a half centuries ago, a pilgrim came to some sacred festival in the village, and brought with him a devastating plague; of how, when one lay dead or dying in every house, the villagers united in a holy vow that, if they were spared further ravages, they would every tenth year represent thus solemnly

the sufferings and death of Christ; and how immediately the scourge was removed, even those who lay sick recovering. But though the Ammergauers do not care to look back of this entry in their records for the origin of their play, the legend itself suggests that there was already some previous festival there to attract the pilgrim who brought them such woe. May it have been that previously Oberammergau had persevered in some old pagan festival which had passed out of other places, just as it now preserves the Miracle Play which has ceased elsewhere? Professor Von Löher, keeper of the royal archives at Munich, informed me that there is some evidence that far away in pagan times Oberammergau was a chief centre of those earliest dramatic performances which celebrated the deeds of prehistoric heroes and the allegories of the gods. Mr. Karl Blind, a careful student of German antiquities, traces the origin of the Miracle Play to the "chanter dances" by which the Teutons used to represent the struggle between Life and Death in Nature, which embodied the Resurrection idea. "There was," he says, "an allegory about the 'Expulsion of Winter,' who is killed and buried with regular pageantry, and the 'Advent of Summer,' who comes with garlands of flowers, triumphing over Death in Nature—a play which I myself have still seen acted by German children and young village folk with a considerable amount of emblems and typical masquerading. That may be looked upon as an embryonic drama of a heathen religious character. It was handed down from generation to generation, until it became a mere child's amusement. Various other ceremonies and mummeries—customary to this day about midsummer-time among some of the German peasantry—seem to have a strange analogy, albeit of indubitable heathen origin, to Catholic rites and semi-dramatic performances."

It is well known that the early Christians avoided all interference with such pagan customs wherever they could modify them into association with the sacred names of the Church. There were many influences, such as the amusement furnished the young, and the gains brought to tradesmen, which helped to keep up ancient festivals of this kind long after their religious origin and significance had been forgotten. There are probabilities, therefore, that these birches which now surround the scenes of Christian story once threw their light shadows with equal friendliness on representations of the life and death of Baldur. Such dramas were in every ancient religion the only Bible of the poor. They are still in use among some North American Indians, to preserve among them the tradition of the Scriptural narratives given their tribes by the earliest Catholic missionaries. The survival of the Passions-Spiel at Oberammergau has been assist-

ed not only by the influences I have named (it being as lucrative as a fair to their sterile district), but also by the fact that the specialty of the village—ornamental wood-carving—has led the villagers to study carefully holy figures and saintly forms. The one art has played into the hands of the other. The very children are constantly employed in helping to copy the conventional forms, faces, draperies, of Christian art. When not working they get up little tableaux to personate saints and apostles. Thus this kind of representation has become the animating soul of Oberammergau. The Jewish mother of old hardly looked forward with more awe and hope to the possibility that the real Messiah might be born in her home than the Ammergau mother to the vision of a dramatic Christ or Madonna being born of her household. The persons who are to represent the various characters are selected by the voice of the community, and it is declared that they fix upon the most pious man for the Christ and on the most avaricious for the Judas of the play. That the long presence of this peculiar institution has exercised a potent moral influence on the atmosphere of the village I am convinced. There is about the Ammergauer a gentle and pious air, a Samaritan-like tendency to pause with total strangers and ask if it is well with them; a religious tone in every-day life, which suggests that the holy drama in which they have been for so many generations absorbed has made them over into its image and likeness.

At eight o'clock in the morning the boom of a cannon sounds from the mountain-side. A series of low, portentous monotonies from the orchestra. A gentle rising of the violins into a simple adagio. These make the prelude of the somewhat pastoral overture, reminding one of the earlier style of Haydn. When it is finished a chorus of about fifteen young men and maidens, as stately as any that ever graced the ancient Greek stage, march out—part from the right, part from the left—and stand before the curtain, their splendid costumes making a sort of rainbow. Their long locks float back in freedom, and they wear brilliant diadems. They sing the prologue, and as it proceeds one detects the hand of a scholar, if not, indeed, a poet therein. It was Dr. Ottman Weiss, who, remaining from the Benedictine fraternity of Ettal as a teacher, took in hand the older form of the Miracle Play, and (1843) made it into the present ingenious libretto. (The themes of the ancient music are retained, but the composition was re-arranged and much improved in 1860 by Herr Pfarrer, of Oberammergau.) Dr. Weiss expurgated all grotesqueries from the play, abolished the devil, who used to be an important figure, and, indeed, civilized the thing too much for the taste of the antiquarian, who can now find a

rougher but more quaint old play of the kind starting up now and then in the Tyrol.

The very careful account of Miracle Plays generally, and of the Oberammergau play, which has already appeared in this Magazine (January, 1871) renders it unnecessary for me to go into the details of the performance which I witnessed.

The impressiveness of the scene of the crucifixion was only marred whenever any word was spoken. In every interval of absolute silence the scene seemed to gather about it the inaudible voices of an invisible host—of martyrs and confessors, and of the millions who had lived and died with that form ever before their eyes—and we were encircled by the cloud of witnesses.

But this was true throughout: the tableaux represented the artistic power of the Passion Play. Some of these living pictures were grotesque. Jonah coming out of the painted whale's mouth was laughable. An old man at my side takes a draught out of his long stone pot of beer, and remarks the whale looks more astonished than Jonah. But, on the whole, as a series of Bible pictures, the performance was very effective. Before us passed the scenes of Cain and Abel, Joab and Amasa, foreshadowing the treachery of Judas; Jacob receiving Joseph's coat, suggesting the cruelties to Christ; Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac, typifying the sacrifice of Christ; the raising of Esther and humiliation of the haughty Vashti, symbolizing the downfall of Jerusalem; Adam and Eve tilling the earth in the sweat of their brow, their little naked sons struggling with briars, suggesting Christ's bloody sweat in the garden; Joseph in his triumphal chariot; the persecution of Daniel and other prophets; Moses smiting the rock, lifting the brazen serpent; and Israel gathering the manna—each followed by a related scene, as the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, his persecutions, his feeding his disciples with the manna of the Last Supper, or his lifting up on the cross, like the brazen serpent. These scenes, in which the figures and colors of Dürer, Da Vinci, and Wohlgemuth continually passed before us, held all spell-bound without weariness from eight in the morning to five in the afternoon, the hour's respite at noon being alone tedious.

Much was certainly in the exquisite framework of nature in which these rich Oriental pictures were set. The mountains, fretted with snow, stood solemnly around us. The sun was rising when we began, and it seemed to be rising all the morning, purpling peak after peak, and falling slowly down to us along a stairway of summits until it found another dawn in the deep barbaric colors on our stage. The tinkling of sheep bells just outside of the inclosure blended with the violins; the larks rising in the air, and other songsters sometimes nestling in the trees

about us, mingled their glad notes with the voice of the chorus. Butterflies came out of the field to add reality to our flowers of Paradise. Nature without and within folded her gentle arms around every picture.

In the night I sat late at my window pondering the import of what I had seen. A flush of the gloaming still rested on the snow of the mountains—the after-glow of a day that could never return. On a far-away height shone a light that quickly grew to brilliancy. It is a St. John's fire—the last surviving symbol of Loki (Leucht), goddess once of all earthly fires. Relegated long ago to nether fires, her supernal torch passed to the half-clad prophet of the desert. That St. John's fire, too, is the after-glow of a day forever past. What will the pilgrim who wanders here in the next century find at Oberammergau? Not, I imagine, the spoken and uttered Passion Play. The words and acts will decrease which attempt to utter the ineffable. The moving silence will increase, and therewith those old cartoons of the mountain-side will increase in beauty. Nay, I am not sure that the tableaux may not be imitated elsewhere. There was a time when the arts dwelt in every temple; and there may be a period when they will return. They will return just in the proportion that bigotry and dissension disappear, and when the soul learns to love the

heroism and the allegories which mark its ascent, and which art can express, rather than dogmas and discords hateful to every art. No history, no truth, has disclosed all that is folded in it until it has bloomed into beauty for eye and ear; for our senses within and those without correspond as harp-strings and harp; and each truth will sweep every chord, and make every part of that mysterious being that we are vibrate with its glory. Where art comes all falsity is separated, all coarseness is refined, and the ugliness flies away, like the old Ammergau devil, who was dropped because he could not be made picturesque without being made attractive. Here were hundreds of Protestant people admiring even the action of St. Veronica—whose handkerchief, offered to Jesus on his way to Calvary, returns to her with his portrait on it—who would leave any church where the same thing was presented in dogmatic form. Only that lasts which can charm. The more the Passions-Spiel is acted, the more, as I believe, will the details that wound sentiment disappear from it, even as they now begin to vanish from the memory of the writer hereof, leaving the vision to be cherished of sky and mountain and kindled hearts, all weaving a frame for the glowing pictures with which the lowly peasants devoutly rehearsed the ancient story of the Man of Sorrows.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the prefatory sketch to Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," that picture full of sweetness and repose of the quaint and slumberous old house and its surroundings, the author says, speaking of the few companions who invaded the solitude: "Or it might be that Ellery Channing came up the avenue to join me in a fishing excursion on the river. Strange and happy times were those when we cast aside all irksome forms and strait-laced habitudes, and delivered ourselves up to the free air to live like the Indians, or any less conventional race, during one bright semicircle of the sun." They turn their boat from the Concord into the shadowy, sheltered Assabet. The little stream sleeps along its course, and dreams of the shy and clustering foliage. "But both the original and the reflection had here an ideal charm; and had it been a thought more wild, I could have fancied that this river had strayed forth out of the rich scenery of my companion's inner world; only the vegetation along its banks should then have had an Oriental character." They wind along the lovely solitude, startling the kingfisher and the ducks, and at last draw up their skiff upon the grassy shore, and in a natural bower they kindle the fire for their noonday feast. They laugh and talk as they heap the fire with dry wood and cook their dinner. "So amidst sunshine and shadow, rustling leaves and sighing waters, up gushed our

talk like the bubble of a fountain. The evanescent spray was Ellery's; and his, too, the lumps of golden thought that lay glimmering in the fountain's bed, and brightened both our faces by the reflection. Could he have drawn out that virgin gold, and stamped it with the mint-mark that alone gives currency, the world might have had the profit and he the fame. My mind was the richer merely by the knowledge that it was there."

These words describe days nearly thirty years ago. It was the prime of the transcendental epoch, as it was called, in New England: the moral, intellectual, social, and political renaissance of American life. Mr. Emerson was lecturing at the Masonic Temple in Boston, speaking at the Phi Beta Kappa and Divinity School anniversaries in Cambridge, with a significance and force of which the polished elegance of Mr. Everett's oratory, then the most familiar and esteemed, had been no herald whatever. The assemblies at Dr. Channing's of the young scholars and thinkers were ended when Hawthorne and his companion, who was the famous doctor's nephew, and bore his name, paddled their skiff up the Assabet. But the circle that gathered about Channing was the source of the new activity. How well appointed the leaders were was already apparent in the debate between Mr. Ripley and Professor Norton. Brook Farm,

whose annals are now so faithfully written in "Old and New," had been planted in seclusion near the placid Charles, and Hawthorne, one of its pioneer settlers, had left it, and married, and settled at the old Manse. Theodore Parker was preaching to his country parish at West Roxbury, and standing with his sling, a dangerous *frondeur*, before the giants of Boston Unitarianism. Disturbing doctrines, as they were deemed by the old guard of conservatism, were heard on every hand. Antinomianism in modern guise was suspected. Here was a woman who was probably Ann Hutchinson come again. There was a man who troubled to-day's peace as Roger Williams that of two centuries ago. There, too, were pestilent Quakers and Baptists in fresher forms to be dealt with. And while the reverend dons were aghast at the new seal which seemed to have broken over Boston, there were young men and maidens who discerned in the movement of the time the dawn of a millennium, and who fondly fancied that daily life was on the very verge of turning out to be a perfect poem.

That, indeed, is a revelation continually made to the individual; but it is inward and invisible. These young persons, however, anticipated a visible descent—a palpable heaven ascending and descending. They were, perhaps, finer Millerites, who conceived that the millennium would be effected not by translation, but by metamorphosis; not by soaring to another sphere, but by the sudden change of this. While the impulse was at its height it was felt to be most desirable that it should have an organ. A journal or periodical of some kind was eagerly planned, and in July, 1840, appeared the first number of "*The Dial: a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion.*" It was issued quarterly, and they are fortunate who have a copy of it; a book so interesting and valuable both for itself and for its significance. Naturally it is a little crude and excessive. There is some consciousness of the trailing garments of glory in which the elect are clad. But what a group of names it contains; and of what a profound and humane influence it is the sign! Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller were understood to be the active editors. Theodore Parker and George Ripley were contributors. A. Bronson Alcott uttered in its pages his "Orphic Sayings," in which the skeptics of the new era sneered that the transcendental gibberish culminated; and one of them was long quoted in derision as solemn nonsense. "The popular genesis is historical. It is written to sense, not to the soul. Two principles, diverse and alien, interchange the Godhead, and sway the world by turns. God is dual. Spirit is derivative. Identity halts in diversity. Unity is actual merely. The poles of things are not integrated: creation globed and orbéd." But no nut was too hard for the cracking wit of the new birth, and apparent obscurity was gladly hailed as presumptive wisdom.

Other contributors were William Henry Channing, a cousin of Hawthorne's Ellery—one of the purest and noblest of men. He had an apostolic fervor of eloquence, the ardent devotion of a new Peter the Hermit; a spirit which could not tolerate the injustice and sorrow of society, and protested with passionate tenderness against social and theological wrongs. "The evil time's sole patriot," says Emerson, in the ode which he

inscribed to him. With him were his friend and Margaret Fuller's, James Freeman Clarke; and John S. Dwight, who for so long has been our chief authority in the highest music; and Christopher P. Cranch, many of whose finest verses were first printed in the *Dial*; and Henry Thoreau, whose review of the Report upon the Natural History of Massachusetts first revealed the wonderful eye of that master of woods and forests; and Frederic Henry Hedge, still one of the most accomplished of American scholars and divines. There were other writers whose names are less familiar, but whose contributions to the *Dial*, in poetry or prose, have a fresh grace and delicacy which give a unique charm to this phoenix of magazines.

Hawthorne's mention of Ellery Channing has naturally brought the *Dial* and its illustrious company to mind, because in the second number, that for October, 1840, two years before the time of which Hawthorne writes, Mr. Emerson had an article upon "New Poetry," in which he speaks with unstinted praise of some verses which he had lately seen in manuscript; several of which he quotes in proud proof that "the muse is neither dead nor dumb, but has found a voice in these cold cisatlantic states." They were the work of Hawthorne's companion, William Ellery Channing, nephew of the great Dr. Channing. Emerson and Hawthorne are often thought to stand together at the head of our American literature; and they are certainly illustrious sponsors for any author. Two years before Hawthorne had written that his mind was richer merely by the knowledge of his friend Channing's genius, Emerson had said: "Here is poetry which asks no aid of magnitude or number, of blood or crime, but finds theatre enough in the first field or brook-side, breadth and depth enough in the flow of its own thought. Here is self-repose which, to our mind, is stabler than the Pyramids. Here is self-respect which leads a man to date from his heart more proudly than from Rome. Here is love which sees through surface, and adores the gentle nature and not the costume. Here is religion which is not of the Church of England nor of the Church of Boston. Here is the good, wise heart which sees that the end of culture is strength and cheerfulness. In an age, too, which tends with so strong an inclination to the philosophical muse, here is poetry more intellectual than any American verses we have yet seen, distinguished from all competition by two merits—the fineness of perception, and the poet's trust in his own genius to that degree that there is an absence of all conventional imagery, and a bold use of that which the moment's mood had made sacred to him, quite careless that it might be sacred to no other, and might even be slightly ludicrous to the first reader."

These words introduced a new poet to the readers of the *Dial*, and there was a strong desire to see his verses in a volume. The extracts which Mr. Emerson made from the manuscript seemed to many most thoughtful readers to justify his praise; and in 1843 appeared a thin volume, in the familiar Boston style of that day—"Poems by William Ellery Channing." By some of the most cultivated and critical readers, and by persons of mark and genius, the author was believed to be the chief if not the sole poet

in our literature. His book had the imprint of one of the great publishing houses of the country, Little and Brown; yet it was entirely unheeded by the reading public; almost the only notice taken of it was a few gibes from Poe, which were unintelligible to his readers, because they knew nothing of the author he ridiculed; and at this day, probably, no one who reads these words knows the name of the poet, or has ever heard of his poetry, if he was not within the influence of the intellectual revival of thirty years ago.

In the mean time, within that generation, how many names, then unknown, have risen into familiarity and into fame? Tennyson had been first published in America only in the previous year. Browning was scarcely known. Mrs. Browning's "Lay of the Brown Rosary" was circulating in manuscript, and her works were issued in two volumes in New York a year or two afterward. Milnes and "Barry Cornwall" were published in Boston a little later, and have had their day. Since then the newer English names have been written—Clough, Morris, Swinburne, "Owen Meredith," Matthew Arnold, Alexander Smith—poor fellow! so madly hailed, so swiftly condemned—Jean Ingelow, Adelaide Proctor, Christina Rossetti; while at home, since those days, Emerson himself has been acknowledged as a poet; Lowell has taken his place among the *majores*; and Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier still sit upon undisputed thrones. There are younger names—Bret Harte, Stoddard, and Taylor; and Boker and Hay and Stedman; and the newest of all, Joaquin Miller; and the "good gray poet," as Mr. W. D. O'Connor, his most loyal admirer, calls him, Walt Whitman.

How many who know all these names know that of the poet who was most valued by the best of his contemporaries? Since the early volume of which we have spoken, Mr. Channing has published "Poems, Second Series," "The Woodman," "Conversations in Rome" (a prose volume), and "Near Home" (a poem in blank verse of fifty pages, in 1858). He was also one of the contributors to the *Dial*, and wrote for it a series of letters in prose between the Poet and the Painter; and during most of the time, with the exception of a short visit in Europe, the author has lived at Concord, in Massachusetts. But his books have failed to catch the public ear, although they have touched many a private heart. What his friend Hawthorne playfully said of himself, after he became famous, that at one time he was the most unknown author in America, is still true of this poet. Many of those who hailed his first song are gone, but none who ever believed him to be essentially a poet have lost their faith. And now, after many years, Mr. Channing is about to publish another poem. Favor can not be bribed for it, nor success bought. But, at least, if the fact is known, there may be a willingness to consider the claims of an author so modest, and who is wholly free from the poetic fashion of the day. The mannered intensity, the excess, the voluptuous, sensuous vein which have become so familiar, are not to be found in this cool, remote, pensive, careless, sometimes sadly cynical strain.

In quoting a few illustrations from the first volume we shall remember Hawthorne's wish: "Could he have drawn out that virgin gold, and stamped it with the mint-mark that alone gives

currency, the world might have had the profit and he the fame." What is that mint-mark? It is the art, the form, the music of the poetry. "I don't care whether he has sense," said a great critic, speaking of a young poet; "but has he melody?" There is an undeniable carelessness in much of Channing's verse, which inevitably causes obscurity; and poets are not greatest when they are most obscure. Without the instinct of form, without the love of the art, a man may be poetical, but he is not a poet. Nevertheless, because he who runs can not read Browning, for instance, it can not be denied that Browning is a true poet. If Channing is sometimes rugged and halting in form, and difficult to follow, it is very foolish to suppose that he is therefore not worth following. He seems to be so intent upon his thought that, like a mountain climber resolved to pluck the edelweiss, he will mind no shocks or bruises. Poe laughed, and possibly made others laugh, at him; but if Poe is slipping out of mind, is it not because of the very want of that grave sincerity which pervades the poetry of Channing like the resinous odor of a pine grove?

It is refreshing, also, in these echoing days, to hear a strain which is entirely without echo. Every new bard is apt to suggest some familiar strain. Even the dialect poetry has, as Mr. Alcott would orphically express it, an evident genesis. Certainly we need not require that there shall be no sign of culture in a new candidate for poetic honors, and that he shall be totally independent of the influences of his time. He can not be if he would. The subtle spirit of the age is his invisible master, and without any consent or care of his own he will show the time in which he lives and the influences around him, as the child shows the family likeness. Yet the beauty and charm of the individual are none the less fresh and original because we recognize the general resemblance. Originality is not absolute novelty—it is independence. Again, Channing's poetry is not that of a man of the world in the usual sense. It is plainly that of a shy, solitary recluse, but a recluse like his friend Thoreau, who, indeed, was especially a man of the world, in the sense of an observer and lover of nature. The world of towns and social conventions he little knew, and superbly scorned; but the world of nature, the earth and the heavens, bird, beast, and fish, the lily and the aster, he knew by heart. And this is a knowledge that Channing shares.

But thus far, like the preacher in the pulpit, we have it all our own way, and the poet must be taken upon our word. Alas! he was not taken upon that of Emerson and Margaret Fuller and Hawthorne. But he shall now speak for himself to a new generation of readers. Here is the "Lover's Song," full of exquisite melody, it seems to us, and of the deepest, purest feeling:

"Bee in the deep flower bells,
Brook in the cavern dim,
Fawn in the woodland dells,
Hideth him.

"I hide in thy deep flower eyes,
In the well of thy dark cold eye;
In thy heart my feelings rise,
There they lie.

"Sing, love, sing, for thy song
Filleth the life of my mind:
Thou bendest my woes along
Like a wind.

"Green of the spring and flower,
Fruit of the summer day,
Midnight and moon-lit hour,
What say they?

"Centre of them thou art,
Building that points on high;
Sun, for it is in thy heart,
Will not die."

In this that follows, too, there is evidently no justification for what we said of an occasional break in the music. It floats in memory like a blossom upon the air—the delicate expression of one of the airy fine fancies of which every lover and student of nature is conscious.

"GIFTS.

"A dropping shower of spray
Filled with a beam of light,
The breath of some soft day,
The groves by wan moonlight,
Some river's flow,
Some falling snow,
Some bird's swift flight;

"A summer field o'erstrown
With gay and laughing flowers,
And shepherd's clocks half blown
That tell the merry hours,
The waving grain,
The spring soft rain—
Are these things *ours*?"

Those who are interested in Henry Thoreau—and they are an increasing host—will be glad to see the ample recognition of him by his friend Channing in "Near Home:"

"Yes! be to me a muse, if so, that thought
Which is in thee, the King, that royal truth
Spurning all commonplace details of lie,
All far-fetched harrowing curb-stones
Of excuse, that fit men's actions to their
Consciences, and so achieve content
At the expense of honor: all low hopes,
Apologies for self where weakness hides,
And those worst virtues that the cozening world
Pimps on her half-fledged brood: old shells and worms
That saw ere deluged Noah at the plow—
If so, e'en in its faintest radiation,
Thy abiding faith in God's great justice
Might arise, and so might I be just,
And trust in him!"

And again:

"I see Rudolpho cross our honest fields,
Collapsed with thought, cool as the Stagirite
At intellectual problems: mastering
Day after day part of the world's concern,
Still adding to his list, beetle and bee—
Of what the vireo builds a pensile nest,
And why the peewee drops her giant egg
In wheezing meadows, odorous with sweet brake.
Nor welcome dawns, nor shrinking nights him men-
ace,
Still girt about for observation, yet
Keen to pursue the devious lanes that lead
To knowledge oft so dearly bought."

In the following stanzas the same lofty purity of feeling as in the "Lover's Song" is almost unique in the love poetry of the day:

"THE PICTURE.

"My mind obeys the power
That through all persons breathes,
And woods are murmuring,
And fields begin to sing,
And in me nature wreathes.

"Thou, too, art with me here—
The best of all design;
Of that strong purity
Which makes it joy to be
A distant thought of thine."

Such manly homage is uncommon in any literature. The same vestal loftiness of nature would seem to have inspired these lines to Una:

"We are centred deeper far
Than the eye of any star,
Nor can rays of long sunlight
Thread a pace of our delight.

"In thy form I see the day
Burning, of a kingdom higher;
In thy silver net-work play
Thoughts that to the gods aspire;
In thy cheek I see the flame
Of the studious taper burn;
And thy Grecian eye might tame
Nature's ashed in antique urn.

"Yet with this lofty element
Flows a pure stream of gentle kindness,
And thou to life thy strength hast lent,
And borne profoundest tenderness
In thy Promethean fearless arm,
With mercy's love that would all angels charm.

"So trembling meek, so proudly strong,
Thou dost to higher worlds belong
Than where I sing this empty song:
Yet I, a thing of mortal kind,
Can kneel before thy pathless mind,
And see in thee what my mates say
Sank o'er Judæa's hills one crimson day.
Yet flames on high the keen Greek fire,
And later ages rarefies,
And even on my tuneless lyre
A faint, wan beam of radiance dies.

"And might I say what I have thought
Of thee, and those I love to-day,
Then had the world an echo caught
Of that intense, impassioned lay
Which sung in those thy being sings,
And from the deepest ages rings."

"The evanescent spray was Ellery's," says Hawthorne; "and his, too, the lumps of golden thought that lay glimmering in the fountain's bed, and brightened both our faces by the reflection." Do not the few stanzas that we have quoted seem at least to justify his words? "These are proper manuscript inspirations," says Emerson; "honest, great, but crude." Yet of the contemplative strain which is so characteristic, and which naturally charmed Emerson, we have given scarcely an illustration. Let the seasonable lines that follow show the sweet mood of intellectual tranquillity that reveals a genius modulated, harp-like, to the subtlest influences of nature. They are lines "written in the evening of a November day:"

"Thee, mild autumnal day,
I felt, not for myself; the winds may steal
From any point, and seem to me alike
Reviving, soothing powers.

"Like thee the contrast is
Of a new mood in a decaying man,
Whose idle mind is suddenly revived
With many pleasant thoughts.

"Our earth was gratified:
Fresh grass, a stranger in this frosty clime,
Peeped from the crumbling mould, as welcome as
An unexpected friend.

"How glowed the evening-star,
As it delights to glow in summer's midst,
When out of ruddy boughs the twilight birds
Sing flowing harmony.

"Peace was the will to-day:
Love in bewildering growth our joyous minds
Swelled to their widest bounds; the worldly left
All hearts to sympathize.

"I felt for thee—for thee,
Whose inward, outward life completely moves,
Surrendered to the beauty of the soul
Of this creative day."

Amidst the verse which is popular at the moment this is a strain like that of Wordsworth to the devotees of Byron. Yet our age and our taste need not be less catholic than any other, and we shall be glad if these words shall lead any lover of poetry to turn to the new poem of Mr. Channing, and then to his earlier volumes, and

to reflect whether in counting up the treasures of our literature he had not omitted something.

THE summer of 1871 will be long known as the summer of disasters to travelers. Indeed, they have been so constant and so terrible, and apparently so needless, that those who must travel have undoubtedly felt more than ever the incessant peril of the road. The explosion of boilers upon steamboats was so continuous that it seemed as if all the old boilers had given out, and nobody was wise enough to know it. The melancholy destruction of the *Westfield* ferry-boat at her wharf in New York was echoed, as it were, by that of the *Ocean Wave* at Mobile; and the day after the wanton slaughter upon the Eastern Railroad, near Boston, came the account of the Erie catastrophe in Pennsylvania.

But simultaneously with the tragedy of the facts came the comedy of their interpretation in some quarters. Certain well-meaning but very thoughtless clergymen improved the events into special judgments and warnings. But in the present state of knowledge and general intelligence such treatment of railway or steamboat disasters strikes sensible minds as the Indian terror of an eclipse seemed to Columbus. An intelligent Christian clergyman saying to his congregation that the explosion of the *Westfield*, for instance, was a judgment upon Sunday pleasure-parties is as unpleasant an object of contemplation as Cicero complimenting his friend Atticus upon the success of his gladiators. Was Cicero, the most modern of the ancients, so lost to what seem to us the common instincts of humanity that he did not perceive the enormity of keeping a band of gladiators? Are these good people of to-day not aware of the discredit they bring upon religion by declaring the explosion of a rotten boiler to be a sign of the Divine wrath?

The Easy Chair knew one worthy man who, on the Sunday after the explosion of the *Westfield*, was driving in his wagon to church. The horse stumbled and fell, the wagon was thrown into a ditch, and the good man's leg was broken. As he sat in his chair some days afterward he spoke of the *Westfield*, and said, without bitterness, but with real sorrow and compassion, "What can people expect who go pleasuring on Sunday?" How if some kind angel had whispered to him, "Friend, does not the commandment forbid all work upon the Sabbath-day, even to the labor of oxen and asses? And did you not compel your beast to work last Sunday? Behold, thou art the man! It is you who have broken the commandment, and your broken leg is the penalty."

Besides, if the explosion of the worn boiler of the *Westfield* on Sunday, and the consequent destruction of life, is a sign of the Divine displeasure and a judgment upon sin, what is the explosion of the worn boiler of the *Starbuck* upon a week-day, and the consequent destruction of life? It was on Saturday evening that Dr. Gannett, a Unitarian, and Dr. Mason, a Baptist, two clergymen universally respected for the purity of their lives and the benignity of their teachings, were instantly killed upon the Eastern Railroad. Was it a judgment for traveling upon Saturday night? But why was it not equally a judgment for traveling at all? Why was it not a judgment upon Dr. Gannett for being a Unitarian, or upon Dr. Mason for being a Baptist?

Why not a judgment upon the community for tolerating a railroad? Why not a sign of Divine wrath with those passengers who had eaten too much dinner, or with those who were going too greedily to supper? If an event which is very simple and very explicable, however terrible and saddening, is to be regarded as a judgment, then every event may be so regarded, and, therefore, the significance of all events is wholly lost.

And if it be a judgment, who shall interpret it? No man is bound to accept his neighbor's view of it. Here, for instance, upon the *Westfield* was some poor young couple obliged to work hard early and late through the week, and whose little child, puny, sick, withering in the close air of the city, was ordered by the doctor, as the only chance for life, to taste the fresh air from the sea. It is a small expense, but one that the poor young parents feel; yet what they can do shall be done to save their darling. So they carry him to the steamboat upon the only holiday they have—holy day, indeed, which they devote to saving their child—and as they sit upon the deck waiting to go, and the little eyes open with fresher life as the blood feels the breath of the sweeter air—instantly God touched them all, and they slept. Then one man, a devout Christian, says that it is a judgment for seeking enjoyment upon the Sabbath. But his neighbor, also a Christian, says that a God of love, who died for the sins of his children, would not angrily destroy those children for loving theirs. And another asks, if it be the glory of Christianity that it abolishes the terror of death, why do you call death a judgment, as if it were a dreadful doom?

Last Tuesday, slyly said a newspaper long ago, a clergyman of Ipswich was standing upon the frame of Deacon Jones's house, which was just raised, and unfortunately falling, he was killed. It is an impressive warning against standing upon the frames of unfinished houses on Tuesdays. It was a wise sarcasm; for is there any end to this cheap interpretation? Yesterday morning a little girl going to school slipped upon a piece of orange peel and broke her thigh. What a Providential admonition to little girls not to go to school in the morning! Last week Obadiah Screw's gray mare ran against a scythe left in the pasture, and cut herself so severely that she died. The day before Obadiah Screw eat baked blue-fish for dinner. Let those who are fond of baked blue-fish reflect in time upon this warning. This is no more absurd than to find in an eclipse a sign of the Divine displeasure, or in the explosion of the *Westfield* and *Ocean Wave* the punishment of sinners. We are all sinners, and whatever ill befalls us may, therefore, be as truly accounted a punishment. A burned finger, a sprained ankle, an indigestion, are, in this sense, judgments.

And there is one other point upon which the good people who so nimbly pronounce a calamity to be a punishment and a warning seem to have reflected little. Why should the sin of the poor young parents who took their child upon the *Westfield* in the pious hope of saving its life be, as you say, punished in so sudden and startling a manner, while the sin of robbers and rascals who break the hearts of widows and grind the poor and demoralize a community is not

punished at all to our eyes, but is rewarded with unbounded affluence, comfort, luxury, and often with long and painless life? Take care, fervent friend, that in explaining the celestial counsels as if you had been admitted to them, you do not bring the celestial power itself into doubt and contempt. Of the two venerated clergymen who were killed upon the Eastern road, and of the poor young parents whom we have supposed upon the *Westfield*, you say that the sudden death was God's judgment upon sin. Perhaps, perhaps. But is it not as Christian, as religious, as true, to say, like men who can not read the mysteries of events, but who yet feel that all is wisely and tenderly ordered, God giveth his beloved sleep?

THE ease and universality with which every rumor is now simultaneously published upon both hemispheres are likely to educate us in immense misinformation of current affairs. Something, for instance, is positively asserted to-day, and denied or questioned to-morrow. It will probably then be dropped by the telegraph, and if a man is not very careful to verify the assertion or the denial, his inclination or his theory will settle the fact for him. Thus on the 5th day of September it is telegraphed from Versailles that President Thiers has appointed the Duke d'Aumale governor of Algeria; on the 6th of September the telegraph with utter impartiality announces that the report that the Duke d'Aumale has been appointed governor of Algeria is denied. Then it was only a rumor. Yet it was announced as a fact. And it was announced precisely in the same way with the prolongation of M. Thiers's powers. Is that a fact, then, or a rumor only?

There is undoubtedly a growing reserve in receiving the statements of newspapers, and the honor and value of the press require that they should be carefully considered. Unquestionably all reports of "interviews" are seriously distrusted, so that if a writer or an orator should make statements and arguments, founded upon the tales of "interviewing" reporters, he would fall into great discredit. This is so much a matter of course that even when grave accusations against the health officer of New York were detailed at

length in the *Tribune*, the Governor of the State said, in a letter to a shipping house which called his attention to the subject, that he could not proceed against an officer upon the ground of charges preferred anonymously by a newspaper. Now, undoubtedly the unwillingness of the Governor is shared by thousands of readers of newspapers, who are very loath to proceed against a public man merely because the newspapers accuse him, even in detail, and at the apparent risk of a suit for libel. Is not the reluctance due to the fact that the reader has so often heard the newspapers cry wolf when no wolf was near?

Newspapers are constantly insinuating that the foreign correspondence of their neighbors is written in the office, and one of the standard jokes of the press is the domestic factory of foreign intelligence. We have not, indeed, reached the condition which Frederic Harrison declares to be that of the Parisian journals. "With many of the best known Paris newspapers," he says, "the staff of so-called reporters are simply romancists, who, sitting at their desks, evolve these statements from their own inner consciousness.....A large portion of the Boulevard journalism is devoted to simple forgeries." This is an extreme happily unknown to us. But there is no doubt that the character and the influence of our own press are seriously impaired by a certain extravagance of statement. It is astonishing how differently the same fact looks according as you see it in one journal or in another. Mr. Harrison insists, in a very earnest and powerful article, that the judgment of the world has gone against the Commune, and that they are believed to be worse than the old terrorists, solely because of the cruel and limitless lying of the newspapers. "No one who has not examined into it for himself can conceive.....the degree to which misstatement can be carried by crowds of infuriated writers and speakers repeating with variations what can be ultimately proved to be a deliberate invention."

The power of the press is so enormous that it is always in order to suggest that its responsibility is proportional. It will, of course, reflect the passions and prejudices of the hour; but, after all, the true greatness of a newspaper, as of a man, is to tell the truth.

Editor's Literary Record.

IN Mr. RANSOM H. GILLET's account of *The Federal Government, its Officers and their Duties*, Woolworth, Ainsworth, and Co. publish a very opportune and useful sketch of the actual administration of that portion of our public affairs which is confided by the American constitutional system to our national government. The author was, early in life, called into the public service at Washington, and has served at various periods as member of Congress, Register, and Solicitor of the Treasury, and Solicitor for the United States in the Court of Claims. In the present work he gives not only an account or outline of constitutional law, as it appears upon the surface of the Constitution and leading adjudications, but describes the actual and practical working of the public offices, and the adminis-

tration of affairs in them as they are conducted at the present day. He does not go deeply into vexed questions or minutiae of bureau practice; but his chapters are concise, clear, and generally correct and reliable. This is doubtless the best popular account of the actual operation of the government now before the public.

The history of a nation is largely written in the careers of its famous men; and in the *Works of Charles Sumner*, now in course of publication by Lee and Shepard, in handsome and solid volumes, we have a most interesting chapter of our annals. Together with Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. J. G. Palfrey, the historian of New England, Dr. Howe, Horace Mann, R. H. Dana, Jun., Stephen C. Phillips, and many other men well known and honored in his native State, Mr.

Sumner had been early conspicuous among the Conscience Whigs, who, uniting with the Free-soil Democrats, formed the Republican party. He had made political speeches, and had even been nominated as representative in Congress, but he had held no office until he took his seat as successor of Mr. Webster in the Senate of the United States, on the 1st of December, 1851, the day upon which Mr. Clay appeared in the Senate for the last time. During the twenty years that have elapsed—the most critical of our history—Mr. Sumner has been identified with the principles and policy that have finally prevailed. In the great debates of the time he has been always a leader, and his hold upon the conscience of the country has never been relaxed. Indeed, his personal example alone has been invaluable, for it has shown that the most spotless character and the most uncompromising adherence to the strongest moral convictions are not inconsonant with the highest political honors. But we can not write the biography of Mr. Sumner here. It will be found, however, in these volumes, in which the speeches are chronologically arranged, accompanied by brief statements of fact which enable the reader to understand the precise circumstances of their delivery—a method which may be commended to all editors of speeches. Mr. Sumner's intellectual habit makes every one of his speeches an exhaustive treatise upon the subject, while the vast accumulation of facts never obscures the moral duty which every speech enforces. It is plainly an element of his political creed that the moral law is as binding in government and the relations of society as it is upon the conduct of individuals. Conscience is his touch-stone of political action, by which every thing must be tested. He holds, with Cicero, that the right is always the expedient. Upon certain vital questions in our politics, such as that of slavery in all its aspects, as in Kansas, and the Fugitive Slave law, the comprehensiveness of the speeches gives them great historical value, while the orator's general scholarship decorates them with the spoils of every literature. Mr. Sumner is often criticised as impracticable and theoretical, but that is usually the objection not of those who are not theorists, but of those whose theories differ. Measured by a very popular standard, Webster and Clay would be called practical statesmen. But if statesmanship implies the perception of the relation of national prosperity to the moral law, and an instinctive knowledge of the deeper forces that control a country, and a wise application of the lessons of history to our own affairs, neither Webster nor Clay can be called a great statesman. Webster, indeed, spoke as a statesman at Plymouth and at Niblo's Garden; but the crucial test is trust in your own convictions and perceptions when others falter and fail: and in that test Webster was melted.

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
And though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

The revenge of mediocrity and infidelity upon genius and the reliance upon celestial laws is to deride them as visionary. But if your locomotive meets the most matter-of-fact cow, "so much the worse for the coo." Chat-ham and Canning were theoretical statesmen until the one recovered the lost military pres-

tige of Great Britain, and the other restored the balance of power in the New World. Sir Robert Peel was the country gentlemen's ideal of a prime minister until he proved his real statesmanship by favoring the Corn Law repeal, and then they dropped him as a visionary. With us in this country, indeed, it has become almost a disadvantage to a public man to be truly a gentleman and a scholar. Cultivation and learning and a real belief that God is as strong as the devil are becoming disqualifications for public life. But a man is not less sagacious because his mind is informed and his sagacity instructed by experience; and what is literature but the record of the wisdom and the experience of the world? The circumstances of American life often condemn us to superficial knowledge; but are tails really out of fashion because our own are cut off? We are fond of extolling "self-made men." But was not the wit of the remark its truth, that self-made men are very apt to worship their maker? The very qualities of Mr. Sumner which exasperate his enemies and try his friends are those which have enabled him to play his memorable part in our recent history. We can very easily fancy him to be another man, with another career, but only the Charles Sumner that we know could have done Charles Sumner's work. It is true that no individual is of any essential importance. Without James Otis, or Samuel Adams, or Patrick Henry, there would doubtless have been an American Revolution. But we can not imagine the Revolution that we know without them. And so, disparaging no other of his fellow-workmen, is it not true of Sumner, at the end of twenty years of his public life, *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*?

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

THE recent events in Italy and the recent and prospective changes in the Roman Catholic Church have given rise to a new edition of Dr. JOHN DOWLING'S *History of Romanism* (Edward Walker). The new edition consists simply of the addition of a second supplement of 150 pages, bringing the history down from 1852, the close of the supplement added in the previous edition, to the end of the Œcumenical Council, the downfall of the temporal power of the pope, and the liberation of Italy. It embraces an account of the papal movements in England, of the life and labors of Gavazzi, of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, of the abduction of Edgar Mortara, of the gradual reforms and final emancipation and unification of Italy, and of the convening of the Œcumenical Council and the result of its action. There are certain marks of haste in this supplement, and a lack of unity in the author's treatment of these various themes, which seriously detract from its value. Instead, for example, of giving us an interior history of the secret sessions of the council and of the germs of internal dissension there sown, and now developing in Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, and even France, he passes the whole by with the remark that the difficulty of getting at the truth is so considerable that the result will not pay for the research. And yet he need not have looked beyond the pages of this Magazine to get a tolerably full account of the internal dissensions of that council, and might easily have verified its statements

by a study of authentic accounts easily accessible. What we want is a well-developed history of the growth and the decay of the papacy—the growth of its pretensions and the decay of its power—during the past quarter of a century. What we get is simply a convenient compendium of the current newspaper history of the time, and the publication in a convenient form of isolated but striking facts indicating the reactionary and intolerant character of Pius IX. and his advisers, and of certain official documents which demonstrate that this spirit really rules the hierarchy, despite the endeavors of the best and purest men in the Church to exorcise it.

The *Impending Conflict* (E. Goodenough), of which Dr. J. J. SMITH writes, is a conflict impending in these United States between Protestants and Romanists. He is one of those who believe that the Roman Catholics are leagued together to subvert the liberties of America, overthrow its educational institutions, destroy its religious liberty, and remit it to the religious and social condition which characterized Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He quotes from respectable Roman Catholic journals passages sufficient to justify the belief that there is a considerable party in the Romish Church who do desire very nearly just such a revolution. But he falls into the common error of most similar Protestant controversialists in accepting these journals as exponents of all the Romish communicants, and in treating the seven millions of Roman Catholics now computed to be in this country as though they shared in the conspiracy. The Roman Catholic Church is not one. The divisions in it are quite as great as those in the Protestant Church, as any one may see who will take the trouble to compare half a dozen of their religious weeklies. The difference in spirit between the *Boston Pilot* and *St. Peter's* is quite as great as that between the *New York Observer* and the *New York Independent*. The liberalism which utters itself in the protests of a Hyacinthe or a Dollinger exists unuttered in the minds of hundreds and thousands of unlettered communicants who desire to see the public-school system retained, and who have no real objection to the retention of the Bible in it. That a conflict with the Jesuit faction is impending is very likely; but it is not best fought out by assuming that the whole Romish communion is pledged to Jesuit principles, or is even subject to Jesuit control. Dr. Smith does, indeed, recognize the difference between the hierarchy and the people in his opening paragraph, but does not keep it before either his own mind or that of his readers afterward. The best part of his volume consists of those chapters devoted to the discussion of the question of retaining the Bible in our common schools. Those who fondly imagine that they will satisfy the papal party in the Romish Church by taking the Bible out will do well to read and ponder what they say themselves on this subject; for throughout his book Dr. Smith wisely gives the views of his opponents in their language, not his own. He makes pretty clear, too, the fact that the real question is not between retaining the Bible or rejecting it, but between schools and no schools, and shows that we must either give up popular education altogether, or maintain it in spite of papal opposition. On the whole, though Dr. Smith's book is unwisely, because indis-

criminately, controversial, in that it treats all Romanists as Jesuits, and so tends to increase Jesuit control in the Romish Church, yet it is fair, not bitter or vindictive or partisan, is in style clear, in argument cogent; and by its collection of facts, and especially by its unveiling of the designs of the Jesuit faction in the Church by quotations from their own organs, can hardly fail to be exceedingly useful to those over-charitable and those constitutionally somnolent individuals who do not know that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

If the theological professors continue to give us books on theology as bright and sparkling as Rev. L. T. TOWNSEND'S work on homiletics and pastoral theology, *Sword and Garment* (Lee and Shepard), "dry as theology" will ere long cease to have any significance as a proverb. We like this book of Professor Townsend's much better than the previous work by the same author, "Credo." It lacks the humor which characterizes "Ecce Cœlum;" but it is not less vivacious, and it is even more vigorous. The author thus interprets the text which gives to his treatise its enigmatical title:

"'He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.' What fearful and dreadful times are these, when garments must be sold for swords! What intense, warlike, and almost bloody language! What skill and devotion are now required! What battle is it that is now pending?"

Such are the times, he declares, on which we are fallen. No man is fit to be a minister who has not a sword, who can not defend, who can not compel attention to his gospel, who can not overcome alike the derision of infidelity and the indifference of worldliness. There is an end to reverence for the cloth. There is now reverence only for the man and for the truth, and even for the truth only as he has power to commend it. The man can no longer depend on his office; the office must depend on the man. He must, then, be equipped—thoroughly equipped. He must have fresh modern knowledge, *must* be abreast, *should* be ahead of the times. Scant learning, gathered from dead books concerning dead and buried problems, will not suffice. On this recognition of the spirit of the age Professor Townsend bases an earnest plea for complete equipments, modern equipments for the modern ministry—a plea, first, with the ministry to be more earnest to secure the equipment; second, with the laymen to be more generous in furnishing the means of obtaining it. We could have wished that to the four elements of ministerial power of which he treats he had added a fifth, more important than them all, and perhaps most difficult to acquire, at least most seldom acquired in large measure—spiritual life; but we are quite willing to accept the book as it is as a valuable work for both minister and laymen, and above all valuable as an indication of a recognition by the ministry itself of the kind of arms which the present phase of the battle renders it indispensable they should possess.

There is no writer in England or America who is so successful in bringing religious truth home to children as Dr. RICHARD NEWTON. His last volume of sermons, *Nature's Wonders* (Robert Carter and Brothers), is in no sense inferior to any that have preceded it. We heard him preach one of these sermons to a church crowded with children. There were none of the cheap devices

to which a certain class of Sunday-school orators are accustomed to resort to secure the attention of their youthful auditors, but we never saw a similar audience more spell-bound. And from experience with a little congregation of young folks, who gather about us every Sunday afternoon to hear one of Dr. Newton's sermons read aloud, we can testify that they do not wholly lose their charm in losing the personal presence and magnetism of the speaker. The object of this book is to show "the wisdom and goodness of God as they appear in the works of nature;" and we venture the assertion that there are few adults who can read them aloud to their children without getting a good deal of fresh information concerning nature viewed as the work of a beneficent Creator, as well as a large measure of spiritual benefit from the direct religious lessons inculcated.

NOVELS.

THE writings of GEORGE SAND are dangerously fascinating. No one can deny that they are powerful, and scarcely any one will deny that they are pernicious. Pretending to teach virtue, they cultivate vice. *Cesarine Dietrich* (James R. Osgood and Co.) is, perhaps, among the less objectionable and the more interesting of her books. It is the story of a French girl's love and lovers, and its power consists in the development of her strong but utterly unprincipled character. She seeks to win the love of a man who at first despises, then loves her. But he marries a poor girl, who loves him and has been his mistress; while Cesarine finally marries a man who has loved her in spite of her capricious and contemptuous treatment of him. There are but few characters in the book, but their lives are so interwoven that quite an intricate plot is constructed with but scanty material. There is not an attractive man or woman in the book. The love which is their prominent characteristic is a sensual passion which degrades and vitiates, and not a holy emotion which ennobles and exalts.

In strong contrast to this book is *My Heroine* (Appleton and Co.). The story is a sad one; but the triumph over bitter griefs and cruel wrongs which Geraldine Trevelyan achieved in a measure repays us for the sympathy which is excited by her story. Married when very young to a rich roué more than twice her age, she suffered what a delicate and sensitive nature must suffer when bound to such a man. Truly loving and beloved by an artist, she had besought her parents to release her from her engagement to Colonel Trevelyan a week before the marriage took place; but, fearful of the ridicule of society, and ambitious for their daughter, they had refused. At first homesick, then wounded and sick at heart, and finally desperately shocked, she is almost driven from her home. But her artist friend, proving himself a true friend indeed, stifling his own heart yearnings, counsels her wisely to accept her position, and seek from God for the grace she needs to enable her to endure her griefs. She more than endures; she conquers. She proves a faithful wife to a most unfaithful husband. L'Estrange, the artist, marries one who loves him devotedly, and, wrapped up in his art, and calmly happy with his wife and children, he never again sees the woman whom he so ardently loved till, long years after, he sees her

face quite still in death. The book affords a strong example of faithfulness to the marriage vow, even when the most strenuous law would have acknowledged the bond broken, and is a noble protest against the laxity which accords to either husband or wife the right easily to forget the sacred promise to "take for better and for worse till death do part."

Another example of a loveless marriage is given in *A Daughter of Heth*. (Harper and Brothers.) A young French girl, orphaned, is brought to the home of her uncle, a stanch Scotch Presbyterian minister. She is the child of his younger brother, a wanderer from home, and neither he nor her Roman Catholic mother has given her any religious training. Into the Scotch household, where the widowed father, though strict, is so absorbed in his work that his boys revel in mischief away from the manse, Catherine Cassilis, or "Coquette," as she was familiarly called, brought her French ideas of Sunday, and her want of any religious purpose, shocking it by her ideas and habits, and in turn depressed by its atmosphere. But her lovely and gentle nature soon won their hearts, and she strove to conform to their religious ideas. The eldest son became her champion and then her lover, and she finally married him, though not till she had given her heart to a young nobleman who, although secretly and unhappily married, had almost persuaded Coquette to fly from the country with him. She was saved by a fearful storm, in which Lord Earlshope, her lover, was drowned. She lived but a short time after her marriage to her cousin, and the story closes gloomily. The gradual breaking down of old prejudices is well wrought out in the early part of the book, and the characters are well drawn.

New England Legends, by Mrs. H. P. SPOFFORD (James R. Osgood and Co.), will be chiefly interesting to those who have associations with the places which Mrs. Spofford has especially named in these sketches. But as a magazine writer Mrs. S. has become famous, and the six short papers here selected for more permanent publication have already been pronounced worthy of such a preservation. It is unfortunate they should need the apology which the author makes for them. Evidence of haste in preparation is pardonable when the article is obviously expected only to be taken warm from the writer's hand; but such marks should be effaced when the thoughts are served between boards.

Mrs. MARY CLEMMER AMES has produced in *Eirene; or, a Woman's Right* (G. P. Putnam and Son) a very "clever" novel. It has the advantage of being thoroughly American, alike in the characters portrayed, the scenes depicted, and the topics discussed. The characters are photographs from American originals. Eirene's three lovers—Moses Loplolly, the "lank youth with a crotchet in his shoulders, yellow locks, and small pale eyes of a gooseberry green," and who appears afterward in the character of a "travelin' merchant," with "pantaloons of a large plaid, a yellow waistcoat, a scarlet neck-tie, green glass studs in his shirt bosom, a blue coat, and a tall black shiny hat set on one side of his head," and possessing "the spankinest team on the road;" Paul Mallane—poor Paul! whom, after all, we pity rather than detest for the wretch-

ed battle between the miserable pride his mother so ingeniously fosters and the love and better nature which the mere sight of Eirene has awakened in him, only to be vanquished, though not utterly stifled, at the last—quite as true a type of a certain class of American aristocracy as Moses is of a shrewd and not overscrupulous Yankee peddler; Pierre De Peyster, the worthy and finally successful lover, perhaps the least characteristic portrait of the three, the most like the hero of a novel, and yet with strongly marked traits of character too; and best of all, Eirene, a really noble creation, strong in mind and head, yet in no wise unwomanly in thought or deed in all her life of self-supporting—a character whose very conception proves that a woman may live an independent life and yet lose nothing of her feminine grace and feminine purity:—these are the chief characters of the book; yet the subordinate personages, even down to old Muggins, the family horse, are carefully and conscientiously drawn. The scenes, whether the old farmhouse at Hilltop, the thriving manufacturing village of Busyville, with its social extremes and its new and its old aristocracy, or the army, with its camp, its hospital, and its nurses, are all truthfully described. It is only in depicting life in New York city that Mrs. Ames is conventional, and labors under the suspicion of drawing from imagination, not observation. Nor is her moral less American than her scenes and characters. The apparent aim of her story is to exhibit woman's right as twofold: the right when laboring for her own support to have what Eirene demanded of Mr. Mann—"As much as you would give a man in the same position and for doing the same work;" and the higher right of the same woman when mated to the one she loves (the right which Eirene claims in the closing sentence of the book from her husband)—"the highest right ever won by woman, to be the honored and beloved wife of the one man I would have chosen out of all the world." These two rights—one of which the advocates of free divorce, mis-called free love, would deny to woman; the other of which unjust society still denies, or grants, if at all, but grudgingly—are the rights and all the rights which Mary Clemmer Ames demands for her sisters; and these rights granted, and adequately secured, will satisfy most, if not all, of her readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE have more than once been asked to name a book which a beginner, not at all acquainted with geology, might take up with the hope of being made reasonably well acquainted with the rudiments of that science in a comparatively short space of time, sufficiently so, at all events, to enable him to understand the geological illustrations which abound in literature, and the geological questions which so nearly concern the more important problems of the antiquity of the world and the origin of the human race. Sir CHARLES LYELL'S *Students' Elements of Geology* (Harper and Brothers) exactly meets this want—or rather, to speak more accurately, it meets that want as nearly as it is capable of being met. Science has been not inaptly compared to a circle, into which one must enter somewhere, it matters not much where, the first lessons being always hard, and rarely entertain-

ing. To understand aright the language of a new science one must comprehend something of its principles, and yet to comprehend its principles one must understand the language in which they are universally couched. Such a manual as this is less entertaining to a beginner than he had hoped to find it; but, in truth, the beginner never finds the alphabet entertaining, and yet he can not put letters and words and sentences together till he has by some hard drudging learned the alphabet; and as a primer, this book is admirable.

Mr. FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD adds to the numerous reading-books a *Hand-Book of English Literature* (Lee and Shepard). The volume before us embraces a "condensed account of the growth of the language, and of the character and influence of its various elements," and a series of selections from leading English writers from the days of Chaucer to the present time. Accompanying these selections are biographical sketches, necessarily brief, of the respective writers. The volume is to be followed by another similar one containing extracts from American authors.

Harper and Brothers present in an exceedingly attractive form a new and revised edition of EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S poem of *King Arthur*. Edward Bulwer Lytton has won his laurels chiefly in the field of romance, and as a poet holds no such rank as that which the popular and the critical verdicts have combined to award him as a novelist. Even if his "King Arthur" were not inevitably compared with Tennyson's treatment of the same legendary period in English history in his incomparable "Idyls of the King," it could not be pronounced a great poem. But it has some fine passages in it, and abounds in single verses and isolated distiches that charm. Some of its descriptive passages, chiefly those, we think, of the less ambitious sort, are very pictorial, and to a certain class of readers it affords a clearer interpretation of the legends of the Round Table, on which it is founded, than Tennyson's far finer but more subtle strains.

We can not say much for the external appearance of the new edition of *Lucille and other Poems* which we receive from the press of James R. Osgood and Co. The effort to put the works of acknowledged poets in a cheap form is commendable, but it were better to have spared us these illustrations, which are at best a doubtful ornament, and given us better paper and a clearer type.

As a simple compendium of the rules of Latin grammar, put into the narrowest compass for the benefit of young students, Professor WADDELL'S *Latin Grammar for Beginners* (Harper and Brothers) is a useful manual. But we prefer for practical use the "Principia Latina" of Dr. Smith, published by the same house, for the reason that it combines from the beginning the translation of easy sentences with the study of the grammar, and thus does not disgust the student by requiring him to commit to memory tedious tables of declensions and conjugations and wearisome rules, before he has an opportunity to exercise his ingenuity in employing the one and applying the other. Used in connection with simple exercises in translation, or at a later period in review of the grammar, and in perfecting the memorizing of its important principles, it would be very useful because of its brevity and its compactness.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

OUR summary of scientific progress, as published in the last number of the Magazine, was brought down to a late date in August; and we now proceed to give a notice of some of the more interesting announcements made since that time. It will, of course, be understood, as already explained by us, that these summaries are not intended for specialists in any branch of science, but only to give points likely to be of popular interest. Chemists, physicists, naturalists, etc., all have serials in which the abstracts of details of discovery can readily be found; and to attempt to give even a tithe of these would far exceed the limits of the space at our disposal, and at the same time fail to answer the needs of our readers.

During the month of August the forty-fourth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science took place at Edinburgh, and the twentieth meeting of the American Association at Indianapolis, both of them being marked by the presentation of many valuable communications, and by the attendance of a large number of persons. We shall have occasion hereafter to give abstracts of many of these papers, several of them being of great popular interest. The International Congress of Prehistoric Archæology, to be held at Boulogne, also promises to be of much importance.

In *Astronomy* several communications have appeared by practical astronomers in regard to the plan of the observations to be made during the solar eclipse visible in India and Australia December 11, 1871, and hints given as to the best methods of utilizing the opportunity. The stir of preparation also begins to show in regard to observations of the transit of Venus in 1874. A prize has been offered by the Vienna Academy for the discovery of the largest number of telescopic comets during a given period of time, undue neglect having been manifest, in the view of the Academy, toward this interesting branch of astronomy. Professor Kirkwood calls renewed attention to the absolute proof of the nebular hypothesis in consequence of recent spectroscopic observations, and maintains that this doctrine is now well established as a genuine theory.

In *Meteorology* we have a communication by Professor Ferrel on the cause of low barometer in the arctic regions and in the centre of cyclones. Buys-Ballot publishes the details of his plans for a meteorological observatory at the Azores. The American storm signal system continues in satisfactory operation, and has more than met its annual cost by its recent warning of the approach of several severe cyclones on the Southern coast. The important fact is announced that the levels of the Great Salt Lake and other bodies of water in the Great Basin are falling, thus proving that the evaporation is again in excess of the precipitation, the contrary condition having prevailed for several years past.

In the department of *Electricity* and *Magnetism* we have communications by De la Rive and Sarrasin upon the action of magnetism on gases traversed by electric currents; and by Becquerel on the origin of positive celestial electricity; this proceeding, in his opinion, from the sun, and

emitted through the solar spots, and permeating all space, including the vicinity of the earth, and giving rise to peculiar phenomena, such as the aurora, etc.

In *Geography* much activity continues to be manifested. There is still some uncertainty in regard to the fate of Dr. Livingstone, although his friends confidently anticipate that he will report himself before long. The various expeditions sent out by the Swedish and other authorities for northern deep-sea exploration are still at work, and so far we have no reports of their result. Captain Hall's expedition in the *Polaris* had reached Disco at latest advices, and had started on its northern journey, the route of travel having been altered from Jones Sound to Smith Sound, or that by which Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes had previously moved. Arrangements are now being made for the exploration of the deep seas of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, to begin next year under the auspices of the British Admiralty; while the Coast Survey expedition, to be accompanied by Professor Agassiz, is to sail early in October, and to be occupied at least ten months in the voyage.

The operations of the English yacht *Norna* off the coast of Portugal are spoken of as successful in making important discoveries in regard to the deep-sea fauna.

M. Pavé, it is understood, has left San Francisco for Kamtchatka, Siberia, and Wrangell's Land, which he expects to reach by way of Cape Yakan. Should this land be continuous with the main-land, or should it extend to any considerable distance northward, it is his intention to proceed as far as possible with reindeer or dog sledges.

Mr. Dall left San Francisco at the end of August to carry out hydrographical and other operations in Alaska, under the auspices of the Coast Survey, already referred to in our columns, and much may be expected from his well-known zeal and ability as an explorer. The explorations of Dr. Hayden in the Yellow Stone Lake country, of Mr. Clarence King along the fortieth parallel, and of Lieutenant Wheeler in Nevada and Arizona are still in progress, and many details of their movements have already been given by us.

In connection with the survey of the lakes under the Engineer Bureau, extensive soundings and dredgings have been made in the deepest waters of Lake Superior by Professor S. J. Smith, with the discovery of some important facts in natural history. Similar surveys have also been made by Mr. James W. Milner in Lake Michigan, at a depth of nearly 900 feet.

In *Zoology* the announcement is made of the discovery of a new species of giant salamander of the genus *Sieboldia*, in China, by the Abbé David. This is especially interesting from its relationship to the well-known fossil forms of the same family.

An important announcement in *Animal Physiology* is that of Crace Calvert, that the temperature of boiling water does not kill many forms of microscopic organisms, and that to do this a heat of over 400 degrees is sometimes required. This has an important bearing upon the experi-

ments in reference to spontaneous generation, showing an element of error that has not been sufficiently taken into consideration heretofore.

The subject of cundurango, a supposed specific for cancer and other diseases, continues to excite interest, and experiments are now in progress which will probably determine the amount of reliance to be placed upon it. It proves to be the *Mikania guaco*, a plant to which many healing virtues have hitherto been ascribed.

In *Vegetable Physiology* and *Rural Economy* we have reports of important experiments on the germination of seeds, as affected by temperature both of the air and of the soil; reports on the potato disease; the investigation of the influence of soils upon the growth of plants, by Voelcker; on the function of nitrous acid in soils, by Chabrier; on the extraction of sugar from the juices of fallen cane; upon the influence of different salts of potash on plants, by Nobbé; upon the influence of ammonia on color, by Vogel; and upon the action of electricity on the colored tissues of plants, by Becquerel, etc.

Under the head of *Technology* and *Domestic Economy* we have the announcement of several new building materials, one of them known as apoenite; many new dyes, principally aniline, such as gallein, cerulein, etc.; improved processes of coating metals with nickel, tin, cobalt, etc., both by the galvanic process and in the ordinary wet way; the influence upon health of watering streets with certain saline solutions; the Lieurnur method of removing night-soil; the utilization of the pressure of the weight of tides by means of the flux-motor of Tomasi, etc.

Our *Necrology* embraces, among other names, that of Mr. George Tate, a naturalist, at Alnwick, England; of Mr. Jean Rigacci, the well-known conchologist, of Rome; and Mr. W. P. Turnbull, of Philadelphia, who had devoted much attention to the subject of American ornithology.

Under the head of *Miscellaneous* we may mention the important movement on the part of the scientific societies of Holland in establishing a central agency, in charge of the Academy of Science of Haarlem, for the purpose of securing convenient methods of exchange with other countries, this being in accordance with the plan long since in use by the Smithsonian Institution, and professedly in imitation of it. All the institutions of Holland are to send their publications to the central establishment, which forwards them and receives returns in exchange. The Smithsonian Institution, of course, will continue as heretofore the central agency for America; and the firm of J. B. Baillière and Co., of Paris, are mentioned as the agents for France.

The experiments upon psychic force, to which reference was made in our last *summary*, still continue to be prosecuted by Mr. Crookes, although no new announcement of special importance has been made. The subject was introduced at the late meeting of the British Association, but was handled with great caution and distrust.

DESTRUCTIBILITY OF HUMAN BONES.

Mr. Pengelly, in a recent number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, in reply to a question which has often been asked as to the reason why we do not find the bones of the men who made

the unpolished flint implements as well as the implements themselves—a doubt thereby being thrown upon the human origin of these articles—takes occasion to show, by a careful collation of the evidence on the subject, that human bones have been found in repeated instances by reliable observers in England, France, Belgium, and elsewhere; and furthermore, that even if nothing of this sort were discoverable, human agency in the production of these implements is as distinctly shown as the print of a naked foot proved to Robinson Crusoe the presence of a second human being on his desert island. He also shows that there is a great difference in the bones of different animals as to the length of time their remains are preserved; and that in all probability human bones are much less permanent in their structure than those of many other animals. He cites experiments by Dr. Lindley, in which 177 specimens of plants, belonging to different natural orders, including those which are constantly present as fossils in the coal measures and those also which are universally absent, were placed in water in a tank and left for two years untouched—water being simply poured in to replace that which was wasted by evaporation. At the end of that time it was found that certain kinds had entirely disappeared, while others had left some more or less recognizable traces; and again others, especially fungi, ferns, and coniferous trees, precisely those which are generally found fossilized, were comparatively well preserved.

He also remarks, in regard to the mollusca, that certain shells, like oysters and limpets, are found more frequently than others, such as cockles, this seeming to be a curious fact, the material of both being the same—namely, carbonate of lime and animal matter. It has, however, been shown that, under certain conditions, the carbonate of lime in limpets and oysters assumed the form of *calcite*, while in cockle-shells and their allies it took the form of *aragonite*, the molecules of the latter form being in much less stable equilibrium than those of the former, and consequently much more liable to disappear under unfavorable circumstances.

As an instance, showing the readiness with which human bones disappear, Mr. Pengelly cites the fact that the Dutch government in 1853 drained off the Haarlem Lake, on which there had been many shipwrecks and naval fights, and where thousands had found a watery grave. The canals and trenches dug to a considerable depth through the rescued land must have had an aggregate length of thousands of miles, and yet not a single human bone was exhumed from first to last. Some weapons and a few coins, and one or two wrecked vessels, alone rewarded the antiquaries who watched the operations with the hope of a rich harvest. Here, as in cavern deposits and river gravels generally, works of art alone furnished evidence of the existence of man, even though no part of the deposit could be more than three hundred years old, as the lake was formed by an inundation toward the end of the sixteenth century.

DECIDUOUS NATURE OF THE RHINOCEROS'S HORN.

The statement that the horn of the rhinoceros is deciduous, or, at least, can be reproduced when

accidentally lost, has been confirmed lately at the Zoological Gardens in London. One of the animals, a male Indian rhinoceros, had been in the habit of trying to raise a transverse bar keeping him off from the pen of the female, and this was attempted at one time with so great violence as to tear the horn entirely off. Considerable loss of blood ensued, which, however, was soon stopped, and the surface healed. Soon after indications were observed of the formation of a new horn, which, at the date of the account, had already attained a height of one and a half inches. The old horn was about twelve inches high, and its base eight and a half inches in the long diameter and five and a half across.

SUBSTANCES FOR SIZING FABRICS.

In printing designs upon fabrics it is necessary to impart to the coloring matter a certain degree of consistency, in order that it shall occupy a particular space with sharply defined edges. Vegetable substances are specially adapted to this purpose, the principal consisting of starch, gum-arabic, gum-senegal, gum-tragacanth, sugar, sirup, dextrine, etc. As some of these have a special chemical or mechanical reaction when used in connection with particular coloring matters, it becomes necessary to exercise a careful discrimination in their employment; and it is highly important that they be readily removable, after they have served the purpose of their application, by subsequent washing. Among the most generally applicable of all, however, are the substances usually known as leicom and dextrine, both prepared from starch, the former by the action of heat, and the latter by means of an acid. These are supplied in the form of powder, either white or dark colored, or as granular masses, and sometimes as solutions resembling a thick yellow sirup. For the preparation of the leicom (or leiacom, as it is sometimes called) potato starch is to be spread out in pans of proper dimensions, and exposed to a temperature of about 400° Fahr., taking care to avoid burning, and kept heated until a slight change of color takes place; practically, as long as the mass remains white, some portion of the starch continues unchanged, which would prevent the preparation of a clear solution.

To prepare dextrine one thousand parts of dry starch are to be moistened with a mixture of two parts of concentrated nitric acid and three hundred parts of water. The paste thus prepared is to be dried in pieces, first in the air, and then at a temperature of 140 to 150 degrees, which is subsequently to be increased to 280 degrees. This substance is considerably whiter than that obtained by heating, but in most cases contains a small portion of starch, which can easily be determined by reaction with iodide of potassium.

The above substances, in one combination or another, are used not only for purposes connected with printing, but also as sizes, and very largely in the preparation of the mucilage now to be found on every office table.

ABSORBENT POWERS OF CHARCOAL.

Dr. Hermann Vohl, of Cologne, has lately published an elaborate paper in the *Archiv der Pharmacie*, upon the absorbent power of charcoal and its application for disinfectant and deodorizing

purposes, replete with suggestions of great importance.

Among other deductions from his experiments, he states that the carbonic acid gas obtained by heating charcoal is not derived from the coal itself, but has been absorbed from the atmosphere, and is held with such tenacity that it can not be driven out by boiling in water, but that a temperature much below that of ignition is sufficient to expel it. This conclusion is the same as that which had been reached by another experimenter, to which we have previously made reference. Among other facts proving this statement, Dr. Vohl remarks that when charcoal has been once freed from its carbonic acid and saturated with pure oxygen, no trace of carbonic acid is appreciable, even when heated to a temperature of 680° Fahr.

NEW PARASITE ON THE ELEPHANT.

In the June number of Hardwicke's *Science Gossip*, a new form of parasite, named *Idolocoris*, is described, which is found adherent to the naked skin of the elephant of Ceylon. It belongs to the order of Hemiptera, and is characterized by Mr. Walker, of the British Museum, as forming the type of an entirely new family.

AMMONIA INJECTION IN CHLOROFORM POISONING.

An application has lately been made of Dr. Halford's method of ammonia injection in another case of medical practice than as a remedy for the bite of poisonous serpents. In this instance a man had been suffering from delirium tremens, brought on by a long course of drinking, and under its influence procured and swallowed an ounce of chloroform. Insensibility immediately supervened, and his eyelids could be opened and the pupils touched without his showing the slightest indication of irritation. When the man was apparently dying an injection of two drams of ammonia was made in the veins of the arm, with the most promising effect. Sensibility returned, and the patient was able to sit up and talk for five hours. The next day, however, he died, apparently from congestion of the brain; but it was thought that if his habits had not been so intemperate he probably would have entirely recovered from the effects of the chloroform.

DIFFUSION OF LIGHT BY FUCHSINE.

Mr. Christiansen was the first to ascertain that the dispersion of light by fuchsine is different from that of other bodies. Mr. Kundt has since discovered that nearly all bodies which in the solid state show a well-defined surface color have an abnormal dispersion spectrum when examined in the form of a concentrated solution. In fuchsine, aniline blue, aniline green, indigo, indigo carmine, carthamine, murexide, cyanine, hyper-manganate of potash, and in carmine the red light is more dispersed than the blue; and in bodies with green in their surface color, the green in the spectrum is least deflected. Thus, cyanine, aniline violet, aniline blue, and even indigo carmine give the colors as follows: green, blue, red—the green being least deflected.

SEPARATION OF INDIGOTINE.

Messrs. A. A. Aguiar and A. Bayer publish as new a simple process by which they obtain pure

indigotine, or the dyeing principle of the indigo of commerce, using aniline as a solvent. Pulverized indigo and pure aniline are to be heated to boiling in a flask, when the organic base almost instantaneously dissolves the coloring matter, and becomes a deep blue liquid, very much like a concentrated solution of indigo in sulphuric acid. This is filtered, and the residue treated with aniline as long as coloring matter is dissolved. Most of the indigotine crystallizes in the cooling solution within a few hours, and the remaining liquid becomes black from the foreign substances it retains. On redissolving these crystals, and removing all traces of aniline by means of alcohol, indigotine of the utmost purity will be obtained. The aniline here used is an organic basis produced by the decomposition of indigo by heat, or, better, by the simultaneous action of hydrate of potash and heat.

STYPTIC COTTON.

Dr. Ehrle prepares an excellent styptic cotton by boiling it first in a solution of soda, and then saturating it with a solution of chloride of iron. This is to be dried and kept for use; and is applied to a wound like ordinary lint, either directly or in coarse gauze fastened on by means of a compress.

TRANSMISSIBILITY OF INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES IN ENGLAND.

At a late meeting of the Statistical Society of London, according to *Nature*, Mr. Hyde Clarke read a paper upon the "Transmissibility of Intellectual Qualities in England." As one test of this question he took the statistics of writers of books in the "Biographia Britannica," and ascertained that of 2000 authors, 750 were born in country districts and 1250 in towns. Examining the towns and the distribution in them, 333 were allotted to London, 73 to Edinburgh, and 53 to Dublin. The largest numbers beyond these were found in cathedral and collegiate cities. The deductions he drew were, that intellectual activity is distributed unequally, but that it is more among the town or more highly educated population than among the rural. He pointed out that the larger the concentrated educated population, the larger is the intellectual development; and he referred to the like examples of Greece, Rome, and modern Europe, where the same law is to be traced. The great modern centres of industry in England occupy a low relative position in the list, and are scarcely to be noticed, but they are now beginning to contribute. He affirmed that the literary class was produced from the educated class, and not from the illiterate classes. While no educational effort will produce men of great genius, he inferred that literary attainments are in relation to literary culture, or the culture of the educated classes; and that by extending education to other classes of the population the intellectual capacity of the community will be extended and propagated within certain limits.

PRESERVATION OF WINE BY TANNIN.

Among the various improvements in the manufacture of wine, the most important in many years past is that introduced by Pasteur, of heating it to a certain temperature, which is done for the purpose of destroying the fungus,

the development of which in wine causes it to become turbid, and ultimately converts it into vinegar. This process, applied both to wine and to malt liquors, after having been bottled and well corked, has been carried into almost universal application, with a result of retaining the liquid in question, for an indefinite period of time, at the precise point at which it was when treated. In some instances, however, this process is not applicable, and especially where means are not at hand for doing the work on a suitable scale, and for securing that particular temperature which has been found to be most successful in accomplishing the object; and in such cases the process of Parent becomes of great value.

This consists in the addition of a small quantity of tannin or tannic acid to the wine, which perhaps acts in a similar way, by destroying the vitality of the spores of the fungus; since a microscopic examination of wine known to contain these germs, within a few weeks after being treated with the tannin, has failed to detect the slightest trace. Indeed, wine which has already begun to change and become turbid can be restored to its primitive clearness, and with a great improvement in its taste. Care must be taken, however, to use only tannin which has been prepared from the constituents of the grape, since the slightest proportion of the extract of nut-gall, although accomplishing the general object of destroying the fungus, will impart a peculiar taste, which never disappears.

RED COLOR ON TOURACO.

Much interest was excited some time ago by the announcement of the occurrence of a peculiar red coloring matter, containing copper, and soluble in water, on the wings of the touraco (*Musophaga*), a large species of African bird well known to naturalists. M. Jules Verreaux, the ornithologist, has lately given an account of these birds as observed by him in their native localities, in the course of which he remarks that his attention was first attracted to the soluble nature of the touraco red in endeavoring to catch a wounded bird during a rain. To his surprise, on grasping it, there was left on the palm of his hand a peculiar matter of a blood-red color, which, however, disappeared on washing. He then found that the red of the wing, under such circumstances, was washed out, and the feathers became almost white; but that as soon as the bird became perfectly dry the red color immediately re-appeared. This experiment was repeated, on the same bird, several times a day indefinitely, and always with the same result. M. Verreaux also remarks that he has observed a similar fact in regard to a species of Old-World trogon, although it is not known whether the American representatives of the group have the same peculiarity.

RATTRAY ON CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

We have already noticed an essay by Dr. Rattray upon the effect of change of climate on the human economy; and in a concluding article of his series we find some remarks upon the influence of warm latitudes upon the weight and strength. Repeated observations have shown a decided reduction in the weight, the cause of this being threefold; first, a diminished neces-

sity for surplus fat, which becomes absorbed; secondly, that peculiar effect of heat which causes the tissues to decay faster in a warm climate than in a cold one; and thirdly, diminished lung-work and blood oxygenation, and thereby an imperfect renewal of the tissue. As the general conclusions from the entire investigation conducted by Dr. Rattray, we have the following summary: 1st. That the tropics, especially during the rainy season, should be avoided by natives of colder latitudes; 2d. That the young, the debilitated, and the diseased should especially shun warm regions; 3d. That none but full-grown, healthy adults should go there; 4th. That with all, even the latter, a speedy exit should be made therefrom when great loss of flesh and strength gives warning of approaching disease; 5th. That such injurious agencies as may increase the weakening and disease-inducing influences of tropical climates, of themselves irremediable, should be avoided—*e. g.*, faulty diet, over-fatigue, impure air, etc.; 6th. That to preserve health, a tropical climate should be frequently changed for the more temperate ones of higher altitudes or latitudes.

XANTHOPHYLLITE A MATRIX OF DIAMOND.

Much inquiry has been prosecuted as to the matrix of the diamond, and various suggestions have been propounded in regard to it, itacolumite, or the so-called flexible sandstone occurring in Brazil, the United States, and elsewhere being assigned this honor by many authors. From a late communication by Professor Leonhard we are informed that the xanthophyllite of the Ural Mountains shares with the itacolumite in this respect, since in certain localities where this substance abounds a microscopic examination of its laminae reveals to a magnifying power of thirty times the existence of large numbers of minute crystals of the diamond, while with a power of two hundred their crystalline form and relative position can be distinctly traced. Most of these crystals are colorless and completely transparent; a few of them are brown. The mineral xanthophyllite above referred to is a micaceous substance occurring with magnetic iron in talcose slates.

WATER-PROOF CLOTH.

A firm in Berlin has for some years furnished a completely water-proof cloth, the process for making which has been kept a secret. It is now stated, however, that the method consists, in all probability, in saturating the cloth at first with a solution of sulphate of alumina and of copper, and then immersing it in a bath of water-glass and a resinous solution of soap. The object of the copper seems to be to protect the cloth from rotting or stiffening more perfectly than can be done by the alumina alone.

IMPROVED METHOD OF VACCINATION.

In view of the great spread of the small-pox at the present day in America and Europe, and the importance of successful vaccination, the suggestion of an English physician, Mr. Ellis, may be of some importance. This gentleman remarks that ordinary vaccination is performed by scraping off the epidermis, and thrusting the vaccine virus into a puncture made by the lancet. A greatly improved method, however, consists

in first raising a small blister by a drop of cantharides applied to the skin. This is to be pricked, and the drop of fluid let out, and then a fine vaccine point put into this place, and withdrawn after a moment of delay; the epidermis falls back and quite excludes the air, shutting out any germs that may be floating in the atmosphere. This method has been practiced by Mr. Ellis for twenty years; and out of hundreds of cases of vaccination which he has performed, he has never had an instance of blood poisoning or abscess, while by the ordinary method the occurrence of secondary abscess is by no means uncommon, and that of pyæmia is often observed. The comparative safety of this method is believed to be due, first, to the exclusion of the air; and second, to the lesser size of the aperture for the introduction of mischief than when the punctures are made by the lancet.

INJECTION OF CRINOIDS WITH SILICA.

As bearing upon certain questions connected with the true condition of *Eozoon*, Dr. Dawson, of Montreal, calls attention to the occurrence of crinoids and other unmistakable fossils, with their pores or cavities filled with a silicious substance which completely penetrates their most delicate structures, and which proves on examination to be a hydrosilicate allied to jollyte.

OPPOSITION TO TYNDALL'S THEORY OF DISEASE.

In a previous number we have given an abstract of certain views of Professor Tyndall in regard to the germ theory of disease. These, however, have not passed unchallenged by very eminent medical authority; and a late number of the *British Medical Journal* contains a sharp article on the subject. After taking up the different points of Professor Tyndall's theory in regular order, the *Journal* sums up by stating that the tendency of modern research is not as favorable as Professor Tyndall believes it to be respecting the theory of the parasitical origin of contagious diseases, and that the predominance of belief is to the opposite view; also, that the theory of the permanency of unrelated, individual, or zymotic types is not an undisputed or unquestioned theory.

COMPOSITION OF ULTRAMARINE.

Some discussion has arisen as to whether ultramarine is, on the whole, a chemical combination; and if so, in what condition of combination its sulphur exists. This problem has attracted the attention of many authors, and among others that of Professor Stein, who has lately published a memoir on the subject in Dingler's *Polytechnic Journal*. In this he states that a majority of authors look upon the sulphur combined with soda in ultramarine as mono-, di-, or penta-sulphuret. A few persons, among them himself at an earlier period, believed in the existence of hyposulphuric acids, together with the sulphide of sodium, and still fewer thought it probable that the sulphur was combined with aluminium. As the result of his more recent observations, Dr. Stein has come to the conclusion that in blue ultramarine the acid is sulphuric, and not hyposulphuric, and that sulphide of aluminium alone exists, without any sulphuret of sodium. The sulphide of aluminium may ex-

ist in two modifications, one of which is an amorphous black powder, and the other is a connected colorless or yellowish mass of crystalline character. The former occurs at a low temperature, and can be readily transformed into the second modification by heating to the melting point.

The blue color of ultramarine, according to Dr. Stein, which, indeed, alone constitutes its characteristic mark, is, theoretically considered, independent of its chemical composition, and is rather brought about by the optical relationships of the constituent particles. Practically, however, this chemical composition is of the utmost importance, as affecting the excellence of so beautiful and durable a color. Ultramarine, in fact, optically considered, consists of a white and brown mass, in which sulphide of aluminium is mingled in molecular distribution. Each molecule of this combination is found, we may say, inside of a molecule of clay, and at the same time surrounded by three simultaneously developed molecules of sodium, which combine with silica into a basic salt, and envelope the entire group.

GALVANOPLASTIC COPIES FROM ORGANIC MATRICES.

The usual method of obtaining galvanoplastic plates from matrices of an organic nature consists in either coating the surface with graphite or a powdery deposit of silver, or else imparting conductivity by sulphide of silver. These methods are only suitable for rough work, since the delicate gelatine reliefs produced in the operation are decidedly affected by the sprinkling of the substances mentioned, which destroy the sharpness of the detail. It is, therefore, much better to produce a deposit of silver directly upon the gelatine in the sunlight, which, in consequence of the presence of an organic substance, will be in a state of purity, and attached uniformly and continuously upon the surface. For this purpose the gelatine relief sheet is to be fixed to a glass plate by means of copal varnish, and allowed to remain for an hour in a concentrated solution of tannin, in order to render it insoluble in water. It is then immersed in a silver bath until the entire surface of the relief is moistened. A copper wire, bent at right angles, is now to be moved over the horizontal surface of the object so as to touch the surface when placed in the sunlight. The silver is then deposited in the form of little rays upon the copper wire, and becomes a lustrous continuous coating upon that portion of the object touched by the copper. The plate is next to be taken out as horizontally as possible from the solution, and laid in the sunlight to dry. The superfluous silver is then to be washed off with water, leaving behind a silvery layer, which is an excellent conductor of the galvanic current, so that a satisfactory result will be obtained with a small amount of electricity.

PIRATICAL HABITS OF SOUTH AMERICAN GULL.

Instances are abundant where one bird secures its food by plundering another, and depriving it of prey just captured, thus being able to live itself in idleness upon the labors of its victim. Illustrations of this are seen in the treatment of the fish-hawk by the bald eagle, the impositions practiced by the jagers upon the gulls and terns,

the theft of the celery-grass roots by the bald-pated ducks from the canvas-backs, etc. An interesting communication from Mr. Hudson, of Buenos Ayres, to the Zoological Society of London, in reference to the habits of the *Larus cirrhocephalus*, a South American species of gull, informs us that this species, like the gulls about Salt Lake, is in the habit of congregating in large numbers in the cultivated fields, following the plowmen, and devouring the locusts or other insects so abundant in that country, which are turned up by the plow. At a certain season of the year the ground is filled with the larvæ of the giant beetle, which throws up little mounds of earth, these being often so numerous as to give the plains, where the grass is very closely cropped, the appearance of being covered with mud. These insects are picked out in great numbers by flocks of the South American apwing, or plover (*Vanellus cayennensis*), upon which the gulls, not being endowed with a probing bill, wait assiduously, each plover having its attendant gull quietly standing by it. At the instant when one of these larvæ is extracted, and is seen in the bill of the plover, the gull darts with sudden fury upon it, and a chase ensues, the robber following closely, and screaming all the time until the prize is dropped. The flight of the gull is then instantly checked, and, hovering a moment to watch the fall of the worm, he drops suddenly upon it, and swallowing it greedily, he returns to resume his position, and again watch by the side of his victim. This same species of gull is in the habit of frequenting the slaughter-grounds near the city, and mingling among the cattle and the men, without manifesting the slightest fear, ready at any time to pick up the clotted blood and entrails, and yet seldom, if ever, receiving a speck to stain its pure white breast.

SOREL CEMENT.

According to the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, the sorel cement, which has attracted so much attention of late by its permanence and close imitation of various natural tones, is made by diluting or tempering magnesia, which may be more or less hydrated and carbonated, with a solution of chloride of magnesium in a dry state, and employing water to form the cement. The cement thus produced is especially white and hard, and may be used with advantage in place of some of the best cements. It possesses the same hardness and will receive the same polish as marble, mosaic pavements, and statuary. Imitation ivory can be made from it for forming billiard balls and other similar articles, medallions, buttons, etc. By combination with mineral colors the cement may be made to assume any desired tint, may be moulded like plaster, and be employed in the manufacture or imitation of innumerable objects of art and ornament. In practice the cement is never used in a pure form, but in combination with other materials, which, being incorporated with it while in the moist condition, are in the subsequent setting mechanically bound together into a solid mass. For this purpose the magnesia, in fine powder, is mixed with mineral substances, such as sand, gravel, dust, or chips from marble or other stones, or with emery, quartz, or other grits of various kinds, in varying proportions, according

to the result desired. This mixture is then moistened with a solution of the chloride of magnesium, or with the bittern from salt-works. In some cases it is made sufficiently wet to form a mortar, and in others only enough to produce a state of dampness, like that of moulding sand. The mixture may be effected in troughs, by hand labor, the material being worked over with shovels or hoes, or more expeditiously in mixing machines designed expressly for the purpose, and worked by horse or steam power.

The materials of which this cementing substance is composed are abundantly distributed over the surface of the globe. Magnesia sufficiently pure for the purpose is obtained by simply calcining mineral magnesite, large deposits of which are known to exist in Prussia, Greece, Canada, California, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. Deposits will doubtless be found in other places when the demand is made for the material. The chloride of magnesium is readily obtained by concentrating sea-water, the bittern of salt-works being sufficiently pure for the purpose. Sea-water concentrated to 30° B. precipitates nearly the whole of its chloride of sodium.

REDUCTION OF ORES BY CHLORIDE OF IRON.

A method of reducing ores by means of chloride of iron has recently been patented, which is specially adapted to the extraction of metals alloyed with sulphur, arsenic, or antimony. The process depends upon the fact that chloride of iron, in the presence of air and water, readily decomposes sulphur, arsenic, and antimonial combinations, iron or copper pyrites, the sulphurets of cobalt, nickel, sulphuret of antimony, lead, silver, etc. The chloride of iron is reduced to chloruret of iron, and the metals trans-

ferred into chlorides, the chloruret of iron being again changed to chloride by the influence of the oxygen of the atmosphere, etc. If among the ores to be manipulated there be too little sulphur, it is well to add, from time to time, a little free acid, such as nitric, in order to assist the reconstitution of the chloride of iron. With iron or copper pyrites it is only necessary to add common salt, since the sulphur of the ore is oxydized by means of the chloride of iron and atmospheric air, with the result of producing sulphate of iron or sulphate of copper.

PREPARATION OF CARMINE-PURPLE.

The dye recently invented, and known as carmine-purple, is obtained by the solution of uric acid in nitric acid, care being taken to prevent boiling over and too great an increase of temperature. The mixture should remain standing quietly for some days, after which a thick, pasty, or doughy substance is obtained, which is to be treated with warm water, filtered, and the residuum again treated with warm water. The filtered liquid possesses a reddish or yellowish color, resulting from the organic substances decomposed by the nitric acid. This liquid is now a mixture of alloxan, alloxantin, urea, paraban acid, dialuramid, and other products of uric acid. It is next to be evaporated in a large enameled iron vessel, but not heated to the boiling-point, which would destroy the murexide produced.

After the liquid has been evaporated to a sirupy consistency, and has assumed a beautiful brownish-red or violet color, it is to be allowed to cool. The entire quantity of the liquid should never be evaporated at one time, nor heated to the boiling-point.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record is closed September 25.

The Mississippi Republican State Convention met at Jackson the last of August. Governor Alcorn was sustained.

The Wyoming Territory election, September 5, resulted in a victory for the Republicans, who obtain a majority of two in the Senate. In the House there is a Democratic majority of two.

The California election, September 6, resulted in the election of Newton Booth (Republican) for Governor, by about 6000 majority.

In the Maine election, September 11, the Republican majority was about 11,000. Sidney Perham was re-elected Governor.

The New Jersey Republican Convention, at Trenton, September 7, nominated Cornelius Walsh for Governor. The Democratic Convention, September 13, nominated for Governor Joel Parker.

The Minnesota Democratic Convention at St. Paul, September 13, nominated Winthrop Young for Governor. The Republican Convention, September 20, renominated Horace Austin, the present incumbent.

The Massachusetts Democratic Convention

at Springfield, September 14, nominated for Governor John Quincy Adams.

The Illinois Republican Convention at Springfield, September 20, nominated J. L. Beveridge for Congressman at large.

There was a mass-meeting of the citizens of New York city in the hall of the Cooper Institute, September 4, to consider the charges of corruption against city and county officials. A committee of seventy was appointed to conduct a thorough investigation, and to carry out such measures as should be necessary to prevent further frauds. One of the first acts of the committee was to obtain an injunction prohibiting farther expenditures, with certain necessary exceptions. This injunction was granted in the Foley case by Judge Barnard. On September 10 a large number of vouchers were stolen from the Controller's office. Parties have been recently arrested for the theft, and at the time of writing this are undergoing trial. Almost immediately after the mass-meeting above mentioned Mayor Hall requested Controller Connolly to resign. The latter declined to do this, but subsequently was induced to appoint A. H. Green Deputy-Controller.

During the month included in this summary

there has been important progress made in the conflict between the United States authorities and the Mormons in Utah. The former have claimed complete jurisdiction over the Territorial penitentiary, have attempted the prosecution of Mormons guilty of assassinating Gentiles, and have moved in the matter of prosecuting Mormons for polygamy.

Judge Underwood, United States District Judge for Virginia, has written a letter in which he says he feels very confident the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the United States Constitution, together with the Enforcement act of May 31, 1871, have secured the right to vote to the female citizens of Virginia as fully as they are now exercised and enjoyed by male citizens.

The steamer *Alaska*, arriving at San Francisco September 2, brought 54,665 packages of tea—the largest tea cargo ever landed by any one vessel in an American port.

Twenty-five thousand working-men participated in the demonstration in support of the eight-hour movement in New York city September 13.

DISASTERS.

The New York steamer *Lodona* was wrecked off the Florida coast in the hurricane of August 16-17. Twenty-one lives were lost.

On the evening of August 26 a terrible accident occurred on the Eastern Railroad at Revere, Massachusetts. The Bangor express train overtook and ran into the accommodation train, killing twenty-four persons, and seriously injuring fifteen.

At Westport, Pennsylvania, on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, August 26, a passenger and freight train collided, killing six persons and wounding four.

The boiler of the steamboat *Ocean Wave* exploded in Mobile Bay August 27. Nearly sixty persons were killed or injured—the larger proportion being killed.

A boiler explosion in a hat manufactory at Newburyport, Massachusetts, resulted in the death of six persons and serious injuries to others.

OBITUARY.

Charles Scribner, the head of the eminent publishing house in New York, died August 26, at Lucerne, Switzerland, of typhoid fever.

Dennis H. Mahan, Professor of Civil and Military Engineering at West Point, put an end to his life, September 16, by jumping off from the *Mary Powell* into the Hudson, near Verplank's Point.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

A hurricane visited St. Thomas August 21, said to be as destructive as the last one which devastated that island. Thousands of people were rendered houseless, and it is reported that not a single house on the island escaped injury. One hundred and fifty persons were killed by falling structures. In the island of St. Kitt's 800 houses were blown down. Every estate in Antigua was damaged, and in Tortola five churches were blown down. Tortola more recently has been visited by an earthquake, which rendered homeless 7000 people.

Almost the entire town of Puerto Plata, in San Domingo, was destroyed by a conflagration August 21.

EUROPE.

In the French Assembly, August 24, it was voted, 487 to 154, to gradually disband the National Guard.

M. Rinet, on the 28th, read the report of the committee appointed to consider the motion for the prolongation of M. Thiers's powers. The report advocated that M. Thiers take the title of President, and continue to exercise executive powers under the authority of the Assembly, and that he be responsible for his acts to the Assembly. A bill was adopted, September 1, prolonging M. Thiers's term of office, under the title of President, for three years. The bill was adopted by 523 against 34.

The court-martial, having completed the trial of the Communist prisoners, on the 2d of September pronounced the following sentences: Ferre and Lullier were condemned to suffer death; Urbain and Prinquet to imprisonment for life at hard labor; Assy, Billioray, Champy, Regere, Grousset, Verdure, and Ferrat to deportation and confinement in a fortress; Jourde and Rastoul to simple deportation; Courbet to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 500 francs; Clement to three months' imprisonment. Descamps and Parent were acquitted.

Four of the "Pétroleuses" (female Communists convicted of firing public buildings by means of petroleum) were by court-martial sentenced to death. Rossel has been sentenced to death, and Rochefort to exile.

Ten persons were killed by a railway accident in Northern France September 4.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel was formally opened September 17. The transit was accomplished in twenty minutes.

Aali Kibrasli Pacha, Grand Vizier and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Turkish government, died at Constantinople September 5. He is succeeded by Mahmoud Pacha.

Gonzales Bravo Murillo, ex-Premier of Spain, died suddenly at Biarritz September 8.

By an explosion in a coal mine near Wigan, in Lancashire, England, sixty-nine miners lost their lives. While workmen were opening the shafts, September 20, another explosion occurred, by which five men were killed.

The Republican Committee of England September 6 issued its programme, including the following measures: the application of the principles of federation to the kingdom; the abolition of titles and privileges; the suppression of monopolies; the abolition of standing armies; compulsory education; the provision by the state of work for those able to work, and of sustenance for those incapacitated; the nationalization of land; popular legislation; and the diffusion of republicanism.

Professor Robert Bentley, the publisher of *Temple Bar*, died September 13.

The Bavarian government has superseded Count Arnica as minister to Rome by the appointment to that position of Count Trautmansdorf, a defender of Dr. Döllinger.

In the town of Bolana, Italy, toward the close of August, a church was struck by lightning, and thirty-two persons were killed or injured.

Editor's Drawer.

IN "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," recently published by the Harpers, may be found an incident which reveals the first instance, probably, in our federal legislation where the personal comforts of statesmen have been satisfied, and the expense charged to "fuel" or "stationery." They found out how to fix it in the very first session of the First Continental Congress. While that Congress was in session Delegate Harrison, of Virginia, desiring to "take something," went with a friend to a certain place where supplies were furnished Congress, and ordered two glasses of brandy and water. The man in charge hesitated, and replied that liquors were not included in the supplies furnished Congressmen.

"Why," said Harrison, "what is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?"

"Molasses and water, which they have charged as *stationery*," was the reply.

"Then give me the brandy and water," said Harrison, "and charge it as *fuel*."

It took that course.

WHAT constitutes a providential call, is a question which most ministers are, at some time, required to settle. Perhaps some light may be shed upon it by the following item, furnished by a missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in Virginia. He has been called on to establish a mission Sunday-school in a region of country known as "Hell Bend," and, more recently, in another place bearing the not euphonious or auspicious appellation of "Rowdy"—with good success in both instances—and is reminded by his experience of that of a young Southern minister who, when about to leave the seminary, received two calls—one from a large and wealthy congregation, the other from a small band of Christians, reduced in circumstances, and dwelling among a perverse generation. He was asking advice of his father, in the hearing of an old family servant, which of the two calls he should accept. Old Sambo spoke out, and said, "Massa John, I can tell you which of dem churches you must go to. Better you go whar dar is de least money and de most debbil." A looker-on at our elbow, fresh from reading the report of the late meeting of New York tax-payers in Cooper Hall over the accounts of the Tammany Ring, suggests, "Sometimes there is most devil where there is *most* money."

WE are indebted to a gentleman eminent alike for judicial position and attainments, and for scholarship and wide familiarity with literature, for a little anecdote illustrative of the wit of a Western lawyer, who had been conversing with a brother about a deceased member of the profession, whose record for integrity was not of the purest.

"Well," said the brother, "whatever you may think of Mr. B——, he certainly had the ability to acquire a competence by his practice."

"By his *practices*, you mean," was the reply.

A VERMONT correspondent informs us that the "returned soldiers" of that State hold an an-

nual reunion some time during the session of the Legislature, at which there is, of course, a supper, with speeches, etc. Occasionally civilians are invited to help along the speech-making. Four years ago General Sheridan was present, and the speakers aimed to do him proper honor. Speaker S—— gave, as an incident of the battle of Cedar Creek, that, after the repulse of the morning, the soldiers remarked, as they saw the general coming in from his famous ride, that his arrival was "better late than never;" but Sheridan, by his masterly turn of the tide of battle, established the paradox that he was "better late than *Early*."

THIS of the late Rufus Choate, which we are assured has not hitherto appeared in print:

Among the bar of Boston was a gentleman of some position as a lawyer and somewhat distinguished as a man of letters, whose misfortune it was to have a temper so sour that he was generally disliked by the profession. A gentleman spoke of this to Mr. Choate, and asked the reason. Mr. Choate, in reply, quoted the rights which defendants have in high criminal cases of "peremptory challenge" and "challenge for cause," and added, "Most people who hate a man hate him for 'cause;' we hate C—— 'peremptorily.'"

How to advertise, is a question that ever agitates the breast of the enterprising tradesman. Rocks and fences throughout the land are besmeared with names of pills and potions, and papers teem with the poetry of physic. In California, judging from the following modest appeal, a different style obtains. We quote from the *Shasta Courier*:

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Shasta County that he has continued for the last 22 years to perform surgical operations on old Boots and Shoes by adding Feet, making good the Legs, binding the Broken, healing the Wounded, mending the Constitution, and supporting the Body with a new Sole. His Fine Calf Boots will be found as elastic as a California Politician's Conscience, and admirably suited to those who tread in the Paths of Rectitude. Their durability is equal to Truth itself, and they fit the Foot as finely as Innocence does the face of Childhood.

W. A. SCOTT.

THE Rev. Moncure D. Conway, a favorite contributor to this Magazine, while traveling last summer in the neighborhood of the Hebrides, heard several anecdotes illustrative of the fearful reverence with which Scotchmen in that region observe the Sabbath. Says he:

A minister of the kirk recently declared in public that at a country inn he wished the window raised, so that he might get some fresh air, but the landlady would not allow it, saying,

"Ye can hae no fresh air here on the Sabbath."

DR. M——, accompanied by a friend, took a long walk on Sunday, and being fatigued, the two stopped at an inn to get some refreshment. The landlord stopped them at the door with the question whether they were *bona fide* travelers, as such alone could enter his house on Sunday. They said they were from London, and were admit-

ted. They were sent bread and cheese and stout. The stout was bad, and they sent for ale; but that being worse, they called for whisky. The landlord refused this, saying they had had enough for their bodily necessities. After a great deal of urging for the whisky, which the landlord withstood, M—— said, "Very well; if you won't sell us whisky, we must use our own," at the same time pulling a flask out of his pocket. This was more than the Scotchman could stand. The sin was to be committed, and there would be no compensation to its heinousness in the way of profit to his inn.

"Ah, weel," he said, "if ye maun have the whisky, ye maun, an' I'll send ye the matayrials."

A CORRESPONDENT in a neighboring town writes:

We have a clerical club (monthly), made up from several denominations; and after some hours of hard work we lie off for a late dinner, and a round of *facetiae*. Here are a few of the freshest:

Down South a colored convert applied for baptism to his minister. "I want to follow the Lord the closest way," said the applicant.

"Oh, certainly. That's what *we* always do," replied the minister.

"But I want you to take me to the end of the wharf, and put a rope under my arms, and lower me into the water."

"Why, what is that for? Who ever heard of baptizing any body in such a way?"

"Must do it, Sir; must follow the Lord just so, Sir; for doesn't the book say that Jesus went down *straight way* into the water?"

AN Episcopal divine was holding service in a missionary field, where they were little used to the prayer-book. They got on, however, pretty well until the psalm was reached, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation." This verse being read by the clergyman, he paused for the congregation to take up the next; but no response came. Again, in a more emphatic voice, he repeated the verse; and yet a third time. Still no response. But when the third pause came a Methodist brother, who all along had supposed it to be a fervent invitation to the audience to "raise a hymn," started up with, "When I can read my title clear;" and the whole of it went with a rush clean through the chorus, "When we've been there ten thousand days," etc.

THIS is a little close upon the Universalists; but they will relish it also. A friend told his neighbor that he had been to hear a Universalist sermon.

"Well, what was the text?"

"It was this: 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?'"

"And what did he do with that?"

"Well, first he told us something about how great it was; and then he told us how we are all going to escape even if we do neglect it."

DURING our late troubles a surgeon in one of the hospitals in Louisville was filling up a blank furlough for a convalescent soldier—a tall, thin specimen of a fellow from the State presided

over by "one Morton." The surgeon had duly recorded name, age, height, color of eyes and hair, when coming to the question, "What were you by profession?" failed to get a reply. Again he asked, "What were you by profession?" Still no reply. Looking up from his writing-table, with some impatience, he repeated, "Well, what were you by profession?"

Slowly and timidly the answer came, "I was a *Baptis* afore the war."

MR. JUSTICE DAVIS, of the Supreme Court of the United States, while quietly reading by his parlor fire in Washington last winter, was interrupted by a knock at the door. It was an "interviewer," who, either for his own gratification or by direction of a superior, proposed to ascertain from the judge his views on a certain subject. Having stated his purpose, the judge, deeming the intrusion an impertinence, arose and, drawing his stalwart form to its full height, said, "Do you know, Sir, what I ought to do with you? I *ought* to throw you out of the window," and advanced a step as if with a latent thought of executing that manœuvre. The interviewer backed rapidly toward the door, and replied,

"I acknowledge, judge, the entire propriety of your conclusion, but," pointing to the door, "I beg you will allow me to retire *in the customary way*."

Motion granted.

OF course the reader has fallen in with the peripatetic blind man, in the cars or on the steamer, and been offered the option of his poetry at an inconsiderable figure. But have you ever *read* the poetry? We give the first and fourth stanzas:

In eighteen hundred and fifty-three
I was made blind and can not see;
O! ye whose eyes are open to the light of day,
Consider how dark is the blind man's way.

* * * * *

I was blinded, not according to His will,
While working at a turbine water-wheel;
I went to a physician, and to my great surprise,
By his imposition I was blinded in both eyes.

We desire to call the attention of the minions of justice to this doctor, and trust they will "go for" him. He is a fraud.

THE following, from a correspondent at East Cambridge, Massachusetts, is submitted to the cogitations of conveyancers and legal gentlemen who are occasionally compelled to "search for title:"

In a deed of land in Lexington, Massachusetts (where the gun was fired which was "heard round the world"), dated in 1784, and recorded in the Registry in Cambridge, one line of the boundary is described as running to "a stump and stones where Daniel Harrington licked William Smith."

Whether the stones were placed around the stump as a monument of the *licking* or of boundary lines is not verbally set forth.

A NEBRASKA correspondent gives the following as the mode of arriving at the measure of damages in Nebraska, where a party had his *nez* punched:

Thomas Riley having pleaded guilty to an as-

sault upon Reuben Sanders, the justice asked Sanders to stand up, as it was the custom in that region to place the amount of fine in proportion to the amount of smash. On Sanders's placing himself in upright posture, the Court exclaimed, in apparent surprise, "Why, you don't appear to be much hurt." To which the complainant said,

"Oh no, he didn't hurt me any—only struck me a few times."

"Well," replied Squire S——, very gravely, but with evident disgust, "when *this* Court strikes a man he *always* carries a black eye!"

WHILE reading an article in the Magazine on the Signal Service, writes a correspondent at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, in which allusion was made to Colonel Garrick Mallery, my mind ran back to an incident which took place while we were school-mates together in Philadelphia. If you deem it of interest you are at liberty to make use of it, as it can not but increase your estimation of his abilities.

At school we were in the habit of writing compositions, and, as Artemus says, "speaking a piece;" and—to show how early Mallery's mind was on this subject of the telegraph—what I remember of one of his effusions ran thus:

'Tis naught to them that thunder loud
Is wrapped up in a great black cloud.
They take the forked lightning's fire
And tie it round a little wire;
And then, whenever they may choose,
They make it carry all their news.

Perhaps he can give you the rest.

How touching and reverential is this, from a Boston friend:

One of our city fathers, with his wife, while enjoying a stroll among the antiquities of the old "Copp's Hill Burying-Ground," was approached by an elderly lady, who inquired if they knew where a certain person was buried. They were unable to tell her. The good woman turned away with a sigh, and said,

"Well, I've bin all round this 'ere berryin'-ground, and *I can't find hide nor hair of him!*"

Not very surprising, considering that the last burying there occurred some ninety years ago!

In these latter days, when the office of the surrogate is the theatre of so much unseemly wrangle over the wills of testators that men who have property to leave may sometimes despair of their wishes being consummated, an anecdote of Ezekiel Webster, brother of the "godlike," may be aptly quoted:

When in full practice he was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins, of Hopkinton. The physician made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed his will. Mr. Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing, by quoting medical authorities, that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man is struck with death; some affirming that it is at the commencement of the fatal disease, others at its climax, and others still affirming that we begin to die as soon as we are born.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Sullivan, the opposing counsel, "what doctor maintains that theory?"

"Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster, with great gravity:

"The moment we begin to live,
We all begin to die."

The reply convulsed the Court and audience with laughter.

THE Democracy have had a clear working majority in —, Illinois, for a number of years. But when the Fifteenth Amendment went into effect it enfranchised so many of our "cullud bredren" as to make it apparent to the party leaders that unless a good many black votes could be bought up, the Republicans would carry the city election. Accordingly advances were made to the Rev. Brother —, whose influence it was thought desirable to secure, inasmuch as he was certain to control the votes of his entire church.

He was found "open to conviction," and arrangements progressed satisfactorily until it was asked how much money would be necessary to secure his vote and influence.

With an air of offended dignity Brother — replied,

"Now gemmen, as a regular awdained minister ob de Baptist Church, dis ting has gone jes as far as my conscience will 'low; but, gemmen, *my son will call round to see you in de mornin'.*"

THE terminology of Nevada is approaching a degree of refinement that will be hailed with delight by scholars. In a late number of the *Gold Hill News*, published in that State, we find the hanging of a horse-thief chronicled in this succinct and tasteful style: "Mr. Jim Clemenson, equine abductor, was on last Thursday morning, at ten sharp, made the victim of a neck-tie sociable."

OF the many curiosities developed in taking the census, the following is worth the space it occupies. An Ohio marshal, on one of his returns, makes the following indorsement:

John Thomas, — County, Ohio, age ninety-six. I found this man to-day in his field cutting wheat. He told me he has now on his third wife, and he thought it would take another besides this to carry him through.

Signed, — — —, Marshal.

HERE is a very, very old English verse, which holds good now, and in this great and growing republic as in decaying Britain:

The Doncaster mayor, he sits in his chair,
His mills they merrily go;
His nose doth shine with drinking wine,
And the gout is in his great toe.

"Not lost, but gone before." This familiar line occurs in the epitaph of Mary Angel, who died in 1693, in England. Most epitaphs published in the Drawer are of the quaint, humorous sort. We give this for its poetic merit:

To say an angel here interred doth lye
May be thought strange, for angels never dye;
Indeed, some fell from heaven to hell,
Are lost, and rise no more;
This only fell by death to earth,
Not lost, but gone before.

In one of our Eastern cities, where the religious element is composed about equally of Congregationalists and Unitarians, the Rev. Mr.

G—— (Unitarian) preached one Sunday evening from the pulpit of the Congregational church. After service some one asked Deacon W——, of the latter church (he had just failed in business, and was settling with his creditors at twenty per cent.), what he thought of the sermon. He replied,

"It's well enough, as far as it goes—not much religion in it."

Mr. R—— (Unitarian), the deacon's assignee, quietly remarked, "I guess there's *twenty per cent.* in it."

THE author of the new "Portrait of Rev. George Whitefield" relates the following well-timed anecdote:

There are some people who always make a great time on great occasions, even if they are compelled to act the hypocrite. A man of this sort once went to hear Whitefield preach. During the sermon he was thrilled, delighted, captivated, and so powerfully wrought upon that he was overcome and fell to the earth. When the sermon was finished, he said to a gentleman standing by,

"What a great sermon Whitefield preached to-day!"

The gentleman replied,

"We were disappointed to-day: Mr. Whitefield was not present; another gentleman preached in his place."

The man looked exceedingly disappointed, saying,

"Then that wasn't Whitefield!" and brushing the dirt from his coat, exclaimed, "*I have dirtied my new coat for nothing!*"

AMONG the many hundreds of "Wants" that appear daily in our morning journals we do not remember to have seen any precisely like the following, which we copy from the *Denver Daily Tribune* of September 5, 1871:

WANTED—A girl to do house-work. She will be permitted to receive company every day in the week, and a good substantial fence will be provided to lean against while courting, and ample time will be accorded for that recreation; but no piano will be furnished. Inquire at A. M'Cune's residence, head of H Street, "Brown's Addition."

IN his dinner-table speech at the late commencement of Williams College, Hon. Harvey Rice, of Cleveland, said that Dr. Hopkins was born a metaphysician—in proof of which he would relate an anecdote. During their Senior year, it becoming Hopkins's duty to furnish a class composition, he selected a subject in mental philosophy, and in handling it contrived to introduce about an equal number of passages of his own composing and quotations from Dr. Reid, but took the liberty to apply the quotation-marks to his own portions of the performance instead of Dr. Reid's. In the criticisms which he offered the professor remarked, in relation to the passages in quotation-marks, that they were all right, of course; but certain of the other passages needed some modification, as they were evidently not founded in truth.

A LEGAL friend on Long Island sends us this:

Our John, when somewhat less than three years old, was taken to church in his native village on Long Island. In those times Colonel

R—— led the singing, having a little music-desk standing immediately below and in front of the pulpit. (I think I can see the little desk now, and I frequently meet Colonel R—— in the streets of the city.) Probably John had slept through the "long prayer" customary in those days, and woke to hear the minister read off or repeat the words, "Great God attend while Zion sings," and observed the colonel rise up at his little desk and begin singing. What else John observed during the rest of the service does not appear, but that part of it he has never forgotten. Some few days subsequently he was playing about the store, when Colonel R—— called in and inquired for John's father. The partner replied he was in the house, shaving, and said, "Johnny, can you go to the house and tell your pa somebody wants him?"

"Yes, Sir;" and off Johnny toddled for home.

"Pa," said he, "you must go to the store; somebody wants you."

"Do you know who it is, John?"

"Yes, Sir; it's Zion."

"Who?"

"It's Zion, Sir."

"Who told you it was Zion?"

"Oh, I know it's Zion, 'cause the minister said so in church!"

OLD Judge W——, of L——, in the Old Dominion, is a character. He was formerly lawyer, legislator, judge, and leading politician among the old-time Whigs, of blessed memory; but, alas! like them, "his glory has departed," and, like many another of his confreres, gone to the bad. Notwithstanding the loss of property and the too free use of "apple-jack," he maintains the dignity of an ex-judge, dresses neatly, carries a gold-headed cane, and when he has taken more than his usual allowance of the favorite beverage is very pious, at such times always attending church, and sitting near the stand as erectly as circumstances will admit of, and responding fervently to the "truths of the Gospel." On one such occasion a Baptist brother was holding forth with energy and unction on the evils of the times, and in one of his flights exclaimed, "Show me a drunkard! show me a drunkard!"

The judge, rising to his feet, and unsteadily balancing himself on his cane, said, solemnly,

"Here I am, Sir; here I am."

The elder, though a good deal nonplused by the unexpected response, managed to go on with his discourse, and soon warming to his work again, called out, "Show me a hypocrite! show me a hypocrite!"

Judge W—— again arose, and pointing with his cane toward the "amen corner," said, "Deacon P——, why don't you respond, Sir? why don't you respond?"

A GENTLEMAN to whom the Drawer is indebted for many pleasant things was not a little amused last summer, at the White Sulphur Springs, by the persistent and ingenious manner in which "that life-insurance man" plied his calling. After having gone through nearly all the male guests at the hotel, he finally lit upon a tough old gentleman, and labored with him on the subject of a policy. The tough old gentleman finally determined to bring matters to a

crisis, and one fine morning put the thing to him in this shape:

"My dear Sir, I think, on the whole, I won't take out a life policy; but I will tell you what I *should* feel willing to do: can you insure my soul?"

"Well, Sir, that is something a little out of our line—we don't take fire risks!"

THE following fresh trifle from an English party is not bad:

I was one morning overtaken by an active, hale old fellow, who had been a soldier and seen a great deal of service, but was at the time a river barge-man. In our journey we passed a directing post, with arms in good condition, and containing full information.

"Do 'ee know what that is?" said my companion.

"A directing post, of course."

"I call 't a passon."

"A parson! Why?"

"Cause 'ee tell'th the way, but dothn't go."

Before we separated we passed a second post, which was very dilapidated, and had lost its arms.

"If the post we saw just now were a parson," said I, "what's this one?"

"Oh, he's a bishop."

"Explain."

"He neither tell'th nor go'th."

JAMES JOHNSTON, of Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, being ambitious to achieve the shrievalty of that county, appeals to the electors in the following free and easy style through the columns of the *Scranton Democrat*:

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF.—I offer myself to the Independent voters of Luzerne as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF. I have no claims upon any party, as I have never opposed a ticket, nor defeated a regular nominee; but having been in the whisky business for several years, I keep on hand a full stock of electioneering material, which I promise to use without stint or scruple. I desire it distinctly understood that I am not for sale before election, but my liquors are, and I shall enter the campaign with all the spirit at my command. If elected, I pledge myself not to sell out one cent below the rates ruling the market for five years past.

JAMES JOHNSTON.

A YEAR or two ago Mr. Probasco, one of the most opulent and public-spirited citizens of Cincinnati, announced his intention of presenting to the city a magnificent fountain. Early in July last, on the anniversary of the commencement of the work, a number of gentlemen and ladies met in Fountain Square, determined to celebrate the completion of the main portion of the foundation; among them the mayor, General Noyes (the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio), and "The Fat Contributor" (Mr. A. M. Griswold). The remarks of "The Fat Contributor," on the general subject of ice-water, were especially pat to the occasion. Said he:

"Having been a habitual drinker of ice-water all my life, to the exclusion of every other beverage—with, perhaps, a few unimportant exceptions—and having upon all occasions, in season and out of season, and when it wasn't a very good season for ice-water anyhow, strenuously advocated its adoption as a steady drink, I think I may be pardoned for considering this great triumph of Mr. Probasco's as, in a manner, my

triumph. In fostering and encouraging ice-water as a beverage, he, through the fountain, and I, through—through example, we may almost be said to have worked shoulder and shoulder together.

"During the progress of this magnificent work, now so rapidly approaching a triumphant realization, he has had a big load to carry, and I—I have sometimes carried a pretty big load myself—of ice-water, gentlemen. I allude to ice-water. You will please to remember that we are considering ice-water to-day, and no allusion should be made to any superior beverage. The history of ice-water, I believe, has never yet been written. It didn't come over with the Pilgrims, for, as near as I can ascertain, they only brought over a little New England rum. It must have been known among the aborigines medicinally, for when an old chief was once asked what remedy he applied when his squaw behaved badly, he replied, with an emphatic and significant movement of the arm, 'I swat'er!'—meaning, of course, ice-water over the head.

"While ice-water is supposed to be of comparatively modern introduction, and a development of civilized life, it should be remembered that it has been known in the regions of the north pole almost ever since there has been a pole up there. So we may not boast of it as being an offspring of civilization, for the barbaric Esquimaux has literally lived on ice-water for centuries.

"I have sometimes wondered who the individual was who first discovered ice-water as a beverage. I have pictured in my fancy the man who was the first to taste ice-water, and the circumstances under which he did it. I see him on a hot, sweltering August day, a wanderer, on foot and alone, across the burning sands of the Great Desert of Sahara. The chimes of his far-away village home are lost to his ear, but

'The bells they go ringing for Sahara.'

"The sun shines as if it knew it had but that one solitary day left to shine in, and was determined to make up for the loss of any succeeding ages it felt itself entitled to by original contract. Its fierce rays beat upon his unprotected head as if it were the head of a drum. Each particle of sand he treads upon with his bare feet seems transformed into a red-hot darning-needle—point up. The thermometer stands at 190° in the shade, and sits down at 275° in the sun. So you see they were making it pretty warm for the boy.

"Suddenly he recollects that he is dry. (Many of us, doubtless, have recollected the same thing when taking our dessert.) He strives in vain to quench his thirst with the inferior hydrant water of the desert—they hadn't commenced their new reservoir yet—but in vain. It is too thin. This was Sunday, you must recollect, and the mayor had closed up all the saloons along the entire route.

"He sits down filled with despair, being unable to fill himself with any more palatable beverage. He is about to give up to his fate, when suddenly, right in his pathway, he discovers—a *chunk of ice*!

"Now it is no use to inquire how that ice came there. That is none of our business. Sufficient for us to know it was there. I am reliably informed by travelers that it is no unusual thing to stumble over chunks of ice in the desert,

dropped from some passing ice-wagon. Stop, though! That couldn't have been the case in this instance, for the ordinances forbid the distribution of ice on Sunday morning. But that is neither here nor there, though it is probably more so here than there. He found the ice, and the ice being once broken he put a piece in a cup of water, drank it off, and was filled with such ecstatic delight as he never knew before. Strengthened and exhilarated he hastens on, proclaiming, with joyful shouts, his great discovery to a thirsty world!

"Now this may seem a trifle overdrawn and far-fetched; perhaps it is; but it must be remembered that I had to go a long way after it. But I think it will compare favorably, however, with many of the scientific theories of the day.

"Well, blessed be the mortal, whoever he was, who first introduced ice-water to the world as a beverage, and thrice blessed that generous man whose munificent donation to Cincinnati introduces ice-water to us to-day."

THE Drawer is indebted to an old friend for the following pretty nursery rhymes, repeated to him by an aged lady:

I had a sister beyond the sea;
Many were the presents she sent to me:
She sent me a cherry without e'er a stone,
She sent me a chicken without e'er a bone,
Without e'er a thorn she sent me a brier,
And bade me love my true love without any desire.

How can a cherry be without any stone?
How can a chicken be without a bone?
How can a brier be without a thorn?
Whoe'er loved without desire since first true love was born?

When the fruit was in the blossom, then it had no stone;

When the bird was in the egg, then it had no bone;
When first the brier sprouted, ne'er a thorn it bore;
When a maiden has her lover, then she longs no more.

JUST published, in England, a translation, by Miss Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," the "Life and Adventures of Count Beugnot, Minister of State under Napoleon I." It is, on the whole, simply an addition to the collection of scandalous journals and ugly revelations by which English and American readers may understand to what a depth of degradation France had sunk under its Bourbon rulers. Here and there is introduced an anecdote, by way of illustration, of which the following is a specimen:

The last Archbishop of Narbonne was Dillon, nominal uncle of all those Dillons that we have seen making their way in the world with their names and fine figures as their whole fortune. He himself was a man of five feet six or seven inches, well made, with a large chest, and the bent of whose inclinations, the air of whose head, whose gestures and voice, testified to natural superiority. His most apparent fault was an inordinate love of hunting. Louis XV. blamed him for it at his levee. M. De Dillon was then no more than Bishop of Evreux, but his hunting equipments were the scandal of Normandy.

"My lord bishop, you are a great hunter," said the king to him; "I know something about it. How can you forbid your priests from hunting if you spend your life in setting them an example of it?"

"Sire, for my priests, hunting is their own vice, in my case it is that of my ancestors."

The same M. Dillon, when appointed Archbishop of Narbonne, put no restraint on his tastes, and his expenses had soon put his affairs in disorder. It came to the knowledge of Louis XVI. that he was very much in debt. This prince, a lover of order, and dismayed by the sad example just given by the Prince de Guemenée, preached economy and payment of debts from morning till night. One day he said to M. Dillon,

"My lord archbishop, they say that you are in debt, and very deeply?"

"Sire," answered the prelate, "I will ask my steward about it, and have the honor of informing your Majesty."

SINCE the death of Father Taylor, of Boston, many anecdotes are told of him, among which is the following from Richmond, where he was born. He spoke the sailor vernacular to his audience, who fully appreciated and loved the good old man. On one occasion, while making the dust fly from the pulpit cushions, he noticed an old salt, whose weather-beaten face was a good *fac-simile* of an old-fashioned door-plate, seated near the altar, and who gave expression to his conviction of sin by loud, prolonged groans, and at every renewed blast from the pulpit the groans became louder, whereat the good father fixed him with his eye, and addressed him in these words: "Luff, brother, luff; luff while she breezes, and you'll weather hell yet, with the lee leeches of your top-sails smoking;" which neatly expressed the nearest touch and go possible, and gave good solid comfort to Jack.

THE spirit of exclusiveness which is quite too generally visible in all our churches was neatly hit off recently by the Bishop of Manchester, who concluded a sermon at the consecration of a church with the following anecdote: A few weeks ago they had in Manchester a week of special services, held in six churches in the most densely populated parts of the city, and at these services all seats were free to those who chose to occupy them. One evening a gentleman at one of these meetings saw two working-men, and told them to go to any pew in which they could get seats. They took their places in a pew, and soon afterward a lady came and asked them, "What do you want there? that's my seat." One of the men said to the other, "Come along, Bill; let's be off. I told you this was too swell a place." He [the bishop] left his audience to draw their own inference.

JUDGE L——, of Lafayette, Indiana, not only dispenseth justice with even hand, but at times indulgeth in the jocose: During the progress of a certain trial involving the ownership of a calf, it became of importance that the jury, in order to arrive at a just conclusion, should be sent out to view for themselves the chattel in dispute. The plaintiff, who had possession of the animal, lived some two miles from the court-house, and one of the elderly jurymen demurred to the idea of being sent so far. The judge, in his usual round, full voice, replied: "Gentlemen, I anticipated this objection, and had the calf brought to the court-yard. I thought it less trouble to bring in *one* calf than to send out *twelve*."

The jury emerged into the open air, and, in presence of the calf, deliberated.

